

Objective 1: FIGHT THE PRINCIPATE MUTINEERS

The Collective has defended Principate targets against its own false-flag attacks, deceiving Principate forces into believing that the Collective is supporting them against the bloodthirsty Brotherhood. Although the Principate's leaders have ordered their forces not to engage directly against the Brotherhood, some officers in the 5th Fleet have chosen to side with the Collective and are now in open mutiny.

Write from the perspective of Severian Principate [5th Fleet](#) mutineers **or** your main or alternative character:

Either aid the Principate and deal a setback to the Collective by destroying or detaining the mutineers, **OR** write from the perspective of the mutineers and fight back against the Brotherhood. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer.

Choosing this prompt will divert Brotherhood resources away from defending the Clan leaders and makes an **alliance** between the **Brotherhood** and the **Principate** **MORE** likely.

Mutineer Personnel

- [Jorde'ya Marwar](#) - Leader of the 5th Fleet Border Patrol.
- [Amara Cirrus](#) - Head of Security for Lyra Colony.
- [Captain Crimson](#) - Poster Soldier for the Liberation Front, head of Recruiting and Training for the Collective.
- [Emery Rose](#) - Ace fighter pilot for the Collective, fighting alongside the 5th Fleet mutineers.

G R E A T J E D I W A R X I I I

D I S C O R D

The orders of the Consul on his newest mission were pretty straight forward: Additionally to the colony, the Collective had attacked the systems shipyard that the Principate had only recently begun to repair. And now after the initial attack and the Principates mobilizing their local Forces to counteract the attacks, combat has stretched out from space to the ground with the Inquisitorius Network posting confirmed reports that several high profile members of the Collective have joined the battle. More so they have also managed to turn a significant number of Principate Forces to join them in fighting the Brotherhood against their standing orders.

Sensors picked up dozens of ships between his ship and the shipyard. With so many ships between them and their target, Vrayth had to fully concentrate to avoid being drawn into one of the many battles raging on around them and operating the ship at its maximum safe speed allowed by the ship's extensive sensor jamming devices.

The Enkindler banked to the left around a group of starfighters zig-zagging around each other in a tight ball when they suddenly crossed the ship's path. It was only due to a rotating piece of metal, debris of a larger vessel being destroyed in the fight that the Enkindler was able to go unnoticed by the fighters pilots.

Finally drawing back to its original course Vrayth realized the shipyard was much larger than he had anticipated. What had seemed like lights flashing across the form of the facility from the distance resolved into explosions when viewed from a nearer perspective. Vast balls of yellow-hot gas erupted at irregular intervals from shattered viewports, weakened bulkheads, and burst access tubes.

"There is an auxiliary docking bay near one of the docking clamps in one of the areas still under repair that should fit your ship." Lyran Brik said. The Sergeant of Lyra Sec Officer had joined Vrayth when the Taldryanite investigated Lyra Colony to recover evidence that the Collective was responsible for the attacks of the Lyra-3k system and since then had helped Vrayth after a brief dispute on the colony.

"I see," Vrayth replied, peering out of the viewscreen with his hands steady on the controls. The Collective had obviously done much work with their attack. "A'Cee give me a course."

The Enkindler rushed closer, evading the turmoil of starfighters fighting the space around the shipyard.

"Over there," Lyrans said after a few minutes, pointing out at the shipyard now filling up the majority of the canopy.

Vrayth banked the ship around, guiding it into the hangar and settled it onto a flat space clear of construction materials. As the thrusters faded out, Vrayth was already out of the pilot's seat, giving orders to the KX-series droid still sitting in the co-pilots chair. "A'Cee, keep the ship safe, we will be back as soon as possible."

"Yes Master, I advice to download the schematics of the shipyard into Divo's memory core." The Droid offered, working the ship's systems.

"Good call A'cee. Lyrans, what's the status of this area of the shipyard?" Vrayth turned to the Principate security officer that had temporarily joined him during his attempt to recover evidence of the Collective's involvement in the attacks on the Lyra-3k system.

"Well, there isn't much to tell here, this section of the shipyard is still under repair," Lyrans replied. "We got minimal energy on the systems in the area, same for the atmosphere so don't expect it to be in perfect condition.

"As long as it's breathable." Vrayth queried.

"It is, it would take too long to always restore the atmosphere when they work in one of the areas," Lyrans said taking position next to Vrayth on the boarding platform, only waiting for Vrayth ID10 series droid to hover over to them.

The air outside was cold and like Lyrans had said breathable yet something put Vrayth on the edge as they passed through the hangar towards the blast door.

When the door slid open they were surprised to see a duo of Collective soldiers standing on the opposite side of the door. Vrayth lightsaber instantly filled his hand and erupted into a whirling cascade, making short work with the soldiers that were just as surprised as they were.

"Part of me wondered how the Collective would have boarded the shipyard," Vrayth said, sheathing his lightsaber back onto his belt. "Let's hope they haven't left more patrols in the area."

The pair started to rush through the labyrinthic corridors when Vrayth comlink beeped. "Master, I picked up an internal message. It seems like the mutineers have taken control of the shipyards command center." A'cee's artificial voice rang from the speaker.

"Thanks, A'cee, at least we now know where to go," Vrayth said following the directions shown by the holographic map projected by Divo towards the nearest turbolift.

Arriving at the turbolift a few minutes later they were presented with yet another problem. While the Collective hadn't left any more patrols around to guard the area, they had left the Turbolift non-functional.

"Shit," Lyran exclaimed, lighting out the turbolift shaft with his blaster rifle. "There isn't even an emergency ladder in the shaft."

Turning from the lift, Lyran joined Vrayth examining the map projected by the droid. "The next turbolift is about two kilometers in this direction."

"Ok, let's go," Lyran said, starting in the direction Vrayth had shown on the map but hesitated when the Force-sensitive didn't follow him. "Why aren't you coming?"

"You can go, I will take a different route." The Taldryanite replied, indicating in another direction on the map. "We need to stop those mutineers as fast as possible and this shaft is running straight to the command center."

"I will try to climb it up." Vrayth continued, activating the generators of his mag-gloves.

"Alright," Lyran said. "I will see you in the command center then."

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A few moments later, Vrayth had started to climb the walls within the shaft. The walls of the shaft weren't as solid as he had hoped. After several minutes of crawling up the shaft, he could already smell he'd arrived at levels that had already been repaired with the air now having a taste of metal instead of the stale taste from the hangar they had arrived in.

When he finally the top of the shaft he also found the cab intended to take persons up and down. Climbing around the metal frame it was attached to, then onto the cab. Once he sat on its ceiling, he expanded his perception, taking in what lays beyond the cabs doors and within the command center.

He could sense at least five lifeforms, three of them part of the Principate, but the others emanated in the unmistakably aura of the Collective, among them one burning as bright in his perception as fire.

Bracing himself, he activated his lightsaber, the amethyst blade slicing through the metal as butter. Just before he completed to slice a circle large enough to slid through be grabbed the metal with his magnetized glove, placing it onto the ceiling before falling down into the cab.

Hitting the button to open the lift doors he stepped confidently out into the command center. Five pairs of eyes immediately fell upon him with each of them grabbing for their blasters.

"Hello there," Rian responded to the various blasters trained at him.

"Kill the Jedi." One of the Collective soldiers shouted in a female voice.

Dodging the initial bursts of blaster fire, Vrayth closed the distance to the nearest soldier, one belonging to the Severian Principate. His blade whirled, slicing off the arm holding the Lyra Sec Officer neatly before pushing him into a nearby Collective Partisan.

This served up as enough distraction for Vrayth to launch himself at the other Partisan who tried to force the Taldryanite into a hand-to-hand brawl. The partisan lunged but Vrayth anticipated the punch diving under it and cut through his leg before driving his blade into the partisans back.

When he turned around to face the remaining Collective soldier, a female clad in brilliant red armor, he found himself at point-blank range with the remaining Lyra Sec Officer blaster.

"It's over Jedi." The dark-skinned Mon Calamari shouted.

"Is it?" Vrayth smiled when a ping announced another lift cab arriving at the command Center.

It was Lyran Brik, bursting out with a squadron of Lyra Sec Officers immediately advancing on them. "Major Jorde'ya Marwar you are under arrest." The highest-ranking member of the squadron announced while half of the squadrons soldiers advanced on the Collective Soldier.