

War Room – by Jafits “JS” Skrumm #7764

Tython squadron in their new starfighters, RZ-2 A-wings, was assigned an escort mission to guide and protect three Transports, full of refugees, and two damaged Corvettes to the nearest hyperspace point so they could jump to the hyperspace and return to the base safely. It was supposed to be an easy mission when suddenly a Victory I-Class Star Destroyer popped out from hyperspace, ten clicks ahead of them.

It didn't take long for their targeting computers to detect incoming enemy fighters and ... bombers. Nine TIE/Fighters and three TIE/Bombers to be precise. All enemy fighters were heading to the convoy swiftly.

Tython Leader, Mauro “Moff” Wynter immediately gave orders to his pilots to counter the incoming attack.

“Jade, target bomber Beta 1!”

“Flare, Beta 2. Fox, Beta 3! Use your concussion missiles for the bombers and don't let any of their torpedoes slip away to our convoy!”

“Pyro, JS, follow my lead.”

“Others, engage the fighters!”

It was silence for a moment, an anxious silence... suddenly there were sound of missiles, followed by explosions. And within a firing range, all hell broke loose. Soon the sound of laser bolts, explosions, roaring engines and pilots communications filled up the air.

“Scratch one eyeball.”

“Watch your six.”

“I got him.”

“One dupe dead.”

“Woohoo!”

“I've got one eyeball on my tail.”

“On it.”

Jafits was pursuing an enemy fighter when his forward sensor alerted him for new incoming fighters.

“Sithspawn. They are launching more fighters!”

Again, the enemy deployed a squadron which consisted of nine fighters and three bombers. But only six fighters came to join the space battle while the three bombers escorted by three fighters were taking a different way, heading direct to the convoy.

“Uh oh, I've got a bad feeling about this.” Talis muttered.

Colonel Wynter quickly took a decision.

“Anyone near the bomber, take them out. Watch out for their escorts!” Mauro screamed through the comms while still focusing to shoot one fighter in front of him.

Jafits searched the bombers through his targeting screen, then realized that he was the closest fighter to the bomber.

This is going to be so much fun, Jafits said to himself, pulling his stick around to the right, bringing his A-Wing into a wide turn then punched the throttle up to full power, heading to the bombers. He flicked two switches, diverting his laser and shield power to the engine. The Sentinel could feel a jolt that pushed him back to his seat as his A-wing streaked forward at maximum speed.

“Engaging. Going in full throttle.”

“Right behind you, JS.” Jade responded.

“On my way.” Kasula flew below explosion of a fighter she just blew up to regroup with Jade.

The three A-wings formed up in Vic formation, with JS in front of them, followed by Jade and Kasula behind him on his left and right, shaping a letter V.

Looking at his targeting screen again, the Corellian tagged the three bombers as targets one, two and three into his computer memory. Having known their bombers were being targeted, the escort fighters changed direction and flew towards him. They flew in a tight line formation, two wingmen flanking their leader in the middle.

“JS, enemy fighters coming your way.” Kasula warned him.

“Noted, cover me. “

“Targeting left fighter, I’m switching to warhead launcher.” Kasula nodded her head while preparing her concussion missile and aiming at the left ship.

Still busy chasing fighter and commanding the squadron, Mauro noticed three enemy fighters broke off from their main group. “Hate to say this, but three fighters just left the battlefield and they are after you. Watch your six!”

“I’ll stay back far enough to cover you both.” Jade transferred his engine power to shield which caused her speed to decelerate, leaving her behind JS and Kasula. Looking at her rear sensor, she noticed the three TIEs closing rapidly behind her. Before they entered the firing range, Jade shifted all shield power to the aft shields and took a deep dive. She could hear the sound of laser fire behind her as she was doing Aileron rolls.

2 clicks ahead of Jade, Kasula waited impatiently for his targeting computer to lock on her target. Her HUD started yellow then quickly turned red. The female Twi’lek fired a missile.

Jafits slashed to the port without decelerating his speed. He almost hit debris from the poor fighter, crushed by Kasula’s missile, then quickly steering back toward his primary target, the bombers.

The two remaining fighters, the leader and his wingman took a wide turn to the right, pursuing Jafits and firing several shots but missed. Unfortunately, after the turn, the wingman was positioned right in front of Kasula who flew behind Jafits. The Twi'lek Reaver didn't waste this opportunity, she fired fatal shots that sent the wretched ship into space dust.

"Nice shot, Damsel. Now, help Jade." Jafits gave her an order.

"But ..."

"No time to argue. She needs you more than me." The Vanguard insisted

"Yes, sir." The racer pulled up her stick, twisted her ship and set a course toward Jade.

She shouted via the comms "Jade, hold them off for a few more seconds. I'm coming to you."

Jade was swinging her ship from side to side, evading the laser shots from the three eyeballs at her six. Never fly in straight path, the wary warrior muttered to herself while struggling with her controls. She could see several green laserbolts flashing outside her cockpit. She began to perspire then broke into nervous sweat as one of the green lasers hit her right targeting sensor.

"Blast it. Damsel where are you?"

Suddenly a missile swooshing by above her followed by an explosion that lit up the blackness of space behind her.

"Thanks, Damsel." Jade looked about in relief.

"Anytime. Are you okay?"

"I'm hit, but not bad."

"Get clear, Jade. I take it from here."

The Twi'lek Ace continued her bold action. Coming fast from above of the opposite direction, she fired several shots at the two remaining TIEs that urged them to move away from their prey.

Now the hunter becomes the prey, she mumbled while doing a quick turn and targeting the nearest fighter. The enemy pilot tried to evade her, doing a zig zag move to the right then started a long turn to the left. But Damsel cut her speed to match the enemy speed, holding her position at the back of her target. She linked her cannons to dual mode then triggered two laser bursts. The enemy craft disintegrated before her.

Now she turned to the other ship as he tried to flee from her. Just as her index finger ready to push the fire button, a missile streaked in at her target.

"That's three!" Tyraal exclaimed in joy.

"Son of a Sith. Tyraal, you stole my kill!" Kasula screamed in anger.

Three clicks ahead of them, Jafits started his attack run on the dupes. The enemy leader still on the Jedi's tail, but he couldn't get the interceptor into his firing range as his TIE's speed was no match for JS's A-wing. Jafits retrieved target one from computer memory, his HUD displayed the image of the TIE Bomber shortly. He noticed the distance then he switched to missile target control. The Vanguard also paid attention to the distance between the bombers and the convoy. Still four clicks, I'd better eliminate all the bombers before they got near to 2 clicks, the safest distance to launch torpedo, or things would get worse.

As he approached the target fast, the HUD flashed yellow, then red, sign for a missile lock. He firmly punched the button and launched the first missile.

Acquiring the next target, again the HUD turned yellow, followed quickly by red. The second missile was launched.

The first missile was a direct hit, the first TIE Bomber exploded in a ball of flames, throwing debris in all directions. Seconds later the second missile also hit its target, shredding the second Bomber into little pieces. However, by the time Jafits acquired the third bomber, the distance was already too

close that it was not possible for him to fire missile with a lock. JS pulled up a bit, and at the same time transferred back his engine power to laser in maximum rate, then switched to laser weapon. Waiting his laser power to fully recharged, he instinctively took an evasive maneuver to the left as green laser bursts flashed at his right from behind. The enemy leader had come into the firing range and eagerly wanted to shoot him down.

Setting the throttle to 2/3 power, JS took a quick turn to the left while the enemy turned to opposite direction. He glanced to his laser power panel, almost full, then checked his rear sensor. It looked like the TIE leader was preparing to square off, since he moved away from JS for about two klicks then took a half circle turn immediately, ready to confront the Jedi face to face. JS accepted the challenge, turned back his interceptor 180 degree and set the engine to full throttle. Now they were both in a straight line, approaching each other from opposite direction fast. The Corellian noted their distance was only 1.5 klicks and closing. He switched his weapon to warhead launcher and set it to dual mode. This better work.

The enemy leader took his shots first, JS reacted by doing a half roll to avoid the incoming laser bolts. Now, it's my turn.

JS launched two missiles manually, without the assistant of his targeting computer, then switched back to laser weapon and firing several shots rapidly to the two missiles ahead. The missiles exploded into thousand of small fragments, damaging the TIE hull and its hexagonal solar panel which trapped in the midst of the explosions.

JS pulled up in time, he could hear the sound of twin ion engine whirring below him before it blew up to pieces. That was close.

But it is not over yet, Jafits recalled the third bomber he missed.

Damn it, the bomber now must be ready to launch its torpedoes, he blamed himself for taking the enemy's challenge, he should've not taken the bait.

He quickly scanned the bomber and found it beneath him, at four o'clock. He dove hard toward the last bomber at maximum speed.

A moment later, he saw a volley of missiles hit the bomber before it could launch its torpedo.

"That was the last one." Kasula yelled in ecstasy followed by cheers of all pilots.

"Good flying, all of you. And congratulations on winning the scenario." Mauro "Moff" Wynter, the Tython leader looked happy.

Suddenly, the starfield went black, followed by a white bright light as all the pilots opened up their simulator cockpits.

Mauro gathered all the pilots for post-battle analysis briefing, what went wrong and what should to do to improve it. He also spoke regarding how importance the A-wing fighter simulation training they'd been doing for the last two weeks. The Colonel hoped the following week when the new A-wings would arrive at "Pride of Harakoa", Tython squadron home base, all his pilots would have already attuned to the new fighters. Then he showed the progress of the A-wing simulation training so far and how happy he was on his squadron progress.

"Good job everyone. Keep up the good work."

Mauro dismissed the briefing. All pilots left the simulator chamber or most pilots called it "War Room."