

[GJW XIII Phase I] Fiction

Objective 2: UNCOVER EVIDENCE THAT THE COLLECTIVE IS FRAMING THE BROTHERHOOD

The Collective staged the attack on Lyra in an attempt to frame the Brotherhood and scuttle negotiations with the Severian Principate. Prove that this was a set-up by capturing or recovering evidence that the Collective is responsible for the attack on Lyra. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer. Writing for this prompt makes an alliance between the Brotherhood and the Principate MORE likely. It also makes an alliance between the Principate and the Collective LESS likely.

Write from the perspective of one of the below Severian Principate agents or your main or alternative character.

Severian Principate Personnel

Jar'deon Blazio - Governor of Lyra Colony.

Amara Cirrus - Head of Security for Lyra Colony.

Jacinta Ni'Erilia - Social Administration working at Lyra Colony.

[Brimstone's Snapshot](#)

[Brinestone's Snapshot](#)

Lyra-3K-a system

Lyra Colony

Headquarters Bunker

37 ABY

After the sudden attack by the supposed Brotherhood's Iron Throne forces, the entire planet is in chaos. Fires are burning, structures are crumbled, bodies and blood sprayed over the landscape. Emergency personnel and medical units are working feverishly to tend to the wounded as the 5th Fleet of the Principate take up orbit to prevent future attacks.

The leaders of Lyra Colony, Jar'deon Blazio, Amara Cirrus, and Jacinta Ni'Erilia are convened in a secured bunker under the headquarters to try to get their plans in order for rebuilding and recovering.

"How dare the Brotherhood come to us, proclaiming peace, and then slaughtering us with our defenses down" screamed Jacinta, the female Chiss, was visibly upset by what had happened.

“I say we take the 5th and annihilate the Brotherhood and arrest them for their crimes” replied Amara, the female Human

“We need to think with cooler heads before rushing into a confrontation that could end in catastrophe for us, Amara” retorted Jar'deon, the male human, “I am still Governor here, am I not?”

Jacinta placed her blue hand onto Amara's shoulder to try to help calm her down. “You're right, Jar'd, we're all just upset at what happened and this betrayal. We need to get evidence before we proceed with a plan to arrest them for their alleged crimes.”

“And how do you expect we accomplish this?” Amara said.

As soon as the words left her thin lips, a buzz on the security comms came ringing. Jar'deon reached over and pressed the switch down. “This best be important for you to interrupt us.”

“Sir, we have an unknown encrypted transmission coming through in an unfamiliar dialect. We don't understand what is coming through.”

“Put it through then and see if we can figure it out.”

The tones beeped as the transmission was replayed.

“Ch'ah csuski csah, csei s cart Seabr'imsto'nedansr bah to han'ci Plagueis bah to K'sicasi. Ch'ah cart rass'ah ch'a ch'ao'becusei bah to Lyra hzebin'cir ch'at bakan'bah to K'sicasi cat ch'a ch'an'ruhi.

«I repeat, this is Seabr'imsto'nedansr of the clan Plagueis of the Brotherhood. I am seeking an audience with the Lyra leadership to defend the Brotherhood from a lie.»”

The Social Administrator recognized the dialect immediately. “I know that dialect, one I don't use very often. It is in Cheuhn, the language of the Chiss, my race.”

“Well, what are they saying? Is it from the Ascendancy of Csilla?” replied Amara.

“He says he is part of the Brotherhood from something called a Plagueis and that he wants to speak to us and try to prove it is a lie about their supposed attacks.”

“Look, I don't know who he is or what a Plagueis is, but I don't trust anything that anyone from the Brotherhood has to say at the moment. I say we arrest them upon sight” Amara said angrily.

“Jac can you reply to him in his native language that we will allow him to arrive and we'll decide afterwards if we arrest him or hear him out” interjected Jar'd.

“Ch'at Seabr'imsto'nedansr, csei s cart Jacinta bah Lyra g'esbun. Nah csarcican't ch'ao'b vah cavrcah. Tsusabah ch'at carcsibi vzo vim van ran'isceheco ch'auh vah csarcican't cart ch'asart ror veb, rcisah rob?”

«To Seabr'imsto'nedansr, this is Jacinta of Lyra command. We will hear you out. Proceed to platform 4 and come unarmed or you will be arrested on sight, understand?»”

A few moments later a reply came through.

“Jacinta, Ch'ah rcisah rob vim csarcican't k'ir veah vah baper. Veb vah can ch'a ch'itcotcim.

«Jacinta, I understand and will do as you wish. See you in a few.»”

Jar'd switched off the comm link and turned towards Amara. “Get a detachment of your best troops and meet this person and search them. Once cleared, bring them here.

Amara understood and head out while reaching for her comm to alert her security forces.

A black firespray touched down with its maneuvering vents onto the duracrete platform of Lyra Colony. A squad of 12 security personnel, along with Amara, stood at the ready. The lowering ramp slowly lowered down in a mist of steam and three individuals came off, 2 blue skinned, black clothed Chiss and a black 3PO protocol droid followed them behind. As they stepped forward and the droid spoke to them in basic.

“Greetings. May I introduce you to...”

The droid was cut off as Amara raised her hand. “I was told there was to be one, not three, individuals. Arrest them.”

Before security could do anything, Brimstone raised his hand and used the Force to telekinetically halt them in their tracks, stopping them in their place. “Sorry, but I wanted to be honest with you and that is why we all 3 came out to show no treachery” spoke the Chiss. He then released his grip on them and raised his hands, as did the other Chiss and the droid. “You may proceed to search us for weapons per the arrangement that was agreed upon.”

Amara's face was scorned from the way the Chiss withheld her security. “Search them, but your droid stays on your ship.”

“Agree” said Brimstone as he nodded at his droid, who turned around and went back on the ship.

“I know you must be some sort of Force user and I know you don't need weapons to hurt or kill us, but I am sure that you can't defeat everyone at once.”

"I am not here to fight, I am her to clear our name. Taken that you are human, I am safe to assume that you are not Jacinta, am I correct?"

"You will meet her shortly. Are they cleared?" she asked the squad leader.

"Yes Ma'am. They have no weapons on them."

The group of fifteen proceeded to leave the platform with troops surrounding the two Plagueians, lead by Amara. After about 10 minutes in two turbolifts, they made their way to the secure bunker and entered through the sliding durasteel door. 4 troops followed them in while the other 8 remained outside.

"Jar'deon. Jacinta. I introduce you to these two from the Brotherhood."

Both were surprised to see two Chiss when they were expecting just one. "Which of you is Seabr'imston'nedansr?" asked Jaci.

"I am. This is Seabr'inesto'nedansr, my brother." Brinestone nodded in respect.

"Interesting to see two fellow Chiss out here, much less one with facial hair!"

"I am no longer with the CDEF so I no longer follow their grooming standards."

"The CDEF?" asked Jar'd curiously.

"That's the Chiss Defense Expansionary Fleet for short. They are the military of the Ascendancy" replied Jaci.

"Okay. Well, Seabr... Seabr... I don't know if I can pronounce your name correctly to do it justice."

"I go by Brimstone in Basic., He goes by Brinestone. It is no disrespect to call us by our basic names."

"So you are a leader of the Brotherhood I take it?"

"No. I am not. In fact, they don't know I am here honestly."

"I knew it. He's here to get our guard down again to take us out, those cowards" spat Amara.

Brimstone gave her a glaring look before proceeding. "While we are part of the Brotherhood, they don't all follow the same ideology. We are part of the Brotherhood. But we are in different societies. I belong to the clan Plagueis. I am no leader and to be honest, it's too much paperwork to be one. I am also a Chiss. I believe in Honor and that is the most important part of a family."

"Then if you are not here in behest of the Brotherhood, then why are you here?"

“Like I said. Honor. I want to clear our name and prove that the attacks on your colonies and your people were not by the acts of the Iron Throne.”

“Then who was it praytell?” retorted Amara, “Enlighten us with your wisdom, Jedi.”

“First, I am not a Jedi. They are an ancient order that fell to the Empire back during the clone wars. Second, the fleet you were attacked by were formerly Iron Throne ships. The Collective and the Brotherhood fought each other a year ago, both sides taking casualties. They also were able to use computer controlled droids to steal a few of our fleet’s ships” spoke the Battlemaster, “ I believe that these ships were used by them to get you against the Brotherhood and to drop your guard so they can take over your system.”

“And why would they want control of us?” asked Jar’d, “We’re not a large system like the Core worlds are.”

“Because they are in the belief that your Colony, especially the rumored former Jedi temple here, is in possession of an artifact that they are seeking.”

“What is this artifact supposedly?”

“I really don’t know. Rumor is that it is a piece of a set that together will destroy the Force and turn the victims into mindless zealots or slaves for them to use in the quest to conquer the entire galaxy.”

Jar’deon sat down in the chair at the thought of slaves. He hated anyone turning people and civilizations into slaves. “So how come you are here then if your leaders didn’t authorize you to be here?”

“Because I have a plan. If I succeed, I will gain my honor back after losing a command ship, the *Predominant*, and its crew that perished. If I fail, then I die and am not a mark against my clan. I have no plan to fail.”

“So how do you plan to provide proof of the Collective’s treachery?”

“I have my own means and technology. If you allow me a standard week and the Brotherhood a standard week from retaliation, I will get you your evidence.”

“Jar’d, I believe he is being honest. It is a Chiss tendency” spoke Jaci.”

“Ok. you have one standard week to provide proof that I can submit to our leadership council” replied the Governor, “But if you fail, I will personally hunt you down and kill you myself, understand?”

“Agree. I fail, I’ll be dead one way or another. I respect that.”

Both Plagueians are escorted back to where their ship is parked on the landing platform. They then go back up the ramp, get situated back in the cockpit, lifted off and flew away.

“Jacinta, do you trust them to succeed?” asked Jar’d.

“I know my race and one thing that is respected is their code of Honor that they hold in high esteem. I believe that’s why you have me working for you?” replied Jaci.

“Well that and your great skills in Social affairs,”

K’ebatas, Brimstone’s protocol droid, took the helm of the ship, *Nehso Retan’ci*, and flew away from Lyra. After they left the gravitational pull of the planet, he engaged the cloaking device and the ship vanished from all sensors in the system.

“Brim, how do you plan to get the info we need to prove your Brotherhood isn’t responsible?”

“With this ships enhanced capabilities, I plan to find a collective ship, break into their computer systems, and find the evidence Brine.”

“Will we need to be aboard their vessel?”

“Hopefully not. I didn’t pay a fortune to not have the best slicing technology available. We should be able to stay out of their cannons range and get the evidence we needed.”

Brim looked over the info on the systems as he checked to make sure it was ready to work.

“I got another concern.”

“Shoot.”

Your clan knows nothing about me. How are you going to explain my sudden appearance? I mean a year ago, I was trying to kill you, now we are working together.”

“That’s a situation we’ll deal with when the need arises. Let’s get the current mission taken care of first. I know my clan won’t like me going off on my own, but that’s how I get things done?”

“Well, technically you are not alone” joked Brine, “We have K’ebatas to protect us.”

Up from the cockpit, the droid replied “I am not built for that.”

Both Chiss laughed as they went back to work to get ready for their mission.

Lyra-3K-a system

Silent and in stealth mode, Brims's ship, the *Nehso Retan'ci*, flew into the area and could view the fleet readying itself for war. The Sith was pondering if he should alert them of his plans. Brimstone knew that what he was doing would possibly be a chargeable offense, but he wanted to do what he could to help ensure the outcome of the impending battles.

"K'ebatas, open me a secure comm for the Vigilant, authorization code Bantha Wampa Echo Delta Niner Fife Niner."

"Brim, what are you doing?" asked his fellow Chiss

"Even though what we are doing is off the books, I still an honor bound to my House and Clan to report my actions."

"It will do no good and get us in trouble."

"No, just me. They still don't know about you."

Brim adjusted his uniform as the holoprojector powered on to record his message.

"*Vigilant*, this is Brimstone. I am sending this message to alert you. I am doing a recon mission of the Collective to gather intel for us. I know I wasn't given this mission from either of you, Julius and Scudi. I need to show my worth and recover my honor for my failure with the *Predominant*. I will let you know as soon as I am able to get information we can use. Brimstone out."

As soon as the transmission was done and disconnected, the Battlemaster turned his ship around and headed out to a location the Collective fleet was at. Brimstone knew he had one chance to do this. It was all or nothing. For Plagueis and for the Brotherhood. Moments later, the stars blurred as the ship hit jumpspeed.

Vigilant

Lyra-3K-a system

The fleet ship of the House Karness Muur sat waiting for orders from the Dread Lord of Plagueis, Ronovi Tavisæn and her Wrath, TuQ'uan Varick. The House leaders, Scudi Ferria and Gaius Julius Caesar, were getting ready for their mission of diplomacy to the Principate at the shipyards, With the Collective hitting multiple targets within the system under the guise of the Iron Throne, the entire Brotherhood, including Plagueis, was on high alert and ready for retaliation. As they were discussing their mission, an alert came up for them. Julius answered it with a tap on his commlink and read it was a high priority encrypted communication.

"Scudi, I'll be right back. Probably a report from the hanger on our shuttles we are using." Scudi nodded her acknowledgement.

Julius stepped out of the conference room into a side chamber. "This is Julius, what is it?"

"Sir, we have an encrypted message from authorization code Bantha Wampa Echo Delta Niner Fife Niner."

The Aedile recognized the code immediately. "Brimstone" he thought, "what he got himself into now?" "Go ahead and play the transmission."

Seconds passed and he heard a message from the Chiss.

"*Vigilant*, this is Brimstone. I am sending this message to alert you. I am doing a recon mission of the Collective to gather intel for us. I know I wasn't given this mission from either of you, Julius and Scudi. I need to show my worth and recover my honor for my failure with the *Predominant*. I will let you know as soon as I am able to get information we can use. Brimstone out."

The Lieutenant Colonel bit his lip. "Kriffin Brim!". He decided it wasn't the best time to tell Scudi about the message as he knew she had a lot on her plate with the mission at hand. He would deal with the Chiss later once the war was done, if he survives.

The Ascendancy Lyra-3K-a system

One of the comm station personnel was listening in on messages from the fleet when a secured code was overheard going to the Vigilant. He tapped at the code, an authorized one, and recorded the transmission. He couldn't open it because it was encrypted and sounded like static. Making a copy, he proceeded to leave his station in haste and headed to the leaders of Plagueis.

The soldier hit the door buzzer and awaited for further orders to enter.

"Yes?"

"Sir, we have an encrypted message that was sent to the Vigilant from an unknown person or ship. I was told to bring it to your attention."

Moments later, the door opened up and TuQ'uan stepped out. "Hand it to me and thank you." The soldier saluted and did an about face and left. TuQ tipped his hat, then closed the door as he went back inside.

"What was so urgent, Wrath?" asked the Dread Lord.

"Apparently, an encrypted transmission was sent to the Vigilant and we intercepted it."

"Encrypted you say? Well open it up. We have no secrets in Plagueis."

TuQ'uan opened the transceiver recording and heard the authorization code Bantha Wampa Echo Delta Niner Fife Niner, "Looks like an unknown code to me. Then again, I am new to the Wrath position so I haven't gotten caught up to all our security codes yet."

Ronovi just smirked. "It is an old code I hadn't heard since my days in Tarentum. I can bet you a flask of Whyren as to who it is from."

"Who? And no, that isn't a bet I will take."

"Brimstone."

"Ah he's former Tarentum too, I take it."

"And a pain in the hindquarters sometimes. Go ahead and play it."

TuQ hit the button on the message and it started playing.

"*Vigilant*, this is Brimstone. I am sending this message to alert you. I am doing a recon mission of the Collective to gather intel for us. I know I wasn't given this mission from either of you, Julius and Scudi. I need to show my worth and recover my honor for my failure with the *Predominant*. I will let you know as soon as I am able to get information we can use. Brimstone out."

Ronovi rolled her one good eye after the message ended. "I swear that Chiss is going to be the end of me sometimes."

"Did we authorize a covert mission?"

"No and from the message, neither was the House summit involved. The Chiss looks like he decided on his own accord to do this."

"Should I send out a message to Brim to belay the orders and return back to the fleet?"

Ronovi ponder it for a moment. "No. Let him do the mission. If he succeeds, then we might have an advantage we wouldn't have before."

"And what if he fails?" replied the Wrath.

"Then I will chastise him to no end. Brim has a tendency to do things off the books and sometimes it does work out in the end."

"Well, I am a merc so I know and have done a few things "off the books" before myself. Instead of you dealing with it if he fails, how about I just use it as leverage and hold it over his head? I might be able to get him to do things he normally wouldn't do in the future."

The Epicanthix laughed, "Works for me. He is now your pain in the hindquarters, hahahaha!"

Moon of Thillon Lyra-3K-a system

A fleet of ships from the Collective are patrolling the moon of Thillon, 4 Lancer Frigates, 3 Strike Cruisers and a Dreadnaught. While to the Severian Principate they seem to be a defensive fleet to protect them, The collective has alternative motives to their occupation. Smaller ships are flying about, patrolling the system for any alert of the Brotherhood if they arrive.

The black firespray exits from warp and is a few hundred kilometers from the bulk of the fleet.

"Are you sure they can't see or detect us?" ask Brinestone.

"We are cloaked and with everything on the outside darkened, we blend in with space. Unless someone passes over us and see us between them and the moon below, we should be able to remain hidden as we get close."

"Well which ship do we target to get the info from?"

"See that dreadnaught over there? That is probably the command ship of this fleet. I am sure what we are searching for is aboard that vessel."

"So how do we get close without them noticing?"

"I am currently studying their patterns of the ships on patrol. Once I figure out the safest route, we will get close to its underside and with the ships magnetic hooks, we'll attach ourselves and then K'ebatas will start slicing into the interiors' computers for any and all information" replied Brim, "Got that K'ebatas?"

"Yes Master, I am more than ready to proceed."

The fleet's patrols were in a constant pattern between the ships. Brinestone noticed that none were patrolling under the main ships, only around them and above. "There! That's the path we're taking" spoke Brim.

Brimstone hopped back into the pilot's seat and pulled to within five kilometers of a patrolling squadron of five X-Wing classed ships. He then maneuvered behind them and followed them towards the dreadnaught. As soon as they made their pass by the command ship, Brim cranked on the yoke and dipped under the belly of the large ship. Flipping to the side to place his undercarriage to that of the massive ship, he used his thrusters to get close enough to set his magnetic grappling hooks to grab hold of its prize. Only a muffled metallic sound was heard as the ship powered down its propulsion systems.

“Ok, we’re clear. K’ebatas. Start slicing! Brine, watch the transmissions coming from the surrounding area for any alert to our presence. I’ll wait to launch if we have to make our escape.”

The droid worked the system to its max.. Soon he was able to find a unsecured terminal that was connected to the ship’s main control servers. Minutes passed as he worked to slice through the internal encryption systems. “Sir, the name of the ship is called the *Lansford*” spoke up the droid. Brimstone didn’t pay head to the alert, constantly watching out his viewport as he watched the patrols. He knew that hiding near the backside of the front lower part of the ship was dark enough to conceal his ship, but he wasn’t going to relax till he was out of there.

The droid broke the silence once again. “Sir, I have accessed the command bridge computer system. It looks like they received transmissions from the Collective hierarchy and the intel you are looking for is in it, including the supposed Iron Throne’s involvement.”

“Good, download it all, timestamp everything. Make it quick cause I am sure they will become aware of our intrusion anytime now.”

K’ebatas acknowledged and started to do a massive file transfer.

Lansford Bridge
Moon of Thillon
Lyra-3K-a system

“Sir, um, we have a problem” spoke a computer technician.

“What is it?” replied the officer on the bridge.

“It looks like we have unauthorized access to our central system.”

“Where’s it coming from?”

“From the main cargo hold.”

“Who has access there?”

“Sir, no one. That’s where we store our droids and weapons for the troops.”

“Get a detachment down there and apprehend anyone there.”

Orders were issued out and 15 troopers took off to the main cargo hold beneath them. Ten minutes passed by and a report came in.

“Sir, this a squad leader Kesh. There is no one here.”

“Impossible. We are reading an active access to the computers there.”

“I don’t know what to say Sir, but there are no computers running down here and no personnel in the cargo hold.”

The officer was perturbed. He looked at the technician, “are you sure someone’s accessing the computers?”

“Yes sir. They have downloaded 75% so far of all our transmissions with the Collective, including the command orders of the fake Iron Throne fleet we were relaying with.”

“How could they do that? There’s no Brotherhood fleets around us, check the sensors in case we are being jammed.”

Moments go by. “Sir, the only thing I can think of is that we have a cloaked ship that is attached to us somewhere outside.”

“Then raise shields. That will jettison any ships attached to us that are not part of the hull.”

As the crew of Brim, Brine and the droid worked feverishly to secure the information, the ship shook with a violent jolt, tossing them about. The Firespray listed off the hull of the dreadnaught and back into space.

“K’tah!!!” exclaimed Brimstone, “We’ve been discovered!”

The Chiss climbed back in the pilot’s seat and fired up the propulsion systems. “Hold on tight, we need to escape.”

“Sir, I only got 80% downloaded before the sudden disconnect.”

“Brim, I am targeting 20 fighters incoming” blurted out Brinestone.

“Get to the weapons, we’re going to have to fight our way out of here” yelled Brimstone as turbolasers were suddenly incoming from the Collective X-Wings that started opening fire. With a rush of the Force washing over him, he pushed down on the throttle and fired outwards, avoiding near destruction as multiple blasts pelted off the Lansford’s shields.

“Sir, Alpha and Delta squadron reports that a black vessel, a firespray type vessel, was underside of our hull. They are in pursuit.”

“I don’t want them captured, I want them dead. Destroy that ship at all costs.”

The dreadnaught powered up its maneuvering thrusters to turn towards the fleeing vessel.

“As soon as you get a target lock, destroy that ship. I don’t know if it is a Brotherhood or a bounty hunter, but we can’t let them get away with our plans.”

“Yes sir!”

Brimstone pulled hard in a bank to avoid the incoming fire. Brinestone was in the gunner’s seat, targeting the ships. “There’s too many out there” Brine yelled out.

“Sir, I am seeing the other capitol ships are ejecting their ships to cut us off” spoke Kebatas, 25.... 35.... 50.... Sir, they’re swarming like insects. The chances of survival are dropping tremendously.”

Brimstone knew he was out gunned by the incoming fighters, but he was more worried about the Dread’s weapons getting a target lock on him. “Get us a jump point location out of here fast!” he yelled.

The X-wings continued to lay on the fire heavily. Luckily, the firespray’s shields were holding up.

“Shields at 73% Sir” spoke K’ebatas.

“Five X-wings down Brim” exclaimed Brine.

Back and forth, swerving to the left, upside down flips, Brimstone was doing everything he could to escape.

“Shields down to 47%.”

“4 more enemy ships gone.”

“Seventy-three fighters incoming.”

A sudden large blast barely missed their ship. Brim knew the capitol ship was open firing on them.

“Brim, that main ship almost had us in that last salvo.”

“I know... I KNOW!!!” Brim yelled back, “K’ebatas, where’s that jump port?”

“45 degrees starboard, Sir.”

The Plagueian banked hard left as three enemy fighters flew into each other, exploding on impact. "They're on suicide attacks" thought Brim as he barrel rolled back to the right and headed away from the fleet and the moon.

"Sir, jump point in 4...3...2...1..."

Brim hit the throttle and the stars outside streaked passed him as he hit the jump into lightspeed. Letting out a sigh of relief, he wiped the sweat of his brow on his sleeve.

"Sir, the enemy ship made its escape."

"Alert the Collective that we have been compromised."

"Right away, Sir!"

Lyra-3K-a system Shipyards

The black firespray came out of lightspeed in a hurry. They had zero time to waste.

"K'ebatas, send out a fleetwide message. Alert the *Ascendancy*, *Dominant*, *Vigilant* that we have the intel. Expect incoming enemy forces. Transmit the data as soon as yesterday" yelled Brimstone.

"Yes sir!" replied the droid as he started punching in the distress signal along with the data.

"Hope it gets to them in time" thought the Chiss.