

Objective 3: Prioritization

Tired of the constant fighting with what you deem to be an inferior enemy, you have decided to redirect your efforts elsewhere. Ignoring the orders of the Dread Lord, take time to settle old scores, train or meditate, reunite with old friends, or simply shoot the breeze in Aliso or beyond. Choosing this objective, however, will reduce the likelihood of a successful campaign against the Collective remnants.

Rules

Participants must submit entries in .pdf, .doc, or .docx format, or use the submission text field (markdown capable). Entries must be a minimum of 500 words. Any entries that are under 500 words will be Disqualified and ineligible for participation or placement. There is no maximum word cap. Your story should be centered on your Main or Alternative character or on an appropriate Collective or Severian Principate NPC as allowed by the Objective you choose. Slotted NPCs, Wikipedia NPCs, or other characters that you create or invent to tell your story are allowed and encouraged. However, your narrative should focus around either your Main or Alternative character or your selected faction NPC. If writing from the perspective of your main character or alternative character, a snapshot of your Main or Alternative character loadout must be selected and submitted with your entry. Failure to attach a snapshot will prevent you from placing. If writing from an NPC, make that explicitly clear.

CIS Tundra Station

Brimstone sat and watched the hologram from the Wrath of Plagueis, TuQ'uan, announce as the clan was preparing to take the fight to the Collective. The Unknown Regions was a familiar area for the Chiss, but he was disappointed at the council's plans to attack. One was that they weren't asking him to lead since he was well verse in the area and with his contacts in the Ascendancy, he was a perfect choice to lead. The second thing was that he was ordered by his House leadership to not go after Tripp for his attempt to kill of the Chiss' closest ally, Ronovi.

These were the main reasons why he had moved his living quarters from the clan's Pinnacle to the outpost. Seclusion. He felt that despite his efforts, his loyalty, he wasn't appreciated. He knew his past failures with the Predominant was being held against him and thought after the assault on the shipyards, he had been redeemed. This was not the case.

Also, another reason to living in seclusion, the training of his brother, Seabr'inesto'nedansr. The Dread Lord herself had a hatred for anything that dealt with clones and Brims was frustrated that despite secret missions to get intel for the Brotherhood with the help of his brother, he wasn't allowed to bring him into the ranks of Plagueis. He was sure that he had proven himself with others that he'd been welcomed, but wasn't. So Brim was going to have to do his training in seclusion still.

As the battlemaster sat at his desk, finishing the message viewing, he turned it off as his brother walked in. "Hey Brim, you look disturbed."

"Yes I am. Plagueis is getting themselves set up for destruction."

"How so?"

"The Dread is rushing in blindly into a battle with the Collective. We don't have the fleet or manpower to take them on by ourselves."

"Well we did destroy them at the shipyards and didn't need the other clans to help."

"That was less than 10% of the enemies fleets we faced. We have no way to beat them if they hit us with their entire fleet."

"So when do we head out?"

"I have decided to forbore the battle and stay here. Someone has to watch our assets and prepare for the casualties that will bestow upon us."

Brine let a frown come to his face. He had been hoping to get some more combat experience. But he knew he had no say as he wasn't part of the clan. "Is there any word yet on my being accepted in the clan?"

"No, not yet. The Dread hates clones and after her mind being in a warpath frame of mind, I don't think this would be an opportune moment for the request. She would probably kill both of us just for the hell of it."

"Ok, well, if you don't need nothing from me, I am going to head down to the makeshift library and look at some holo recordings and study."

Brim gave him a nod and watched his brother leave. He then turned his chair and stood up, looking out the viewport of his office overlooking the hangar. Brim just stood with his hands behind his back, pondering his future.