



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO GJW XIII COMPETITION:
PHASE 2: ESTABLISH A Foothold

History's Ghostwriter: The Deleted Scene

Authors:

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Clan Scholae Palatinae

NOTE: The author's submission to the phase 1 fiction bin featured a false flag attack from Elincia's perspective. This piece tells that story from the other side.

Objective 1: FIGHT THE PRINCIPATE MUTINEERS

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Zentru'la and his special forces emerged from the security headquarters into the streets of Lyra Colony, followed by security chief Amara Cirrus and her police force. People screamed. People ran. Smoke billowed into the sky.

"They've hit the anti-air turrets!" Cirrus exclaimed, as plumes of smoke rose from the city's defences.

"LAAT gunships! Everybody get down!" Zentru'la shouted at the combined forces. The unmarked ships hovered menacingly above the Colony. Zentru'la fired off a round of bolts at one of the ships with his repeating cannon, but it was out of range and the bolts sailed harmlessly into the sky. "It's the Collective!" he shouted, more at Cirrus than at anyone else. He couldn't have known the truth...

As the gunships moved closer into view, his jaw dropped in horror: the CSP logo was emblazoned in royal purple on each and every ship. The Collective's dishonour knew no bounds. He ran through the streets to try to move into a closer range, with Cirrus and their troops hot on their heels.

She was unmistakable, stood alone on the platform of the gunship. Elincia Rei. The Empress, his daughter.

"Elincia!" Zentru'la roared above the fire and smoke, but she didn't seem to hear him. She hoisted a missile launcher onto her shoulder and opened fire at a residential tower block. The building fell directly downwards in a giant ball of fire. Every man, woman and child living inside, possible tens of thousands... gone in an instant.

Before he knew it, Amara Cirrus had grabbed him by the throat, forcing him against a nearby wall. The Scholae forces drew their weapons, pointing them at the security chief. "The Collective? That was your logo and your Empress! Explain yourself!" Cirrus screamed in the face of Zentru'la.

He broke her grip with his sheer might, pushing her away from him. He had absolutely no answer for Cirrus. He had just seen his daughter commit a terrorist attack against a neutral faction, flying the colours of Scholae. "Men!" Cirrus shouted. "Take all Scholae Personnel! Dead or alive!"

"Do not harm the Lyra personnel!" Zentru'la ordered his troops as he engaged Cirrus

in hand to hand combat, for real this time, not the training exercise they had practised before. She fought more aggressively, with less control as she swung wildly at the larger adversary. The anger and fear of the Lyra Colony flowed through her veins and she reined hammer blows against the twi'lek, but his armour held firm.

Firefights broke out around them between the Scholae troops and the Lyra security guards but the civilian security forces were no match for the military precision of the Scholae special forces. Scholae troops were in cover before the Lyra forces could even draw their weapons, and kept them pinned down with suppressive fire to minimise casualties. While Cirrus and Zentru'la may have been evenly matched, their forces were not, and the special forces had neutralised the security team with stun grenades and non-lethal blaster shots.

“All forces fall back!” Zentru'la ordered as he absorbed a blow from Cirrus again. “Mission abort! Get back to the ship!” The special forces followed their General as he turned his back on Cirrus mid-fight, sprinted through the Lyra colony towards the Upsilon-class shuttle he came in on.