

The VOICE shifted through reports in his office. He saw different types of messages that had been intercepted, all claiming to be of valuable information. Suddenly, he peered into a report by an intelligence officer who classified some form of intelligence as “low rank”.

“What is this?” inquired the bored Master to himself.

The words in the report chitted across the screen, as if opening a file to read for the first time.

Importance: Low

Information: Prop&)_@ BV@V@da*

Source: Scholae Palatinae

*Summary: CSP piece of ^@%@)@()&_ *_#_*#HB(!@&#G*

The file was slightly corrupted. After doing a quick diagnostic, Wally found it the file information to be fully intact.

“Let’s give this a go,” he smiled to himself.

Unknown Severian Dreadnaught

Emory Rose was at a make-shift tactics table, discussing new points of defense. Private First Class Bekany was shining the E-11 blaster rifle she had taken off a dead soldier in what was the soldier’s final wave of attack. Sergeant Liones was helping other troops carry bodies into a junk area. On the body they were carrying a shiny object slipped from the formerly clasped hand of the person. The object clanked on the ground, rolling towards the pile of the dead. She shot a look of shock.

“Is that...a lightsaber?” she questioned to the people helping her.

The other soldiers slung the body on top of the pile and shrugged. Liones looked down and picked up the object. She poured her eyes over the details. She saw engravings on the side that had been shot up by blaster fire: “something...something...darkness...huh...” she let out.

There was a small red button near the bottom of the hilt. She held out the saber in front of her and pressed it. It activated with a sudden red glow.

The soldiers around her shot immediate glances as they saber activated, some drawing their weapons in surprise. Liones laughed. It was swiftly followed by a roar of laughter from the others around her. They had killed a dark Jedi, possibly a Sith. They did not know who the enemies were that had attacked them, but they were armed to the teeth and wore specialized armor. The Severian mutineers had heard discombobulated shouts of “Clan something” upon

their attack. Clearly, their morale took a hit when told to attack a possible ally.

“Nice find, Liones,” shouted Emory Rose from the tactics table. He strode down towards the soldiers and cleared his throat.

“We fought hard and well. Some of our fellow friends joined us in different parts of the Lyra system. Clearly, whether The Collective is behind the false flag attack is yet to be seen. But the Brotherhood should not be left off the hook! They brought their petty squabble with The Collective to us!”

The soldiers booed in agreement.

“But just as we destroyed this random Clan, we can convince the Severian Principate leaders that our rebellion is justified! We all deserve the freedom to choose our own destiny in this Empire!”

The soldiers roared. Liones had deactivated the saber.

“And we’ll beat any enemy that chooses to oppose...”

A sudden cracking rumble was heard out of the viewport.

A silver, purple, and black Imperial Star Destroyer appeared from out of hyperspace. Followed by two Vindicator class and two Quasar class starships.

“What’s going on?” screamed Sergeant Bekany. Other soldiers started to murmur, some shout.

“Nothing to fear,” quieted Emory Rose. “We’ll see what this is about.”

He motioned for a comm officer to send a message and started to speak, “This is Emory Rose of the Dreadnaught...” but the comm became static and was overridden by a holographic message of five people.

To the far left stood a cloaked figure with brown hair laying gently from the edges of the hood with golden eyes: Imperator and Warlord Shadow Palpatine Nighthunter. To the far right stood a bronze figure with an arm tattoo: Executor and Battlelord Jorm “The Jester” Na’trej. To the center-left stood a Sith magician of sorts with tribal heritage, the famed System Moff: Battlemaster Calindra Hejaran. To the center-right stood a fierce and furry creature who seemed to be standing in a meditative trance. It was none other than the Grand Admiral himself: Augur Mune Cinteroph. In the center stood a Togrutan in a nice-kept science coat and suit. To many she was merely a scientist, but to this Clan Scholae Palatinae, she was our beloved, daring, and powerful Empress: Adept Elincia Rei!

Soldiers could be heard in the background of the comm, frightening the mutineers: "Hail the Empire! Hail the Empress! Hail the Severian-Brotherhood Alliance!"

The mutineers began to sputter in fear as the center voice took hold: "I am Empress Elincia Rei of the Caperion System. You will surrender or be destroyed. If you surrender you will be..." but she was cut off by Emory Rose:

"We don't surrender! We will murder your evil despotic Clan! Am I right?" He held to his soldiers, but they did not respond.

"You've been abandoned. And that was your only chance," smiled the wondrous Empress.

Fighters had been dispatched, and starships started to fire on the Dreadnaught.

Emory Rose had tried to yell orders over his cowardly compatriots, but it was too late. Their defenses had already been broken into and through. The true Empire had shown true mercy once again, by giving them a quick death as to honor their new alliance with the Principate.

The document went further, but Wally had had enough of it.

"Fun read," he told himself, not revealing what events truly had transpired to any of those listening.