

Option 1: DEFEND EOS CITY

The descent from *the Matron* to the ground had passed quickly for Occultan lacul, who had barely enough time to switch out his armor and rifle. This assignment was different enough from the one aboard *the Matron* that the Mandalorian had decided it best to switch from an assault kit to his one for sniper missions.

Occultan's ride had unceremoniously dropped the Mandalorian off on one of the tallest buildings roof, giving only a few seconds for the man to jump off. He had found the staircase and planted multiple laser trip mines several floors down to cover any egress points. Thankfully, the top four floors of the building had been deserted due to the escalating assault.

The Arx system star beat down upon the Human as he lay prone on a building roof at the edge of Eos city. From his vantage point, the Mandalorian watched as the Clans and Iron Legion began to set up ground forces to repel the coming assault. Mostly, though, he watched them struggle to coordinate their defenses. With a sigh, Occultan shifted his attention back to the direction he had been told to expect the Collective. The Mandalorian did not have to wait long before he picked up the glint of armor and blasters rising over a hill a kilometer away through his scope. Three quick bursts of static over the comm-link alerted the forces below.

Shifting slightly, the Human inhaled slowly. Lining up the sights of his Amban sniper rifle, he exhaled slowly.

The natural pause...

His lungs empty...

His sights steady...

He squeezed slowly with the trigger finger. The sniper rifle kicked back into lacul's shoulder; a familiar and reassuring feeling. The crack of the blaster bolt leaving the barrel echoed out through Eos city. As he shifted his aim, Occultan noted the Collective soldier falling, having been relieved of his head. Deeply inhaling and exhaling, the Human fire again.

After his fifth shot in quick succession lacul rose quickly and sprinted to the stairwell. It was important to change positions often, lest the enemy pin down his location. As he ran, he noted the sound of the other emplaced snipers letting loose upon the battalion sized Collective force. Four floors down, Occultan settled into the position he had prepared beforehand. Resting the Amban sniper rifles barrel upon a balled up piece of cloth atop a desk, he aimed out the already removed window ten feet ahead.

Three shots in quick succession, five dead Collective soldiers. Time to move positions again, two floors up this time. However, the sounds of blaster fire from the other snipers bothered him. Most of them seemed to have never paused in their shooting. Never pausing meant they never changed their positions. As the dread of this realization sunk in, he heard it: the deep throated sound of artillery fire. The top floor of the building across the street exploded into an inferno as artillery rounds hit. The Collective had located one of the other snipers.

Occultan rushed back to the roof of his building. Staying low, he got into position. Taking careful aim, he took two out Collective soldiers manning one of the artillery batteries before running to the other side of the roof. Half leaping, half falling off the edge, the Mandalorian activated his jetpack. He knew he had to find another location. As if almost to answer the Human's thoughts, Collective artillery rounds turned the top five floors of his abandoned building into a ball of fire, debris and death. Hopefully the ill fated snipers had bought the forces below enough time to set up. Several minutes of flight later, Occultan landed deftly atop a shorter building to begin the deadly dance again.