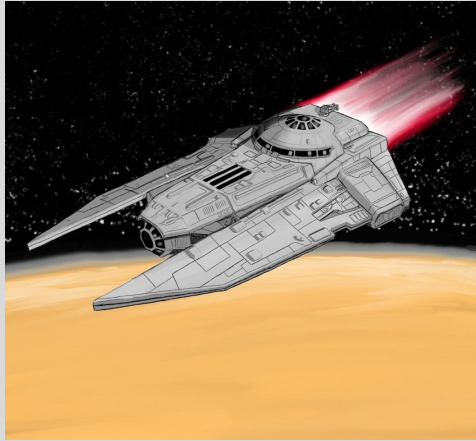


COMPETITION: [ABOVE AND BEYOND] BEYOND THE RIM

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[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)
[Tytus' Snapshot](#)

Shaevalis Prime **Wild Space**

The *Taron* broke into orbit outside of Shaevalis Prime's exosphere. Leaving behind the beloved home of Clan Naga Sadow's Proconsul. DarkHawk Sadow and crew had managed to stay a few days in between missions at the Shaevalian's mountain retreat. The Headmistress of the Shadow Academy had sanctioned the Inquisitorious to generate expeditionary missions to collect data within Wild Space. Conveniently for the Shadow Academy, one of its students just so happened to be very close.

Ty adjusted the various controls and switches on his pilot's control panel. Trimming the Decimator out and preparing the ship for the jump to lightspeed. Ellee, the ship's pilot droid, made her adjustments as well on the copilot's control panel.

"It will be nice just to do some flying instead of trouncing around some dodgy planet, chasing unsavory blokes from one end to another."

"Ah yes, the good ol' Air Cav days eh Sergeant Major," Ellee said with a condescending tone.

"You have no idea Lass, there is nothing better than attacking enemy ground targets on a strafing run. Pulling the trigger and reigning down hell supporting our boots on the ground," Tytus said.

"I can not think of any other way to get the testosterone flowing, Sergeant Major," Ellee said as she continued to flip switches.

Ty shook his head and sighed in disgust, "We are ready for coordinates DH. I am anxious to see how those new long range scanners the Shadow Academy sprung for this mission will work. The Lonar Corporation has always been quite reliable in their technological advancements."

"Well, however they work or whoever made those things, we have a cargo hold full of them. So I will be glad to unload them as soon as we can. Coordinates are as follows, -690.11, -90.72, 1.33, the twenty third quadrant of the Gamma Sector. Deep into Wild Space." DarkHawk replied.

"Copy that ol' boy. The nice thing about those scanners, we just load them in the proton tubes and fire them out. Their routes are already pre programmed so it's basically fire and forget. They begin scanning immediately and relaying intel back to us." the Duros said while inputting the coordinates into the jump computer.

"Have you been past Shaevalis Prime, Master DarkHawk?" Ellee inquired.

"No, so this will be a new adventure for all of us."

"Jump data loaded, ready on your mark DH."

"Push the sticks Ty, lets see what's out there."

The Duros pilot did as instructed, pushing the hyperdrive throttle quadrant forward. The Decimator's hyperdrive spooled up and then raced off on to the undiscovered hyperlanes of Wild Space.



Wild Space
Twenty Third Quadrant
Gamma Sector

The *Tãron* came out of light speed, slowing down to a crawl. The vast void of Wild Space darkness drowned the ship's main viewport.

"Welcome to Wild Space, Gamma sector," Ty said.

"Well what do you know, it looks like every other deep space sector. Dark and brooding." Ellee spat as she readied the weapons system on her control panel."

"Ellee, be a good Lass would ya and load those projectiles next to the launch tubes. They are belt chained together so you just need to put the lead casing on the loading rail then it's Bob's your uncle for all of us."

Ellee nodded, muttering some vulgar response about having to do everything as she headed back to the hold. The droid made quick work of her task and headed right back into the flight deck still continuing on with the same rant as when she left.

She plopped back down into her copilot seat, "I swear if it was not for me being aboard this ship...LOADED!" the droid barked.

Ty tipped his Air Cavalry hat towards the droid, "Alright folks, lets shoot some hardware!" he said, flipping the switch to the weapons system.

"Three, two, one. Commencing firing sequence." Ty pulled the triggers on his flight yoke. All three crew members watched as the probes fired one after another.. The muffled sound of the torpedoes exiting the ships *Thung...Thung...Thung*. One by one the blasted off and went racing off, deeper into the quadrant.

"Long range scanners engaged," Ellee said.

"Now, we stay on course and collect the data. Easy peasy, lemon squeezy!" Ty said as he pushed the throttles slightly forward. The ship trekked along its path all the while collecting data from the probes that had already begun transmitting data back to the ship. Ellee and Ty would record each transmission from its corresponding probe. The new digital map they were building would grow in size as the data slowly trickled in. The two pilots had the data up on the flight deck's two main viewing screens. The two were completely engrossed.

"Well this is about as thrilling as a stick. I think I am going to put a weapons loadout together." The assassin said as he exited the flight deck. The weapons bay would be exactly what he needed to clear the mind a bit and break up the monotony of deep orbital scans. Once in the weapons bay, DarkHawk began pulling weapons off their designated mounts. The assassin gave each item a careful inspection before beginning to sharpen the blades of his throwing knives.



Wild Space ***Gamma Sector***

After several hours of data collecting, the data collected so far only showed nothing, exactly nothing. A lot of stars and deep space data was being digitally cartographed. "A lot of good light speed lane trajectories we can use for further explorations,"

"Well if you're looking for an endless void of any civilization, stake your claim now we have hit the friggin' jackpot!" Ellee snarked.

Just then the alarms began to flood the ship with its deafening annoyance.

Eeeeeeeeeooo, Eeeeeeeeeooo, Eeeeeeeeeooo!

"Bollocks!" Ellee exclaimed. Ty and Ellee began to clear all the blaring sirens and cautionary alarms. "What do you have on your sensors Ellee?" Ty exclaimed

“Astonishing! We have planetary recognition from three separate probes,” Ellee replied. The pilot droid pulled away from her console sitting back rapidly in her seat. “Ahh, Sergeant Major, we have unidentified ships incoming!”

“What?” Ty switched to his console’s radar panel. It took the Duros no time at all to recognize their newfound company’s ship signature’s. “We have three Miy'til starfighters on our tail! One lead two in formation. Lead fighter is moving in. What a ruddy nuisance!”

Ty began flipping switches and diverting power to shields and engines. Ty flipped the intercom switch, “DH, you better get up here and strap in, we have company!”

DarkHawk dropped his tools and started moving up away from the weapons bay. Making his way back up to the flight deck the ship was rocked by an explosion. **BOOOOOOM!** Bracing himself in the narrow corridor, the ship settled from the blast. The assassin wasted no time getting up to the flight deck and strapping into his seat’s safety harness.

“What the hell Ty?”

“Oh keep your drawers on, that was a shot across the bow. Did you think we were NOT actually kicking around in someone’s backyard? We just have discovered some blokes that the Headmistress was inquiring about. Hence why we are on this mission.”

“And they are shooting at us!” Ellee added sarcastically

“Oh cool you're resistors Lass. That was just a warning shot. We are traveling at a crawl, not like it would be too terribly difficult to land a kill shot.”

“That’s comforting,” replied DH

The lead starfighter began to move forward toward the starboard side of the Decimator. Then the comlink began to squawk, “Unidentified ship, this is Commander Amos, of the planet Rylos Star Legion patrol. You are not authorized to be in this vicinity. You must send your transponder codes and state your mission.”

DarkHawk and Ty both looked at one another in utter ignorance. “Never heard of them chum, up to you what you want to do. As a reminder, those Miy'til’s are nasty buggers to tangle with,” Ty said.

DarkHawk pondered the crew’s next move. He leaned up in his seat, “Open comms Ty.”

Quickly the Duros opened the hailing channel and held a thumbs up over his head.

“Commander Amos, this is Proconsul DarkHawk Sadow of Clan Naga Sadow. We are an expeditionary vessel from Shaevalis Prime mapping Wild Space sectors as directed by our leadership. We have three onboard with no supplies other than the deep space probes we launched out to map this sector.”

DarkHawk leaned further forward, resting an arm across his knees, waiting in grueling anticipation for a response. While the crew of the *Tāron* waited the three fighters began to position themselves in attack formation. Two of the fighters spread out further laterally covering the flanks. The lead starfighter continued to move in closer.

Suddenly comms began to crackle, "A Decimator as an expeditionary ship?" the Commander boasted.

Ty began to go off on a tantrum. The Sergeant Major did not take kindly to condescending remarks about his ship. "What an ass," Ellee exclaimed.

"Commander I am not sure that your statement is a question or you may be a tad envious that I have a much nicer transport than you. As I said Commander, your scanners should be receiving our transponder codes. You can see our origin is from Shaevalis Prime, my home planet. I assure you we are only here to map out the sector."

The lead ship is now directly at the Decimator's six o'clock position and slightly twenty five meters above. The perfect kill shot.

"Sir, I have the tactical jamming system activated and they are continuing to acquire a lock on us."

"Make it a little hard for them then Ty," ordered the assassin. Ty tipped his hat back a bit, "Hold onto your shorts, dirt merchants!"

In one fluid motion the Duros, pushed the throttles forward, the advanced Ion engine upgrade makes for a big eye opener to most pursuers when they see how fast the *Tāron* really is. In a flash Ty put distances between the Decimator and the three starfighters. Only the lead fighter followed and it did not take long for the Miy'til to catch up.

"He is on our six Sergeant Major!" Ellee yelled loudly.

"Rookie friggin pilot." Ty said with a big smile. Ty gripped the throttle a little tighter, *timing is everything* he thought. As the Miy'til moved in, the Decimator was at full throttle, the Commander jockeyed his ship to line up his shot. Just as the Commander dialed his target in to get a solid tone, the Decimator went into a very aggressive counter maneuver.

Ty pulled the throttle back and extended the ailerons bringing the ships to a drastic crawl. The Miy'til caught off guard causing the pilot to overshoot his target. This allowed Ty to make a quick getaway with a very tricky maneuver. Ty simultaneously pushed the throttles forward and pulled a hard starboard turn with only one aileron extended. This caused the ship to fishtail its aft around. Ty pushed the throttles all the way forward slamming against the quadrant's final throttle stop. Ty pulled back on the yoke and began to put the ship into a corkscrewing split "S" maneuver.

The engines roared as the Duros put the ship in such an aggressive climb. The G-force from the rapid acceleration, not to mention the trajectory of the maneuver glued the crew to their seats. Ty kept a stoic demeanor as he pushed the Decimator to its limits. Feeling the ship's vibrations through the maneuver, his muscles flexed as he maintained to keep the ship steady and smooth.

The Commander yanked back on his yoke, putting him into a fast rolling loop. Midway through his loop he attempted to get a visual on the Decimator. Rolling the Miy'til over and leveling off to

pursue the fleeing Decimator all the Miy'til pilot could think was "*Impressive*". As he leveled off his ship, the Commander caught a glimpse of the Decimator for a split second. A crimson emblem above the flight deck, he recognized the crest as the Shaevalian Sun god Gyssh'tyn. The image filled the Commander's sight, giving him a slightly less edgy perspective of the engagement.

Commander Amos watched the Decimator complete its maneuver, positioning itself perfectly behind the two other pursuing Miy'til fighters. Ty let out a facetious "BOOYA!" as he locked on to the two fighters with the photon torpedoes. Now on a head to head course, Commander Amos readjusted his grip on the flight stick. "Who the hell is this guy?"

Just then comms cracked alive inside the Commanders headset. "Commander, as you can see I have your two wingmen dead to rights. I gave you my word earlier, we are here solely on expeditionary purposes. I have no intentions of escalating this engagement any further. But know this Commander, if you continue I certainly will." DarkHawk said.

At this close range, even if the fighters broke off, they would not get away unscathed. Commander Amos' realization of that fact sunk in harshly in the pit of his stomach. He kept his ship steady and the formations were closing in on one another quite rapidly. Still, the Commander did not make any return hails. The crew of the *Tãron* eagerly waited for that response. "Get ready Ty," DarkHawk ordered.

As the assassin was about to give the order to fire when one simple word blasted over comms, "Gyssh'tyn."

"What?" Ellee questioned.

DarkHawk sat back in his seat. Ty turned his head over shoulder to look at his comrade, "He knows..."

"So it appears," replied DarkHawk.

Ty opened up the comms, "What do you know Gyssh'tyn?" asked the assassin.

"I saw your symbol atop your ship, are you not from Shaevalis Prime as you previously stated?" replied the Commander.

"We most certainly are. That still does not answer my question."

"My grandmother and my flight instructor were both parishioners of Gyssh'tyn. Rylos is familiar with his teachings. I have met with your General Bloodfyre once, his reputation precedes him. If you would so kindly lower your weapons, we will escort you to Rylos City. I am sure you require fuel and supplies? If not then we can continue the impasse we currently find ourselves in."

"You mean to tell me we almost became space dust all the while your uppity arse General already knew of this place?" Ellee exclaimed, throwing her arms above her head.

"Seems that way!" Ty said laughing.

"I never informed the royal family of our mission. Even if I did, it's highly doubtful the General would have divulged any information to us. It benefits him in no way. Well, I would hope we get paid a bit more if we actually make contact. I say we go for it," DarkHawk said.

"It's your funeral," Ellee snarked.

"That includes you ol' girl!" DarkHawk ripped back.

"You are organic, I am a superior droid. No contest."

DarkHawk shook his head, regretting allowing Ty to change up the pilot droid's programming. "What is the call ol' boy? Ty asked.

DarkHawk closed his eyes and concentrated on his connection to the Force. Stretching the tendrils of his sensory perception out to feel the environment, focusing on the Commander's intentions. Finally making the bond, there was no malice, visions of an old woman flashed in the assassin's psyche.

Opening his eyes, he stared at the viewport. Watching the fighter poised and ready on its path. The commander made no attempt at elevating this encounter.

"Stand down Ty."

"Commander, we would very much like to take you up on your offer. Lead the way."



Wild Space
Gamma Sector
Rylos system

Commander Amos had transferred jump data to the *Tāron*, escorting the ships out of the hyperlanes within Rylos system. The terrestrial planet was beautiful engulfing the Decimators' view ports. A lush planet with large seas and many continents with various terrain.

"Rylos City is just ahead gentlemen. We will take you into the spaceport. Advisor Troei' will be your liaison. You will find all the provisions you require." Commander Amos said.

The ships broke into Rylos atmosphere windsheer and flares from re-entry burst across the ships hulls. As the ships now cut through heavy clouds blocking the viewports, then beautiful blue skies filled those very viewports. The crew could see a large modern urban city surrounded by a wide river flowing towards the eastern sea. Not quite the ecumeonpolis as Curuscant, although a very prosperous city nonetheless. Its architecture style stemmed from ancient cosmopolitan influence with modern nuances.

“Well this looks like proper accommodations,” Ty said regally.

“Indeed,” replied DarkHawk.

The ships dropped lower just above the city’s towering structures. The ship's transponder control panel began to buzz and illuminated several buttons. Ty bypassed the tactical jammer and began transmitting the ship’s data.

“*Tãron, Tãron* this is Rylos City starport control. We have you with Star Legion patrol Alpha. You are clear to land at hangar six. How copy?”

“Rylos control, this is *Tãron*. We read you loud and clear. I have a glidescope to hangar six.” Ty answered.

“There you go, *Tãron*. Welcome to Rylos City.” Commander Amos said.

“Commander Amos, will you be joining us? DarkHawk asked.

“I had not planned on it. Although I would like to talk shop with the pilot that pulled off your little maneuver back there.”

“Always happy to talk shop mate,” Ty exclaimed.

Ty lined up the Decimator and pulled the throttle back as he approached the designated hangar. Ellee flipped the landing gear switches and they locked in place with a loud **THUNK**. Ty gingerly set the Decimator down and Ellee began the shut down procedures.

“Ellee, stay with the ship until you hear from one of us. Just in case we need to make a quick getaway. I suppose this visit will go down in the books, let's just hope it's not regarding our demise.” DarkHawk said.

The End