

Bound by the Force

October 2001
Celebrating 101 Issues !



Past, Future, PresentWhat will the Clone Wars bring?

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Issue # 101 OCT 2001

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Deadlines for Issue 102

Submit to General Section	<i>Dec. 15</i>
Submit Galactic Transmissions	<i>Dec. 15</i>
Submit to Division Section	<i>Dec. 15</i>
Submit Division to Editor	<i>Jan. 2</i>
Go to Press	<i>Jan. 15</i>
Mailing	<i>Jan. 30</i>

***These dates may change at the discretion of the new newsletter editors! ***

THESE Dates ARE when I NEED THEM!! Send submissions ASAP IF you can!!!!

ALL Cartoons, artwork, jokes, top ten lists, etc., all contributions gratefully accepted.
Email is preferred except for artwork. Snail mail originals – they will be mailed back intact.
Thanks! (Penstar360@aol.com) Put in subject line for NEWLETTER.



From the Editor



Howdy!

Well, September wasn't the best month for many, in my personal life and in the USA. I had a loss in my family and I'm sure others may have as well. But we are all strong and can move on. SO I won't say much more on this. AS for this newsletter. It's been the biggest pain to do. My Word program croaked, with Windows joining in. BUT I prevailed. As you can tell, it's done. It's not the best; but hey, I tried. With all the Real Life things that happened... {shrug}" I just have to say thank Terri for all her help on the layout and for faking this ... er I mean.... well you all know what I mean. I'm letting Rachel say a few words now that I've given my demented spiel. May The Force be with you, Always,

LadyViper



Seems like the computers've joined in this droid revolution, though I don't know what they have against the Free Press. But my own computer's been going through a series of nervous breakdowns, which have also been making this newsletter a real bi--er, challenge to get done! So I apologize for any scruffiness along the edges. Communication's also been pretty rough all around, which sure hasn't helped any. The important thing is that we've managed to pull together and do our best...which, whether in terms of the newsletter or in terms of the crisis facing our country--and each one of us--is really all we can do. Thanks for all your contributions, and more important, for the terrific mutual support I've seen among the membership in this troubled time. Hang in there; and blessings to all.

Rachel (copy editor)



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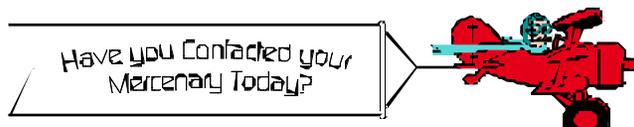
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Alliance Commnet



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hello to everyone. I hope all is well within the Division. The Jedi Council has begun to take shape and we are now working on forming the Alliance High Council for our civilian side.

If anyone is interested in playing a character on the High Council contact Ginna Wilcoxen via snail mail at: PO Box 352814, Toledo, OH 43635-2814, or e-mail to: Legacydark@aol.com.

The Alliance High Council is a civilian branch of the Alliance, and its position is more legislative than executive. All representatives of the Alliance Council are elected from their homeworlds and/or districts. It will have representatives from the Jedi Council, as well as the military. The Alliance Council needs representatives of a wide variety; for example, Foreign relations, as well as other divisions. The Council will handle such role-play as the droid rebellion, New Worlds seeking to join the Alliance, Galactic Relief RP, Refugee RP, trade agreements, etc.

Current members of the High Council:

Position	Character	Player
President	Lee Beckett	Ginna Wilcoxen
Adega Representative	Grand Duke Toras Einem	Debbie Casselbury
Manteco Representative	Iezze Helms	James Casselbury

Jedi Council

The Jedi Council serves an in-character and out-of-character function within the Alliance Division.

In character, the council sends representatives to both the Alliance Military and Civilian Councils and facilitates requests for assistance from the Jedi. They also coordinate the training of Jedi. This effort is led by Luke Skywalker with the Academy.

Out of character, the Council members act as mentors for new members to the division playing Knights or Apprentices. The Jedi Knight Rep acts as a representative for people playing Jedi Knights: If members have an OOC concern they can voice it to the Jedi Knight Rep and it can be resolved.

The Jedi Apprentice Rep acts in the same capacity for those playing Jedi Apprentices as the Jedi Knight Representative Acts does for those playing Knights.



Current Members of the Jedi Council:

Character	Species	Position	Player
Luke Skywalker	Human	Master	Season & Angela V.
Nicolai Rionni	Human	Master	Dora Furlong
Kalamytha Du'Sau	Human	Master	Ginna Wilcoxen
Serris Surragar	Valassian	Master: Telepathy	Pat Betz
Prism Nighthawk	Human	Master: TK	Leslie Dannenberger
Sa'asarth of clan Kha'atari	Noghri	Master: Hand-to-Hand combat	Rachel Schmutter
Tory McNeil	Human	Master: Healer	Dora Furlong
Kirienne Nigheansidhe	Master	Ghost: Advisor	Geri Kittrell
Qui-Gonn Jinn	Master	Ghost: Advisor	Debbie Silverberg
Ricia Targen	Human	Jedi Knight Rep	Pat Grant
Medenna LaRose	Human	Jedi Appr. Rep, Sr.	Amanda Wilcoxen
Lena Galassdow	Ngoma	Jedi Appr. Rep, Jr.	Phaedra Whitlock

~~~~~  
**CHARACTER BIO**

**Player:** Debbie Silverberg

**Character Name:** Olnah Derrineen Rendar

**Homeworld:** Tatooine, Southern Sector

**Age:** Around 50 (She hasn't kept track of it)

**Physical Description:** Light blonde hair, blue eyes, average height and weight, totally blind since birth.

**Profession:** Jedi, Nearly ready for knighthood

**Marital Status:** Single

**Children:** None

**Mother:** Olnah Rendar, Deceased

**Father:** Derell Rendar, Deceased

**Education:** Local Schools on Tatooine

**IQ:** Slightly above average

**Strengths:** All senses, except eye sight, are finely tuned. She is outspoken about what she believes in. Olnah is very compassionate and comforting to those in need.

**Weaknesses:** Strong craving for chocolate when she is facing adverse situations. Sometimes impulsive; tends to 'fly off the handle'. She has some physical limitations and health concerns: blindness, asthma, occasional muscle and tendon problems.

**Fears:** Unfamiliar sounds and textures, bugs and 'creepy crawlies'.

**Likes:** Chocolate, working with her hands/crafts, being with her friends, singing, water-fights.

**Dislikes:** Seeing others unjustly picked on, prissy protocol droids, smart-alec males who make passes at her.

**Pet Peeves:** People making fun of her and trying to embarrass her because of her Southern accent, sayings, and cultural customs.

**Personality/Temperament:** Easy-going, most of the time, long fuse; slow-to-burn

**Goals in Life:** To be a fully trained Jedi Knight, teacher of others, and to help those in need. She looks forward to serving as a Jedi Knight wherever she is needed.

**Favorite's:** **Food:** Chocolate **Drink:** Tea, Hot chocolate

**Hobbies:** Handicrafts, singing and dancing

**Military History:** None

**Personal History:** Olnah, along with her brother, was raised by her grandmother. Since both of her parents died when she and her brother were small children, she has lived on Tatooine all of her life. She has small traces of Corellian ancestry. She was taught the 'old ways' by her grandmother. Her brother, Jarred Derrell, worked for the Trade Federation; he was based on Alderaan. She was starting her Jedi training as the New Republic was being formed. Dash Rendar is a relative of hers from a distant branch of the family. Olnah had a very brief encounter with the Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn, before his death, and with a young Anakin Skywalker.

**Favorite Possessions:** A guide droid, BC1. (It looks a lot like R2D2 but is green instead of blue and has female qualities.) The droid was given to her by her brother on one of his visits home from Alderaan. BC1 has many special enhancements, such as chips for recording voice prints, BC1 can impersonate any voice after recording their voice prints: BC1 is also a personal assistant to Olnah.

**Special Note:** Olnah goes along with tradition as long as it does not interfere with things getting done in a crisis or if there is a quicker, simpler way to do something. *\*\*NOTE\*\* Olnah has been given a specially modified ship which is maintained and piloted by BC1. The ship is her sanctuary, not to be touched by others without her consent. She uses the cargo storage areas to store craft supplies and a stash of chocolate.*

### The Perfect Gift

By Bernadette Crumb

"I'm going to Mallworld," Leia announced over the unusually quiet breakfast table the morning that Jaina had left on her mission. She spooned cereal into Bail's open mouth, and applied a napkin to his chin when he spluttered it back out at her.

"Hmmm?" Han looked up from his barely touched plate.

"I'm taking Bail and going to Mallworld to get the twins' birthday gifts. As long as I'm right here, there's going to be people pestering me, despite my announcement that I'm taking a sabbatical from diplomatic missions while this little one is a baby. And, if you have no objections, I want to continue on to Yavin and open up the house there." She eyed her husband as he stared across the table at her. "I know you want to see Bail and me away from the fleet during this impending battle. And Luke has been bugging me about getting back to my Jedi training so I'll be prepared the next time I encounter a Sith."

"Sounds good to me. But leave Winter here so she can shuttle messages back and forth, okay?" Han pushed his plate away and stood up.

He still looked so good to her, Leia suddenly thought. Yes, he was grayer and the character lines on his face were deeper as he'd aged, but underneath it all, beneath the

who had stolen her heart on the plasteel decks of the Death Star, even if she hadn't realized it then. She handed Bail his spoon to bang on the tray of his high chair and went around the table to wrap her arms around her husband. "Be careful," she told him softly, pulling his mouth down to her for a deep kiss.

Han's arms went tightly around her and she melted into the kiss, wishing that duty wasn't pulling him away from her in a few minutes. When he put her away from him, both of them breathing heavily, she told him, "I love you."

Han blinked a moment then grinned down at her. "I know." He kissed her lightly on the mouth once more and left the apartment for the Admiralty offices.

Bail's squeal behind her dragged Leia back to the present, but the unexpected chill his words left with her remained as her memories of the lurid, hell-like carbon freeze chamber on Bespin flared up behind her eyes. She pulled the bowl of cereal away from the baby's grabbing fingers and wondered why she'd felt a presentiment of tragedy in their exchange of words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leia sighed as she left her ship on Mallworld, carrying Bail in a sling across her chest. Threepio followed a step behind and to her right, while her security detail managed to blend into the crowd of shoppers, giving her the illusion of privacy.

She'd spent most of the trip planning the "coming of age" dinner that the family was going to host for Jaina and Jacen at the beginning of the following month. I can hardly believe they are going to be eighteen years old! she thought.

The problem was what to get them for gifts. Clothing was not an option as both teens had their own ideas of what they liked which didn't necessarily match Leia's taste. She wanted to give them something that would be a good remembrance of this very important day; something they could look at or use and have good memories arise.

The assumed incognito of the place was relaxing. Even though she knew that the shop assistants knew who she was, they were careful not to show it. Being addressed as "Madame" instead of "your highness" was appealing and Leia was amusement at the way the manager at the place she found Jacen's gift called her Mrs. Solo when she handed him her credit voucher.

She hoped that Jacen would like the sculpture of the Corellian wild cat. It seemed just yesterday that he was getting in trouble for one of his collected creatures getting loose and into the household wiring. But finding an appropriate gift for Jaina proved to be much more difficult.

Leia bought things for Han and collected a variety of new clothing for Bail who was rapidly outgrowing everything she had at home for him. Threepio was quickly becoming burdened down with shopping bags as the morning went on, but the right gift for Jaina remained elusive. Finally, as Bail began to get fussy, she decided to go to J'Adore's for lunch. Perhaps she'd have better luck once she'd eaten.

A large crowd of brightly garbed tourists from a package tour thronging the center of the corridor forced her to the side when she was almost to the tea shop. She actually bumped against the front window of a jewelry store trying to avoid being run down.

One of the members of her security detail caught her by the elbow to steady her, and as Leia turned to thank the young man, she got a glimpse of something silver and blue in

She was caught in a flash of memory of the year she had come of age, shortly before she'd left on that ill-fated mission to transfer the Death Star plans, Her father, Bail Organa, had presented her with an old tooled leather box at the breakfast table on the morning of her birthday. When she'd opened it, she'd fallen immediately in love with the Alderaani lapis pendant that lay nestled on white silk. The silver chain it depended from was decorated with tiny carved flowers, also in lapis. The last time she'd seen it was on her dressing table in her palace bedroom the morning she'd left Alderaan for what would be the last time. It had belonged to her mother--foster mother, she amended -- and had come down through five generations of Alderaani nobility on their coming-of-age-days. If anything of the necklace remained, it was now atoms in orbit around Alderaan's star.

Rather than continue to J'Adore's, Leia ducked into the jewelry store, waving for Threepio and the detail to remain outside.

The proprietor bowed to her and in a smooth, ultra-cultured voice, asked if he could assist her.

"The Alderaani lapis necklace in the window." Leia seated herself at one of the silver filigree tables while the urbane man fetched the item to her.

The box was old, she saw, similar to the tooled leather that had held her own lost necklace. But the jewelry itself was quite different. It was even older in style, by at least five generations, she recognized from her long-ago childhood art history lessons. A disk of rich blue lapis had been cut into seven nesting circles, each uniquely carved, separated by three tiny silver beads between each loop; And an ornately twisted silver wire connected the pendant to a choker-length chain, which was really seven strands of fine silver chain with smooth blue lapis beads scattered throughout the plait. The ends connected to two drilled bars of lapis, which slid together like a puzzle piece.

She lifted the treasure from its nest of antique, off-white silk, and closed her eyes, extending her senses into the necklace. It wasn't always possible to pick up a sense of an item's previous owners with a reading like this, but the necklace turned out to be a font of emotional stores, all pleasant and happy. There was a strong sense of elderly hands fastening the necklace around the throat of a young woman. An image of smooth young fingers touching the elderly ones made Leia smile and even before she opened her eyes, she said, "I'll take it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Leia didn't give the small bag with the necklace to Threepio to carry, but tucked it into Bail's sling as she continued down the passageway to J'Adore's Tea Shop. The hostess was kind enough to seat her in a relatively secluded booth, but one where she could have a full view of the restaurant and her security detail could keep an eye on her but which still gave her the illusion of privacy. She splurged on a tall, tapered mug of gourmet hot chocolate and a large plate of a variety of cream cakes. She discreetly nursed Bail while enjoying her own lunch, feeling triumphant at the finding of the antique necklace.

Then, the door to the tea shop opened and she saw a familiar looking woman enter with a little girl in tow. They headed right toward her table.



**Filk Song: Bold Corellia**  
**By Geri Kittrell**  
**Tune: Maritime traditional**

On Bold Corellia I was born  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
Bold Correllia, The smugglers home  
Bound for Bold Corellia

As I walked out one mornin fair  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
Twas when I saw a ship so fair  
Bound for bold Corellia

***Chorus:***

Haul away you rovin kings  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
Haul away you're bound to sing  
Bound for bold Corellia

If there's one thing that grieves my mind  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
It's leacing my fair lass (lad) behind  
Bound for bold Corellia

And when I sailed the starry sea  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
Why she (he) said she'd (he'd) be true to me  
Bound for bold Corellia

***Chorus:***

We snuggle all night, we smuggle all day  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
We'll smuggle our young lives away  
Haul away you're bound to sing  
Bound for bold Corellia

And if we're caught some awful morn  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away

***Chorus:***

I wish I was on Corellia's land  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
A glass of brandy in my hand  
Bound for bold Corellia

Haul away you rovin kings  
We'll heave away, we'll haul away  
Haul away you're bound to sing  
Bound for bold Corellia  
Bound for bold Corellia  
Bound for bold Corellia

*Note: Add in some, well-- scattered, lusty, pirate noises:  
Arrghh!!!! , Arrghh!!!*



**The Curse of Memory**  
*by Rachel Schmutter*

Winter sits quietly in a high-backed chair, reviewing the holo from Leia in her mind. Emotion rarely crosses the elegant, white-haired aide's face, for she has been at Leia's side since they were children. It was a fluke that

Winter herself was not on Alderaan when it was destroyed: She had already been helping the Alliance in a series of raids against the Empire--in a strictly organizational capacity, of course. As far as anyone knows, Winter is no combatant. She works hard to maintain this illusion, just as she works to maintain the "sabaac face," as Han called it, of the career diplomat. But that does not stop the emotion from wrenching her insides.

Jaina.... A vivid series of images of the girl comes to mind, like a fast-forward through a holo-documentary. She sees the girl as an infant in her arms, on the secret world that only two people in the entire Alliance knew the location of. She sees the girl's defiant expression as she prepares to defend herself from Han's hollering after having gone in and tinkered with his precious \_Millenium Falcon, only to be scooped up by the proud father who told her: "Even that hunk of junk isn't as important as you are." She sees the girl's expressive face lit up with delight at her first experiments with the Force, and her excitement at studying on Yavin IV with the other Jedi trainees

deciding she's in love with him. Winter had never said the girl should stop talking to him; but she realizes now that Jaina was oversensitized to any critique of the young padawan by her father's roars. \*Honestly,\* Winter remembers thinking, \*the man sounds more like a Wookiee than a Correllian!\* She had meant to go and talk to Han about the situation, or perhaps Leia--Jaina was certainly of an age to start dating; and Leia would be able to handle Han better than she could. But there hadn't been time...and now, perhaps, there never would be.

Some time later, carefully wiping all traces of tears from her face, Winter ran through her meditations to restore the calm face with which she met the world. Then she prepared the holo-recorder and set the proper encryption codes.

*\*\*\*Encrypted transmission begins\*\*\**

Winter sits calmly in a silver robe, gazing equably ahead at anyone she might be addressing. As usual, you get the feeling that she would look just as poised looking into the maw of a Hutt or the eyes of a queen.

"Hello, Leia. I know things have been busy for you on Yavin lately. I'm sorry I haven't been around to help you, but there were some things to take care of here. I've made arrangements to return to you in two days to look over your Mallworld purchases."

"Communications about the battle have been highly restricted, as I understand it, Princess. While any aspect of it continues, they intend to keep 'radio silence,' to use the old-fashioned term." Winter smiles slightly, a wry expression. "So I should be able to deliver an update when I see you in person. And don't worry about the room--I've already seen to it. You have enough to do with the Council and Bail. Besides, I'm supposed to be your aide, not the other way around!" She smiles at her lifelong friend. "Give the baby a hug for me; and I will see you soon."

*\*\*\*End transmission\*\*\**

Winter sighs as she turns off the machine. Walking over to the bed, she sits stiffly upon it and folds her hands. \*I couldn't watch all of them,\* she thinks to herself. \*Chewbacca's life-debt to Han naturally extended to the whole family. I've tried to guard them as best I could, too, though Leia was always the most important. I tried to guard the children; but Jaina is a young woman, and I couldn't stop her from growing up. So why do I feel that I've failed?\*

The tall woman reaches over and turns out the light, then lies back on the

keeps her up all night, haunting her with every small decision regarding Jaina that she's ever made, wondering if there was anything she could have done at any point to prevent the situation she will have to report to the girl's mother--her best friend--in two days' time...the news that the girl is lost, perhaps forever.



### IMPERIAL COMMLINK #101

Greetings, fellow Imperials! I trust everyone has had a wonderful summer. Deb, and I have managed to continue hanging in there, and she has a new job as a typist for Piedmont Ambulance and Rescue Service. We thank everyone who has been praying and otherwise rooting for us, and we ask that you continue to do so, for I lost my job in July, and I'm now looking for either a new one or a chance to go back to school for training in some field where there will be less chance of the company closing down under me. I will keep you posted.

There has been quite a bit of roleplay online, with some very...interesting scenarios being developed. There are one or two rather interesting developments in this division section of Bound By The Force, as you shall soon see. I feel that the next few months will continue to see much roleplay being generated, and of varying kinds, which is good for FoE, as inactivity and apathy have long been a problem for the club.

I do have two announcements regarding promotions. Psylocke Lammashtha (Courtney Kraft) has been promoted to major. This advancement occurred before Media, but Courtney asked that it not be announced until after Media. And Darana Cairnfell (Dora Furlong) has been promoted to major general, and appointed commanding officer of the Red Guards. This happened at MediaWest Con. Congratulations to both of them!

We will now turn to the entertainment portion of our program. I hope and pray that all will be well for both the club and its individual members. Take care, and as always...**May The Force Be With You!!!!**  
James



**Surprise!**

*by James A. Casselbury*

“Governor Casselbury, a shuttle has just come out of hyperspace off the port  
bay. It’s signaling us that it wants to come aboard.” Captain Delana Aldrey spoke

comm tech's shoulder. "Their code clearance checks out, sir."

"Very well, Captain, bring them aboard", the Grand Moff replied. "Let me know if there's anything aboard that requires my attention."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Very well." As he turned to gaze out the forward bridge windows at the mass of stars in view, he idly wondered why the shuttle had been sent to find him in the first place. He devoutly hoped it wasn't some office-seeker trying to impress him by commandeering a shuttle with some string-pulling; the Maker knew he'd had more than his share of that type harass him since he'd become Governor. Although, he mused with an icy smile, if such *were* the case, he'd take a great deal of pleasure in cutting the offender off at the knees for trying such a trick. He was so engrossed with this train of thought that he was momentarily startled when Captain Aldrew spoke up again.

"Sir, there's a Priority One courier aboard the shuttle, requesting to see you."

The Governor's eyebrows lifted; Priority One information was of the most vital sort, and intended for his ears alone. "Have the courier escorted to my quarters, Captain; I'll join him there."

"Yes, sir", Aldrew responded crisply; she well understood the possible implications of a Priority One message.

En route to his quarters, Casselbury considered the possible messages that awaited him. The scenarios were numerous, from news of a planetary revolt to orders from the Emperor for a renewed offensive against the Alliance. *Or*, he thought with a shudder, *His Majesty wants me to escort the Empress on her next shopping trip to Mallworld!* The thought of that fate caused him to briefly consider desertion, but he managed to continue on his way to his quarters. *Besides, I haven't done anything to make the Emperor mad enough at me to do that to me.*

When he reached the entrance to his quarters, six stormtroopers stood on either side of the door in addition to the pair of black uniformed naval troopers normally stationed there. *The courier's escorts*, he noted; Aldrew had made certain that there were enough of them. The eight men snapped to attention as he approached;

"As you were, men", he said to them as he opened the door with his personal command key and stepped in. And stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of the "courier"-- his wife, Daysha! He took her into his arms automatically, noting as he did so that tears were running down her cheeks. As she put her arms around him, the strength of her embrace surprised him. They held each other for several moments, neither of them speaking; then Daysha stepped back a pace and looked into his eyes.

"I'm sorry to bother you, James," she said in a shaky voice, "but this is...I had to see you!" She tried to say more, but her voice failed her.

When she didn't immediately answer, he continued in a firm tone. "Has someone done something to you, Daysha? Tell me, and I'll deal with whoever it is."

"N-no," she replied hesitantly. "It's nothing like that. I have to tell you something, and -- I don't know how you'll take it." She sniffed, swallowed, then visibly braced herself. "I'm pregnant."

The Governor stood stunned and speechless for a full minute while his brain tried to sort out what she had just told him. Then he asked the question that so many husbands before him had asked: "You're *what?!?!?*"

"Pregnant," Daysha confirmed, her tears flowing even faster now. "I just found out three days ago, and I had to come and tell you in person. I didn't want you to find out through a holomessage or through someone else." There was something else in her eyes, something she hadn't told him, and he saw it.

"What is it you haven't told me, Daysha?" he asked in the gentlest of tones.

She didn't answer at first, but when he asked again in the same tone, she lowered her eyes and said in the softest of voices, "I was afraid you might be angry with me."

"Angry with you?" She nodded miserably, still looking at the deck. "For being pregnant?" Another nod, equally miserable, her eyes still downcast; she raised them with amazing speed when her husband started laughing. "You mean you actually thought I would be angry with you because you're going to have my baby?" His voice was full of delight and a certain amount of incredulity. He swept his wife up in his arms and whirled her around the room, still laughing. "Daysha, love of my life, how in the universe could you have possibly thought I would be angry with you over this wonderful news?"

"Well," she said, "I know how much your career means to you, and I thought you might not want to have the distraction of a child. We never really discussed how you felt about starting a family." The fact of his delight at her news had started to sink in, and she was smiling at him; the tears that flowed now were happy ones. When he kissed her deeply and lovingly, she broke down and alternately laughed and cried. "I love you, James, with all my heart."

"I love you, Daysha, just as much. And I am *very* pleased at your news," the Grand Moff told her in a heartfelt tone as he set her down on the couch. Sitting down beside her, a thought struck him. "Daysha, how did you wind up on a shuttle with a Priority One classification?"

"Your aide, Lieutenant Bosco," his wife replied. "She took a few days of her leave to visit me, and she was there when I got the news. She arranged everything."

“Don’t worry, my sweet,” the Governor broke in before she could lose her temper. “Jeris won’t get into trouble for what she did.” He did make a mental note to discuss it with his aide, though. The Emperor would not like having the Priority One classification used for what he would most likely think was an inappropriate purpose, and it was not wise to tempt fate that way.

“Thank you, beloved,” Daysha said, her relief plainly visible.

“Anytime.” The Grand Moff took out his commlink and activated it.  
“Captain Aldrew.”

“Aldrew here, sir.”

“Dylana, have the stormtroopers outside my quarters dismissed; they’re no longer needed. And see to it that I’m not disturbed, please. My wife and I are going to be busy compiling lists of baby names and otherwise celebrating the upcoming birth of our first child. I’ll call for dinner when we’re ready. Out.” Shutting off the commlink, James Casselbury turned to his wife and took her into his arms once again. “Now then, “ he whispered with a smile, “what shall we do first, celebrate or come up with some names?” The look in her eyes answered him.

*TheEnd*



## **GRADUATION**

*By Harry Sober and Crystal Hall*

BAMM BAMM BAMM. The sound echoed through the corridors of the command headquarters, as the young flight cadet awaited permission to enter the Academy's Commanders office.

"GET IN HERE NOW, CADET!" a voice from behind the door snarled. The young Cadet took a deep breath then moved through the doorway quickly, stopping two paces from the commander's desk. The cadet instantly snapped to attention, cracking off a rigid salute.

"SIR FLIGHT CADET ORION REPORTING AS ORDERED SIR!" she bellowed as loud as she could, holding her salute until the commander dropped his.

"Orion, I called you in here to discuss your actions and flight ability here at this Academy," Commander Mead growled. Amberlynn was rigid as a board, staring directly ahead. She said nothing, but all sorts of terrible things ran through her mind. 'Oh God, what the hell did I do now?!' she wondered.

"I...uh, don't know, sir," Amberlynn replied in a normal voice, trying to recall what she had recently done that would get her into so much trouble.

"Well I know someone who DOES know, cadet," Mead snorted. "RIGHT FACE!" he barked. Amberlynn executed a sharp right face and gasped loudly. Her eyes went wide as she suddenly faced the LAST person she expected to see: Duvall O'Leary. He had a grin on him as large as the Emperor's flagship.

"Good morning, sir," she said, instantly composing herself as she saluted the man. Duvall immediately rose and returned a rigid salute of his own.

"At ease, cadet" Mead said in a softer tone. Amberlynn instantly relaxed as Duvall came forward to get a close look at the girl.

"Hi ya, Amber," he said, beaming with pride. "Sorry to give you the shock treatment, but we couldn't resist," he added with a smirk.

"Understood sir," Amberlynn nodded. "Permission to speak freely, sir?" She turned to Commander Mead. Duvall shot a look at Commander Mead who smiled and nodded.

"Granted, cadet," Mead replied. Amberlynn stared at the two men for a moment then shook her head and smiled.

"You bastards!" she muttered. Duvall broke into a jovial belly laugh as he embraced her warmly.

"Yeah, no doubt about it she's your kid alright!" Mead said with a grin. "But why the name Orion, Duvall? I don't get it."

Amberlynn traded looks with the big man for a moment, and then Duvall spoke. "It's her mom's maiden name," he replied as Amberlynn turned to face Commander Mead. They had gone over this several times in case someone asked just where she came from. Duvall knew the truth, as did Garrek and several others in the squadron. Garrek provided them with a top-level security clearance some time ago to find out who was trying to steal their ale. He also gave them a code that was able to create a file that listed Amberlynn as Duvall's daughter and noted that her mother was deceased. Even though Duvall really never was married at all. Truth of the matter was, they really had no idea who her parents were, and she could care less. As far as she was concerned her family stood right in front of her.

"Sir, I wanted to do this on my own, and not be treated different than anyone else" she stated.

"Less." Commander Mead replied, nodding in agreement.

"I know," she replied softly.

"Oh, by the way, here's a little something Garrek wanted me to give you just in case he wasn't able to make it to your graduation," Duvall said, handing her a small disk, then looking at his wrist chrono. "Well the *Lightning* should be getting in about now"

"The *Lightning*?!" Amberlynn exclaimed, cutting Duvall off. "Coming here?"

"You betcha," Duvall replied with a grin. "Korvos didn't want all of his best fighter pilots away for an extended period of time."

"So you talked him into bringing it here so everyone could see me graduate," she said, cutting him off and shaking her head.

"The 214th is coming HERE?!" Commander Mead blurted out. "Oh God, lock up the women and the alcohol, they are by far the biggest collection of screwballs, meatheads, and drunks in the entire Imperial Navy!!"

" Damn proud of it too!" Duvall stated with a big cheesy grin.

"Not to mention they ALSO have one of the highest kill ratio's of any fighter unit in the Navy including the 181st, sir," Amberlynn said. Looking the commander straight in the eye, she added, "They are also one other thing, sir."

"What's that?" he asked.

"They're my family. If it wasn't for them sponsoring me I wouldn't be here now," she replied.

"Understood," was all he could say.

The next morning proved to be extremely hectic, as everyone seemed to crowd into the Academy auditorium. People came from all over the Empire: Dignitaries, Media, and right in the middle of it all were all the men of the 214th. Once everyone had been seated, right at the stroke of 0900 the Imperial March began blaring off to one side of the enormous auditorium as the cadets filed in past the bleachers. Many of the cadets snuck looks into the crowd, looking to see if any of their family made it to the ceremony.

"Where is she? I don't see her anywhere," Ivan said, straining to find Amberlynn.

"There she is!" Reggie said pointing to the end of the line as the cadets took their seats.

"Why's she at the end of the line?" Teela whispered to Dutch, who sat beside her. All he could do was shrug his shoulders.

"Sheesh, what's with all the reporters?" Sylja asked looking at all the people from the media. "Is this normal?" she added, turning to Drake who sat beside her.

"Maybe they heard Jaina Solo was hiding out somewhere around here," he replied. That comment drew chuckles from everyone within earshot as Commander Mead approached the podium.

"Honored guest's cadets, members of the media, faculty and staff of Imperial Flight Academy Class 923764. I would like to take this opportunity to welcome each and every one of you here to be with us on this special milestone. This is the 50th graduation of this Academy." A round of applause swept through the auditorium; Commander Mead paused to let it settle. "At this time it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you today's guest speaker, one of the most decorated fighter pilots in the Imperial Navy. A man whose total air victories are second only to those of Lord Vader himself. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great honor to introduce to you the Commander of the 181st Fighter Squadron, Baron Soontar Fel."

"Well that explains all the press," Ivan whispered. "He's one of the biggest show-offs there is," he added quietly. "SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" came from all around him as Fel, nodding to Commander Mead, stepped forward and took his place at the podium.

"8 months ago today, 50,000 people stepped off a navy transport for the very first time. These people came from every corner of the galaxy, from all walks of life. Bringing with them all the hopes, dreams and desires; sharing one common goal; that one day, they would become fighter pilots in the Imperial Navy. Sadly, over the course of 8 long months, those first 50,000 who stepped onto the tarmac were slowly whittled down to the 35,000 people you see before you this morning. Their dedication to duty and courage in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds, truly speaks highly of them. It is with great pride that I look upon these 35,000 people today and have the honor to call them my fellow fighter pilots. May you shoot straight, fly fast and return safely from every mission. I am counting on you to serve His Majesty, Emperor Palpatine, with the honor and dignity that only a Fighter Pilot can bestow." Another wave of applause swept through the auditorium.

Mead stepped forward and began to call out the names of the cadets. As they heard their names called, they walked up to the stage. Everyone clapped, and a few proud parents were shouting words of encouragement. They walked to Baron Fel and saluted sharply, then shook his hand as they received their diplomas. A few of them held up the honors they had just received for all to see.

Kuriakin covered their ears against the thunderous cheers and whistles from the pilots of the 214th. Amberlynn came up on stage executed a sharp left face and fired

off a rigid salute. Admiral Baron Soontar Fel smiled and he returned a salute of his own, then handed her a diploma.

"Congratulations, Orion" he said as he shook her hand. "Thank you sir," she replied, saluting him once more. She turned to leave the stage and glanced down at her diploma with a smile. She'd earned it

( THE BEGINNING )



This role play occurs about 2 weeks before Media. Darana and several members of the household had left Coruscant for parts unknown 3 weeks before this point.

### **The Gift**

*by Robert Smith and Dora Furlong.*

~Finally.~ Shade thought to himself. ~Finally, I can rid the universe of more Jedi.~ He moved through the building silently, passively sensing where the Force users were.

Losing himself to the rage, he knew they could not feel death coming for them.

Moving next to him, Michael kept pace. Watching Shade for the subtle movements that would signal danger, he mentally prepared himself for the coming slaughter, while practicing the shielding techniques Darana had taught him.

When the signal that they'd reached the end of their journey came, both dark men paused for a moment to verify the timing was right. They needed to attack at the exact moment as the other teams. Sidra, Rachel, Darana and Shadow were all to attack at the same time so that the light-siders had no chance of warning the other groups watching the Cairnfell household.

\*Now!\* ordered Darana via the links and all moved in as one. Three different doors were burst open, 6 guards collapsed as 5 sabers and one dagger took their lives in a moment. Several confused mental shouts were

It was over all too quickly for Shade's tastes. The teams' efficiency removed any chance of savoring the pain they had caused. ~But, at least their bosses will know better next time. The very idea they could watch us without us knowing. Insanity.~

Michael began to pull on gloves, preparing to carry the body of one of the males. Darana had ordered the body be left somewhere as notice. "Don't bother." said Shade as he TK'd the body in the direction of their 74-Z speeder bikes. "No stray fibers this way." he explained. "Get those data chips. Never know, we might get lucky."

Once they reached the bikes, Shade placed the body across the back of one and then mounted the bike himself. ~Wish I could stay to see her face.~ he thought to himself as Michael climbed onto the other bike.

Quickly, both took off and sped to the drop off point.

Arriving there, both parked nearby and Shade lifted the body off of his bike with a gesture. Maintaining their respective shields, they quickly move the body to the chosen doorway. Gently, Shade lowered the body in order to make no sound. Passively sensing nothing that indicated they had been seen and seeing no cameras nearby (the reason for this door being chosen) both men quickly moved back to their 74-Z's.

Mission nearly complete, both men took off to return to the house. The waiting ship would whisk them off-planet, with no one ever knowing they had returned from where they had gone three weeks prior. The bikes sped off through the night, giving no chance of identifying the men riding them.

Once back on the ship, Shade and Michael examined the chips. Most was boring stuff, letters home, etc. Suddenly, both Shade and Michael sit up, look at each other and say, "This has to get to Darana immediately." at exactly the same time.





DEAR AUNTIE

A Question and Answer Forum

**Dear Auntie:**

I have a terrible problem. I don't know what to do. I have always been proud of my job, and done my best to give 110%. That is the way I am, and my employer seems to appreciate it. Many years ago, a previous employer all but betrayed ethics and beliefs and not only left me without a job, but stranded on this backwater nowhere planet as well. It took me years to recover from that experience, and I swore never to have anything to do with them again. But now... now, my present employer is doing things that are really hard for me to deal with... and the only place to go for help is my previous employer. I am in such a quandary.

**Confused**

**Dear Confused,**

*My, my, you've gotten yourself in a world of trouble, now, haven't you? Those ethical beliefs will do it every time. You seem to be intelligent, I would have thought you could have figured that out. No matter, Auntie has some special advice for you, especially if you can't let go of those pesky ethics. What you need to do is get out! Far away from BOTH employers, present and past. It will give you a fresh look at the situation. It will give you time to stash your cash. It will give you a new outlook on life: fleeing the tyranny of employment, and those pesky reasons for employment; the creditors. Think how much enlivened you will be by dodging bill collectors!*

**Auntie**

**No Longer Flying Solo**

*By Leddy Frounds, independent reporter*

Once again the oldest Solo child makes the headlines as 'Jaina Sightings' pile up. Jaina Solo went MIA three weeks ago, and much speculation has been made as to her whereabouts. One anonymous source reported Solo to be on the remote planet Tatooine. "I saw a ship—X-wing I reckon—come down and crash out in that there desert over there."

The craft Jaina was piloting was, in fact, an X-wing and the Alliance will investigate this further. The Alliance seems to be investigating a great many of the Jaina Sightings. Even the ridiculous claim that Solo was spotted sunbathing on the ice planet Hoth is scheduled to be looked into. Tatooine seems to be the most popular location for the missing Solo to be spotted. One source reported she had been captured by the Hutts, who have always had a special place in their hearts—and on their walls—for the Solo family.

Though officially reported as MIA, skeptics believe her disappearance less innocent. An anonymous source explains: "She's a rich girl with a bright future. She knew the mission was dangerous. Then again, maybe she went AWOL to buy herself some new shoes. That's why they shouldn't let females in the military."

Picture attached, Caption: 'Jaina Solo captured by Hutts?'





## JAINA SOLO AWOL!

By Sondra Locke

The aforementioned Jaina Solo, daughter of the notorious Han Solo and Princess Leia-Organa, and supposed Jedi has shown exactly how she upholds the principals of that pathetic practice by going AWOL on her very first mission. According to our sources from within the Alliance Fleet, Solo was flying her first mission, er, solo, and was assigned a point position of some importance. But, the lovely Jaina jilted her superiors, and failed to show up at her position. No doubt she ran off, possibly with her lover, Nik-Vie Windu, a pastime she surely found more exciting than sitting in a ship, staring off into nowhere.

The young Miss Solo has been known to be rowdy and rambunctious, especially when her ways are thwarted, something that must be expected in any military position. Apparently Miss Solo feels her parentage should merit her special treatment, including the right to be derelict in her duty if she chooses. As this intercepted photo shows, Miss solo is certainly not planning any type of reconnaissance mission. Or, maybe she is. . .



The Imperial Genetic Labs, in cooperation with ArquillaLabs, has announced an incredible breakthrough in biological engineering. In a press conference on Coruscant, Dr. Hweetin Van Houser, the chief researcher, announced that the ArquillaLabs Division of the Imperial Genetics Laboratories had succeeded in creating a multi-purpose spray for the agricultural industries on every plant. The spray works on various blights and rusts, as well as most insect pests. It also acts as a nutrient and fertilizer, which allows most grains to produce a very high yield in record time. The miracle spray is called "ultrametrium".

"This is a tremendous breakthrough," he said. "I believe it will mean the difference between starvation and survival in many areas on many planets."

Kevin Duval, spokesman for ArquillaLabs Biological Sciences Division, said, "We've worked feverishly on this project for many years, knowing of the great need for aids in the agricultural industry, especially in the battle zones. All the fighting and bombing is decimating what cropland there is, and the fields undisturbed by the fighting cannot produce enough to take up the slack. This will help tremendously."

Ultrametrium represents a seven-year, multibillion credit investment in time and money, but Van Houser and Duval seemed to feel that it was worth it. "Just another example of better living through Imperial technology," they said. "Your taxes at work."

ultrametrium is now available on the open market, at a significant discount for those who can show substantial loss due to the current fighting. Many planets in the battle zones will have supplies of this new agricultural aid given to them for free.

This is another example of the humanitarian programs that are funded by Imperial taxes, for the benefit of all the Empire.



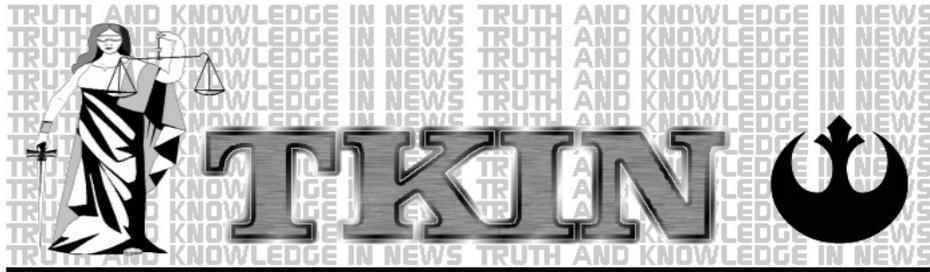
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**TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE IN NEWS**

**We're Back!**

*By Sierra Chen*

Freedom of information is back on track with the re-establishment of Truth and Knowledge in News. Rather than produce blatant propaganda like the official news channels, or galactic garbage like some rag sheets, TKIN is committed to bringing you the latest and most accurate news in the Galaxy. We will not waste your time on spouting only the official versions, we are devoted to looking at all sides of a story, any story.

The need for free information flow has been demonstrated time and again, for the government or organization that restricts data is but an obstacle to the free-thinking sentient being. We are committed to presenting the full story, no matter how painful it may be, and the stories pertinent to all the sentient races of the galaxy, not just the humans or human-like races. Every sentient being has a mind, a heart and should have a voice in society. This includes the League of Sentient Droids, who, though they are created beings, are sentient nonetheless.

Our commitment to you, our reading public is that we will not stop publishing, no matter the cost. Tyranny will not keep us down. Those who resort to tyranny cannot win in the greater scheme of life; violence is the last resort of the incompetent. TKIN will be there for whatever happens, bringing you the full truth of galactic happenings, so that you, the individual can make informed choices and decisions.

**Empire Desperate for Fighters –  
Recruit them young**

The Empire is obviously getting desperate to beef up the numbers in their military. That can be seen in their newest recruiting poster. This child is barely old enough to date, and yet the Imperials encourage children, mere children, to enlist in their forces. At an age when most children can barely distinguish between reality and holo-games, the Empire would put them in charge of lethal weapons. Definitely not a safe practice, and not a practice one would ascribe to the government with “the authority of the people”.

Of course, the next pertinent question is, “Why does the Empire need such numbers that they are willing to recruit young teenagers?” One has to wonder. Are the Imperials planning an unprecedented attack? Or have freedom fighters so depleted their numbers? If either is the case, it is still a cause for speculation and concern.



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|  | <p>Publisher:<br/>Editor:<br/>Editor:<br/>Reporter:<br/>Reporter:</p> |  | <p>Sierra Chen<br/>Kevin Crystal<br/>Monard Fell<br/>Kerelsen Drew<br/>Misha Rondell</p> |
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## Consular Communique



### *BIRTHDAY PARTY Pt. 1*

*By K.V. Moffet*

"Hey! Careful with that!" Rikonis Vader-Rividh rapped the tip of his cane against the forklift's side, but the sound was barely audible over the noise from its motor. "Don't thump it around like that, you'll make it bottle-sick!"

"This lot's never seen anything better than backstreet rotgut," Rizen Haska said, eyeing the scruffy dockworkers with misgiving.

"And neither will Azarra's cruise, at this rate." Two hundred cases of the Rividh Vineyards' finest, occupying ten small cargo crates, was a dustmote against the vastness of Coruscant's spaceport. "ISD *Empress* is -- where did you say again?"

"Docking bay two," Rizen said, rather loudly for the benefit of the dockworkers. The day hires might not know the significance, but surely the regulars would recognize a reserved berth number. "About as far from here as it can get without leaving the planet."

The foreman glared at Rizen, and opened his mouth to instruct his underlings in the careful handling of fragile cargo; the workers would continue to ignore him, exactly as they were meant to. He was interrupted by the arrival of a fancy new aircar emblazoned with the Emperor's personal crest. The aircar settled on the dock with blithe disregard for the regulations that prohibited private transport in the cargo bays.

A liveried servant emerged from the aircar and bustled up to Rizen. "Lord Rividh? Your transport to the palace, my lord."

"Um, no," Rizen said wryly, nodding at Rikon. "You want that one."

The servant glanced in confusion from the lieutenant's tidy Navy grays to Rikon's well-used garb, more appropriate to a back beyond farmer than to a provincial lord.

"Oh. Oh dear. I do apologize."

"Happens occasionally. If you want his attention you'll have to yell."

The servant, reassured that he'd not given offense, frowned disapprovingly at Rizen, then walked fastidiously around the knot of dockworkers and bowed to Rikon. "My lord, the Empress sends her personal compliments, and begs your presence at the Imperial Palace."

"What? Just a minute, I've got to get this wine stowed--"

care, boys. No jostling 'em, they's for Him's own lady." The dockworkers abruptly began handling the crates as though they contained eggs, or perhaps bombs.

"Right," Rikon said sourly, scowling at the foreman.

Rizen said, "I *told* you to change before we docked."

\* \* \*

"...sorbet for you, and vanilla with our best chocolate sauce for m'lord," the servant finished as he served ice cream all around.

"M'lord?" Seleene inquired dryly, quirking an eyebrow at Rizen.

"Chocolate's his," Rizen told the servant, nodding toward Rikon. "I'm the sorbet."

The servant flushed, reversed the dessert dishes, bowed, and fled the dining room.

Azarra asked, "Does this happen often?"

Rizen said, "Occasionally," and Rikon said, "Of course not."

"Second time today," Rizen said mildly.

"Rikon, sometimes you can't just be yourself," Azarra told him.

"Sometimes you really do have to dress the part, or no one believes you."

Rizen said, "I keep telling him that."

"How would you know?" Rikon retorted. "You wear the same outfit every day."

"So do you," said Rizen, making everyone laugh.

True enough, Azarra had never seen Rizen out of uniform.

"Lieutenant, you'll need something less, ah, formal, for the party."

"He doesn't own any other clothes," said Rikon. "I swear he even sleeps in uniform."

"Lieutenant? Is that true?"

"I'm always on duty, your highness," Rizen said, completely serious.

"He thinks I need a keeper," Rikon grumbled.

"It's a dirty job," said Rizen. Rikon faked throwing a spoon at him, and the lieutenant's carefully-straight face collapsed into an affectionate grin.

"I see," Azarra said, trying not to laugh and not entirely succeeding. *What an odd relationship, more like brothers than master and bodyguard.* "In that case, carry on, lieutenant."

"I intend to," he said.

"Lieutenant," Seleene broke in, "you've been in the Navy, what, over thirty years now? You could retire, if you wished. With full benefits."

"*Thirty-four years, actually.*" Rizen shrugged. "*What else would I do? Besides, I prefer my current posting. And being in the military has its advantages.*"

Seleene asked, "Seeh...?"

civilian, I couldn't do that. I'm not answerable to anyone but my C.O. And my loyalty--" he flicked a glance at Rikon, "--is not beholden to petty politics."

"Your commanding officer could reassign you elsewhere," Seleene pointed out.

"In that case," Rizen said, "I'd have to consider retirement."

\* \* \*

"What's with all the tourists?" Rikon asked, indicating a mixed group of locals and outworlders surrounded by a gaggle of children. "That's the third group I've seen go by since we came down from breakfast."

"Tours require tourists." Azarra paused to admire a large abstract sculpture that dominated the Palace's main entry hall, currently hosting a gallery of galactic art. "Otherwise there's no point in offering tours."

"Yeah," said Rikon, "but what's to see? I mean, it's an impressive building and all, but why?"

"It's a chance for the common citizen to see his government's daily life from the inside, to learn how we really live around here. That look inside makes him feel like he's part of it."

"Oh. I guess it's more interesting when you don't actually live here."

"You might be surprised. We've been renovating. You should take the tour yourself. In fact, I'll be your guide. I do that sometimes," Azarra said as Rikon started to protest, "for exceptional visitors. Come on, you'll enjoy it." She took Rikon's arm, but before they could proceed, their path was blocked by a silently-floating maintenance cart.

"Your carriage awaits," Rizen said from the rear-mounted driver's seat. On the front cargo bed was anchored a small couch, evidently pilfered from someone's living quarters.

"Lieutenant," Azarra said, "this is a walking tour."

"Not for him," Rizen said.

"The knee's all right," Rikon argued.

"It won't be after a couple hours of climbing stairs," Rizen said firmly. "And you've got a party to enjoy tomorrow night. So, my lord, either you will ride in the cart, or I will carry you."

"I'd like to know who's in charge here," Rikon grumbled under his breath, then laughed and plopped down on the couch.

"Does this ultimatum extend to me?" Azarra inquired.

"No, your highness, you may walk if you wish. But conversation may be better served if you also ride."

"We do have proper personnel carts available, you know. This looks ridiculous."

certainly was more comfortable than a personnel cart, and it explained where Rizen had disappeared to after breakfast. "Lieutenant, I don't know whether to give you a promotion or a court martial!"

"You're not the first with that dilemma," Rizen replied. "Now, if you'll point out the way, your highness, I'm sure there's much to see."

\* \* \*

The Palace tour wound through a variety of public areas, and as a special treat, into some private areas, including the general servants' quarters and common room. The servants' recreation area sported a large and evidently new rock garden, with young plantings just budding into their first flowers.

"Some of those rocks certainly look familiar," Rikon said, eyeing the garden with interest. "And that dirt smells like good soil for grapes. It's certainly not native."

"Perhaps not," Azarra said innocently. "But all rocks look much alike."

\* \* \*

"This is part of the tour?" Rikon gazed doubtfully down the row of specialty clothing shops. "It's not exactly part of the Palace."

"It is today," Azarra said. "Lieutenant, if you'll park our... conveyance here at the head of the street, where it won't be in the way?" Rizen complied, they dismounted the cart, and Azarra conducted the men to a shop at the far end of the cul-de-sac.

The proprietor greeted them personally. "My lord, your order is ready," he told Rikon. "If you will accompany me to the fitting room, we'll see what yet needs to be done."

"My order?" Rikon echoed.

"Your party outfit," Azarra told him. Rikon looked bemused, but went with the proprietor. Azarra turned a critical eye on the display area, but saw nothing that looked like Rizen belonged in it. "This planet really leaves much to be desired when it comes to decently modern fashions. Ah, well, we'll try next door. Follow me, lieutenant."

Rizen gave the street outside a long look, then followed Azarra into the neighboring shop.

That struck Azarra as odd. "Lieutenant, explain this for me. Sometimes you won't let my brother out of your sight, yet you're willing to leave him alone in a strange shop. Doesn't that pose a security problem?"

"Not at all. There's only one way into this mall, and I can see the entire access route from inside any given shop. And there are a dozen Palace guards in that café at the head of the street. There's no civilian

out of trouble these past several years. "In that case, I shan't worry. Except about what you're wearing to the party. That uniform is simply too dull for words." She pulled a likely-looking shirt from a rack and held it up in front of him. "Here, lieutenant, try this on. I'll bet it's a perfect fit."

He didn't move. "I'll be on duty."

"Nonsense. You'll be there to have fun, same as everyone else. No need to wear that stodgy old uniform. Besides, you'll clash with my decorations."

"I'll be on duty," he repeated. "I'm required to be in uniform while on duty."

"You just got done telling me about those Palace guards being in street clothes. Yet if they're watching us, they are on duty, correct?"

"Palace security personnel are not in the Imperial Navy," Rizen pointed out unhelpfully.

"Being a member of the armed forces doesn't mean you're not allowed to have any fun!"

"I could resign my commission," he said, sounding martyred.

"You have absolutely no intention of cooperating, do you, lieutenant."

"No, your highness," Rizen said with finality.

Azarra sighed. "All right, we'll have to figure out something else." She gazed around the shop, but nothing immediately suggested itself. Just as she was about to try another shop, one of the live models drifted by, dressed in a plain grey leotard and some sort of shiny tabard in a garish neon-green. That hideous colour would never do, of course, and the cut was all wrong for Rizen's workmanlike build, but still, the effect might disguise that blandly invisible uniform...

"Come along, lieutenant," Azarra said, and headed for fabric bins at the rear of the shop, where a tailor immediately began trailing them in anticipation of lucrative custom work. Azarra pulled forth a swath of dark green satin, draped it over Rizen's left shoulder and snugged it around the opposite hip. "Is a parade sash acceptable to your inflexible sense of propriety, lieutenant?"

"Yes, your highness," he said, brushing a hand over the blaster that rode at his right hip, now covered by a thick bundle of green cloth. "So long as it doesn't interfere with my mobility."

Azarra flipped the fabric over his head and onto his other shoulder, taking his cap with it. Rizen caught the cap one-handed and replaced it on his head. "I want it draped like this," Azarra instructed the hovering tailor as she adjusted the lie of the fabric. "With folds across the back and chest like so, and a silver pin to fasten it *here*, and fitted on the shoulder like *this*. Make sure the seams don't show when he moves. And I want it in..." She scanned the fabric bins, tried

The tailor's eyes had gone rounder and rounder as he realized who his customer was. "Yes, Majesty," he squeaked, then proceeded to work magic with bonder and shears. In minutes the rough cut was ready for final fitting. Rizen endured patiently, looking amused by all this needless fuss on his behalf.

"And by the way, lieutenant," Azarra said as the finishing tweaks were being made,

"do you really have to wear that cap?"

"No, your highness," he replied, examining his new garb in a handy mirror. His expression revealed nothing, but Azarra would swear he was pleased with the effect.

"It's optional while I'm on detached assignment."

"Good," said Azarra, "because I'm going to paint a target on it."

\* \* \*



Hello everybody, I'm pleased, I guess, to announce that Mercenary headquarters has successfully moved itself to the safe location in Dahlgren VA. The full mailing address is *Leslie Danneberger, PO Box 1803, Dahlgren, VA 22448*. The phone number is 540 644 0785. There are trees here. More trees than people, a safe place to hide from those who would stifle free trade and other mercenary activities.

As always I'm still looking for submissions.

### **FRIENDS IN NEED, FRIENDS INDEED..?**

*by Armand Banooni and Season Irwin*

Dani of Zeltros and her four Zeltron crewmen, two of them recently having been restored back into their work from a lengthy captivity at the hands of the Emperor, sauntered into a cantina on Coruscant where they had received word that Klaw would be waiting for them.

Spying them upon their entry, Klaw had arrived early, eagerly anticipating seeing his friends again. He knew nothing of their recent troubles. Forcing himself to wait patiently for them to see him, Klaw kept his eyes glued to his red-skinned friends as they peered about through the crowded cantina, but he could not refrain his tail from twitching.

Spotting Klaw, Dani went straight to his table and bent to give him a big kiss.

"Hi Sweetie!" she greeted him warmly.

Klaw accepted the kiss and then licked her face. "Hi Dani!"

Dani giggled and touched the spot where he'd licked her. "What have you been up to? I haven't really been anywhere I might have seen you lately, but I

Force signature. Dani sensed the Light in him and wondered. It felt good to her. She scooted in beside him and the guys approached them, stationing themselves around the table.

"Hiya, Klaw!" they each greeted him.

"Business, is it? That doesn't sound like the Klaw I once knew," Dani teased.

Klaw greeted each man with a handshake, taking care there were no extended claws.

Mortehn pretended to arm wrestle with Klaw during the handshake, grinning. Klaw locked his arm so he couldn't move it and looked him straight in the eyes with an answering grin. Mort struggled valiantly and gritted his teeth, but finally gave up and laughed. Then, curiously in contrast to his being beaten, he ruffled the fur over Klaw's ears. Klaw closed one eye and allowed, it still smiling

"We've had a bit of business here, so it was good of you to leave a message to meet. We missed you," said Dani.

"I missed you, too, so I thought I'd leave a message to see where you were." Dani crossed her long legs and made a wry face. "My boys have been in a real fix the last few months. Neither one of them has had much of a chance yet to recover, in my opinion." Trehv and Khevyn looked away quietly.

"Are they sick?"

Dani glanced around covertly and said in a very low voice, "They were taken by Palpatine. He had the gall to let his cronies experiment on them in one of his labs!" Then she muttered something vile under her breath.

"The experiments...were they bad?"

"Very. They had scars all over their torsos from the surgeries. I had them treated in bacta for it." Although easily able to tell Klaw about it, her feelings on the matter told Klaw she was clearly more than angry, more than scared.

Not liking the conversation, Trehv stalked away angrily.

Klaw looked at Dani. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say anything wrong."

Dani watched Trehvor leave, her eyes following him with sympathy. "He'll be all right. He had the worst of it. He won't talk to me about it very much."

"I should go apologize. I don't want him mad at me." Klaw rose to follow Trehvor.

"No, he isn't mad at you. It just makes him remember what he wishes never happened." Dani thought a minute. "Maybe it would be a good idea after all..."

"If he doesn't talk about it he won't let it go..."

Dani looked at Klaw, her eyes pleading. "Yes, go talk to him a little. He trusts you."

"Okay Dani, if you think it will help."

Dani hugged Klaw and nodded. "I think it will help."

Klaw excused himself and went to the bar. Trehvor was already halfway through a big mug full of something strong by the time Klaw reached his side. He didn't even look at Klaw.

"Where are you sitting there, Klaw? Why don't you ask me why I'm drinking

"I just have to figure out how to get revenge for what they did to me. And I will get my revenge." Trehv is speaking through his teeth.

"Trehv...I understand about revenge...I do. But it can be a bad thing too."

Trehv looked at Klaw with determination in his eyes, and a lot of bone-chilling hatred. "It is a bad thing, what was done to me and Khev. We were nothing more than lab animals to them. They have to pay."

"What if they catch you again? What if they kill you when you try?" Klaw asked pointedly.

"I will wait until the time is just right. I will devise a plan that will work. If it takes me years." Trehvor called the barkeep for another drink.

"Do you know when you do that it starts small then begins to take over? Soon it becomes all you know and rules you. When it is done there is only emptiness."

Trehv looked at Klaw coldly, and said, "Who are you to tell me anything? You're still just kid. You don't have any life experiences to tell me about."

Klaw looked at him evenly. "At the age of two everyone in my village was slaughtered, including my parents. I was spared by accident, as I had gone off to play alone. Within the last month I have tracked down every last one of them and killed them without mercy and in cold blood for what they did. And in my culture I am a young adult, thank you very much. So you see, I do know a little something about revenge."

Trehv's eyes glinted with dangerous excitement. "And you were successful. You accomplished your goal. Like I will do."

"I had others that helped me. I would have failed otherwise. And I did not try to challenge the Emperor."

Trehv leaned closer to Klaw. "I am not going to challenge the \*Emperor.\*"

"Then who do you plan to get revenge on?" Klaw was puzzled.

"I'm not going to challenge him. But I will get revenge on him. In my own way. And on the woman who cut me up!!"

Several customers stared at Trehvor when he shouted. Klaw met their gazes and stared them down. "What if you are recaptured?"

"Don't worry about me - I won't be anywhere nearby. And don't think you can trick me into telling you my plot."

"So you think I am against you? You think I ask you this to trick you?"

Trehv looked at Klaw with suspicion. "How do I know anyone is trying to trick me? Hah! They taught me a lot about that while I was their Experimental Rat."

"Okay then. Let me show you something. You know that I have a greater sense of smell in this form, yes?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. I can smell emotions sometimes...like fear...or excitement. Look over at Dani. Do you know what I smell from her now?"

Trehv glanced at her and shrugged. "No...what?"

"She is afraid, Trehvor. She is afraid for what you might do. She is afraid that you will lose yourself in this revenge."

Trehvor looked at Klaw for many long seconds. Then he glanced at Dani over his shoulder. Standing up and opening his vest to expose faint but ridged scars all over his torso, he said, "And I'm supposed to do nothing about THIS? They just get away with it?" Trehvor shook his head. "No."

"No, don't do anything. The best revenge is not to let them change you. Trehvor, I am a predator, a killer; it is my nature. You are not. You are kind. Do not let them change you. Do not resort to their methods or you become like them. Not changing and living on is the best revenge. You exist despite them. You live on for yourself and for Dani. She needs you."

Trehvor was aghast. When he found his tongue, he rasped out, "Kind?? I'm not nor have ever been kind! Ask my crew mates. And even if what you say is true, it doesn't change the fact that they have to pay up."

"You have been kind to me. Even if not you are not a killer."

Trehvor stared Klaw down as best he could. His voice lowered so that he almost was not heard. "I've done time for killing, Klaw. Yes, I am a killer. But don't let that spoil yer day."

"Fine. Then you are unkind as well. You don't seem to care about how Dani feels. You won't talk to her and she is worried about you. You don't care about how it will tear her apart if you are captured again."

Trehvor abruptly turned away from his friend and stalked away and out the door of the cantina. Klaw watched him go and then slowly returned to Dani's table.

"That went well," he stated softly.

Dani saw Trehvor leave, but did not ask anyone to follow him.

"I hope he will eventually settle this in himself. There is not much we can do to get back at someone like the Emperor." Dani sighed unhappily. "I don't blame him for wanting to get back at them for what they did to him. He was put through more torture than he will ever tell us." Dani looked down at her gloved hands.

Khevyn fidgeted for a moment or two and then slipped away, out the cantina doorway after Trehvor.

"There is very little that can be done to cool the fire of hate," Klaw said knowingly.

Dani nodded her head. "I know," she agreed. "I have it for them too. How dare they just slice up people for their own amusement? It doesn't matter who it was, just that they dared!" Impulsively, Dani leaned over and snuggled up to Klaw, seeking comfort. Not knowing what else to do, Klaw put his arms around her and held her.

"It is a rule that I have learned in my life. The strong take from the weak," he murmured.

## **Repairing the Spirit, Part I**

*by Bernadette Crumb & Mary Orwig*

Salleh Bendri stood outside the doors of Molotov's Coctails and gazed at the blinking holosign for a moment. Memories of her last visit there rushed in: After standing witness a bit over a year ago against Arrow before the Imperial Court over the artificially created fuel crisis, she'd gone there and gotten blind drunk. All the booze had done nothing to erase the memory of the look of hate in Arrow's eyes as she pulled the trigger that supposedly gave justice for his crimes against society and against her. It had done nothing to ease the grief she felt over her husband's death from the outlaw's soulless hands.

And now, here she was again, brought to Port Lansing by the tricks of the trade, having taken on a contract to deliver spare parts to the station's repair facility. But, as thirsty as she was, she couldn't bring herself to go through the doors into Molotov's. She turned and began wandering aimlessly through the public areas of the starport. There were indications all over the place that the meeting between Alliance and Empire had done its usual disintegration into chaos and violence. From the extent of the apparent damage, she thought she was glad that she'd missed the event. New patches were apparent on various bulkheads, and both droid and living repair techs were still at work fixing up the cosmetic damage. She almost smiled at the site of a little spindly droid carrying a huge potted plant down towards the station's central atrium. The broad leaves almost completely obscured the menial save for a single photo receptor on a stalk peering around the side of the two meter tall plant. But her depression didn't lift.

Her perambulations eventually brought her back to the docking bays and she headed slowly for the CORWYN's assigned berth. She didn't want to be there alone--Stars! She didn't want to be *\*anywhere\** alone!--but she didn't know what else to do with herself. Her next contracted cargo wouldn't even arrive on the station for another week and a half and she dreaded going through the painful loneliness of her monotonous non-life.

Salleh lifted her eyes from the deckplates as the well-known pattern indicated that she was approaching the CORWYN's bay, and caught a glimpse of the open entry to a neighboring docking bay. The ship within looked familiar and she paused, trying to remember. A few years back, when she was having her pay-off party, the ship was parked in the next bay over then too. An image of a woman in a red beret surfaced from beneath the ever-present sad memories.

"The DISKO TEK?" she muttered and stopped and moved closer to the entrance, pausing just short of the threshold. "Hey, Dita? Is that you?"

"Hey, Dita? Is that you?"

The words echoed slightly in the bay, the reverb off the walls robbing the sound of any recognizable tone. Dita hesitated; normally she would have called back cheerfully with an invitation to whomever, but the unfamiliar burden of recent responsibility dictated caution. She sighed and ducked to peek her head over the

struts where she had a clear sight line of the entry.

"Dita?" the speaker moved further into the entrance. The woman looked familiar, but then so did half the people on station; at one time Dita had had friends on both sides of the political field, not to mention those who nimbly balanced on the edges. But Sidra was gone off to Cairnfell, and only the Void knew where Jose and Blackie had disappeared to during those bad days after Rellis. Jen was gone too, and Dral, and the Cat-man was scary strange these days; and oh zuulies, Hawkwood, she missed that stuffed-security shirt so bad it hurt sometimes. And now things were complicated, like one of Mikh's spy 'n fry operations back in the old days with the Raiders, except she didn't have Lightfoot here to navigate or the guys to fly shotgun when the jazz went sour or the poachers started closing in. \*Need help, family! I'm on my own here and it's not just me, I got people depending on me!\*

What was it Aunt Meg said sometimes? "Trust can be mistaken, but never betrayed".... whatever \*that\* was supposed ta mean! "Zuulies!" she muttered under her breath. Wasn't as if she had cargo, just yet. Dita holstered her weapon and stepped out into the clear.

"Hey," she greeted her visitor. "How's the jazz?"

The other looked startled, as if she'd given up on getting a response, but replied easily enough, "Not bad. A little quiet right now."

"Quiet's not bad, sometimes," Dita observed, settling down on the bed of a handy cargo lifter and motioning -- Salleh! that's who it was, from the CORWYN next door -- Salleh to join her. "I could use a little quiet right now."

Salleh gave her an odd little smile. "That sounds weird, coming from you," she commented, clearly remembering some contradictory incident -- probably from that pay-off party she'd thrown a couple years ago. Dita winced. She wasn't sure if she \*could\* remember parts of that blow-out. Had that been before, or after ---?

"Yeah, well. Life's been a little \*too\* weird, lately. Not just talkin' 'bout the last couple a days, either."

Salleh was nodding, her expression thoughtful. "I missed the usual chaos this year. That bad, huh?"

"The usual. Except ----" Dita stopped, took a deep breath to banish the image of Lightfoot's cousin lying half-dead from a light saber wound in a semi-deserted corridor and tried to think of something positive that had come out of the carnage. "I won an argument with Mr. Jedi," she offered.

You didn't 'borrow' his Calimari Express card again, did you?"

"Nah, it wasn't that much of an argument. The Doc had the final word anyway."

Which she was still waiting for, actually. Though how in the name of the Keeper she was going to transport a semi-conscious passenger fresh out of a bacta tank, Dita had no idea. \*I'll take him, \* she'd said, knowing full well her ship's minimal first aid facilities were waaaay inadequate, but too afraid of the alternative to keep her mouth shut. \*I'll get him home.\* She'd sent out a distress call to Aunt Meg and Gundar, hoping that her almost-Jedi relative could use her Healing ways to make up for the TEQ's lack of medical equipment. His Princeliness was going to need a lot of

But that was still up in the air; Trinian was still in Port Lansing's hospital bay (under a fake name), and Dita was still waiting to hear back from TWO MOONS RISING. In the meanwhile, here was Salleh, who if Dita recalled correctly, hadn't exactly been strolling through the zoccolo herself the past year or so, and could probably use a little distraction.

"Listen, Salleh," she began. "I got a friend down in Station Medical; give me a moment to call down and check his status, then we'll find someplace comfortable and nibble something fattening and swap gossip. Whaddya say?"

*--To Be Continued*



### **State of the Galaxy Report**

*by Rachel Schmutter: Copy Editor, based on contributions by Phaedra Whitlock, Dora Furlong, and others*

And so, the war between the Empire and the Alliance goes on. After losing much ground over the last several years, the Alliance is preparing to mount a large-scale assault against the Empire, which includes plans to destroy one of the Empire's two existing Death Stars. This is due in part to the recent complete restructuring of the Alliance High Command and the Alliance High Council. Alliance Intel has been focusing on the Sith as one of the greatest threats the Empire presents; so they have increased their efforts to neutralize the Sith.

Meanwhile, various elements within the Empire and beyond have been kidnapping and killing Jedi in what appears to be a new Purge, heightening the Rebels' concern. Among those taken (and later recovered) were some of the numerous Jedi from the past, who have been trying to balance their own beliefs against Luke's newer, almost radical notions. The restructured Jedi Council, incorporating the ancient Jedi Masters along with those trained by Luke, is working to aid this transition. Two Jedi trainees who have not yet been relocated are Nik-Vie Windu and Jaina Solo, though for very different reasons.

While the two great powers distract each other, piracy, smuggling, and slavery is on the rise.

An epidemic is raging throughout the Empire, which is racing to distribute the newly-discovered cure in time. Sentient droids continue to lobby for their rights as citizens after having staged a revolution at Port Lansing. (This included some rather colorful

Dr. Tachyon's closet with dull, mismatching "golfer's" plaids.) In the meantime, a mysterious force has intruded upon the galaxy, threatening both the Alliance and the Empire. Entire worlds in its path have been left lifeless and utterly barren.



### **The RP briefing ~ Something new from the role-play coordinator:**

This is a role-play briefing of in progress role-play. The information is assumed Out of Character unless you are working with the person running the plotline. If you have questions about the RP please e-mail the folks coordinating the plotline.

If you have questions/concerns about this briefing please e-mail me directly. Feedback is appreciated.

For now we will look at putting out a bi-monthly briefing and see if these help.

Many thanks and appreciation's go to Phaedra Whitlock for her assistance in writing/compiling the briefing.

*Dora*

This RP Summary is not complete, and apologies are given ahead of time for inaccuracies or missing RP. This summary is intended to inform everyone of some current public roleplay in progress, and what the status is. It does not include apprentice training.

*Phaedra*

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COMPLETED  
Corellian Braveheart  
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Title: KARADA CIVIL WAR - Bubonic's Plague!  
Coordinated By: Phaedra Whitlock

SUMMARY: Sgt. Quantrell (DocBubonic) of the Imperial Ground Forces, speederbike unit is assigned to the border world of Karada, which is undergoing a civil war since Princess Raven Palpatine ordered the death of the Imperial aligned government there 4 years ago. Quantrell will encounter various rebel aligned guerillas, smugglers and gun runners, and Alliance Spec Ops teams (Patrick Furlong and Carla Rodriguez).

YET TO DO: Yes

TIMELINE LOCATION: 1997-2001

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Title: WORLD DESTROYER - Silence of the Lambs....
Coordinated By: Dora Furlong

SUMMARY: Worlds on the Galactic Rim begin to go silent. Ships destroyed, worlds rendered mysteriously barren. Alliance Field agent womprat 17 (Phaedra Whitlock) begins sending back reports concerning the worlds. Aella Scott (Ginna) stumbles across one of the destroyed worlds on vacation leave. Alliance Intel (John Medkeff) sends teams to investigate, as does the empire (John Medkeff) as its own worlds begin to experience the same silencing. Arcturus (Marc Cogan) and Rachel Summers receive information relevant to the problem.

YET TO DO: Aella's second meeting with Womprat. Alliance and imperial field teams meeting. Possible higher level meeting to discuss what their people are telling them between Imperial and Alliance reps.

TIMELINE LOCATION: Ongoing

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Title: JEDI PURGE 2001 - The Nick-Vie arc  
Coordinated By: Dora Furlong

Summary: At port Lansing Nick makes his Manifesto against the Emperor. He is recaptured by Darana and agrees to stay willingly rather than see harm come to Jaina Solo. He then reneges on his agreement and is handed over to his newly discovered

thought dead though not for long. Vie assembles a group of students and goes Force Damped to hinder the Empire finding him again anytime soon.

YET TO DO: ?

TIMELINE LOCATION: June-?

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Title: DROID REBELLION - Trial of Ardee
Coordinated By: Pat Grant, Phaedra Whitlock

SUMMARY: At port Lansing Droids Ardee led a rebellion, committing a few acts of illegal nature. Afterwards Ardee travels to Coruscant to answer criminal charges for his crimes. Empress Azarra begins to take care of the discussions concerning droid sentience and citizenship Vs hunk of junk and memory wiping. RU-L8 is discharged from the Alliance for rules infractions. Alliance President Lee Bekhet (Ginna) looks into the droid citizenship question.

YET TO DO: Pat G recovers from health problems and meet Azarra for the trial of Ardee. RU-L8 meeting with Emperor aboard Empress Cruise.

TIMELINE LOCATION: June through ?

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Title: COMING TO A MILK CARTON NEAR YOU - The life and last flight of Jaina Solo  
Coordinated By: Mandi Hall & Harry Sober

SUMMARY: Jaina's ship was sabotaged and crashed on an uncharted planet. The search begins as the galaxy wonders, did she go AWOL? Did she elope? Was she kidnapped? Was she shot? Tune in tomorrow.

YET TO DO: Find her,

TIMELINE LOCATION: Ongoing

Title: WANTED! MERC AD - Verakkis Pirates  
Coordinated By: Phaedra Whitlock

SUMMARY: Persis Devyani (Phaedra) and Vair hire Sonya Wells (Leslie Dannebeger), Jenna (Dora Furlong), and Mongo (Suzanne Anders) for a raid on a pirate base near Verakkis in Imperial space. The pirates hire Trace (Aaron). Rook (Armand Banooni) rescues Persis from a dark Jedi after she is kidnapped from aboard the FSV Montreal, Captained by Gerard Dore. The mercs capture the pirate base.

YET TO DO: Finish merc/pirate raid story

Title: JEDI PURGE 2001 - The Raven Sims

Coordinated By: Phaedra Whitlock with much assistance from all involved. See below.

Summary: Four Jedi captured by Raven and held prisoner until rescued. They engage in sensory deprivation dreams and Virtual Reality Sims. Jedi: Master Alida, Kaliandra, Octavia Jinn, Medenna LaRose. So far several Sith have guest starred in the Sims, including Klaw (Armand Banooni) many times, Lady Cassandra and her daughters (John Medkeff), Psylocke (Courtney Craft), Shade (Rob Smith), Emperor Palpatine (Debbie Casselbury), and Master Nuria (Bernadette)

YET TO DO: Rescue of the Jedi. More sims!

TIMELINE LOCATION: Mid July to Mid August

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Title: JEDI PURGE 2001 - Days of Zoron

Coordinated By: John Medkeff

Summary: A Jedi is captured off of Gaisheeda and taken to Zoron to train Lord Taras' youngest adopted son Kieren in the light side. Alliance Intel (John) begins searching for the Jedi and finds where he is.

YET TO DO: Arrange the rescue of the Jedi?

TIMELINE LOCATION: ?

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Title: JEDI PURGE 2001 - The Darana Chronicles

Coordinated By: Dora Furlong and Heather

Summary: The Household destroyed several Jedi that found their way onto Coruscant and were able to retrieve information about other Jedi and light siders. While out investigating the validity of such information the House ran into an Alliance Special Ops team and Sharra. Sharra was captured by the household.

YET TO DO: Capture story in progress. Further interrogation/questioning, transfer of Pan Fu/Rescue of Pan Fu?, Deal with other misc. NPC Jedi, and any other RP that happens along the way.

TIMELINE LOCATION: ongoing

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Title: JEDI APPRENTICE - Persis Devyani

Coordinated By: Phaedra Whitlock, Bernadette

SUMMARY: Persis Devyani (Phaedra Whitlock), Imperial Governor's aide/mistress

Medkeff/Avon), and Security representatives (Carla Rodriguez) who signed off on a waiver protecting Persis from persecution or arrest while in Alliance Territory. Leia spoke also with Luke Skywalker who decided to send Master Turim (Berni) to meet Persis and escort her to Yavin.

YET TO DO: Jedi Council and General Branwyn (Dora Furlong) not yet signed off on this. Jedi Council needs to decide policy on Imperial citizens being trained as Jedi, and whether to train them on Yavin or elsewhere. General Branwyn expected to sign off just haven't spoken to Dora.

TIMELINE LOCATION: August

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**Title:** ILLEGAL LAB - Pirate's Prisoner

**Coordinated By:** Phaedra Whitlock

**SUMMARY:** A rescued scientist gives information on the location of an illegal weapons manufacturing complex. Tak Dunne (Lisa Van Houten), Trace (Aaron), Midalah (Jilly), Octavia Jinn (Ginna), Medenna (Amanda), Ariana Selene (Phaedra) and others raid the lab and wreak havoc.

**YET TO DO:** RP completed.

**TIMELINE LOCATION:** Mid-August, a few days prior to Empress Cruise

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Title: JEDI PURGE 2001 - The Dirjha Rescue

Coordinated By: Phaedra Whitlock, Dora Furlong, Bernadette

SUMMARY: Alliance Intel (John Medkeff) begins investigating the disappearance from Gaosheeda of Octavia and of Medenna LaRose from Yavin. Soon learn Medenna went to Gaosheeda to be with Octavia and that both were kidnapped by twillek mercs (DocBubonic) and dark hunters, their ship taken as well. The ghost of Qui-Gon appears to Braedan (Janice Mergenhagen) to tell her that Master Alida and Kaliandra were also kidnapped and taken to the ILC Dirjha. Braedan informs the Jedi Council. Intel tracks down the Twillek mercs and learns the 4 Jedi were delivered to the ILC Dirjha at the edge of the Zoron System. A farseeing dream by Jerella (Bernie) locates them within the Dirjha, confirming they are still there and a way to rescue them. Jerella tells the Council when they meet to discuss the missing Jedi problem. Intel begins fieldwork on Zoron, learning the Dirjha has moved into high orbit around Zoron. Alliance Spec. Ops team (Patrick Furlong/Carla Rodriguez) prepare for the raid.

supply shuttle and heading to the Dirjha at 3AM, and Jerella leading the team to the Medbay holding the Jedi. Possibly the Dirjha itself being stolen with all aboard. Klaw (Armand Banooni) has requested to be on board the Dirjha during the raid. Possibly taken along.

TIMELINE LOCATION: First or second week of August, prior to Empress Cruise

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Title: EMPRESS CRUISE - Azarra

Coordinated By: Janice Mergenhagen

SUMMARY: The Empress Cruise departs August 6, arriving August 7 over Tatooine. Over 2 days the passengers tour Mos Eisley. Visit the Dune Sea, Jundland Wastes, Beggar's Canyon, Tosche Station, a Pod race Arena and Course, Jabba's Abandoned Palace, the Sarlaac Pit, and scenic Anchorhead. August 10 the cruise arrives at Varelttas for a trip to Rividh Vineyards and Winery. August 11 the passengers wander freely until the Varelttas Dinner at the Palace hosted by King Sarid and Queen Audris. August 13, 14, 15, 16 is spent at Mall World. August 18 the Cruise arrives at Corellia for a stop at Centerpoint Station, then on to Coronet to visit Corona House and Treasure Ship Row. August 19 the Cruise visits Alderaan and returns the Exhausted Empress to Coruscant.

YET TO DO: Stories!

TIMELINE LOCATION: August 6-19

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Title: DEATH STAR II - Sky high...

Coordinated By: James Casselbury, Dora Furlong

Summary: Find it. Blow it up.

YET TO DO: **Find it! Blow it up! }:-}**

TIMELINE LOCATION: ?





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TKIN
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Tales From the
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