Bound By The Force

October 2002 ~ Issue 103

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Table of Contents

Movie & Book Characters	**Pages 2**
Alliance Commnet	**Pages 3-12**
Imperial Commlink	**Pages 12-32**
Mercenary	**Pages 33-37**
Diplomatic	**Pages 38**
Roll-Play Round Up	**Pages 39-54**

Deadlines for Issue 104

these dates may change

Submit to General Section	***April. 10***
Submit Galactic Transmissions	***April. 10***
Submit to Division Section	***April. 10***
Submit Division to Editor	***April. 15***
Go to Press	***May. 5***
Mailing	***May. 23***

***These dates may change at the discretion of the newsletter editor! ***

THESE Dates ARE when I NEED THEM!!

Send submissions ASAP IF you can!!!!!

SEND any NEW - NEWS SUBMISSIONS TO:

Ginna Wilcoxen after Jan. 1,2003

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!

Front Cover promo picture from 'Attack of the Clones ' ©Lucas films LTD.

I

Book & Movie Character Players

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From the Editor

HEY Gang this is my last newsletter, Since we voted to merge Tails from the Cantina fanzine and the newsletter this job will pass on to Ginna. Its been great. Remember to get your submission to your Division Leaders on the specified date. And PLEASE, please spell check your submission before sending. Yes we do try to catch all the misspelled words. But its not that easy when some of the words are created by you the author. This is a different format for the newsletter, some submissions I couldn't get to alter to fit the 5x8 format. I believe Ginna will be using this new format. BUT please check with her first if you have ANY questions.

Lady Viper (aka Vickie , Pres. F.O.E.)
Ginna's Email: LegacyDark@aol.com

Alliance Commnet

Hello everyone,

Well the summer has passed and it has been busy. Hope everyone has survived the heat, humidity and lack of rain. I know I am looking forward to fall and cooler weather. This section is rather large this time. The Alliance Division has been very active. J I look forward to hearing about the role-plays we have going on.

‡Dora

Jedi Census by Dana Terry

CURRENT JEDI MASTERS - PC

CHARACTER	***PLAYER***	***FORMER MASTER(S)***	***CURRENT***	***FORMER***
PADAWAN(S)	PADAWAN(S)			
Alida D'med	Dana Terry	Aaro Koya	Medenna La'Rose	Kaliandra Daroa
(npc - deceased)		Togin Conpeq		
				(npc)
Alidar D'med	Armand Banooni	Unknown	None at present	Imari (npc –
deceased)				
Kalamytha Du'Sau	Ginna Wilcoxen	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
Sa'asarth clan Kha'atari	Rachel Schmutter	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
Shevrin Matalla	Heather Melville	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
Tory McNeil	Dora Furlong	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
Lady Kirienne Nigheansidhe	Geri Kittrell	Gylpyn Cairbre (npc) &	None	None
		Luke Skywalker		
Prism Nighthawk	Leslie Danneberger	Luke Skywalker	Serena Moonstone	Unknown
Cimemthymia Jantzen				
Derlyne Mikasta Rintala	Jilly Harris	Unknown	Cerelina Ivy Arryn	Unknown
Leanna Skywalker	Barbara ORourke-Drake	Lehr Terris	Lerin Skywalker	Debrina Seln
Luke Skywalker	Season (online)			
Angela Varesano				
(MW)	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	
Serris Suragar	Avon	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
Zuren	Dana Terry	Unknown	Danna Esme &	Unknown
Lon Solo				

KNIGHTS - PC

CHARACTER	***PLAYER***	***PADAWAN/STUDENT***	***FORMER MASTER(S)***
Kaliandra Daroa	Becky Miller	Ro-Zen Turani	Alida D'med
Toola Dora'Qua	Becky Miller	Unknown	Trained at the Praxium
Darien Lell	John Medkeff	Keiren Lightdancer-Steele	Unknown
(Not known IC to any but			
the Council)			
D'va Shinigami	Sharon Shugrue	Unable to take a Padawan	Unknown
Currently Force-null			
Ricia Targan	Pat Grant	Ebon Cheval	Luke Skywalker
Kaelyn Wallenn	BarbaraO'Rourke-Drake	None at the current time	Lord Altais

CURRENT PADAWANS/STUDENTS - PC

CHARACTER	***PLAYER***	***MASTER/TEACHER***
Cerelina Ivy Arynne	Renee Gunn	Cimemthymia Jantzen Derlyne Mikasta Rintala
Ebon Cheval	Bryon Mosley	Ricia Targen
Braeden Coulter	Janice Mergenhagen	Luke Skywalker and Cilghal
Persis Devyani	Phaedra Whitlock	Kalamytha Du'Sau

Danna Esme	Heather Melville	Zuren
Lena Galassdow	Phaedra Whitlock	Not yet apprenticed
Medenna La'Rose	Amanda Wilcoxen	Alida D'med
Lerin Skywalker	Barbara (?)	Leanna Skywalker
Meguet Rhys	Lynn	Unknown
Lon Solo	Armand Banooni	Zuren
Rachel Summers	Rachel Schmutter	Serris Suragar and Luke Skywalker
Octavia Syn Jinn	Ginna Wilcoxen	Luke Skywalker
Ro-Zen Turani	Rosalie Terry	Kaliandra Daroa (in near future)
Serena Moonstone	Sarah	Prism Nighthawk

UNDERTERMINED STATUS - PC

CHARACTER	***PLAYER***	***CURRENT STATUS***
Blaze	Renee Gunn	Under care of Alidar D'med, being taught to live in society
Jennifer/Tina	Dora Furlong	Light side. Imprisoned on Coruscant. Given to Lilith for training. Originally trained with Luke on Yavin before captured by Anelis
Corwyn	Patrick Furlong	Lightsider? Was on Coruscant originally trained with Luke on Yavin before captured by Anelis
Jaina Solo	Mandi Hall	Currently missing. Status unknown.
Nik-Vie Windu	Kevin Behrent	Currently missing. Status unknown.
Sonya Wells	Leslie Dannenberger	Not yet a student, unsure if she desires to be so

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****Transmissions****

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Memo to: All stations and outposts
From: CCO General M. Branwyn

All stations are to be on alert. Reports of Imperial Military forces amassing along the borders are increasing. The possibility of a full assault continues. All personnel must be prepared. In order to ensure our safety, increased security is a must. Therefore, following reserve units are immediately recalled to active duty:
99th attack squadron, 108th Infantry Brigade, 256th Tactical fighter wing
Further activation's are forthcoming.

End Transmission

Internal Encrypted Alliance Transmission Langley Base

To: Lt. Col. Sari'jek
From: Captain Aella Skott

Lt. Colonel, I apologize for the delay of my return and the lax of reports. In reviewing my notes on what transmissions have come through, I have come to the conclusion we should be expecting some kind of attack from the Empire.

Attached, you will find the transmissions that I've decoded. It shows that not only have the transmissions increased. Many are between ships as well as the Imperial ship yards. It is fact that no ship is allowed to wait longer than 48 hours for repairs or replacement of lost crew.

This strikes me as a military build up, thou I am not qualified to make that call final.

The transmissions between Telos and the Empire have also increased as well there is communication going on between Telos and a ship, location at this time is unknown. The only thing I've been able to translate is Commander Lexor and reference to her death.

The next transmission I do find disturbing, it would seem that I've picked up someone from inside the Alliance also making transmissions to an unknown location. Thus far all attempts to find this source has eluded me. I have to admit I'm impressed at the level of sophistication that this last transmission is handled, it is by mere accident I picked up on.

Awaiting further instruction and or orders.

End Transmission.

Highly Encrypted Alliance Transmission

From: General M. Branwyn, CCO
To: Colonel Percival Bay, Chief of Security
Colonel Sherry Wilkes, Director of Intelligence
Lt. General Tomas Ardane, Surgeon General
Fleet Admiral Le'Sabre, Fleet Admiral Han Solo
General Chessie Norfolk, Chief of Logistical Services

The empire's actions since Port Lansing have put us in a time of heightened concern and uncertainty. We must not allow our citizens to become worried or concerned however, we need information. We have seen the break-up of an Imperial Sith House, we do not know if this is the first or more to come. Since that time we have seen the conscription of more Imperial Troopers. It is imperative that you the heads of Alliance Sections

--Intel: Your task is to increase efforts to find out what is happening. By far you are our early warning system.
--Security: It is a certainty that the Empire will increase their intelligence efforts. Step-up Counter-Intelligence efforts and security practices in general. In particular all front-line establishments are at increased risk.
--Medical: We must be prepared for the unthinkable and unwanted. Prepare for the possibility of casualties. Set up field hospitals on the front lines and increase the supplies sent to our outposts. You are authorized to use extra resources in this effort.
--Logistics: This is an important time for your division to run smoothly. Work with Fleet to supply our front lines and ensure smooth operations should a full-scale war break out.
--Fleet: Coordinate closely with all departments and section heads.
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FOREIGN MINISTER RESIGNS! Sith Ambassador Roams Freely!
By Niki Silver

Minister Evan Solari collapsed after talks with the 'Sith Ambassador' Lord Eric Daniels on board Port Lansing space station, and was rushed to medical facilities. Tendering his resignation Solari insisted that he was not resigning in protest. Said Solari, "President Beckett has my fullest confidence. She believes in the New Republic and I in her ability."

No foul play is suspected on the part of Ambassador Daniel's, who begins his tour of the New Republic worlds....
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Time to Leave
By Ginna Wilcoxen

Aella waited for the transport that would take her back to Langley. It wasn't that the she disliked Yavin IV or the Jedi; though it was nice to see President Beckett walking around. It was that she was getting restless, and there was

something happening in the Empire and she wanted to know what it was and if her programs had caught anything. There was no way to get around it most of her equipment was back on Langley and even though she knew anyone else could make the reports and such, she wanted to go home.

"Captain?"

Aella looked up to see a girl of approximate fourteen years of age. "Yes?"

"Master D'med wanted me to let you know your transport has arrived. Can I help you get anything?"

"Yes, thank you … Medenna isn't it?" Aella asked and was rewarded with a nod. "If you don't mind getting that bag on the bed. Usually I travel with only one, but I wasn't sure what I would need while here."

"It's all right, did you enjoy your visit?" Medenna asked.

"Yes, very much. Thank your master for me." Aella took the bag from the girl when they reached the transport. "Take care of yourself, May the Force Be With You."

"You too." Medenna replied. She watched as Aella walked up the ramp. "Captain!" she called out.

Aella turned and looked at her. "Yes?"

"Be careful, I sense you are in danger very grave danger."

"I will be very careful, thank you for your concern." Aella entered the transport.

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Bio: Cimemthymia Jantzen Derlyne Mikasta Rintala

Player: Jilly Harris
Physical Description

Race: Firrerreo **Homeworld:** irrerre
Age: 50s but looks in her late 20s early 30s
Profession: Jedi
Height: 5 feet **Weight:** 115 pounds
Hair: Multicolor; usually pulled back into a braid of some sort
Eyes: Swirling green and blue

Personal Information
Marital Status: Single

Mother: Derlyne Mikasta Rintala (most likely deceased)
Father: Jantzen Mikasta Rintala (most likely deceased)

Education: Jedi Temple

Force Training: Yes
Master's Name: Rosktio Mresha (deceased)
Light or Dark: Light
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Psychological Description

IQ: high **Fears:** Fear leads to the Dark Side
Temperament: Even

Goals in Life: Train her Padawan properly and keep her from turning to the dark side.

Personal History:
Cimemthymia was born into the Clan of Mikasta in the Rintala area of Firrerre. She was the heiress to the clan, but her mother and father chose to abdicate her role to another of their children when they were born. Cimemthymia was a force-sensitive child, and Derlyne and Jantzen wanted their Clan to be represented in the Jedi.

Cimemthymia was an apt pupil while training at the Jedi temple shortly before the purge. Her master, Rosktio Mresha, took her into hiding. He could sense what was going to happen to the Jedi. He was right, and put all the lessons of the Old Jedi and instilled them in Cimemthymia. Often strict, Rosktio was a fair Master, and as her own father would have, he watched Cimemthymia grow into a lovely young woman who was a master of her own skills far ahead of her time. When she was 19, Rosktio knighted Cimemthymia. Soon after he passed away.

Cimemthymia traveled the galaxy for awhile, taking in everything that she could to hone her senses and prepare herself to take on a Padawan. When Cimemthymia was around 30 years old, she took on a young man named Mersten Pals as her Padawan. At the tender age of 10, Mersten was eager to learn everything that Cimemthymia could teach him. Slipping easily into a motherly role with the young man, the two learned together. Cimemthymia learned from her mistakes as Mersten learned from his.

When Mersten was almost 20 years old, the new Jedi Council thought it best to allow Mersten to go on a transport with a few other people on his way to a mission. Cimemthymia would join him later. It was the last time Master and Padawan would see each other again. During the landing of the transport, the ship was ambushed and destroyed by an Imperial starfighter. There were no survivors. Cimemthymia felt her Padawan one moment, and the next he was gone. It was unlike when her own former Master died. He merely faded away till he was no more. Mersten's departure was much more extreme.

The Council worried they were going to lose one of their own when Cimemthymia took a sabbatical away from the Council and Yavin. Doing some research Cimemthymia found information about a planet that once held a Jedi temple and was rich in the force. She found the coordinates to Nebula, knowing she could easily disappear into the planet to gather her thoughts and emotions. Packing her things, Cimemthymia retreated to Nebula.

After three years, Cimemthymia finally returned to Yavin, refreshed and ready to take on another Padawan. She met a rather strong and determined young girl, Cerelina Ivy Arynne. She was strong in the force, and Cimemthymia took her on as her new Padawan. Because of the complexity of her name, Cerelina couldn't pronounce Cimemthymia's name, and she soon started calling Cimia instead. The nickname stuck with just about everyone. Cimemthymia allows her friends to call her Cimia, though the older Jedi Masters still call her by her full name. Cimemthymia has been training Cerelina for the past nine years.

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Midnight Reflections: Visions Within Visions
by Rachel Schmutter
(with input from Dora Furlong, Phaedra Whitlock, and Mark Cogan)

I am in
Hell.
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7

There is no eerie, looming darkness filled with the wailing of hungry beasts ready to tear at my flesh. There is no deathlike chill piercing through my bones as the featherlight caress of a restless spirit turns my blood to acid.

Instead, there is nothing.

And that is worse than I could've possibly imagined.

Usually, my sense of timing is excellent: My internal clock is as accurate as a Bilbringi wrist-chrono. But I can't begin to guess how many endless days, weeks, months I've spent in this damned tank. I can't see it, of course, so I guess calling it a tank is relative. But I was trained in techniques to resist interrogation since I was a child; and I can recognize the symptoms of sensory deprivation. I am sitting? lying? standing? in some sort of viscous fluid, which is blocking the interface between my senses and my environment. The idea is to create intense confusion and disorientation in the subject by making them feel as if there is no environment.

Instead, if feels as if there's no me.

It's strange you never realize how important it is to have an impact on the world around you until you don't. You never know how much you'd miss the faint background whoosh of a ship's air circulation system, the light feedback through your leg muscles as your foot softly touches the floor, the confident pressure of a lightsaber in your hand, the heady sensation as you see yourself reflected in the eyes of another distorted with fear, even the simple presence of another living being.

With no feedback, it's as if none of these things exist as if I don't exist. Blind, deaf, and mute, I can't even scream; or if I do, I can't hear myself, or even feel my mouth moving. Deprived of the Force as effectively as if collared, I want to writhe and struggle away from whatever has me in its grasp, and claw and kick furiously at whatever barrier holds me here. But with no sensory input, I have no way to direct my action, nothing to attack and no body to attack it with.

My mind is here: I must cling to that thought. Cling to that, or drown in this glop. What a pathetic ending that would be! But that's nonsense. I know how to beat this in theory, at least. I have to hold to my training.

But my training was all in sweetness and light, in useless calm serenity. How can that help me when I'm a seething volcano of rage, fighting despair?

Wait - all that stuff isn't completely useless. I was trained to harness the Force, to control it, and to do the same with my emotions. I can bank the anger inside myself, holding it for the future. Deep within me the fires will burn; and I can hold them there as long as I have to. Because I know I will get through this, no matter how impossible and eternal it seems. If I get angry, so much the better. I can channel that anger into beautiful, shining power to use however I wish.

And then...and then....

But how long will it be?? I take to counting out the minutes, envisioning marvelously bloody kills to mark each third of a day in place of meals (thinking wryly of Klaw). But every time I run through my litany, it seems shorter and shorter; and the time between meals stretches out to eternity.

At last, feeling desperate, I reach out ever-so-lightly to reassure myself of that secretive contact who watches and obscures my experience. I know better by now than to even try true telepathy; for the more I make contact, and thus grow more secure, the more they'll drug me to counter the effect, and the weaker I'll get. But for the barest moment,

there is a response a flicker of an inner wind across my banked fires, causing them to flare up with an intense and passionate heat. Carefully suppressing any trace of relief, I withdraw to the nothingness of my cage to feast on visions of shredded Jawas, rejoicing as I slice their throats open with my lightsaber and the light goes out of their beady little eyes....

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Arcturus kneels on the floor beside me. Darana stands before him, stiff with rage. The rest of the Household stands in an arc around us, all watching tensely. Some are unhappy; some seem angrier than Darana herself. But I am the one who holds the gun; and I am the one he looks up at with that calm expression. I've never seen his eyes look so peaceful.

"I forgive you," he says, looking up at me.

"You're an idiot," I retort, and shoot him between the eyes.

The body pitches oddly forward to lie at my feet. Chaotic even in death, I think disgustedly. But I can't stop staring at him. I have to be told twice to leave, even when Darana yells at me: a truly terrifying experience! Because one corner of my mind keeps running around in circles, obsessed with why he was killed...which *no one* must ever know. I watch until the light goes out of his eyes for good....

~~~~~~~~~~~~~

....For a moment, the light flares red; and I see two men locked in deadly combat over a maze of arching metal paths. The humanoid throws back a hood that is black instead of brown; and its eyes glow yellow instead of orange. No Jawa, his face is garishly yet fearfully adorned in red-and-black markings; and he sports two tiny horns on his forehead like the devils of some worlds' cultures. His double-bladed lightsaber flashes as redly as Arcturus' in the vast chamber, his eyes fixed intently upon the wise but alert gaze of the Jedi master. The figures go through their deadly dance once again. As before, the Sith lord's wicked saber deals its fatal blow. The great Jedi falls, his life bleeding away from him, his vital energies sapped away....

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...."Team Alpha away," the leader of the first TIE-fighter squadron reports on cue.

"Acknowledged, Alpha Leader," I reply into the comunit.

I am back on the bridge of the Imperial Star Destroyer PLANETFALL, directing the genocide of the people of Karatur. The Dark power of the mass murder builds and builds, blocking out the bright gleam of the stars, leaving me near-drunk with triumph. I can almost feel each soul leave its body, devoured by the hungry blasters and cannons of my troops....

....Abruptly, I am *on* the planet, watching my world crumble to pieces all around me. Someone shakes me and yells at me, and I try to run; but a huge, heavy slab of stone falls across my path. Everywhere is screaming and destruction, blood and madness....

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

...I am 12 years old, and the world has gone mad. I hear my mother's voice in my mind; but everywhere I turn, I see those white, bug like, two-legged beasties with their laser rifles, and there's nowhere to hide. The sturdy school buildings are in ruins. Frightened beyond reason or concentration, I rush to the side of the one person who might

possibly be able to protect me. But a massive stone pillar has pinned my teacher's already useless legs, and all his Jedi mastery can't budge it. He urges me to run; but I will not leave him. He is the only anchor I have in all this chaos. Soon the white-clad warrior-things come; and they pry me, sobbing, away from his corpse. I feel a sharp pain in my arm, then nothing. As I slip into darkness, I carry with me the image of the man in blood-red velvet standing above me. His dull yellow-brown eyes seem to bore into my soul with a hideous joy, his incredibly ugly face halloed in flames....

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

...It is dark and close; and the town on the water's edge is in flames. But this unit is not distracted from its prey. With a shadow's trained stealth, this unit slips from street to street until it reaches the tiny harbor. There, this unit knows, a small clutch of survivors are trying desperately to flee. With them are some of the tainted ones, the Force-gifted though it is hardly a gift. All those with the Force, whether trained or not, Light or Dark, fully gifted or mere mutants who have only one or two powers all are the enemies of the State. Unless singled out by the planetary Governor for special treatment, all the tainted are under a sentence of death. All those with the Force are hunted down and either contained in prison camps or killed outright.

Prowling carefully, this unit finally reaches the strange ones. This unit darts ahead to pin down the prey as other servants of the Master close in. The firelight illuminates the faces of the humans in the boat, all set in expressions of alarm and defiance. The adults leap to defend the younger ones; but the blast of ammunition from the Imperial scouts easily penetrates even the thick metallic hide of a tainted one. But this unit senses that the hunt is not over; so the scouts defer to this unit. For this unit is the first and best of the new class of mutant-hunters developed by the Governor. No stray thoughts are permitted it; and emotions are unnecessary. There is the hunt, and there is only the hunt.

This unit dives into the cold black waters. After several moments, it surfaces, hauling up a tiny bundle of a person with strands of soaked blonde hair trailing out from the heavy cloak in which it is wrapped. Its life-essence is dim but present, and deeply corrupt. The scouts murmur to one another. With a nod and a gruff word, the leader of the special scouting group pulls out his blaster and puts it in this unit's hands. This unit pauses: It has always been a hunter, but has never before been ordered, or allowed, to kill. However, at the leader's command, this unit promptly puts the blaster to the child's temple and pulls the trigger. It watches as the light goes out of the blonde child's luminous blue eyes.

(Deep inside the hunters mind, something snaps. Slowly, slowly, something starts to awaken in those hollowed-out depths. But that mind has been so badly bent and broken already, it does not know the regret that it would be feeling if it knew that its first official kill was an acquaintance from her childhood: her friend and fellow student, Illyana....)

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I bolt up in bed, tears pouring down my face. I wonder if I screamed this time. Since I returned to the Jedi academy, they've had to put me in a soundproof chamber because of my nightmares; but it's hard to dim the emotions. Every night that I've been back, my dreams have been filled with a lurid blend of memories from my hellish childhood and vivid recollections of my recent visit to the Dark Side.

Illyana...I killed her, just like I killed the other 127 mutants out of the 484 I hunted down in those two years. I grasp the bleak depression that threatens to overwhelm me, as it has before and will again; and I strive, as I've been taught, to gain perspective without losing responsibility or humanity. At least I've had years to accept that one. But I killed all those people on that planet....

10

For a moment, I am back at Karatur, feeling death all around me. Unlike in my nightmare, though, I also maintain my current awareness. Something is very, very wrong here, I realize; even more so than the obvious. I try to remember what I was thinking as the people died: something about the souls being devoured...? This time, I notice that when the renegades' homeworld self-destructed as Shade's ISD shot it, there was a similar feeling, which even in my Darkness I shrank from noticing. But now, memories and multifaceted visions alike crystallize into a single horrifying truth.

The life-energy of all those slain on those two worlds was absorbed by some independent entity, some Power that obscured its presence from us. Goddess only knows what it is, or where it is now.

The bed seems to rock beneath me. Grimly, I brace myself as I'm bombarded by another hailstorm of images....

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Kaaz. Jirbakar. Thankron. Delta IV. Denevar. Now, nothing but a list of meaningless syllables as meaningless as life in these systems has become. Bodies lie scattered across the alien terrains, almost all intact except for the occasional scavenger's tracks. Radiation leaks unnoticed and fires run unchecked across the lifeless surface of the planets, which up until months or even weeks ago were thriving Rim colonies. Ships operating in those systems tumble through space on their last plotted courses, some in slowly degrading orbits around dead worlds, all filled with the frozen bodies of dead crews.

Out in the cold, dead space between the worlds, where no stars dare to shine, Something lurks: an entity of coiled malevolence, bathed in the blood of countless millions. Its pure and relentless evil slams against my consciousness like a sledgehammer. I am nauseatingly filled with its hunger for the souls of all living creatures, but especially creatures of power, whose souls taste sweeter than any except those against whom it seeks vengeance. Those it would savor beyond all others.... There is too much evil in the entity to even leave room for joy; but its gloating vision of triumph is more than terrible enough.

The entity has fed, and grown. It seeks further growth...and fulfillment.

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Chilled to the core, I hug the blankets around my shoulders; but no warmth returns, as nothing can block out these awful realizations. This entity is what absorbed the life-energy of the people of the two renegade planets. This is what's responsible for the destruction of Kaaz and the other colonies on the Rim. (I'd never even heard of them until now; but my visions told me enough.)

And it isn't finished yet.

As I struggle for calmness, I seem to stumble upon a core of silence within myself: a still, small pool of silver-blue water. Shivering, I sit beside it gazing into its glass-clear surface, willing myself to serenity that I might weave together the threads of the Sight into a cohesive pattern.

This is no coincidence, I sense with that certainty that comes only when the Force speaks through me. Because I recognize this presence. Two years ago, when I accompanied the Household to the renegade Siths' homeworld, I accidentally absorbed the Dark side of Darana's soul in anabortive attempt to prevent Arcturus from doing so. At that time, I joined with the members of the Household to stop the head priest of the renegade movement from unleashing some unfathomable Power against us-the very thing to which he had planned to feed Darana's Dark essence. That part of me which made contact with the high priest's mind recognizes that Power inside this vast, hungering presence.

II

Deep in the heart of every planet in the galaxy, there is a dragon. That is part of what makes the roles of Arcturus and myself significant as the Avatars of Chaos and Order. Different worlds dragons partake of different proportions of these elements. The Balance can, and does, shift constantly with the changing winds. But whenever the Balance shifts too far to one side or the other, the Avatar of the underdog must act to put things to rights. I'm still not sure why the dragons of Order chose me: I sure don't think of myself as very orderly! But when the last Avatar, Dral Warthen, passed into another dimension, the dragons apparently felt the need for a more immediate substitute than the 200 years they would have otherwise had to wait for a replacement to be born...and my birthright certainly forced on me an incredibly heightened awareness of the need for Balance.

When first I encountered this presence, I was too wrapped up in my newly-awakened Darkness to be fully aware of it. But now that I can reflect upon it calmly, I can detect the barest trace of a draconic entity within it. I don't know how or why-it certainly doesn't seem to be in control-but it is there.

Another thing that's there, though, is something beyond the dragons, beyond the renegade Sith. I believe that presence, that Power, is a predator of the far wastes which subsists on the energy that it absorbs from living things.

Simply put, it feeds upon the Force.

How do we stop something that has no physical presence, feeds on our life-energy and on any power that we might use to defend against it, and has no sentience that we can comprehend? I guess that should be our first priority: to discover if the Power *does* have an awareness, so that we might try to discern its motives. If we can figure out what it wants, then we might be able to figure out how to stop it. And somehow, I know-even with its limited, or incomprehensible, intellect-it does want something. We just need to figure out what.

But when we do find out, will it help us any? Will we be able to use the entity's goals to entrap it somehow? We Jedi can't make the first strike; but hasn't it already done so, in destroying all those innocents? If not, wouldn't it be justified to act first, in order to protect the galaxy and maybe more? Could we even find a way of containing so powerful a creature?

One way or another, I know, we'd better find out soon...or there may be no one left to protect.

~finis~

Imperial Commlink

A Few Words from the Throne

Hi.
It’s almost half way to the next Media*West.
It’s been an interesting past few months, with lots of new and interesting storylines going on. I’m glad to see a lot more interest in the storylines. And here’s hoping this will be a continuing trend.

As for Role-playing the Emperor, it’s been a bit of work at times, but I do enjoy it. If there are any questions as to Palpy’s motivations or agendas, I’ll be happy to talk OOC with you. But don’t expect me to give away ALL my secrets. I want to do what I can to bring back the dark aspect of the Sith. Everyone’s input would be helpful.

On a slightly different note, I've noticed that there is a distinct lack of Imperial Military Officers. I guess playing such characters hasn't been all that interesting, but I'm hoping to turn that around. Yes, the Imperial War Machine has been cranking up its production of ships. I'm hoping to lure more people to play military characters. The intent is to somehow get a good shooting war started; ships are needed, and officers are needed to command the ships. Also, even though the 'point' system is pretty much gone, I will give rank and promotions to those who deserve it. If you feel you do, let me know. I've had little as far as past documentation, so if I haven't done something, it's probably because I don't know I have to do it.

So, here's to bad guys (and gals) being bad again…

- Mark Cogan
aka Emperor Palpatine

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Shopping for Formal Occasions 101
By Dora and Patrick Furlong

The ride into City Center was a lot shorter these days. It helped that they now inhabited an apartment near the center. "Well it will be interesting. I wonder how the Alliance is going to react."

"Hard to say." Eric replied.

Talia nodded absently, wondering how long it would be before Intel would succeed in separating her from Eric for a few hours.

The transport lowered itself onto the exit ramp and settled into place before opening it's doors, and allowing it's passengers to exit.

Eric ordered the droid to meet them back there in two standard hours. Then glanced at his wife and changed his mind, "Make it three."

The droid acknowledged the change and drove off.

They made their way to Eric's preferred tailor. The staff knew him, and more importantly his taste for gray. In fact, it was how some of the staff of Lloyd Tailors Incorporated to privately call him, Eric the Gray.

"Ahh good evening Lord Daniels." The small man bowed to them, "What can we do for you?"

Eric smiled, "We are in need of several new outfits for formal occasions."

Pietr Lloyd, proprietor, quirked an eyebrow at Eric's inclusion of Talia. "Of Course. If you would care to follow Yvaine." he indicated his assistant.

Talia smiled at him, bemused by his reaction, then turned her attention towards the woman.

The pair wandered into the far side of the shop. The assistant knew Eric's preferences well, she found several styles she suggested would compliment anything he might wear. Out of long standing habit, Talia selected clothing based on ease of movement, functionality, and pragmatic preferences.
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Much to the dismay of the assistant, the final selection sported mostly mixable jackets, slacks, and shirts, a couple skirts. All of course, were more dressy than Talia preferred, but still appropriate for most formal occasions.

Eric smiled as Talia reentered the room. He glanced over her selection and frowned, "Love, where are the dresses?"

Talia smiled, "I'm not buying any."

Eric raised an eyebrow.

"They aren't practical." She replied easily, "The skirt and it's top are just as nice and as appropriate as any dress would be."

Yvaine and Pietr exchanged glances, wishing they were anywhere but there.

"I'm afraid diplomatic functions aren't always meant to be practical."

"Well considering I'm not a diplomat....." She looked over at Eric and stopped, knowing the look in his eye all too well.

"Dearheart, there will be dresses." Eric informed her, "So either you may pick them or I get to pick them out and you *will* wear them."

Talia's eyes widened, knowing the lengths he would go to make his promise a reality....so not a threat, a warning. She sighed softly and nodded, "Ok ok you win." She hated giving in.

Eric just smiled and watched as his wife moved off with Yvaine, trying to find formal dresses for their mission into Alliance territory.

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Appropriate Responses
By Mark Cogan

Emperor Palpatine looked over the communication from Governor Brimmer. This is exactly what he did NOT want to hear. Mira Lexor was dead, and at the hands of the Alliance. He fumed at the thought that one of the most brilliant scientists, as well as most loyal Imperial Citizens, was killed while supposedly in safe custody.

He rose from the desk, and started to pace about the room. But that wasn't helping, it was only fueling his rage over the situation. No, it was not acceptable, and those responsible will be punished. He returned once again to his desk and prepared a transmission of his own...

----Begin Encoded Transmission-----

To: Bilo Brimmer, Governor of Telos
From: Emperor Palpatine

Governor,

I am dismayed to hear of the death of Mira Lexor. Rest assured that I do not hold you
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responsible, as she was still in Alliance custody at the time of her death. I intend to send you some assistance in this matter. "Help" should be arriving soon. I will see to it that the Alliance pays for the murder of loyal Imperial citizens. Be prepared to give Lord Vader your full cooperation upon his arrival.

----End Transmission----

Now that he's handled the Governor, he needed to contact Lord Vader and have him take care of the situation personally.

----Begin Encoded Transmission----

To: Lord Vader
From: Emperor Palpatine

Lord Vader, by now you too are aware of the death of Mira Lexor at the hands of the Alliance. It is clear that her death was intentional and the Alliance had no intention of giving her a fair trial. The Governor of Telos has requested assistance in this matter, and I am assigning you to oversee the operation.

You are to secure Commander Lexor's body, and see to it that the Alliance turn over to you the entire crew and ship that was responsible for transporting her at the time of her death. If the Alliance does not immediately turn them over, you are to use whatever force you deem necessary. The fleet is at your disposal.

I wish you success, my old friend.

----End Transmission----

"Now, to deal with this so-called Alliance"...

Now that Lord Vader has been dispatched to Telos, the Emperor needed to send a transmission to Alliance command. He knew that his demands would be rejected. In fact, he was counting on it. But it had to be done. He wanted a reason for a fight, and this was almost too perfect. Attacking the Alliance directly without provocation would not generate support from many outside the Empire, but if such an action were to be justified, in any way, he could gain the support from some of the neutral systems, possibly adding them to the Empire without use of the Fleet. Certainly a much more desirable outcome. No need to fight a war on more than one front.

---Begin Open Transmission---

To: Alliance High Command
From: Emperor Palpatine

It troubles me to hear of the death of Commander Mira Lexor. As I recall, you gave notice that she was to be kept safe until her trial. It seems that you are unable to keep your word on that matter.

First you detain Imperial Citizens. Then you threaten to try them as criminals within Alliance controlled

space. Now, you show that your brand of justice is to kill off Imperial Citizens without the benefit of a fair trial. And you accuse ME of such behavior?

As such, I have the following demands.

1) The body of Mira Lexor is to be turned over to Governor Brimmer on Telos.
2) The crew and ship which Mira Lexor was on are to be turned over as well, as they are to face charges of murder of and Imperial Citizen.

As the Alliance claims right to detain and try Imperial citizens, so does the Empire with regard to Alliance citizens. Failure to meet these demands will result in actions taken against all responsible.

I await your response.

Emperor Palpatine

----End Transmission----

"Now, we will see what their next move is."
He stood from his desk, and walked over to a nearby chessboard. There was already a game in progress. He reached toward the board, and removed one of the pieces, "Such is how the game is played."
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To appease an Emperor
By Ginna Wilcoxen

Bilo Brimmer entered the labs, he had one goal to find Dr. Ross. He needed to know if there was anything in Lexor's house that would help Telos' standing with the Empire. They not only held Alliance sympathizers but now he knew of two Jedi here on Telos and couldn't wait to see their faces when he handed them over to Lord Vader.

"Governor, I hear you're looking for me." Ross stated walking up to the Governor.

"Yes, was there anything of interest?" Bilo asked.

"Yes, it was hidden behind a picture of her parents." Ross motioned for them to walk. "I worked for Mira before she left to serve the Empire."

"And?" Bilo questioned his patience wearing thin.

"It does seem she was working on DNA reconstruction as well as looking into cloning on a higher level."

"What level?" Bilo asked.

"Transference, she was interested if the Force could be cloned and altered."

"I will need a full report, Lord Vader is coming here to assist us our hour of need. The Alliance has went too far in making sure that Mira wasn't kept safe."

"Lord Vader?" Ross' voice shook. "I thought Telos was suppose to be a neutral planet Governor, neither siding with the Alliance or the Empire."
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"That was before the Alliance stormed out planet attacked our ship and kidnapped Lord DuCruet." Bilo's voice dropped. "And now killed Dr. Lexor. That tells me the Empire is just in attacking and fighting them."

Ross remained motionless for a while then finally nodded. "Yes, I would have to agree, I will have everything ready and decrypted by the time Lord Vader arrives. Mira would want her research to help the Empire."

"Yes, she would. It's a shame she didn't live to hand it over to his majesty herself." Bilo shook his head. "You will discuss her projects with no one except me or Lord Vader do you understand?"

"Yes Governor." Ross answered.

"Also inform that the labs are to answer any questions that might asked of them." Bilo turned to leave. "Might get use to the possibility that storm troopers might be quite visible."

"Of course Governor." Ross answered. "Governor, are you sure your are making the right decision?"

"Yes." Bilo answered. "We might have lost Mira but we have Xanatos and Off World to think about now. I will contact my source on Apsolon to make sure we have any drugs or equipment from their museum."

"All of her research on Arridor was taken by Lady Steele when she was there fighting the poison outbreak."

"I will alert his majesty to that fact, though he probably has it already." Bilo paused. "Will you be able to pick up where Mira left off?"

"I can only try," Came Ross' reply.

"You better do better than that." Bilo paused. "I've seized all control of Mira's profits and stocks until Xanatos' return. If you wish to make sure, you have a place here think of not only appeasing the Emperor, Lord Vader, but Xanatos as well. You have a bright future."

"I will Governor." Ross couldn't help but swallow hard. He had to admit he didn't like the idea of a Dark Lord on Telos, let alone one with Vader's reputation.

Closing Time -- Goodbye to the Household; Timeline

June

Two weeks after Port Lansing Emperor issues a decree that the house is Officially Disbanded.

Day One: Darana is removed from the house, promoted to General in Imperial Ground Forces Special Operations, relieved of all other responsibilities and sent off on a mission. As she boards the Star
Destroyer she passes out, from her links being severed.

Emperor meets with Rook, Eric and Talia, Sidra, Michael, and Janin

Day Two: Emperor meets with Klaw, Sam, Kyra, Deveron, Lilith. Messages are sent to: Kaehlyiah, Blaze, Retroy(?), Jerrid

To be worked out yet(?): Takara, Corwin, Silver, Phoenix, and Shadow

Day Five(?): Jedi Attack Imperial Palace

Day Four: Darana finally awakes from being altered by Wynn Barezz.

Day Nine: Shade meet's with the Emperor and is allowed to take Ralf Firestorm.

Day????? Ricia returned to Yavin via flaming shuttle crash

Four weeks after disbandment: Darana completes the mission, surviving in order to get the information obtained to the Emperor. She is ordered into stasis and complies after Killing Captain Greer the Captain of the Star Destroyer she was on.

July

Six weeks after disbandement, Barezz arrives on Hoth and brings Darana out of cryofreeze. He sends out transmission that they were fired up on by Alliance Forces and he had to release her. They are attempting to escape.

Intel orders local operatives to investigate the mystery shuttle.

Emperor orders Imperial Fleet Command to dispatch available ships to Hoth system to assist in retrieving Barezz and his Cargo.

Vader sends out transmission suggesting he could meet Captain Blackthorn and take possession of Alliance Ships.

Alliance Intel picks up transmissions, investigates the attack and learns nothing has happened.

Fleet and Ground Forces send reinforcements to Hoth.

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Holding Patterns
By Lisa Van Houten

Story takes place the morning of the disbanding of the Household.

The Shojo district 0700 hours - Coruscant

An unarmed and sleep deprived Takara stood (barely) in the town's main thoroughfare, eyeing the remaining troop carrier still on the ground and noting the sizable group of the Emperor's elite forces already boarding. Judging by the crowd, this one was going to be filled to capacity. She eyed the younger dark haired man with the scar running down his left cheek standing guard within arm's reach who was waiting for the order to escort her on board.

The young Sith seemed to be ignoring her, but she knew better than to judge Staan by his outward appearance. Last night had taught her that all too well.

"So, do I get a seat on that thing or are they just gonna shove me in the cargo hold?"
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Around her, the "cleanup" detail was already finishing it's removal of the bodies from the fighting the night before. In less than an hour, the entire area would be restored to its original condition with no evidence of the dead factory workers.

"I don't suppose you've heard anything about what the Emperor plans to do with all of us." She kept her voice neutral, but her mind was racing despite the all-nighter she had just finished. Just what would the most powerful man in the galaxy do with a group of beings more dangerous than his own most elite units?

Her thoughts went briefly to her decision to go back to the Household, how she had been so relieved to get back to her version of a "normal" life. Takara you idiot, she thought, you really are going to have to work on your timing.

Up ahead, someone signaled for them to board. Takara proceeded briskly towards the still open troop carrier with Staan following close behind. The carrier struggled to stay grounded under the strain of the fired up engines, and the ramp closed before she had even found her seat. In moments, they were airborne and headed for the Emperor's palace.

A short time later, Takara looked out the small window next to her and recognized the approaching buildings, their uppermost levels rising above them. Her attention turned to the open cockpit, her ears straining to pick up what was going on.

"Tower three this is Troop carrier Red Nine requesting permission to land, over."

"Troop carrier Red Nine transmit security codes for landing clearance."

"Roger that. Standby..."

"Ok Red Nine your security codes have been confirmed. Proceed to the following coordinates to await further instructions. Current waiting time for landing is point three."

>From where she sat, Takara could see the pilot and co-pilot exchanging looks. Even with their helmets on it was obvious what they were thinking.

"Uh, Tower three we really need to land this bird. We've got a Sith on board."

"Sorry Red Nine. You're just going to have to wait in a holding pattern at your assigned coordinates. We've got a bit of a bottleneck situation right now. Tower three out."

The pilot shook his head and reached for the controls. Moments later, the ship banked left and ascended at a sharp angle, heading towards its holding area. The ship rumbled as it made the turn, then was jolted several times on the way up, causing her insides to protest. She eyed Staan, who sat unmoving facing her on the other side of the aisle. His face though, registered a hint of amusement at her obvious discomfort.

"I'm glad you think this is funny."

"I find it amusing that someone like you would be employed by the Emperor. The most inexperienced apprentice is stronger than you, and yet he tolerates you and your so-called Household. "

"Oh yeah? Well if I get sick up here because you couldn't use your so called Sith influence to get us down, I'll be sure to personally tell short, dark and creepy how a certain Sith apprentice almost tripped and fell down a flight of stairs last night. I'm sure he'll find that as amusing as I did."

In moments he was standing over the pilots in the cockpit.

"Tower three this is Dark Hand 2 on Troop carrier Red Nine. I have a priority order from the Emperor himself to deliver my passenger with the utmost expediency. Now, if you cannot get my ship clearance to land in the next few moments, I will personally see to it that you and your entire family spend the remainder of your natural life wishing you had never been born. Do I make myself clear?"

A few moments, then...

"Dark Hand 2 this is Tower three. Advise your pilot to head for landing platform 309 at his convenience."

"I will indeed."

"Tower three out."

Once the ship had landed, Takara exited down the ramp, but paused when she saw the group of Red Guard troops lined on either side of it.
Behind her, Staan watched wordlessly. There was nowhere to run now, even if she wanted to.

For a long moment, she realized that being stuck in that troop carrier hadn't been so bad after all. At least a holding pattern would've held off what was coming, or more accurately what she was heading into.

Really, really going to have to work on my timing, she thought, and then walked into the group of Red Guards, who escorted her off the platform and into a waiting turbo lift.
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Closing Time Chapter 4
I Know Who I Want to Take Me Home
By Dora Furlong and Kirk Taskila

The lid to the cryogenic chamber laid open, the unit's controls set to restore. Slowly Darana Cairnfell awoke, the patient figure of Wynn Barezz at her side.

"Good morning Darana." He greeted as her eyes fluttered open in confusion

"You are inside my shuttlecraft. I thought it was time we spent some time....chatting."

"Barezz." Her voice sounded hoarse to her own ears, she cringed internally at the dryness of her throat and allowed her eyes to wander over the ship.

"You might call this my home away from home." Barezz commented, handing her cold water.

Absently Darana nodded, accepting the glass. The last thing she remembered was killing the Captain of the Destroyer she had been assigned to, then complying with the Emperor's order to enter Cryo, but then, why was she here, awake and with Barezz. Anger flared inside of her, but turned to frustration as the glass slipped from her hands.
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20

Easily Wynn caught the glass and returned it to Darana. This time she took it with both hands, she nodded thanks and sipped from it. "You will need some time to recover from the cryofreeze." He told her.
"How are you feeling otherwise?"

Darana's eyes narrowed. 'Why.' she sent to him. Not wanting to speak aloud.

"Why did I release you? or why am I involved?"

'Both.' The confusion, anger, and frustration conveyed in her mental response was mirrored in her body.

"The Emperor has ordered that I be your guardian for the time being."

The frown etched itself deeper into her features.

"I am fulfilling that directive. So I would appreciate it if you did not immediately attack me.

Darana laughed unpleasantly, she had no intention of attacking him, at least not yet.

"I released you so that we could chat. You have been a loyal and faithful citizen of the Empire but, your power grew to rival that of the Emperor so you have been punished. Your household has been punished."

A million emotion filled retorts came to mind, unable to send them she settled on the one that fell first to her lips, "Chat?"

"Frankly," Barezz announced, "you deserve better."

A raised eyebrow greeted Wynn's admission.

"Tell me, since you were taken into custody, have you been able to communicate with your household members?"

"That is none of your concern." She snapped.

"Actually....it is."

Darana ignored his insistence and finished the glass of water.

Barezz watched her as she attempted to stand, "Would you like to contact them now?"

"No."

The Sith lord paused, it was not the reaction he had expected from her.
"No?"

"No." She echoed, stretching her legs.

"Are you afraid to contact them? Afraid you'll endanger them? or afraid that they won't believe that it's you who is contacting them?"

21

Darana glared at him, "Trying to goad me into doing whatever it is you want will not work Barezz."

"Darana, from where I view things, you could use an ally or two right now."

"Is that what this is? You are attempting to be an ally?" The sarcasm laden in her voice.

"Do you have so many right now that you can throw one away?"

Unsteadily she stepped out of the chamber, still holding it with one hand, "Then you have done quite a bit as my ally. If that is what you offer, stand aside."

With shaky legs she began to walk towards the door. Wondering if Barezz would stand aside.

"You won't survive out there."

A satisfied smile crept to Darana's lips.

"And I am willing to be your ally. I am not willing to put my head on the chopping block instead of yours."

She turned a little to quickly to face him and reached out to the chamber once again to steady herself, "what do you want?"

"My orders were to keep you on ice and to shoot anyone who comes to find you. Kill on sight."

"I didn't ask your orders!" She shot back to him, finding strength and solace in her anger, "I asked what you wanted."

"You are precious cargo, my dear. I don't want your family coming to find you. Tell them to stay away."

Darana blinked in surprised.

"If they come here. I will kill them. I have no desire to destroy them. If I contact them, they will come despite what I say. They might obey you."

"I doubt they will." She replied, the irony hitting her full scale. It was rare when her house actually listened to her if they perceived her to be in danger. The number of times she had tried to tell them her life was never her own. She shook her head, remembering the last conversation she had with the Emperor, "I can not communicate with them. It would violate my own orders."

"Those orders?

"No communication whatsoever with them."

"I see." He replied curtly.

Darana pulled herself up and walked the rest of the way to the door. Barezz following. To her surprise, Wynn opened the door for her and a ramp it descended into a huge cavern of bright white and soft blues. Darana stood there momentarily, appreciating it's beauty and it's dangerous. She glanced at the cliffs of ice and compressed snow passing for walls and smiled.

22

Easily now she snatched up the bundle that contained her clothes and sparse belongings and exited. The stairs and cliffs were too numerous for her to count. The force would have to get her through
this.

Slowly she picked her way to the edge of the boiling pool, attempting and failing, to feel the warmth of the steam on her still cold face.

"I would ask that you stay with me a while longer."

"Why?" She glanced back at him.

"There is much we have to talk about. And as there is no other company here, I would appreciate yours.

She laughed realizing she had no idea how much time had passed, it could have been days, or years. But no he had asked her to keep the house away, so it hadn't been that long. Or could it? She knew they would search for her until they had no other option. Finally she asked, "How long.....how long was I out?"

"I know how long I've had you. I do not know how long you were in cryofreeze before I took custody of you."

She nodded. A knot leaping into her throat.

"A week, perhaps two I'd guess."

Slowly she nodded again not really certain of anything, "You intend to remain here then?"

"For awhile. I have to keep you "on ice"."

Darana snorted. Barezz grinned at her.

"And then what?" Carefully, without looking, Darana reached down for the silk bag containing her now red stone and extracted it out of her bundle of normal clothing.

"Then I'll get new orders from the Emperor I imagine."

"Perhaps." She replied non-comitally, her voice slightly stronger, "So what you thought we would live here ever the happy couple?"

"I will obey as best I can." Barezz laughed aloud at latter commented. It was Darana's turn to find humor.

"You, who have possessed the body of my dead wife? No. I think not."
He replied after recovering. Then, more seriously, "And what do you intend to do?

Her voice was hard as she replied, "I have something to find."

"There are many 'somethings' in the galaxy."

"Indeed there are" She agreed, fastening the bag around her neck.

"Are you going to share the information of your quest or are you going to continue to be cryptic?"

23

"Why should I share this information with you? What if I said I intended to leave this planet? Then what? Will you stop me?"

"Darana, despite what I've done to you in the past I have no desire to be your enemy."

"You didn't answer my question." She demanded, ignoring his potential jaunt. He had done nothing to her.

"No I didn't. I'm not playing a game of "what if" with you." He replied evenly, "We are still working on "what is"."

"Then tell me what is, am I your prisoner?"

"Yes, and I hope you'll consider it that you are my guest. you were my prisoner when you were in that coffin. Now I hope you will stay as my guest." He paused and regarded her directly, "Will you stay....for awhile?"

Darana watched him back, considering her current state and the situation she was in. She was weak yet and needed food and they both knew it. He could easily over power her if it came down to it. She sighed, wondering how quickly he would toss her back in the chamber just to keep her from leaving or would he bring it down to a fight to keep her from leaving.

As if in answer, Darana watched as Wynn calmly extended his hand, the other one still resting on his light saber. Reluctantly she took it, "I wish you no ill will Barezz."

"Nor I you."

Darana nodded, knowing he spoke the truth, he was just following orders. No less than she would likely do. Except she would not have opened the chamber. Why put her through that.

"I can't let you leave. You know that."

Hesitantly she nodded again. Secure in the knowledge he would not lay his own life down in return for hers.

"Thank you."

Darana quirked an eyebrow. She hadn't promised him anything, simply agreed she understood.

"This cavern and the paths outside are filled with pits, traps and other deadly perils."

She nodded, understanding his intent to dissuade her.

"Come, stay and eat with me. I shall tell you the news about your household."

Darana frowned, quietly returning with him to the shuttle. As he sat down with her at the table Wynn broke the silence that had followed while he prepared their meal of TaunTaun steaks, "Now, since you said you were under orders not to communicate with your household, I'll assume you've kept those orders."

She bobbed her head in agreement, "I have."

24

"Most of the household remains alive." He informed her. "All were interviewed by the Emperor after the household was disbanded."

Darana sat there quietly, listening. She hated this, hated being here with him, hearing this from him. She didn't want to know.

"Many are still seeking you, if you are still alive." He continued. "Sidra had an unfortunate run in with a Jedi. She's had to be repaired. More machine now than human. Several were reassigned across the systems, a few have managed to disappear of their own choosing."

She listened quietly as he related his knowledge of events to her. Nodding here and there, unfortunate about Sidra. She was worth more than just becoming machinery.

"Unfortunately... Michael is dead." He said, at last coming to her adopted son.

Darana nodded and looked down at her plate. She wasn't entirely surprised by that. The Emperor would not put up with as much as she did from him.

"Slain when the rebels infiltrated and attacked the Imperial Palace."

Her head snapped up in surprise, "Slain by the rebels?"

"I'm not sure of the details."

"hmmm."

"Only, that is when he died. In an explosion."

Darana nodded, uncertain what to think, and continued eating. There was little she could do.

Is there anyone in particular that you are concerned with?

Slowly Darana exhaled, the bitterness unmistakable as she parroted the Emperor's words to her, "The house is no longer my concern." her shields slammed defensively into place. "No."

"...I...see."

She eyed him around yet another mouthful of steak. Wondering if he did, if he could understand.

Wynn continued to eat, making an awkward silence that Darana was grateful for.

She finished her meal in the first real moments of peace she had felt since being out of the Cryo chamber. Wynn watched her as she cleaned up the table, then finally turned to him, "Now what?"

"Excellent question." He stated softly, "Is it my move or yours? I was hoping we'd be able to get to know one another better and become allies. Seems that is not going to be an option. I will respect your privacy and your own agendas."

"What is there to know?" She demanded, "Allies are there to assist one another, they are not in conflicting juxtaposition." She looked about the ship.

"Allies can only be so when there is trust. We do not trust each other."

Darana smiled slightly, "You misread me Wynn.....you have never given me cause to not trust you...you simply stand in the way of my goal currently."

"If I knew of your goal I might be able to assist you as an ally would."

Once again her eyes narrowed, "Then take me back to Coruscant."

She watched him through a long pause. "Why?" He finally asked, echoing her first question she asked when she awoke from the cryofreeze.

"So that this might be settled." She replied, watching him closely.

To his credit he was considering her request, "You are asking me to disobey the Emperor's direct orders." He watched her closely and asked again, "Why?..."

Darana sighed quietly, reluctant to tell him the truth, "I told you this was a conflicting juxtaposition." She shook her head, "A direct conflict of interests."

Finally, angrily, she replied. "Because I will not spend the majority of my life in Cryo."

"Nor do I wish you to. What are you seeking?"

"Nor will I spend it here." She was determined.

"Nor do I wish either of us to." Barezz agreed with her and asked again, "What are you seeking?"

Darana looked at him, confused and angry. She had wanted to retire, to leave the empire and quietly disappear. "Then let me leave, I will just disappear and you will never hear from me again." Her voice low and soft. Almost hopeful.

"If I let you leave, I will never be heard from again and my ego is far to big to allow that to happen."

"So then don't let it be your fault I disappeared." She replied with the obvious.

"Yes, I see where you are going with this line of thought."

Darana tilted her head; watching and listening.

"What is it that you are seeking?" He repeated.

Briefly she glanced to the side, not wanting to meet his gaze, then back to Barezz. He was not going to let her around it. "My life."

"Very well." Came his quick response, "Return to the cryochamber. I will return you to the Emperor as I found you."

Her heart rate rose as she looked at him sideways, his meaning and intent unclear.

"If he shall grant you clemency, you will have your life back."

"No." She shook her head, "I want no one speaking on my behalf...it is not between any other." She considered demanding why she would need clemency, she had done nothing, The Emperor had promoted her, but she knew his meaning all too well. There was an unofficial death sentence on her.

"You misunderstand me. I'm not going to plead your case."

A questioning eyebrow rose in response.

"I will return you to the Emperor that is all. So that you and he may discuss your future."

"You would be disobeying orders."

"Yes. I would." Barezz agreed.

Once again Darana shook her head, the panic rising up inside of her, "I will not give him the chance to hang me as a decoration."

"No I wouldn't think you'd brighten up many rooms."

Darana smiled, the panic subsided.

"Darana, I want you to do something that you probably don't want to do."

"I thought that was already clear." She replied defensively, concerned. Barezz had never been known to state the obvious. The electrical system's flickered the control slipping over her changed abilities.

"Don't do that." Wynn warned her. "It will be most unpleasant should life support give out on this planet." He waited until she had her emotions under control before continuing, while using the Force to control the power surges in the shuttlecraft. "Darana, I want you to trust me."

"I have trained for years to survive on planets this extreme and others with opposite extremes...I know how to live.....It's not you I don't trust with this topic." It was the Emperor she didn't trust right now.

Wynn's emotions grew strong and he found it difficult to control his rage. Darana's plight had touched him deeply as he long ago had forsaken his 'life' for power and vengeance and his new role within the Empire. "DAMN YOU!"

With a quick move, he struck out with his lightsaber and slashed at the cryofreeze chamber. Then he looked directly at her, and deactivated his saber.

From a forced calm she watched him, facing another who seemed angry was always a signal for her to calm down and think her way through the situation. Quickly Barezz turned his back to her and began to remove some belongings from compartments and placed them into a satchel.

She remained where she was, watching as food rations, survival gear, medpaks, and a blaster went into the pack. He turned again, tossing an Imperial code chip to Darana.

She caught it as he turned and recorded a message on the comm system. "The Imperial shuttle, New Moon is under attack by Alliance forces. I have released my prisoner Darana Cairnfell after the destruction of her cryochamber. We will attempt to escape. Barezz out."

Once more he turned to face Darana, Those codes will allow you full access to my shuttlecraft."

She looked at Barezz, confused, was he really doing this?

"You will take this shuttle and tend to your personal business. I will remain on Hoth."

She stood there in shock.

"My life remains with the Empire Darana. I hope that you can find yours."

She relaxed as he turned to open the ramp, "Wynn I can't take your ship." For the first time genuine emotion and gratitude in her voice.

Barezz stopped in the Cavern. "Are you unable to pilot a shuttlecraft?"

She shook her head, "I am perfectly capable and you know it....Thank you." She replied, still stunned he would do this for her.

"Then I see no reason why you can not take this craft" He withdrew his blaster and began shooting the exterior of the shuttlecraft creating scorch marks on the skin.

Darana nodded to him, "Thank you." She lifted the crystal briefly, "I will see to it you get her back eventually."

"I wish you success Darana Cairnfell."

"And you Wynn Barezz, the force be with you."

Wynn turned away and continued to walk into the cavern away from the craft, stopping to watch it as it departed.

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Grand Admiral Myra Larkin

Imperial

Physical Description:
Race: Altarian
Homeworld: Altar
Age: 38
Profession: Military
Height: 5’3”
Weight: Average for height
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown
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Disguishing Mark: None

Personal Information
Marital Status: Single
Spouse's Name: None
Children: None
Mother: Rissa Larkin
Father: Talber Larkin
Education: Imperial Naval Academy

Force Training: No
Master's Name: None
Light or Dark: Neither

Psychological Description
IQ: Average
Fears: None

Temperament: Even temperament.

Likes: Unkown.
Dislikes: Rebels.
Pet Peeves: Incompetence and laziness.
Goals in Life: To destroy the Alliance and serve the Emperor and the Empire.
Favorite Color: Black
Drink: Altarian Wine.
Pasttimes: Weapon Smithing.
Food: Meat
Hobbies: Exercises and martial and weapon training.

Military History
Rank: Grand Admiral
Status: Active
Army: Imperial
Branch: Fleet

Special Abilities: From a heavy 2g world at least 2 times stronger than humans. She is a weapon smith, explosive/demolitions specialist. She is a weapon specialist and martial artist. She has special mental training to with force users and resist force users.

Personal History:

Myra graduated second in her class at the academy. She graduated form the Imperial Naval Academy at age 19. She is a career officer. She started off in weapon ordinance on a Star Destroyer. While she was serving aboard Lord Vordis's Star Destroyer she received orders to report to the Imperial Palace to meet with a Darana Cairnfell. She was interviewed to be her second in command of her household. She received special training regarding ground forces, espionage, interrogation techniques, resistance to interrogation techniques, fleet operations (so she could command Darana's Fleet), and tactics both ground and fleet. Receive promotions while serving in Darana's Household, she eventually reached the rank of Rear Admiral. At the Emperor's orders she was promoted to Grand

Admiral to take command of the Emperor's Own Fleet – the Flag ship was ESD Eclipse. Under special conditioning she killed Lady Barezz and attempted to kill Darana. Emperor reassign her to Darana for reconditioning and retraining. She completed her reconditioning and retraining. Upon the breakup of Darana's Household she was reassigned to her former position of Grand Admiral of the Emperor's Own Fleet and is now on the Flag Ship ESD Eclipse.

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Lady Sybil

Imperial

Physical Description:
Race: Human
Homeworld: Unknown
Age: Unknown – looks in mid twenties
Profession: Sith Master – Court Seer
Height: 5'3"
Weight: Average for height
Hair: Black and White
Eyes: Blue
Disguishing Mark: None

Personal Information
Marital Status: Unknown
Spouse's Name: Unknown
Children: Unknown
Mother: Unknown
Father: Unknown
Education: Several degrees Medical, Xenobiology, Psychology, Sciences and several others through out the Centuries.
Force Training: Yes
Master's Name: Unknown
Light or Dark: Dark

Psychological Description
IQ: Above Average
Fears: None

Temperament: Even temperament. Friendly and tolerant.

Likes: Nature, stars and cooking.
Dislikes: Unknown
Pet Peeves: None
Goals in Life: To serve the force and to serve the Emperor and be at his side forever.
Favorite Color: All colors.
Drink: Tea.
Pasttimes: Studying the possible futures.
Food: Crumpets
Hobbies: The study of dead souls and necromancy.
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Military History
Rank: Unknown
Status: Unknown
Army: Unknown
Branch: Unknown

Special Abilities: A true seer. Force talent Bio Manipulation. Knowledge of ancient ways.

Personal History:

She has always been seen serving the Emperor even before he was a senator. When he came into power he made her his Court Seer. She is a Sith Master. She is totally devoted to the Emperor and she advises the Emperor and does whatever he wishes. She is adept in bio manipulation. Most think believe that she is crazy because of how she describes her visions. However, anything she tells regarding her visions come true. She seems old but appears to be in mid twenties. She has a new student Retroy that she has begun training. The Emperor and Lady Sybil seem to have some special connection she always shows up when he needs her most.

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<u>(Kerra) Avon</u>
Imperial

Physical Description

Race: Human
Age: 28
Height: 5 3'
Hair: Dark Brown [almost black]
Homeworld: Unknown
Profession: Mercenary, Sith Master
Weight: Average
Eyes: Brown
Disguishing Mark: Tattoo on left arm a white snake entwine around a wolverine.

Personal Information
Marital Status: Believed to be Single
Spouses Name: Unknown
Children: Unknown
Mother: Unknown
Father: Unknown
Education: Unknown

Force Training: Yes

Masters Name: Luke Skywalker, Darana Cairnfell

Light or Dark: Dark

Psychological Description
IQ: Genius
Fears: Betrayal. Tends to kill the betrayer.
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Temperament: Professional. Keeps her word. Vengeful. Paranoid. Fear of letting others know how she really feels in case it is then used against her. Loner and a survivor. Ruthless. Cares more than she leads people to believe.

Likes: Unknown
Dislikes: Unknown
Pet Peeves: Unknown
Goals in Life: Unknown
Favorite Color: Unknown
Pasttimes: Unknown
Hobbies: Unknown
Drink: Unknown
Food: Unknown

Military History:
Rank: Unknown
Status: Unknown
Army: Unknown
Branch: Unknown
Special Abilities:

Computer specialist, weapon design specialist, interrogation, blaster, hand to hand skills, security systems, piloting, tech skills, espionage skills and apparently has command skills as well.

Owner of the Phantom, a prototype heavily armed and defended freighter.

Personal History:

All that is known is that Avon showed up at Port Lansing 14 years ago as Prisms bodyguard. Avon later became Prisms partner. Avon was the leader of the Rebel Forces for three years at Port Lansing. For some unknown reason she stepped down as Rebel leader and Sandorff was given command.

It was puzzling that Avon was the leader of the Rebel Forces because she is listed as a Merc. Imperial Intelligence has found that Avon has never been a Rebel Officer. Only thing Intelligence has found is that Avon had a strict contract with the Rebel Alliance. Intelligence has not found out what is contained in that contract.

Although Avon stepped down as commander, she was still very trusted and respected in the Rebel Alliance. Avon was also very much in the command structure of the Rebel Forces at Port Lansing. Last report was that Avon was in charge of espionage [sneaky stuff] at Port Lansing,

No information has ever been found on her background. Rumor has it that Avon has erased this information from the computers.

Avon is considered by the Empire armed and dangerous. Avon is known to be carrying several weapons. Weapons she carries are knives, blasters, throwing stars, and some instances she has had demolitions supplies on her person.

Avon, is now a Sith Master in the Empire. She has established her own house and holds loyalty to Darana. Her hatred of the Emperor still remains, however she is loyal to the Empire. Avon is now considered by the Alliance as armed and dangerous.

Avon usually wears black.

Scum & Villainy

As always I'm still looking for submissions. Leslie

A RIGH FALLEN
Geri Kittrell

(Takes place after James Casselbury's Corellian Braveheart)

"Nathan", Kirienne yelled as she saw the Righ of Clan Nighthawk drop to his knees. Kirienne and Tylen quickly hacked and slashed their way through the enemy lines to get to him. Reaching him just before he fell, prone, to the ground, the two Sidhe warriors dropped to their knees beside the fallen chieftain. Kirienne gently turned Nathan face up and cradled him in her arms. A quick mental scan told Tylen that the highlander's wounds were fatal, he used mind-speak to break the news to Kirienne as she stroked the fallen chieftain's long hair which was matted with sweat and blood.

Although his pain was great, Nathan only grimaced. A Highlander, he was far too proud and stubborn to cry out with the pain of his wounds. He turned his head just enough to look into Kirienne's pewter grey eyes, what he saw there somehow gave him comfort and strength.

As she caressed the Nighthawk Righ, she used her magic powers to undo the stopper of her silver flask, which held the precious Sidhe-wine.

While she poured several small sips into Nathan's mouth, Tylen wrapped the Righ's scratched, cut and bloody fingers around the hilt of his sword.

Being a bard, Tylen had some special magic of his own and he soothedNathan with his voice as he quietly spoke, "Nathan, laddie, ye'll be needin this blade later." The Righ managed a whispered response, "Nay, Tylen. The blade should go ta me daughter, Prism."

Kirienne gently placed her hand on top of Nathan's and reassured, "Not so me friend, ye'll be needin it for battles when we get ye home 'cross the veil"

Nathan Nighthawk had a joyful twinkle in his eyes as he gazed into Kirienne's deep eyes and asked, in a low whisper, "Lass, how can this be? I am no of the old blood?"

"Aye Lad, ye ha enough o'the blood to secure your entrance into our realm, into the dancing circle."

Kirienne kept trying to quiet Nathan, so that the Righ would have strength to last a few minutes longer. Finally, after his show of persistence, she asked him what he wanted to say. His response did not surprise her.

"Kirienne, tell Prism ta avenge her Da and alla highlanders who have died. I ask a boon of yerself, that ye will help her in this, and that you will look after her, Sara and the Highlands. Swear it on me sword, milady, please."

"Righ Nighthawk, I do swear this solemn oath upon this blade, that I will indeed help Prism avenge all the death brought to the Highlands. I swear too, that I will always, forever and a day, look after the Highlands. I will look after Sara and Prism and give to them such help as they need." Upon hearing the final words of her oath, the Righ of Clan Nighthawk gave himself over to the mantle of darkness, which was gently covering his bleeding and broken body. With the chieftain's last breath, he uttered a war cry, with Kiri and Tylen joining in, then the three of them disappeared, shielded from view of mortals by the mist Tylen had earlier called.

Sometime later, in the depth of the SidheKing Forest, a feast was being prepared. It would be the homecoming feasts of Nathan Nighthawk, newly come to the dancing circle of the Sidhe. Massive wooden trestle tables were set up and meats were set to roasting above small fires. The scent of freshly baked bread could be smelt throughout the forest. Casks of ale and the precious Sidhe-wine were set out near the brightly colored pavilions which had been set up to house the food.

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Suddenly, the former Righ of Clan Nighthawk began to stir slightly, a smile creased his lips as he heard the faint tunes of the war pipes. He slowly opened his eyes and was astonished by what he saw, Kirienne stood nearby talking to what looked to be a prince, Tylen sat nearby playing his clarsach (wire strung harp). It took some few

minutes before Nathan realized that he was being tended to by healers, one look at them left him no doubt that they were Sidhe.

Kirienne was the first to speak, "Be at your ease laddie, the healers are almost done with their work. Ye are home now in the realm of the Sidhe."

After a few more minutes of attention from the healers, Kirienne took Nathan by the hand and pulled him to his feet, "Come, Nathan, yer King would speak with you before we dance."

Nathan was led to the grove where the SidheKing was waiting, sitting upon his stone throne. Nathan fell to one knee when he reached the king's presence and spoke, unsure of correct protocol. "Me King, Sire, I thank ye for allowing me entrance to this realm, and for the help ya have sent to the Highlands."

The monarch rose and stepped toward Nathan, he took his hands and raised him to his feet. "Lad, you are here by blood-right, you have some of the 'ancient blood' in your veins. While you will never have all the powers of the Sidhe, you will in time learn to use the few powers you do have. When you have gotten used to it all, you'll find ye can visit the Highlands at your will. Now, let us feast and dance. There will be time enough to look about and choose your dwelling 'there are many castles here with unoccupied chambers."

The Sidhe gathered at the feasting tables and enjoyed the food and drink, which was in plenty; more food than Nathan had seen in some weeks. When the feasting was done, the moon had fully come up and it was time for dancing.

The King took Nathan by the arm and led him to an open grove where Sidhe musicians were just starting to play. The Queen of the Sidhe herself chose Nathan to be her partner after she danced the first dance with her King. Kirienne was next to partner Nathan in the dance, when they'd finished, she looked deep into his eyes and spoke reassuringly, "Lad, I go back to the Highlands now, me work is not yet done. Ye will feast the night away, and explore yer new home. I'll see ya soon" With that, Kirienne and Tylen winked at Nathan and were gone.

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Constance Silver

Physical Description
Race: Human Homeworld:
Age: 24 Profession: Mercenary (Assassin/Smuggler)
Height: 5'9" Weight:
Hair: Dark Brown Eyes: Dark Brown
Personal Information
Marital Status: single
Spouse's name: n/a
Children: n/a
Mother: Amaryllis Silver (deceased)
Father: Jacob Silver
Education: No major formal education
Military History:
Force Training: none Rank:
Status:
Master's Name: Army:
Light or Dark: Branch:
Psychological Description
IQ: above average Fears: men
Special Abilities: assassination and smuggling
Temperament: fairly even
Likes: A good stiff drink, a good source, and a fast ship
Dislikes: Men
Pet Peeves: n/a
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Goals in Life: keep business good, keep men distant from her unless absolutely needed otherwise, stay alive.
Favorite Color: black, reds, blues, and greens Drink: anything that can make her forget unless she is working.
Pastime: n/a Food: n/a Hobbies: n/a
Personal History:

When Constance was a young child, she learned the hard way that life doesn't always deal you the best hand. When she was nine-years old, her mother's brother came to live with her and her family. During that time he would sneak into Constance's room and touch her. He told her if she said anything that he'd kill her, or her mother. That even if her parents did believe her, they would think badly of her and call her things such as slut and send her away. Constance believed him and never said anything. She allowed her uncle to use her body for seven years, when finally at the age of sixteen she ran away from home.

Constance soon realized she had a lot to learn still. The one thing she did know was the art of pleasing a man, and she used that particular skill to her advantage. She often became the lover of any man willing to allow her on his ship. She learned what she needed to from each ship, then moved on. Soon Constance began to gather the knowledge she needed to become a smuggler herself. A freak job she had to take thrust her into the world of a hired assassin, which she found another skill in.

Constance has separated herself from any form of lover now that she has her own ship. She has tended to be a loner. While on her journeys she came across a kitten that took a liking to her. It followed her back to her ship, and has been her companion since. It's an odd kitten. It looks like any other kitten would, but it has butterfly shaped wings coming out of its back with resilience of dragon's wings. Its wings are black and white to match the kitten's black and white fur.

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D'Kahn Ti'ska, Lord of Brasten
Physical Description
Race: Human Homeworld: Nebula
Age: 23 Profession: Intell/Senator/Merc
Height: 5'8" Weight: n/a
Hair: Dark brown Eyes: light brown
Personal Information
Marital Status: Single
Spouse's name: n/a
Children: n/a
Mother: Lady Al'cia Risk'n-Ti'ska
Father: Lord Connor Ti'ska (deceased)
Education: Military school: Intell specialist/ Nebulian University
Military History:
Force Training: No force
Rank: achieved rank of a Captain in MS.
Status: Retired
Psychological Description
IQ: high Fears: n/a Special Abilities: n/a
Temperament: Fairly even. Has learned to control his anger, but he can have a fiery temper.
Likes: n/a
Dislikes: Narrow-minded people
Pet Peeves:
Goals in Life:
Favorite Color: green Drink: n/a
Pastime: n/a Food: n/a
Hobbies: reading; hiking
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Personal History:

D'Kahn Ti'ska wants adventure. He's a Nebulian intell specialist that has traveled the galaxy during missions and trade agreement trips on behalf of Nebula. He learned to smuggle both items and people along the way. He has a thrill for danger and often seeks it out. A fighter by nature, he's fiercely protective of himself, his family, and anyone he allows in his inner sanctum. Three months before Midalah reclaimed the throne, D'Kahn's father passed away. The late Lord of Brasten had a seat in the Legislation. D'Kahn has become the new Lord and now holds a seat in the legislation. He doesn't always have to appear for meetings, but when he does, he sends his assistant Willyam in his stead for short things. Willyam is a rather rude and uncouth man. He will often do short trade runs when D'Kahn can't get away from his legislative responsibilities.

D'Kahn is quick with his tongue and wit, but has the utmost respect for people, especially women. Due to their close age, Lord D'Kahn and Queen Midalah are good friends, but nothing more. D'Kahn is a trusted advisor and he delivers intel information to Midalah. She tends to look to him when she needs information or even a complex trade job that she knows he could handle. They have been friends since they were young children, and D'Kahn too was friends with Lon Solo growing up.

RUN By Jilly Harris

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Searching

By 'Manda Wilcoxen

(OOC: Set 2-3 weeks after Media)

La'Shanna Dorf sighed to herself. The people at Port Lansing were less than helpful in helping her find Mern. The only information she was able to get was that they only saw him and only remembered him by the cloak he wore and his set of claws.

She had only been looking for him for just half a year now. In fact, it had been right after she had found her parents dead did she choose to go after and try to find her brother.

"I'm searching...I'm searching...searching for you..." she murmured under her breath, sighing. She *really* hated that Mern was so well trained; it made her job of finding him a lot harder!

Currently, she was still in the piloting chair of her small cargo ship that she had stolen and looked at the recent report of someone spotting Mern Dorf on Tattoine.

Tattoine? she thought to herself. *What's he doing there?* Shrugging to herself, she reset the coordinates to that planet.

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Merrill Lynch

Free Spacer - Smuggler

Physical Description

Race: Human Age: 32

Home world: Tattooine - Mos Eisley - Western Sector

Profession: Sales, trade, smuggler and repair of personal firearms

Height: 5'8" Hair: Brown Eyes: Brown

Personal Information

Marital Status: single

Mother: Jani (58)

Father: Augustus (60)

Brothers and Sisters: There are 7 kids in all, but Merrill is the only daughter. The oldest is about forty. Their names and ages are: Kal (40), Riley (36), Merrill (32), Dante (22), Ike and Izzy (twins, 16), and Reese (8)

Education: Home schooled by her mother, very good with numbers. Assigned the family accountant for the business at age 12. Learned the fine art of dealing with all types of customers while having a blaster close at hand hidden under the counter next to the family account ledger. Also pressed into service as babysitter and disciplinarian for younger siblings when needed.
Force History: N.A.

Psychological Description
IQ: Above average
Fears: For the safety of her younger siblings in Mos Eisley's anything-goes environment.
Temperament: Good natured, fair, but has limits. Not easily prone to anger. Knows when its time to talk and time to pull out a blaster...but always done in a calm way. Would never kill someone given a choice. Favorite targets are feet and kneecaps if.
Likes: Time alone out in the Jundland Wastes on her speeder away from the city. Will sometimes camp out alone overnight. Her brothers think she's a little crazy for doing it.
Dislikes: People who try to pull a fast one on anyone in her family.
Pet Peeves: Constantly in clean-up mode around the house and the family business with all her brothers wandering about...
Goals in Life: To join her two eldest brothers Kal and Riley doing smuggling runs in the family cargo ship through space. Her parents try to keep her home because she helps run the business. They are also trying to over-protect her, as parents are known to do.
Favorite Color: Green - Because there's so little of it on Tattooine!
Drink: Doesn't - at all...besides, have you been inside some of those bars lately???
Pastimes: Reading, perfecting blaster skills behind the family store on targets and in the desert.
Food: Vegetarian. You don't want to see what passes for meat these days.
Hobbies: Collects different types of music from her brothers' travels. Also has a simple instrument that she practices on when alone. (Looks like a recorder). Has been known to sing or hum a tune during work.
Military History: N/A
Special Abilities: Can pretty much hold her own in a fight, and won't hesitate to grab an eating utensil to defend herself if short on weapons. She's also very good with numbers. Has also been learning the fine art of forgery from her mother to make some of their business transactions go easier under Imperial scrutiny.

Personal History

Merrill's life as the family bookkeeper was put on hold when her two eldest brothers Kal and Riley failed to show up at a rendezvous for a shipment of parts several systems away. Augustus, fearing the worst, takes Merrill with him to find out what happened to his two eldest sons, leaving his wife and his 22-year-old son Dante to run the business and look after Ike, Izzy, and little Reese.

During their search for the two missing sons, Augustus gives Merrill a crash course in their contacts and way of doing business out in open space. To his surprise (and dismay), Merrill knows far more about their clients than she should for being the family "bookkeeper." She also proves a quick study when it comes to piloting their ship out of trouble.

After much searching and several close calls, they find Kal and Riley, but they are both already dead. Augustus knows that he's too old to take up this part of the business, and formerly hands it over to Merrill. She tells her father that she will handle this end of their business, and he warns her not to spend time looking for Kal's and Riley's killers at the expense of the rest of the family. Her first order of business is to the living, not the dead.

She understands, but as she watches her father board a cargo ship with two coffins bound for Tattooine, she knows that there is room in her father's heart for revenge if she chooses to seek it, and she will.

In between smuggling runs, of course...

Player: Lisa Van Houten

The Statutes of the The Alderaani Convention and Galactic Relief Treaty

Thes statutes provided by the Diplomatic Embassy are intended for the ultimate welfare of all persons in this galaxy. They set forth guidelines of fair and humane treatment, in peace and in war, of all victims in need of medical treatment, as well as individuals who are taken as prisoners of war. These statutes are as follows:

1. The recognition of Galactic Relief as an organization of the Diplomatic Embassy and therefore impartial in any conflicts. For this reason, members of this organization are not to be fired upon in war-time as they provide medical treatment to the injured on both sides of the conflict. They are not to be taken as prisoners of war, nor restrained from performing their duties as impartial medical assistance.

2. A sum of 30,000 credits from each side in the conflict will be provided to the Diplomatic Embassy for Galactic Relief's medical supplies, equipment and personnel.

3. Officers of Galactic Relief will make periodic visits to prisoners to insure their fair and humane treatment. When interrogated, prisoners need only reveal their name and rank. They are not to be maltreated, drugged, or otherwise coerced to reveal any other information. Galactic Relief will file reports on their findings in this area.

4. Complete cooperation with the officers of Galactic Relief is expected from any side in conflicts.

5. Charges for violating these statutes in war-time can be filed by officers of Galactic Relief to the Diplomatic Embassy and constitute a penalty or fine to be determined by the Diplomatic Embassy in a hearing.

We, the undersigned, do agree to follow the above statues prescribed by the Diplomatic Embassy:

Grand Moff James Casselbury

Princess Leia Organa Senator and member of the former royal house of Alderaan

Prism Nighthawk for Sonya Wells Mercs guild head

Salem Stormbringer

Isarra Vader

Dr. Rachel Tilenis Galactic Relief

Role Play Round Up

From the Role-Play Coordinator

I would like to thank Becky, Phaedra, and Dana for helping me get all of this info together and in one place.

The club timeline is a compilation of role-play that occurs throughout the year. Events in the Timeline **are not always public knowledge** and should NOT be used as In-character knowledge without first gaining the approval of the persons involved.

The Who's Who is a listing of characters and the Division/Section they are in.

It is the policy of the Role-Play Coordinator to revise inaccurate information when it is discovered and to Include the changes in future printed Timelines and Who's Who as well as the online version. Anyone spotting an error is asked to please report the change to Dora Furlong sparrowh@deathstar.org or reach her at the address listed on the back of the newsletter.

Chat Room Etiquette

We have seen an increase in large chat room Role-Play's (RP's) these past several months. These chat rooms can be very difficult to follow along with what is happening as we increase those visiting in the room. Here are some basic guidelines folks in FoE have used to help keep the confusion down:

1. Stick with In Character (IC) conversation only unless it is absolutely imperative to speak out of character (OOC).
2. Flies keep absolutely quiet during RP. Outside comments can throw folks off and interrupt the flow and can lead to confusion.
3. When RP is already in progress and you invite a fly in…in the comment fields type in Quiet Zone: RP in progress . This lets the person know that RP is mid stream and if they enter the room and immediately say hi it will interrupt the flow of the RP.
4. Even if you do not get a comment about RP occurring, when entering a chat room where you know RP has been going on, observe before commenting. Then if the RP is halted or OOC conversation is going on say hi.
5. If you are going to span more than one line in a large chat room it is good for everyone in the chat room to agree on something that will indicate that you are done speaking. Such as @ or /8.
6. If a problem or confusion arises during an RP, take the concern to the person coordinating the RP in another window, outside of the main RP, unless it's something extremely vital to what's going on.

FoE Who's Who

The Galactic Empire
Imperial Fleet Forces

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
Nysa Avell	Geri Kittrel	Captain	SVD *Heresiarch*, Emperor's Fleet
Marcus Dethe	Mike Arquilla	Captain	SVD *Sovereign*, Emperor's Fleet
Rizen Haska	K.V. Moffet	Lieutenant	Rikon's half brother, Pilot and diplomatic aide to Rikonis Vader Rividh
Deziree Haviland	Dora Furlong	Captain	SVD *Autarch*, Emperor's Fleet
Bryna "Skeet" Kane	Pat Grant	Admiral	Head of Special Ops unit Phantom Fleet
Myra Larkin	Pat Betz	Grand Admiral	ESD *Eclipse*, Emperor's Fleet
Mira Lexor	Ginna Wilcoxen	Commander	Scientist. Former Imperial Commander on *Heresiarch*

Garrek Palpatine Harry Sober _____ Anelis' Son, Fighter Pilot ISD *Lightning*
Electra Rigel Suzanne Anders Captain ESD *Eclipse*, Emperor's Fleet
Orin Velman John Medkeff Rear Admiral
Zephyr Leslie Danneberger Captain SVD *Autocrat*, Emperor's Fleet

Imperial Ground Forces

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Catriat Aull Seth Bonder Lt Commander Special Forces Academy. Sniper/instructor; Jen's husband
Penn Quantrell Rob Stuemke Sergeant Scouting and Recon, speederbike unit
_____ ? ? AT-AT driver

Imperial Ground Forces - Red Guards

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Crimson Darkknight Suzanne Anders Captain Red Guard. Telekinetic Force user;
Janin Firestorm Phaedra Whitlock Sith in training Red Guard; Darana's Niece; pyrokinetic
Psylocke Jago Lammashta Courtney Kraft Sith in Training Former Red Guard. Frequently possessed by ghosts. Grand Daughter of Darth Maul
Michael Logan Mike Arquilla Lt Colonel Head of the Red Guards. Telekinetic Force

Imperial Intelligence Bureau

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Eric Daniels Patrick Furlong Sith Lord Commands special unit in Imperial Intelligence and is acting as an Imperial Diplomat to the Alliance. Ex-Chief of Household Security and the Household Intelligence Service
Katyana Renee Gunn Lieutenant Intell Officer, field investigator
Kyra L Matthews Dora Furlong Imperial Intelligence under Eric Daniels command. Empath
Talia Matthews Dora Furlong (contracted) Imperial Intelligence. Wife of Eric Daniels. Formerly of Alliance Intell
Rook Armand Banooni Captain Mercenary/infiltrator. Crime lord's son.

Imperial Sith

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Jarek Alderson Patrick/Dora Sith Master / Lord Ruler of Shardakour. Sith Academy instructor; creator of reeducation centers; held imperial throne for several months [deceased]. Killed first wife, was killed by second wife, Anelis.
Arcturus Mark Cogan Sith student Emperor's Apprentice. Member of Darana's household until Darana ordered his execution
Avon Pat Betz Sith Master Computer Specialist; mercenary
Wynn Barrezz Kirk Taskila Sith Lord Widowed with 2 children. Former head of INN propoganda ministry, former head of alien slave work camps. Destroyer of Zoric.
Mistress Belladonna Suzanne Anders Dark Priestess Emperor's ex-sister-in-law Interrogator/herbalist.

Darana Suragar Cairnfell Dora Furlong Sith Lady Ex-Red Guard; Ex-Governor of Valass and planet named Homeworld. Ex-Emperor's Hand; assassin; former head of Red Guards and Household
Eric Daniels Patrick Furlong Sith Lord Commands special unit in Imperial Intelligence and is acting as an Imperial Diplomat to the Alliance. Ex-Chief of Household Security and Intelligence Service
Katherine Retroy Darkfire Katy Cargill Sith Trainee Assigned to Lady Sybil; Tatooine native
Janin Firestorm Phaedra Whitlock Sith in training Red Guard. Darana's Niece; pyrokinetic
Jerrid Halvan Phaedra Whitlock Sith Apprentice Son of Chief Archivist; Taras' apprentice
Mara Jade Dora Furlong ? Mercenary and Rebel. Ex-Emperor's Hand/ Assassin; not Sith; brainwashed by Anelis
Lilith Janus Angel Grewe Sith Mentor to Jennifer. Ex-Leader of the Palpatine Youth Movement; turned in her parents
Jennifer Dora Furlong Apprentice Assigned to Lilith Janus; Light Sider
Kaehlyia Jilly Harris Apprentice Bird shapeshifter species. Abused as a child
Klaw Armand Banooni Sith in Training Bodyguard to Samantha, Ex-Member of the Household; Felinoid shapeshifting species
Psylocke Jago Lammashta Courtney Kraft Sith in Training Former Red Guard. Frequently possessed by ghosts. Grand Daughter of Darth Maul
Melora Lexor Viper Sith in Training Lieutenant Colonel; Anelis' apprentice
Koross Mathem John Medkeff Sith Lord Regent of Zoron; Ex-Jedi, Early follower of Palpatine
Anelis DeMergata Palpatine Terri Ruwe Sith Master Princess; Lt Commander; Mother to Garrek. Widowed after killing her husband Jarek Alderson upon Emperor's return to life. Several force sensitive children. Arquila Labs.
Celesta 'Raven' Palpatine Phaedra Whitlock Sith Master Princess, Governor of Messina, Emperor's adopted daughter, former cloning Director, Former Assistant Physician to the Emperor
Felanna Palpatine Mary Orwig ? Princess. Missing youngest daughter of the Emperor
Illyana Palpatine Mary Orwig ? Princess, Granddaughter of Emperor, Child heiress to throne of Iskander
Trinian Palpatine Mary Orwig Lt Commander [ret.] Prince. Emperor's son/Illyana's father. Beloved of Azarra Vader. Hates his dad.
Shade Rob Smith Sith Governor of Valass. Ex-Chief Security of the Household
Luke Skywalker (Dark) Angela Varesano (MW) Jedi Master Single
Andre Stiasny Heather Melville
Phoenix Joe Dorffner Sith in Training Ex-Member of the Household
Silver Cathy Kehoe Sith in Training Ex-Member Darana's Household
Cassandra Steele John Medkeff Sith Lady Physician to the Emperor. Doctor. Mother.
Taras Steele John Medkeff Sith Lord Lord Chamberlain; Sub-Regent of Zoron Sector, History teacher and author. Father and son of a Jedi.
Lady Sybil Pat Betz Emperor's advisor and personal farseer.
Very old and in tune with the Force
Daara Vader June Edwards Dark Lady Healer
Silennes Vader K.V. Moffet Dark Lady

Imperial Civilians, Bureaucrats, and Miscellaneous Forces

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Michael Cairnfell Dora Furlong Adopted son of Darana, Assassin
Bunny De'Scant Mandi Hall Fashion Designer. On a campaign to get rid of Jedi and anyone else wearing brown robes or bright orange
Persis Devyani Phaedra Whitlock Governor's Aide

Gija Metieh Seth Bonder Administrator/Court liaison officer; occasional interrogator
Bell Orela Dana Terry
Shi Orela Katy Cargill Thief
Daddy Orella Armand Banooni
Gothar Palpatine Rupi Prince. Nephew to Emperor, Watching for treachery; fanatically Royal
Karadon Sate Pestage Seth Bonder Grand Vizier to Emperor
Sidra Roamstar Pat Grant Assassin; Cyborg; mother
Rikonis Vader-Rividh K.V. Moffet Where to begin...
Xisor Joe Dorffner Head of Black Sun Cartel; crony to the Emperor; reptilian non-human with pheremone abilities
Corwyn Patrick Furlong Free spirit; former Household; former Jedi student

The Alliance To Restore The Republic
Alliance Combined Operations

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
M. Branwyn	Dora Furlong	General	Director of Combined Operations
Eric Penndragon	Patrick Furlong	General	Former Chief of Operations (deceased)
Brynn Sulien	Rebecca Miller	Lieutenant Colonel	Aide to Branwyn

Alliance Fleet Forces

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
Cal Anderson	Mark Cogan	?	Pilot
Luke Skywalker	Angela Verasano/ Season Irwin	Lt General	Jedi Master
Donovan Treece	Harry Sober	?	Defected from Empire

Alliance Fleet Special Ops Forces

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
Rauss (Nora Blazer)	Angel Grewe	Captain	CO 'Flight of Dragons' Squadron. Technical genius; Rogue; Survival Instructor
Torin Dakale'	Geri Kitrell		Corellian Psychiatrist assigned to 'Silverflight' Squadron
Prism Nighthawk	Leslie Danneberger	First Lieutenant	Corellian Jedi Knight. Righ of Clan Nighthawk
Kirienne Nigheansidhe	Geri Kittrell	Unit Commander	Corellian Jedi Knight. Riddari Warrior. Ghost. 'Silverflight' Squadron Leader

Alliance Ground Forces, Infantry

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
Vala Halathea	Phaedra Whitlock	Sargeant	Heavy Weapons & Communications Officer
Malcolm MacDermott	Patrick Furlong	Major	Commands 25th Seminole Dragoons, Mechanized Infantry
Keira Martial	Phaedra Whitlock	Colonel	Commands Ilnaris Base
Duncan Ravenwood	Patrick Furlong	Major	Commands _____
John Rose	Patrick Furlong	Major	Alliance 33rd Rogers infantry. Leader of failed coup. (Deceased)

Alliance Ground Forces, Intelligence Service

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Lilandra Ardane	Dora Furlong		Assigned to Ground Forces Intel Psychological Operations
Catrina Aull	Dora Furlong		
Brin Chevarra	Heather Melville	Colonel	
Alicia Grey	Dora Furlong	Lieutenant Colonel	Special Operations under Sherri. Sensitive
Sune Ilath	Phaedra Whitlock	Major	Womprat Leader, Handler for field agents
Owen Iridian	John Medkeff	Major	Head of Analysis Section at Langley Base
Keith	Amanda Wilcoxxen	?	Womprat 45, Field agent, formerly of Analysis Bureau
Ashley McGee	Pat Betz	Colonel	Former Director of Alliance Intelligence (Deceased)
Sharra N'Aquivar	Heather Melville	Major	Combined Operations; Sensitive
O'lea Sarijek	April	Lieutenant Colonel	Chief of Operations; empath
Aella Skott	Ginna Wilcoxin	Captain	Alliance Intelligence Communications
Season Windstar	Season Irwin	Commander	Clone of Darth Vader's wife
Trent	Amanda Wilcoxxen	?	Womprat 36, Field agent, formerly of Analysis Bureau
Sherri Wilkes	Pat Betz	Colonel	Director of Alliance Intelligence
Rachel Wylde	Phaedra Whitlock	Lieutenant	Handler, Sensitive. Branwyn's special division

Alliance Counter-Intelligence Service

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Floyd Clark	Patrick Furlong	Major	Head of Counter Intell

Alliance Ground Forces, Medical Branch

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Dr. Ezra	Armand Banooni	Doctor	
Nicole Selune	Phaedra Whitlock	Doctor	Gene-engineer, assigned to Yavin Base

Alliance Ground Forces, Security Branch

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Percival Bay	Carla Rodriguez	Colonel	Head of Alliance Security. Former head of palace Security on his homeworld; fashion icon
Elton	Rob Smith		Valet to Percival Bay
Furgus Murphy	Patrick Furlong	Lieutenant Colonel	Deputy Chief of Alliance Security
Cynethrythe Frithuwulf	Phaedra Whitlock	Lieutenant	Security Officer. Sensitive
Raych Firestorm	Phaedra Whitlock	Lt Junior Grade	Security Officer. Sensitive
Patrick Hawkwood	Patrick Furlong	Colonel	Former head of Security, Avalon Base(deceased)

Alliance Miscellaneous Forces

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Han Solo	Ken Keisel	Fleet Admiral	Corellian ex-smuggler; Captain of the *Millennium Falcon*
Jar-Jar Binks	Armand Banooni	?	Gungan former Representative from Naboo
Olnah Derrineen Rendar	Debbie Silverberg		

Alliance Civilians

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Leona Catdancer	Joyce Kreuz		Computer skills and weapon level is high
Kelsiana Turim	Zena Carson		Wife to Jedi Master Turim
R2-L8	Phaedra Whitlock		Sentient Astromech; former Alliance Fleet, Supply Ops till wiped and reprogrammed; Budding movie director

Jedi and Jedi Apprentices

NAME	PLAYER	RANK	NOTES
Cerelina Ivy Arynne	Renee Gunn	Jedi Padawan	Apprenticed to Master Rintala. Trained in physical skills rather than meditation
Blaze	Renee Gunn		Pyrokinetic; former Household
Ebon Chavel	Bryon Mosley	Jedi Padawan	Apprenticed to Ricia; formerly trained by Nik-Vie. Very serious
Braedon Colter	Janice Mergenhagen	Jedi Padawan	Healer
Kaliandra Daroa	Rebecca Miller	Jedi Knight	Former apprentice to Alida; Cybernetic foot
Persis Devyani	Phaedra Whitlock	Jedi Padawan	Imperial Governor's Aide
Toola Dora'qua	Becky Miller	?	Trained at the Praxeum
Alida D'med	Dana Terry	Jedi Master	Head of the Jedi Council; non-human old style Jedi
Alidar D'med	Armand Banooni	Jedi Master	Non-human old style Jedi
Kalamytha Dusau	Ginna Wilcoxin	Jedi Master	
Danna Esme	Heather Melville		Doctor; Apprenticed to Master Zuren
Lena Galassdow	Phaedra Whitlock	Jedi Padawan	Junior Padawan Representative to the Jedi Council, alien
Pan-Fu Gwok Ho	Ron Wilcoxin	Jedi Master	Ancient Jedi
Octavia Synn Jinn	Ginna Wilcoxin	Jedi Apprentice	Grand daughter of Qui-Gon Jinn; apprenticed to Luke
Qui-Gon Jinn	Debbie Silverberg	Jedi Master ghost	Qui-Gon Jinn
Medenna La'Rose	Amanda Wilcoxin	Jedi Apprentice	Senior Padawan Representative to the Jedi Council; Alida's apprentice
Darien Lell	John Medkeff	Jedi Knight?	Tutor to a Kieren Lightdancer-Steele
Shevrin Matalla	Heather Melville		
Tory McNeil	Dora Furlong	Jedi Master	Healer
Kirienne Nigheansidhe	Geri Kittrell	Unit Commander	Corellian Jedi Knight. Riddari Warrior. Ghost. 'Silverflight' Squadron Leader
Prism Nighthawk	Leslie Danneberger	Jedi Master	Telekinetic Corellian Righ; former smuggler
Kylie Renoren	Valerie Kessler	Jedi Knight	
Cymemthymia Rintala	Jilly Harris	Jedi Master	Cymemthymia Jantzen Derlyne Mikasta Rintala
Sa' asarth, clan Kha' atari	Rachel Schmutter	Jedi Master	Noghri Jedi Council member
D'va Shinigami	Sharon Shugrue	Jedi Knight	Pilot; Unable to take a padawan
Sirra			Apprenticed to Prism
Leanna Skywalker	Barbara O'Rourke	Jedi Master?	Head of the Endor Temple; mother
Lerin Skywalker	Barbara O'Rourke	Jedi Padawan	
Jaina Solo	Mandi Hall	Jedi Padawan	MIA Rogue Squadron pilot; Daughter of Han and Leia
Luke's apprentice Lon Solo	Armand Banooni	Jedi Padawan	Son of Han & S'Lara; former student of Nik-Vie Windu; hot pilot Luke Skywalker (Light)
	Season Irwin (online)	Jedi Master	Single

Luke Skywalker (Dark) Angela Varesano (MW) Jedi Master Single
Rachel Summers Rachel Schmutter Jedi Padawan Apprenticed to Serris and Luke; House member -- attempting to disassociate and return to jedi
Serris Suragar Pat Betz Jedi Master Princess of Valass; Alien "vampire"; Aide to Branwyn (retired); Jedi Councillor
Ricia Targan Pat Grant Jedi Knight Knight Representative to the Jedi Council
Ro-zen Turani Rosalie Terry Jedi Padawan Apprenticed to Kaliandra
Kaelyn Wallen Barbara O'Rourke Jedi Knight
Nik-Vie Windu Kevin Rogue Jedi Currently missing; status unknown
Zuren Dana Terry Jedi Master Old Jedi, severely injured by Xanatos

Civilian Government

NAME	***PLAYER***	***RANK***	***NOTES***
Lee Beckett	Ginna Wilcoxin	President of Alliance High Council	
Evan Solari	Phaedra Whitlock	Former Foreign Minister; Senator	
Jeris	John Medkeff	Defense Minister	
Eribn BaSou	Aron	Aide to lee Beckett	
Shadow Va'Chon	LadyViper	Senator from Chevron	

Mercenaries, Freespacers, CSA Mercenary

NAME	***PLAYER***	***NOTES***
Liss Argent	Irina Ozernoy	
Ben and Soul	Courtney Kraft	
Blue Jawa	Tina Bentrup	Bounty hunter
Sindy De Sade	Mike Arquilla	Certified Executioner from 2G planet; untrained TK Sensitive
Takaara Dunne	Lisa Van Houten	Mercenary; Force null field; Raised by Jedi on Tatooine
Boba Fett	Armand Bannoni	Expensive bounty hunter
Flynn	Mary Orwig	Freelance pilot/paramedic; Mercenary with Tarrant's Raiders
Francis 6	Mike Arquilla	Imperial Bounty Hunter/Mercenary from Logan's Run; Temporal engineer
Jordan	Janice Mergenhagen	Pilot and friend to Azarra
Jenna Hooks	Cheryl Perry	
Khevyn	Season Irwin	
Daravik Kotewa	Terri Ruwe	Mercenary ex-rebel; ex-bodyguard to Princess Anelis
Colin MacDermott	Patrick Furlong	Professional Mercenary; Ex-Master-Sergeant; Ring Star Legion; Corellian
Silo Matthews	Ginna Wilcoxen	Very unpleasant henchman of Xanatos
Mern	Aron	Pilot and bounty hunter
Logan Midnight	Ken Lipka	Chieftain's son; member Ring Star Legion; Acidic skin
Mikala	Becky Miller	Unpleasant henchman of Xanatos
Grroften Raxillis	Dan Bentrup	Shistavenian wolfman bounty hunter. Captain of a freighter
Mortenh of Zeltros	Season Irwin	
Rook	Armand Banooni	Mercenary/infiltrator. Crime lord's son. Captain of the ISD *Revenge*
Sebastian	Ali Roark	
Arianna Selene	Phaedra Whitlock	Jack of All Trades; engineer with inability to settle in one job
Spice	Season Irwin	Mercenary
Taereel	Chris Barbeau	Head of the Ring Star Legion
Topaz	Patrick Furlong	Silent body Guard; Currently employed by Tara Alderson

T'Resh Angel Grewe Arms dealer/mercenary
Trehvor of Zeltros Season Irwin
Sonya Wells Leslie Danneberger Head of Mercenaries Guild. Time Lord bounty hunter
White Beard Ron Wilcoxen
Yahr Season Irwin

Freespacers

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***
Doriann Arsein-Davis Phaedra Whitlock Alien Force User; Commander of the Dreadnaught *Succubus*
Samantha Connelly Phaedra Whitlock Light Sider; Doctor; Cargo hauler; Pilot of the *Silver Lining*
Gerard Dore' Patrick Furlong Free Spacer; transports goods. Captain of the *Montreal*
Gundar Lynn Matheis Reclusive alien "adolescent"; pilot *Two Moons Rising*
Talia Matthews Dora Furlong Imperial Intelligence; Wife of Eric Daniels; Formerly of Alliance Intell
Jordan Nile Janice Mergenhagen Freespacer; companion of old Ben Kenobi from way back
Mequet Rhys Lynn Matheis Barbarian Healer; Gundar's partner; Dahlziel's Confidential Exports
Lon Solo Armand Banooni Son of Han Solo and S'Lara Mercetto (Solo)
Victoria Syn Amanda Wilcoxin Thief; Apprentice to Tara Alderson
Daniel Tarkanien Patrick Furlong Rogue Sith Lord; Alliance Intell Officer and trainer. Deceased
Tisianne (Dr Tachyon) Leslie Danneberger Prince; Former Imperial Lord Chancellor;
Gene specialist; Virus expert; Psi.

Legitimate Business Beings

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***
Tara Alderson-Palpatine Dora Furlong Anelis' adopted daughter; Sith; Queen of Shardakour; Smuggler
Jacen Arsein-Alderson Phaedra Whitlock Consort to Tara Alderson. Davis Freight Lines, Ridenow GeoSurvey Corp.; Mining consultant
Xanatos DuCruet Ginna Wilcoxin Dark Jedi.
"Fixer" Patrick Furlong CEO/owner Sidrat Enterprises; Time Lord; Electronic Control Systems Designer
Britta Hara Terri Ruwe Owner of two restaurants catering to the Empire
Karella the Hutt Dora Furlong Owner of the Gladiator Games on Tatooine
Khando Rob Smith Toydarian; Information Broker
Koross Mathem John Medkeff Sith Lord, Regent of Zoron; Ex-Jedi, Early follower of Palpatine
Suzie Murphy Dora Furlong Traveler; interior decorator; Captain of the *Ladybug*; Smuggler
Mequet Rhys Lynn Matheis Barbarian Healer; Dahlziel's Confidential Exports
Meike Jaceene Richards Dora Furlong Drayzen industries owner and CEO. Anti-Empire; Out to Reunite the Corporate Sector
Licari Rividh K.V. Moffet Freelance consultant/psychotherapist
Wendy Sanders Dora Furlong Sister to Moire Sanders
S'Lara Mercetto (Solo) LadyViper Han Solo's first wife. Shrewd cantina's owner.

Underworld Figures

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***
Karella the Hutt Dora Furlong Owner of the Gladiator Games on Tatooine
Morgen Carla Rodriguez Coruscantii Street Kid, Mentor to Klaw, Former thieves guild liason to the Household

Jordan Sauth Phaedra Whitlock Karada Sector based criminal cartel
Vair Phaedra Whitlock Karada Sector based Black Sun splinter cartel
Xisor Joe Dorffner Prince; Head of Black Sun Cartel; crony to the Emperor; reptilian non-human with pheremone seduction abilities

Notorious Pirates

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***

Ceilidh Sorsha A'Artair Geri Kittrell Independent privateer; Righ [Clan Chief] Arcadia
Mary Orwig Pirate with tendency to leave headless bodies around
Dani of Zeltros Season Irwin Zeltron outlaw
Ikara Javan Dana Terry Pirate

The Corporate Sector

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***
Mieke Jaceene Richards Dora Furlong
"Fixer" Patrick Furlong CEO/owner Sidrat Enterprises; Electronic Control Systems Designer
Mildred Walingford Viper
Talman Winters Kevin Assigned to the Nebula Contract??

The Independent States

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***NOTES***
Derek Ionsoch Armand Banooni Lord; Prime Minister of Shardakour
Deveron Arsein-Davis Phaedra Whitlock Alien Force User; lecturer at Coruscant University (on leave)
Jacen Arsein-Alderson Phaedra Whitlock Husband to Tara Alderson; Davis Freight Lines, Ridenow GeoSurvey Corp. Headmaster of the Shardakour Temple
Tara Alderson-Palpatine Dora Furlong Anelis' adopted daughter; Sith; Queen of Shardakour; Smuggler
M'lissa Renee Gunn Handmaiden, Princess???
Midalah Jilly Harris Young Queen of Nebula; was under seige by Corporate Sector
Victoria Alderson Amanda Wilcoxen Thief; Apprentice to and adopted daughter to Tara Alderson, ward of Shardakour throne.
Serris Suragar Pat Betz Jedi Master Princess of Valass; Alien "vampire"; Aide to Branwyn (retired); Jedi Councilor

The Diplomatic Embassy

NAME ***PLAYER*** ***RANK*** ***NOTES***
Azarra Vader Janice Mergenhagen Princess Former wife of the Emperor, bigamously
Jordan Janice Mergenhagen
Skoposs Stilette Sslzzt Rob Stuemke
Lyzette Chandler Dora Furlong

The Press Pool

NAME	***PLAYER***	***NOTES***
Brittany Moore	Phaedra Whitlock	INN
Nikki Silver	Phaedra Whitlock	TKIN
Knight Ridder	Patrick Furlong	
Tarvi Sitorian	Terri Ruwe	Galactic Inquirer
Cass Lundro	Dora Furlong	INN

The Local Color

NAME	***PLAYER***	***NOTES***
Erastus Tagish	Ron Wilcoxen	

FoE Timeline

January

Persis Devyani begins Jedi training with Master Kalamytha DuSau aboard Lansing Station

Talia Matthews and Eric Daniels are Married

At his birthday party, The Emperor produces a betrothal document between Azarra and Trinian Palpatine, pre-dating her engagement to The Emperor. He uses this pretext to divorce Azarra, who leaves Courscant for parts unknown.

April

Victoria finds out that Octavia has a little 'Jedi brat' following her around. Goes on a camping trip with Retroy. When she returns she goes on her first mission to rescue M'Lissa.

May

Xanitos Labs on Arridor announces grand opening, many visit including Tara and Victoria Alderson with Topaz, and Raven Palpatine also arrives separately.

Alida D'Med and Octavia travel to Arridor attempting to locate a lost ally.

Medenna LaRose is kidnapped.

Alida and Octavia are captured and tortured by Mira Lexor, who is a director of Xanitos labs. The pair escape only to be recaptured. At some point during their escape Tara makes contact with Octavia.

Tara visits the labs early and discovers that Octavia is held prisoner, she claims posession of Octavia, but is unable to take her off planet due to the local civil war erupting. The Lab is invaded.

Cassandra goes to Arridor to attend Xanatos Labs' product Demo. Brings Tarlon, Tirna, Janel, Attiles and Kathera Oris with her. She finds the plague and orders quarantine. Places bounty on Mira Lexor. Then Cassandra moves on to Port Lansing.

Mira Lexor and Xanitos escape from Arridor. However, the poison Mira has been working on somehow has been let loose among the general population.

Serris Surugar takes Lena Galassdow as a student

Alida has encountered her unknown brother Alidar.

Rachel Summers captured by Shade, during household meeting she is sent to the body banks by Darana.

Alida D'med, Kaliandra Daroa, Ricia Targen, Darien Lell, Ebon Chebal, Lena Galassdow and many others rescue Rachel Summers from Darana's goons en route to the body banks.

Retroy Darkfire breaks both of Mern Gadorf's legs. Mern Swears revenge and a bloodfeud begins.

Victoria Alderson contracts the Mira Lexor poison. Boba Fett devilered Octavia to her custody. Decided to beat her aunt while she had Octavia in her grasp. Was then contacted by the Jedi Council and was questioned about how Octavia's health was. Soon afterwards, she released Octavia back to the Jedi. Later that weekend, she was cured from the poison by Jedi Knight Kaliandra while she was in a Force Damping cell at Port Lansing.

Mern Ganon Dorf, bounty hunter appears on Port Lansing station and captures many bounties including Luke Skywalker, Alida D'Med, Octavia Syn Jinn, Han Solo, and Percival Bay.

Two mercenaries from the Calico enter Imperial Court and inform all present that an auction will be held for the cure to the mira lexor poison.

At the Jedi Council Meeting Rachel Summers relays her Awareness of the planetkiller's continuing swathe of destruction. Sune Ilath reports on what is known of the planetkiller and Rachel, Ricia, Prism, Kylie volunteer to investigate further, alongside the Intell team. The Imperial Intell liason agrees to coordinate with the team.

Shade, Eric, Takara, and other household members capture the two mercenaries. Eric interrogates them and discovers that their captain is holding Mira Lexor.

Mira discovers she is wanted and turns herself in to the nearest Imperial, which happened to be Shade.

Talmen Winters and several mercenaries claim ownership of Midalah's homeworld, Nebula, for the Corporate Sector Authority during Imperial Court.

Mern Assists Wendy Sanders in the kidnapping of M'Lissa, Midalah's Lady in Waiting.

Sharra N'Aquivar hires out to Wendy to assist in the interrogation of M'Lissa. It is discovered that M'Lissa knows nothing of the Imperial ships building up around her homeworld.

M'Lissa is ransomed back to Midalah for 10 million credits. The ransom is unsuccessful, but M'Lissa is returned and Mern and Wendy get away identity unknown.

Retroy approaches Darana about the possibility of going to the Jedi Academy to train. Darana is able to convince Retroy to stay in the Empire and work with Kylie.

Sharra captured by Darana. Kyra and Sharra speak as Kyra preps Sharra for her interrogation session. Eric and his students are given first opportunity to practice on Sharra. Other members of the house also interrogate Sharra. Finally Darana enters and begins breaking Sharra's mental defenses in a quick harsh manner. Risking Sharra's death.

Shan Connel assists Eric defending Talia from being captured by Talmen Winters. Janin assists Darana, Shade and Eric in his reconstruction and later in the torture of Sharra N'aquivar

Midalah is captured on Port Lansing by CSA Forces and taken back to Nebulah. She is rescued from CSA forces by Lon Solo, Mia Jesbar, S'Lara, Ricia, and Ebon.
Tara Alderson hired Mia Jesbar at Port Lansing to help out those who went to Nebulah. Mia stayed on Lon's ship and the rest went in the palace and confronted CSA guards as well as some of the CSA Force Sensitives, half the palace was destroyed. The group barely got out of the hidden tunnels as they were collapsing, and Mia had to take out groups of TIE fighters and other ships.

June
Shade followed Sharra to Shardakour and continued taunting her.

Darana attempts to follow Shaara and Talia to Shardakour, but is backed down by Tara.

Darien returns to Zoron.

Victoria meets a young boy, Kiefer'r who bugs her and asks her questions about her family. In turn, she finds out some information on him. They talk before she told him she had to go. He lets her go before returning to his friends and 'reporting' on how it went.
Following day, Victoria gave Kiefer'r a tour of Sharkdakour. He then convinced her to meet a few friends of his. While they talk for a bit, Victoria soon became aware of their voices going to a low whisper. Alert, she asked what was wrong and is told by Kiefer'r that he can give her the power to be even stronger than the Emperor himself. -- By joing his group/cult.
Feeling uncomfortable with how he was talking and how his friends were staring at her, she excused herself and left.

Two - Three Days Later...Kiefer'r pops back up. Victoria is slightly annoyed, but is also glad since Tara told her to study him and his group and report back. She asks him for proof for this "power" he was talking about.
Kiefer'r then broke her mental shields and violated her mind before she was able to push him away hard. Somehow, he convinces her to follow him somewhere. Victoria, now, is even more weary of him.

Blaze is sent on a mission to shardakour in an attempt to kill Kaehlyia. Blaze is freed of her control collar and the DarkSider who was controlling her. She is taken in as a student of the house.

The Household is disbanded. Darana is promoted to General and relieved of any duties relating to the Red Guards. She is reassigned to Ground Forces Special Operations.

Retroy and Alida meet on the Astral plane. They spoke about whether Retroy was happy being part of the empire and what she felt about the Emperor destroying the Household.

Shade is assigned as Governor of Valass. He is allowed to take Ralf Firestorm from the household with him.

Janin Firestorm assigned to the Palace and Red Guards permanently.

Jerrid Halvan Assigned to Lord Taras, along with Retroy Darkfire.

Lilith returns from the rim. Jennifer is placed in a cell then assigned to Lilith for training.

Serris collapses as Darana's links are severed. Barezz reworks Darana's force signature. Her force abilities now altered.

Octavia Jinn was assigned to go with Nik-Vie, D'va and Kaliandra to rescue Psylocke. Was recalled by the Jedi Council to answer charges of misconduct from Port Lansing. Never made it to Yavin joined up with her former ship the Electra with all intent to follow the team to Coruscant. Changed her mind when she had a vision/dream of Kaliandra and Medenna in trouble. Went to Hu'doc to rescue them. Was able to rescue them only with the aid of Alida D'med and Alidar D'med.
Octavia then headed back to Yavin to face the Jedi Council and to answer the charges of neglect. Luke Skywalker stood by her as well as Kirienne Solo and the ghost of Qui-Gon Jinn. All charges dismissed and she was allowed to resume her training.

Anti-pink rioting breaks out in the Capital. Melora Lexor and Wynn Barezz devise anti-pink cures, while fashion aficionados attempt to talk Retroy down. The private war between the Mern and Retroy escalates across transmissions and revenge fantasies, and the procurement of carbonite freezing chambers...

Midalah requested Jedi training but found another to teach her and instead offered the Jedi the use of the former Temple on Nebula. A team Tory, Kalamytha, Alidar and Harlan are going to investigate it.

Sonya Wells has asked for training and suffered a mental collapse. Alida and Octavia rescued Kaliandra and Medenna from Xanatos.

Aella Skott sent to Yavin to help the Jedi break codes to allow them to get to Coruscant to rescue Ricia.

Darien continues training the Mathem lightsider on Zoron. DuSau continues training Persis Devyani when schedules permit. Sharra suffering nightmares sets fire to her rooms and joins the rest in medical. The Jedi have also been invited to Ilnaris for the ceremonies.

Mira Lexor captured by Alliance Intelligence. She was rescued from the Steele household and now sits in an Alliance cell on Langley. Mira is awaiting trial by the Alliance and expecting death as she refuses to give out anymore secrets... Kaliandra as well as other Intel personnel are trying to convince her to work for them and to turn over any secrets of Xanatos..

O'lea talks to Mira.

Ricia Targan captured during an attepmt by the Jedi to rescue previously captured Jedi Trainees from the palace.

Lee Beckett called a meeting with Alida D'med to find out what the Jedi expect out of the Alliance.

Master Kalamytha Du'Sau has more conversations with Persis, heads back to Yavin to meet with the council to deal with Octavia Jinn's refusal to return to answer their/her questions. Unhappy of the supporters that Octavia have at the meeting, Du'Sau agrees taht nothing should be done in the form of punishment.

Late June Sharra comes to Yavin. Tory McNeil obtains her promise to remain on yavin for rest and relaxation and major healing.

Tara sends a transmisison to the Jedi Council demanding the return of Sharra N'Aquivar to Shardakour.

Zuren takes on Lon and Danna as students

Alidar D'med rejoins the Jedi

Retroy Darkfire and Alida D'med begin meeting on the astral plane by chance.

Darana survives her mission in Alliance territory wounding Sune Ilath in the process. Darana sends off the information to the Emperor and is orderd into Cryogenic chamber. She complies after killing the Captain.

July

Blaze escapes with Kaehlyiah from Coruscant. Kaehlyiah and Blaze part ways at the planet of Vermullian II.

Ricia Targan 'returned' to Yavin by the Emperor on a shuttle programed to crash. The shuttle crashes just outside the Jedi Temple. Ricia survives.

Cheverra arrives on Yavin to survey damage and speak with Sharra

Octavia has spent much of her time alone and training, talking to Alida and Alidar and spent some time on Kirienne's ship.

Octavia went to a gathering with some of the other students and told a ghost story. Has remained unnaturally quiet since the council meeting.

Distress message from Vermullian II is sent to Jedi Council to assist in capturing a "demon" that is killing livestock.

Octavia asks Kaliandra to go with her on a trip once she is healed.

Mia Jesbar captures Medenna La'Rose beleiveing she was hired by Medenna's father only to find out it was actually Xanatos Du'Cruet.

Xanatos captures Kaliandra Daroa and mangles her foot.

Aella Skott Still on Yavin, has not been reassigned.

Again, he tells her that he will show her yet another piece of proof that he has this...power. -- He brings back her mother. Victoria was able to touch her and even hear her talk. This suddenly perks Victoria's interest and she asks Kiefer'r how to bring her mother back.
The next day, Victoria went to Tara and talked to her about it.

Master Rintala and her Padawan, Cerelina are sent to Vermullian II to capture the "demon". They succeed in catpuring the "demon", whom they learn is named Blaze. They bring Blaze back to Yavin and the Jedi temple. Alidar is asked to take Blaze into his care and assist her in learning the ways of society and how to live in a human society.

Lee Beckett sends a delegation consisting of Evan Solari, Brynn Sulien attends representing General Branwyn, Lt. Colonel Chevarra, Owen Iridian, and Prism Nighthawk to meet with Eric Daniels.

Princess M'lissa of Nebula began to have nightmares. She approaches Danna, Lon and Master Zuren to assist her in

understanding them further so they will cease to plague her. The dreams do not stop.

Tory and Sharra arrive on Shardakour, after the Jedi Council agrees to send her and Tory. Alida will be checking in on them from time to time.

A bounty is put out for Eric Daniels, Talia Matthews, and Victoria Alderson.

Chevarra arrives on Shardakour.

Shardakorian ships are attacked by pirates.

Du'Sau still on Yavin.

Alida D'Med and Retroy Darkfire still meeting by chance on the Astral plane. They also begin to communicate via transmissions.

Rintala and her Padawan go after a creature and bring back Blaze

Retroy informs her master, Lady Sybil, about the astral meetings with Alida. Alida and Retroy confirm a place to meet in person with Master Du'Sau and Sybil with them.

Barezz arrives on Hoth, sets up booby traps around a very remote cavern, then wakes up Darana. After conversation he sends out a transmission to the Empire that they were attacked by Alliance.

Darana takes Barezz's shuttle to a nearby planet. During the trip she arranges to meet up with Deveron at a more secure location. She returns the shuttle to Hoth with a mind-controlled pilot. Darana is contacted by Rauss who agrees to take her to the coordinates set up by Deveron.

Intel picks up the transmission from Barezz and The Emperor's response. They also become aware of one by Lord Vader. Intel activates two operatives in the area of Hoth, Keith La'Rose and Trent.

O'lea contacts fleet to request confirmation and update of the original transmisison by Barezz.

After being captured for 3 weeks by xanatos, Medenna and Kaliandra are rescued by Alida and Octavia. Alida and Octavia went to the planet and hooked up with Alidar who had infiltrated working with the animals there and I'm kind of fuzzy on the details until Xanatos leadOctavia to where Kali and Medenna were being held captive in force field pods. He offered the ultimatum that she join him or else basicly. She didn't and the then Alida who was lurking in the shadows freed Kali and Medenna while Octavia and Xani fought.

Alida met up with Alidar and they got the girls to the ship. Only you come to find out that Xani and Mikala let them escape...They refer to Kali and Medenna as "Their pets".

Mikala has planted all kinds of spying devices on the girls and each has a nasty surprise that one but Mikala and Xani know about.

August
Retroy's mother's ghost appears to Retroy for the first time.

Princess M'lissa begins training with Lady K'rrine, a former Senator of Nebula, in both the use of the force and Senatorial duties.

Mikala takes Xanatos to Telos. They argue briefly over where to place the ship. Mikala places a tracer on xanatos.

Tara, Victoria, and Topaz go to Telos to investigate Xanatos and Mira's work in the labs. They run into Xanatos. Tara decides to try and capture Xanatos, just as they reach him Alliance Forces are attacking. Tara stuns xanatos mentally and removes him from the building as Victoria cuts a hole in the wall with her lightsaber. But they are met by Alliance Forces.
Tara attempts to retain Xanatos, but fails. The Alliance is determined to hang on to him. So Tara leaves with Victoria and Topaz, returning to Shardakour.

Mikala attempted to rescue xanatos, but was realized the overwhelming forces and decided to bide her time.

Victoria becomes very unahppy with Tara. Before they leave Telos, she breaks away from tara, but then returns. Once aboard Tara's ship and in space, Tara puts Victoria through several simulations of the situation they were just in. All resulting in death for the small group.

Eric Daniels, Rook, and Talia Matthews visit Yavin.

Chevarra meets Daniels on Yavin

O'lea talks to Xanatos.

Talia and Rook escorted to Langley by Brynn Sullien. Talia intending to interview the agent who obtained the info on the bounty for her and Eric Daniels.

Chevarra returns briefly to Shardakour to speak with Tara.

Chevarra leaves Shardakour to head for Langley, intending to loop in Yavin, but is captured by Mikala and Silo Matthews. Che is able to contact tory, who in turn contacts Jacen Arsein.
Alicia Grey is informed and she passes information to the Alliance. A rescue mission is mounted by the Alliance.

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