

It was another day for Captain Wolve Excelsior Berkana, aboard the ISDII Hammer, doing his usual thing of going to the simulator for his daily masochistic behavior. Nobody ever questioned it, it would be more surprising if the Ithorian didn't go to punish himself with hours of simulator time. His big feet quietly stepped through the hallways of the Hammer, which he had proudly cleaned only the day prior. Wolve's trusty vacuum had ensured all the dust and grime from having a multitude of different species aboard a ship, had been dispatched properly. Wolve had somehow managed to get his Jawa co-pilot, Major Gytheran to not only stop stealing the vacuum, but even had his help to upgrade the suction of it so it would get even the most stubborn of Ewok hair and follicles off the metal floors. Wolve entered the simulator room, coincidentally it was right next to the Lambda squadron office with a connecting door. As soon as Wolve entered the simulator room, a Jawa snuck out from behind the simulator cockpit. A quick few Jawa noises came from Gytheran as he hid a spanner behind his back. Wolve felt he could see an awkward smile, but who really knows what is going on underneath those glowing eyes. MAJ Gytheran spoke some basic when he needed to, even if it was completely broken and caveman style conversation. *How did he make it to Commander of Lambda again?*, Wolve thought as he stared suspiciously at the Jawa, who was obviously hiding something behind his back. "You fly now!", the Jawa commander said as Wolve rolled his wide spread eyes before moving his way over to the cockpit. With an unexpected sly movement, the old Ithorian hopped into the cockpit as the capsule enclosed. The sound of a weird hiss and click was new, and hours upon hours in that cockpit meant that Wolve knew something fishy was going on. He tried to open the cockpit but it was locked somehow from the outside. Suddenly, two glowy eyes popped up in one of the side windows of the cockpit. "ReMob, you SP!" the Jawa screeched with his stereotypical Jawa voice. Wolve sighed in stereo noises with both of his Ithorian mouths. *Bastard*. The Jawa scuttled away, leaving Wolve resigned to face wave after wave of SP in order to knock out the requirements for the Squadron Remobilization competition of the Emperor's Hammer's TIE Corps. Although the Fleet Commander and TIE Corps Commander probably didn't envision trapping squadron members and forcing them to do activity, this is exactly the results based performance that the tiny Major was known for accomplishing. Somehow with Rear Admiral Genie having been promoted, despite the odds, and the former Ewok commander being indebted to pay back at least a partial amount of the insurmountable damage he's caused, it left a Jawa in charge of Lambda squadron. It would be considered strange if Lambda wasn't already known to be strange. The old Empire would've exterminated these aliens, but through empowering them, they brought a weird new element of unpredictability to the table. This was something that the TIE Corps was able to value quite a bit, even though it came at a tremendous expense having Lieutenant Colonel Solohan crash ship after ship, and damage the Hammer's hangar so frequently that a fully operational Hammer hangar was something nobody had seen in years.

Major Gytheran skipped like a child down the hall, his hooded robe bouncing up and down through the Hammer's hallways. As he passed the simulator where he had left Wolve a day earlier, he could hear some groans in stereo. But he decided not to stop in and check on the Ithorian. He looked at his wrist display and pulled up the ReMob tracker. Some SP progress had been made, but there was still a lot to do. More time in the simulator for the poor Ithorian.

Who would the Jawa have complete the Imperial University Courses? Well, despite there having been some valiant effort made by certain pilots in order to properly mobilize the squadron, he needed the wildcards to also dig deep. The Jawa came up with a plan for his Pantoran Lieutenant Commander to finish the required Imperial University Courses. A few hallways down from a trapped Ithorian, a Pandoran Lieutenant Commander by the name of Calvin Phrick was taking a nap in his quarters. The sound of a peaceful soothing music aided him in obtaining that excellent sleep. Calvin wasn't seen outside his quarters much, mainly because he spent all of his free time building obscure figures from a different realm. Despite this, he had been one of the longest serving Lambda members in the squadron.

A short creaking noise from the ceiling mixed in with the sweet lullaby that was flowing through Calvin's room. Of course it was the Jawa commander in the ventilation shaft, a place he knew all too well. He peeked in through the opened grate with his bright eyes at a peaceful looking Calvin, slumbering calmly. As he pulled a small burlap bag from his belt he snickered at what he was about to do. Gently dropping the contents of the bag down the grate into the room. The Jawa retreated back down the ventilation shaft from which he came.

Not long later, the Jawa commander could be seen standing down the hallway of Calvin's room, with a clear line of sight at the pandoran lieutenant commander's door. His shiny eyes continuously checking his watch, impatient at the next step. His eyes widened as if a smile crept up in the darkness, when he heard a yelping scream emanate from the direction of his focus. Calvin's door opened as he screamed. He only made it one step outside of his room before the Jawa pushed a button on his wrist control device that opened a trap door where in the old days a welcome mat would be. This trap door caught Calvin who flailed his arms in despair as an echoing yell faded away into obscurity "SPIDerrrSSSSSSS!" "UTINI!", a jubilant Major Gytheran yelped, successfully springing his trap. A deck below, an out of breath Calvin landed on a pillow that seemed Ewok or Jawa sized barely helped him break his fall, mitigating a more terrible injury. He looked around and found himself in a room with no doors, just a mere terminal ahead of him. Locked in the terminal was a screen with simply "Imperial University, please log into your account" shown. *That damn Jawa!* Calvin thought as he wiped the sweat off his blue skin and prepared to log in.

What else did the Jawa commander need accomplished before he could notify the TIE Corps Commander that Lambda had completed all tasks for the Squadron Remobilization? He took a look at the ReMob counter display, where he saw the requirement for mission design. It was time for a trip to the lower decks of the Hammer, he realized. He found the closest turbolift and pressed the lowest deck of the Imperial Star Destroyer. He realized that this next project might be a little trickier than the others, as the lights dimmed over the robed Jawa as each passing floor passed him by faster and faster. As the stench grew stronger before the turbolift doors even opened, the second they did, the Jawa himself not the rosiest smelling fella, was taken aback by the pungent odor that immediately attached itself to his robes and nostrils.....*do Jawas have nostrils?* Despite this, he continued onward onto the deck labeled "The Brig". Here, reject Lambda members, alien species of all kinds, and former active duty pilots that were awaiting transfer to an unwilling M/FRG Phoenix were located. The issue with having so many different species in a single squadron as an experiment, meant that the experiment often failed, so the Hammer had converted its lower deck into a brig, where some of the aliens who didn't

make the cut were stationed. Also somehow the engineers on the Hammer had been able to use the potent odor as some kind of jetfuel which was useful in emergency situations. Because of this usefulness though, no proper filtration system was installed. Gytheran peeked through the filthy hallways, with most of the rooms having a blue forcefield active on them, with their prisoner inhabitants actively looking out to see who had just graced them with a presence from the upper decks. The Jawa commander, normally very calm, was a bit nervous as he saw species that he had never seen before with teeth larger than his entire torso behind some of those force fields. As he passed quarters and scary species after scary species he went to where he could hear desolate screams of what appeared to be someone either dying or being tortured. The Jawa turned a hallway corner only to be faced with a horrific sight. It was his fateful counterpart having regressed to his old ways of bloody murder, as he saw Lieutenant Colonel Solohan adding some zucchini to a large pot of soup. The little Ewok was surrounded by the armor of his enemies and random passerbyers, but no bodies could be found. The walls in the dead end of the hallway definitely had some unrecognizable bodily fluids on it. As Gytheran looked over at Solohan, all he could really distinguish was a cuddly looking bear whose outline was only visible as behind him a huge flame heated a large pot of soup. What was said next between the two was absolutely not understood by your narrator, because somehow the Jawa and Ewok had their own ways of communicating that skirted portions of both sign language, basic, Ewok and Jawa (nese?). It did appear that at some point the Ewok offered some of his soup to the Jawa who seemed to definitely refuse it, which was odd for a Jawa to do as they were known hoarders. It appeared Lieutenant Colonel Solohan was serving some type of penance in the depths of the Hammer, likely a punishment from the outgoing Admiral Phoenix Berkana, who was passed up for promotion and relieved of his position as the Hammer Commodore and BattleGroup Commander and sent to some unknown position that seemingly was not important....Rumor was that, Admiral Silwar's credit card statement came in and a lot of credits were somehow charged to a bunch of Solohan's favorite liquors and a gratuitous amount of zucchini. Well, High Admiral Plif was not too happy hearing of that at the same time he was being shown the annual budget and the starfighter replacement costs that were incurred by one specific pilot. Admiral Phoenix may have been the fall guy, but somehow he might have gotten the last laugh as Solohan was put in charge of the Brig who also prepared the food for the rest of the Hammer. As one could think, quality of food on the Hammer had seen an all time low, and many of the dishes now included some type of zucchini dish. Who knew there were so many ways to utilize zucchini? Solohan knew.

As the narrator, I digress. The Jawa somehow got the Ewok to start preparing future missions, which would first be tested in the simulator by the poor Ithorian. The Jawa saw the numbers on his digital wrist display increase, representing a multitude of tasks completed by Lambda Squadron for ReMob. The Jawa commander decided to focus on his next target: Major TheBlackXRanger. Upon returning to the less stinky decks where Lambda Squadron was primarily focused, he ended up finding the Zabrak Major eagerly planning out task after task to complete. Was there really no trickery needed to get this Major to complete ReMob tasks? Then he remembered that he had gotten the entire Squadron to convince MAJ TheBlackXRanger that the winners of ReMob would get a new award, the IS-ZR or the Iron Zucch as Solohan would refer to it as. That in itself seemed to be enough motivation to get the

Zabrack Major to accomplish task after task for Lambda Squadron. Little did he realize that the award itself was just simply an internal Lambda award that wasn't legal to wear on the TC uniform due to its phallic shape. Solohan awarded it in extremely rare cases, but it had been a hot minute since Lambda had last seen one awarded to one of its members....giggity.

With MAJ Wookiee out on a mission, which in itself was already supporting ReMob, there was little left to do for the Jawa commander. But there was still one Lambda stow away that he could exploit to do the Lambda Remob tasks. He pulled up his tracking beacon on Lieutenant Commander Therj.....Spartan. Maybe the Jawa could pronounce his name properly, but it was definitely almost impossible to say in basic for your narrator. Spartan, a Chiss like Rear Admiral Genie, was nowhere to be found usually, so Major Gytheran installed a tracking mechanism that he injected in him one day when he found the chiss sleeping. Spartan was on the ISD Warrior now? *How did he get there?* The Jawa Commander had no idea until he looked at the duty roster in the Lambda operations room and noticed that the chiss was doing a community outreach program. Helping another community! Make it make sense, the Jawa thought in his own Jawa internal dialogue.

A few dings popped up as Lambda squadron was edging closer to having all tasks complete. It had been several days at this point. Gytheran went to check up on Wolve. Wolve had completed the simulator challenges and was clinging on to life as he had not had any sustenance in several days. As Wolve's imprisonment was over he immediately ran over to the Lambda yogurt cooler and indulged himself in more yogurt than any individual should eat at once.

Gytheran decided to check up on Calvin. "I've been done for 3 days with this stupid Imperial University course! Let me out!" he yelled up at the tall ceiling hatch through which Gytheran popped out his head. Gytheran checked his wrist monitor and noticed that there was one Imperial University Course still pending before it was complete. "No verified, you wait!", Major Gytheran responded as he closed the hatch and walked away from Calvin's large amount of profanity that this narrator dare not to repeat in fear of breaking the code of conduct rules.

When Gytheran visited Solohan, he saw plans for an operation in which everyone would turn into Ewoks. The Jawa knew it sounded a bit too familiar, as if it had happened before and that the likelihood of it happening again was extremely high. Yet, he also didn't mind what it said, as all that mattered was that the ewok would complete the specifics of the task at hand.

In the same way, Gytheran also turned towards the narrator and with his glowy eyes directed at me, pressed a button on his wrist display. "Family released, go now!" in his most evil of basic voice. I realized he meant that I could finally stop writing, for I must have hit the number of words necessary for Lambda to be finished with ReMob, and that I could finally see my family again now that they were safe.