

I have a bad feeling about this – written by General Master

Admiral Stryker, grimaced as he started out the bridge viewport of the mighty *ISD Challenge*, (the mightiest of the mighty, fearsome spear of the EH, Harbinger of Doom) into the blackness beyond.

A transport craft headed towards the planet they had designated as XC-50391-B with the orders to reestablish contact with the Imperial Colony that had been established many years prior.

It had been a long twelve years since there had been any form of communications established with the facility and a lot could have happened in that time. Ideally, they would find the industrial base functioning happily and aside from perhaps some communications problems all would be well.

But Stryker was a realist, something didn't feel right, he knew the fleet could stand up to anything, the squadrons were the best of the best, the Star Destroyer's both mighty and deadly, but something terrible was coming, he could feel it in his bones, all he knew, all he could consider, a thought reverberating throughout his mind, *'I have a bad feeling about this'*.

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Colonel Triji Boliv, handsome, fearless, pilot extraordinaire – he was a man of many talents and accolades. Women wanted him, men wanted to be him. I could go on for hours of his many accomplishments and harrowing tales of glory where his master skills as a pilot saved the day and perhaps even the galaxy many times over, but we don't have all day, so moving on.

Currently he was attempting to relax on one of the comfier chairs that adorned the lounge area of the legendary *Typhoon Squadron* quarters. A relaxing day for the most part spent finishing off his pending paperwork, beating Locke in the simulators and a few drinks in the cantina he had a feeling he couldn't shake. The squadron was on standdown for the next six hours with Tempest currently on patrol and with the Renegade flanking the Challenge and Firebird on standby he couldn't see any cause for concern. However, given they had just arrived with this randomly named system and with the no contact with the supposed Imperial Colony something didn't feel right.

With a deep sigh he closed his eyes intent on pushing the concern out of mind, focusing on a happy thought. He managed for the most part but deep down he couldn't shake it, a thought echoed throughout his mind, *'I have a bad feeling about this'*.

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For *Lieutenant Colonel Denys Elara* it had been a very long day. Finally, time for some rest she was slowly heading towards her quarters, exiting the nearest turbolift when she could hear some off-key, somewhat inappropriate singing around the nearest corner.

With a deep sigh she walked towards the disturbance thinking to herself that she never caught a break.

Turning the corner it was clearly apparent what the noise was and she was not particularly surprised.

"General Master while I'm sure there are some out there who may enjoy your entertaining 'shanty' I think a little decorum would be appreciated, specially at such the late hour".

The General distracted by the new arrival stopped mid song and turned to the newcomer. With a huge grin and another swig of the *Chalquila* bottle in hand he greeted her "Wing Commander! So good to see you, I was just thinking about you".

Pinching her nose in frustration she asked the question she knew the answer too already but had to be sure, "General are you drunk"?

Given that the amazingly handsome and fantastic male specimen that was *General Master* always at least had an alcoholic drink in hand most of his free time and was probably the ship cantina's most frequent customer it wasn't a far stretch.

"I've had a few drinks you see of mighty WC... I read your first WC Report.. it was so good... cant believe it took you three years to write one... loved it! So I cerebrated".

Denys couldn't help but be slightly amused with his response but knew she couldn't show it, leadership and discipline and stuff.

"Thank you for your comments General, but I really think you should get some sleep you're back on duty in six hours, need you at your best".

Master smiled at her and took another swig and then handed her the bottle. Moving closer he looked straight at her, swaying slightly and with too much blinking as if things were rather blurry, he again then spoke still with considerable slurring "But you see... that's not just it!... we arrived!!!! Yay.. wooo..... so more drinks!.....".

She frowned at this response, his response was concerning, she knew he had been rather looking forward to the coming campaign and he had been quite vocal on how great Typhoon Squadron would be so this was an unusual response.

Before she could speak, he smiled again and asked, "Do you ...want to know ...a secret"?

She nodded and what never stilled her in her tracks, all thoughts of rest gone from her mind, adrenaline rushed through her veins and her mind screamed to either run or fight head on.

Master looked at her all sense of previous inebriation gone, tall, handsome and serious. He leaned forward before whispering in her ear, his voice carrying such dread, coldness, and weight she knew she would never forget it, she would remember it until her last day "This world, is dead. He washed over it and left nothing but ash and bone. Darkness slumbers here, run, run while you still can".

Then, a moment later it was gone. His previous drunkenness returned and he smiled again, huge grin adoring his handsome face.

"Bed time!... have...fun... night... night" with a burp, slight stumble he wandered off towards his own quarters leaving her behind.

She watched him leave, mind screaming, *'I have a bad feeling about this'*.

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High Admiral Plif, the biggest and greatest of all Admirals the TC had to offer sat upon his most impressive and not-at-all-like-a-throne type command chair. Located on the bridge of the fancy looking *ISD Hammer* he gazed upon the mighty space out of the viewport, majestic, beautiful, sparkly it was a wonderful sight to behold. Tasting one of the many culinary items one of his numerous assistants had retrieved he pondered his next move.

Things had been going well since they had Tusorix; morale was high, the fleet was looking forward to Raise the Flag and Project: Lambda Singularity was exceeding all expectations.

The Hammer's Fist transports would soon report back the status of the base and the next stage of the campaign would begin.

Taking another bite from something squishy tasty he couldn't help but smile and think, *I have a good feeling about this.*