**A Sith-style rescue – The Beginning**
*RtF 2018 – bonus fiction comp submission for GN Elwood the Brave*
*CMDR/GN Elwood the Brave/Epsilon/Wing I/ISD II Hammer*

General Elwood the Brave was sitting in the cockpit of his T/A for a couple o hours now. He and his fellow pilots from Epsilon were on a standard long distance patrol around the ISD II Hammer.

"Epsilon 11, stay in formation!" Woody shouted over the Epsilon squadron channel.
"Yes, Sir!" came a young and shaky voice back, while one of Flight III's Missile Boats rejoined the formation.
"And don't reply, just klick as you've learned it during flight school!" Woody shook his head. 'Have I been this clumsy during my first missions, too?' he asked himself while following the assigned patrol pattern. He reached out with his force senses and felt the presence of his fellow pilots.

A lot of rumors were spreading within the TIE Corps about his skills in the Dark Side as a Sith, but only very few knew about his real potential as Dark Side Primarch and Deputy Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood. Woody knew only 3 others that really knew his ful powers as they had already witnessed it, Pel, Miles and Silvius, all three high ranking members of the Dark Brotherhood, too.

Suddenly Woody felt a strong disturbance, a distraction in his mind. A presence he knew all to well was reaching out for him, calling for him, screaming for help. 'Woody, it's him! He placed a trap for me.' Then the presence fell silent. Woody felt that the link between them had abruptly faded, as if Pel had been sedated.

At the same time a light on Woody's comm panel came to life. Woody activated the connected channel and an automated emergency call came through with Pel's personal code. The coordinates within the distress call were just a short jump away.

Woody hailed Admiral Miles Prower over a secret and secure Dark Brotherhood channel, only used for absolute emergencies.

"Woody, what is it?" came the voice of the Admiral.
"Our TCCOM has been trapped." Woody simultaneously submitted the received emergency call through the channel. "He contacted me through the Dark Side and told me that he's been trapped. Right after that he fell silent as if he was knocked out or killed."
"What?!?" Woody could hear the fear in Miles's voice.
"The emergency call I just send you contains coordinates. I'll take Epsilon and check out what's going on there. We'll keep radio silence until I've got some reconn data to submit. Woody out."

Woody killed the channel before Miles could order him to wait. He wouldn't leave his most promising student behind in a trap.

'Who was he talking about?' There were a couple of people with enough power to built a trap for the TCCOM and enough reasons to get their hands on him.

Woody checked the coordinates from the emergency call, again, and plotted a course for a hyperspace jump in his mind. "I'm coming, old friend!"

Switching his comm to the Epsilon channel, Woody activated his mic again.
"Gentlemen, we've got a situation." Woody submitted the hyperspace course he just calculated to the other ships. "I've received an automated emergency call from a high ranking EH member on this position." Woody plotted some information to the pilots HUD's. "Flight I and II will get in first and reconn the situation. Flight III will follow on my mark and attack the targets I'll assign."

Woody started the prejump procedures for his hyperspacejump.

"Questions?"

A couple of negative clicks came in.

"Be prepared for everything, gents. We have NO information but that emergency call."

Woody linked his hyperdrive to those of Flight I and II.

"Ready, gents?" Affirmative clicks came through the channel. "Jump!"

Woody activated the hyperspace jump for Epsilon Flights I and II.

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