

The Dreadful Chimaera

Written by the Fleet Admirals Elwood the Brave and Pellaeon

Woody was sitting at his desk aboard the ISD II Challenge. The windows of his office showed the view upon a small yellow sun the Challenge was orbiting for a couple of days now. Even though the look upon the huge protuberances in the corona of the sun was quiet impressive, Woody just had eyes for the reports on his desk. The evaluation round last month had been quiet slow and he had ordered the officers responsible to analyze the reasons behind the inadequate performance during the evaluation process. He hoped to get the process back on track before the next evaluation round started. Yet the reports that ended on his desk were all but promising.

Woody was in the middle of the excuses of one of the squadron commanders that had set the main reason for the delayed evaluations, when the Fleet Admiral Pellaeon suddenly busted into the room.

Slowly and with an angry expression on his face and slight purple sparkles in his eyes Woody looked up from his desk "Pel! You know I asked not to be disturbed until..." It took Woody just one look into Pel's face to realize that something of utmost importance must have happened. "What is it?"

"S...Sir, I... I am..." Pel stuttered.

"Didn't we talk about that 'Sir' a couple of times, old friend?" Woody's voice became soft and friendly, yet the look in his eyes spoke a complete different language. If Pel kept annoying him, Woody might turn into an uncontrollable fighting machine within the blink of an eye. The result of his deep connection to the Dark Side.

Pel knew that this was the last thing he wanted to see as long as HE was the target of Woody's anger. Yet he also knew that the information that brought him into this situation would test Woody's temper even further.

Pell hates it to convey bad news. He even more hates it, if he or his decisions were the reason for it. 2 weeks ago he authorized a recon mission on Gan Moradir, a colony planet located in the Mid Rim region of the galaxy. Before the battle of Endor it was occupied by the Empire. Intel reported mysterious activities on the planet. Rumors said a high decorated New Republic intelligence Officer was seen there. Pell unhesitatingly sent recon commando, without telling the TCCOM. Now the commando vanished without a trace.

"Pell, why the hell I wasn't informed earlier about this mission? I'm not angry because of the mission's result, but I'm indignant because you never told me about it! Anyways we have to keep an eye on this. I've to think about the reports. Tomorrow we will have a Command Staff meeting. Pell, we have to deal with it. Now leave me alone, I've to work."

It was an one-sided conversation, but Pell knew what went wrong and what to do now.

Woody was again sitting at his desk in his ready room. He looked out of the windows and saw that the Challenge was still orbiting the yellow star with the huge protuberances it had been orbiting for over a week now. The few reports on his desk were all but promising.

Woody's fist hit the desk hard, but the pain this should have caused didn't get through to his brain.

"Why the hell didn't he inform me about this?"

Woody looked at the special report he had received from Pel with all information about the team and the mission during which they had vanished. Nothing was too special about this system but an unconfirmed NR presence. Even the last report from the team didn't confirm the NR presence yet.

"And what the hell is going on there?"

With an angry face Woody activated his com and ordered Pel to get to his office ASAP.

After no more than a minute his office door opened and Pel entered with a cautious impression on his face.

"You called for me, Woody?"

Woody stood up, walked toward the round table right in front of the windows, pointed on a chair "Have a seat, old friend."

While Pel walked toward the chair and sat down, Woody sat down on the chair opposite to Pel's.

"Now please first explain me again why you didn't tell me about this mission, Pel."

Pell sat face to face to Woody. He was a little bit nervous. "Well, it is complicated and something private." - "Pell, since when we do covert operations for private things?" Woody asked. "You know I lost my family by a Rebel attack. I've sworn to spill their blood. And now it seems that the commanding Officer of the assault is the same one we are hunting at Gan Moradir. I wanted to kill two birds with one stone. And I don't want that anyone knows my personal background. I want his head served on a silver platter." Pell's eyes glowed red caused of this rage and dark force sensitivity. "Understood." Woody said. "That explains a lot. I don't make you a reproach, but for the future I want to be informed." - "Yes, Sir!" Pell stand up and wanted to leave the room. "Pell! No mercy, give them what they deserve!"

With an evil smile on his face Woody looked at his office door that had just closed behind Pel. Then he shook his head slightly. 'Pel, Pel, Pel. You're getting mightier in the dark side day by day. Maybe you'll one day be strong enough to even challenge the Grand Master.'

Woody shook his head again. Pel challenging the Grand Master. That was a vision he didn't want to see come true as it would most likely lead to the loss of the best SOO he ever had seen, by some means or other.

"Back to the actual situation." Woody reminded himself. How to find Pel's special friend without making the connection to Pel's family too obvious? After a short meditation Woody knew the answer. He activated the intercom to the bridge.

"Yes, Sir?" the voice of a far too young Lieutenant answered.
"Hail the Agressor, the Hammer and the Warrior. Setup a meeting for all TC Admirals. The meeting shall start in 48 hours on the Challenge."

Without waiting for a reply Woody deactivated the intercom and returned to his plans.

4 Star Destroyers orbit the Planet Deva. The planet is mineral rich, so the TCCS decided to hold the meeting there with the opportunity to do repairs on the capital ships.

The 5 Admirals sat in the briefing room. Fleet Admiral Elwood the Brave starts his speech:

"Ladys and Gentlemen, I hope everybody had a good journey to Deva. I guess everyone is curious about the reasons for the meeting. The SOO and myself evaluated the current combat and operational readiness of our fleet. We've found some weaknesses in the pilots skills. Nothing to worry about, but if we have the chance to increase the skills and avoid errors we simply do that. Pell, your part."

"The Hammer and the Warrior will meet at Naator and wait there for futher instructions. The maneuver orders will sent over security channel omega 7, decryption code gamma 27. The Challenge and the Aggressor will jump to Coyerti. From this position the TCCS will oversee and regulate the maneuver over long range scanners. For the present there are no more informantions for

the Commodores. The maneuver will start in form of an alerting. Be prepared for possible hyper jumps to an other system. To avoid aggravating situations or surprises, Avenger Squadron will be on alarm status. That applies for Theta and Delta Squadron too for the first round of the maneuver. The event will start in 48 hours. Any questions?"

"You know that there were some ugly conflicts in the past on these locations?" HA Dempsey asked.

"I know, and some of these conflicts doesn't had a good result for the Empire, this should be a motivation for the pilots to do better than their comrades in the past. Anything else?"

"No questions, the TC's Flagship is ready." Admiral Plif replied.

"Excellent. Infom your ship's complement. That's all" Pell said.

"OK, prepare your ships, dismissed!" Woody closed the meeting.

Woody and Pel were watching the planetary surface of Coyerti through the windows of Woody's office.

"All preparations finished, old friend?"

"The Hammer and the Warrior are in orbit around Naator, awaiting further orders." Pel checked his notes. "The special OPS team is ready for deployment. The Challenge and the Agressor are both ready to jump and get our secret goals done."

"Good." Woody looked at Pel with an evil grin on his face. "And you?" Woody could see how Pel's face changed from the professional SOO he showed the rest of the TIE Corps to the anger driven and emotional Dark Jedi only a few officers had ever seen and survived.

"I am more than ready to get that story to a final ending!"

It was the final count down. Peacefully the Star Destroyers circled in the orbit of Coyerti awaiting orders to start their deadly assignment. "Lieutenant Nolex, transmit the orders to the Hammer and the Warrior. Lets start the games!" Pell said. The two ISDs have the order to hump to the Doldur system near Gan Moradir. Some weeks ago a recon team found some old and rusty Calamari Cruisers there. Engineers of the TC refitted them with simulation computers and harmless laser batteries. The Warrior and the Hammer will fight a simulated NR Fleet. This should startle the NR Intelligence there. Military operations are always interesting for them.

"VA Hawkins, is the Aggressor ready?" - "All systems operational Pell" - "Good, lets reach the planet of Thape. After our arrival deploy the special OPS team heading to Gan Moradir" - "With pleasure Pell!"

Stars became white stripes. Operation "Dreadful Chimaera" started.

The monitors flickered monotonous. Pell was tired and even the strong vine-coffee from Belsavis doesn't help. On the first screen he followed the current training combat status of the Hammer and the Warrior. The second screen showed the complete ship movement of the entire sector. On the third one was an overview of the current covert ops status. Nothing special happen there the last 5 hours. Pell was bored and frustrated. Suddenly a hand full of red dots appear on screen two. A New Republic task force heading to Doldur, the place of the maneuver! Finally!

Pell opens a communication link: "Woody, Hawkins the trap was a success."

"Good!" Woody replied "I'll alert the Hammer and the Warrior. Hawkins, take the VSD Aggressor with your entire COO Task Force and additional the two task forces of Battle Group V and X. It will be an evil awakening for the NR!"

"At once Woody!"

"Hawkins, you have the lead. You are a Battle Group Commander for this campaign now, good luck!"

2 VSDs, 2 Interdictors, 2 Dreadnoughts, 6 Frigates, 12 Corvettes and many many other support ships left the orbit of Thape at once to unify with the

Hammer and the Warrior and build a Battle Group to prepare a warm welcome for the NR Task Force.

The 3rd monitor flashed. Communiques are sent from Gan Moradir to the NR Fleet.

"Identification positive, Sir!" Lieutenant Nolex reported. "It is General Kargath."

"Excellent! Coded message to special ops team, sub-operation "Extraction" starts now."

"Yes Sir!"

With a nasty smile on his face Pel entered Woody's ready room. "We've really got him." he shouted, slightly out of breath.

Woody looked up and at once felt the overwhelming emotions affecting Pel. Most important one was the anticipation of his revenge. "Calm down a little, old friend." Woody said with a soft voice "You'll get your revenge."

Pel closed his eyes and forced himself to take a couple of deep breath before he continued with a steadier voice. "The Warrior crew was able to capture his shuttle as he tried to flee from the battle field."

"Order them to transfer him to the Challenge at once!"

Pel's smile became even nastier. "He's already on his way here."

"Than make sure they won't loose him again."

Woody leaned back in his chair behind his desk. All worked out as planned. The Hammer and the Warrior had engaged in a friendly training fight, forming the background of the trap for General Kargath. The trap worked perfectly well and the general was extracted from his flagship with insignificant losses. Still something disturbed Woody. This all was far too easy, even for such a well planned and executed operation.

"Maybe I'm just getting paranoid." Woody whispered.

Pel, who had been waiting the past 2 hours in Woody's office, turned away from the window with surprise and disbelief written all over his face "What?"

"Nothing, old friend." Woody shook his head. "I just thought aloud."

The Challenge peacefully circled in the orbit of Thape. It was unbelievable that he is finally in the hands of the Empire. A man responsible for hundreds of operations against Galactic Empire, guilty of the death of thousands of imperial citizens, navy and army members. A man who caused so much pain and destruction. An evil and cruel smirk flashed over Pellaeon's face. Today is payday. But before Pell will unleash all his pain, wrath and hate to make Kargath's existence an end, he will pump out every single information out of him. A pleasure for Pellaeon but for sure not for the New Republic's General. Pain can be a value instrument. The SOO will generously utilize it.

"Commander? Is the General prepared?"

"He can't wait for the 'meeting'" the fresh promoted Lieutenant-Commander Nolex replied.

"Excellent, it would be a waste to let him wait"

***** Several hours later *****

Fleet Admiral Pellaeon entered the Office of the TIE Corps Commander.

"Is the mission accomplished?" Woody asked

"It is." Pell replied in a smooth and satisfied way.

Pell deposited a datapad on Woody's desk.

"Secret positions, operational key words, future plans, names of intelligence agents and decrypt algorithms, just a question of 'hauntingly proceedings'. The dark satisfying feeling after vengeance and blood spilling, unpayable!"