

Is that a Sovereign-class Super Star Destroyer or are you just happy to see me?

"Raise the Flag" has begun again. The most important war game within the TIE Corp division of The Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet where the Flagship for the next whole year will be decided is to be starting very soon. All TC ships were deployed more than a week ago to different parts of known Emperor's Hammer space following direct orders and flight plans coming from Admiral Daniel Bonini, the TIE Corps Commander, and his Flight Office. The struggle is almost ready and the day has come when all ships will receive direct communication from the Flight Office along with their new assigned coordinates so they can meet their assigned opponents in the vacuum arena for the greatest war game the Fleet will see for a long time (Rebels, Republicans, Anarchists and punks of all kinds are seen just as training for these events despite they're are to be massacred in such training while no Imperial officer will ever die in any EH war game... game rules).

But now we center our attention on the Imperial II-class Star Destroyer Challenge, "The Storm's Eye", current owner and defender of such a distinguished title as it's the "Flagship of the TIE Corps" one. They've been deployed far from other ships as well (don't ask me where, I'm only the narrator and I won't take a look now at the System Manual; I'm very busy... narrating you know :-P) and it's currently orbiting the "Uncle LoL's Space Casino & Spa" along with its taskforce. But if we take a closer look... ummm... what's this? Several officers from the ship including Squadron Commanders, Flight Leaders, even maintenance crew and those bloody booze-maker Ewoks are currently enjoying a permission from the ship's Commodore himself and aren't stationed on the Star Destroyer; actually they're spending their last payment badly at "Uncle LoL's" in several nasty behaviours!!

Regardless who could be still onboard the Challenge there're two officers that definitely are there now. ISD Challenge Commodore, Rear Admiral Darklord, and Wing X Commander, Colonel Angel, are right now at the Wing X Cantina. They waste their minutes drinking the ship's classic chalcuilla and hearing Imperial News™ on one of their greater hyper-radios (they left the pool game as soon as they realized that somebody already filled all the holes with booze bottles and rotten snacks trying to hide them). But where's their war spirit? Palpatine knows. What it's sure is that they don't seem concerned, not even interested in the upcoming confrontation...

Suddenly another Challenge officer enters the Cantina with calm. He's one of the Wing X Squadron Commanders, the (Wicked) Cyclone CMDR to be exact. Some people would call him many things that won't be mentioned here because damn!! We must stick to the Articles of War, don't we? Others just call him Zósite, and that should be enough for now. So... Zósite approaches his two flags who dedicate him a lazy gaze.

<RA Darklord> Oh, Zós... welcome back. How was it? Did you accomplish as we told you?

<MAJ Zósite> Yessir! I did exactly what you commanded me to do. I travelled from ship to ship in disguise, pretending to be an official officer (it didn't sound so silly when I wrote it :-|) from the Flight Office, personal envoy of Admiral Bonini.

<COL Angel> So you managed to fool them? :-J

<MAJ Zósite> Hehehe... much more easier than I thought. And whenever someone started suspecting I just told him I was actually Sector Admiral Cyric. As few people see him around often they just thought I was damn right.

<COL Angel> BWHAAAAAAAA!! Nice one!

<RA Darklord> So you gave them all the "new coordinates"?

<MAJ Zosite> To all them! Three Bags Full, Sir! >:-J

<RA Darklord> Splendid!! Then we better stay tuned to this thing and let's see what happens. Barman! *MY* jar IS empty... ㄟ_ㄟ

The Commodore raises the volume of the hyper-radio and the three "Challengites" pay attention to the show starting right now. It seems Imperial News™ subject today is no other than "Raise the Flag" engagement! The two presenters seem to be very excited as they relate in detail all they can see from their emplacement on Nebulon-B Frigate "SonySucks", especially rented to broadcast this event. Somebody should have given them exact details about the place where the competition will start, despite Admiral Bonini made that stuff high classified information. Maybe someone flying a MIS designated Cyclone 1-1.

<LT Ophra> Now Tony! This is about to begin!! I just can't realize we're actually here broadcasting this great event!

<LT T. Hart> But it's true!! Here we are, Ophra! And commscan just detected a couple of signals coming from hyperspace. It seems we'll have the first participant ships here in no time!

<LT Ophra> The ISD Subjugator and the MC80b Redemption! That's it! They're the Sub and the Redemption!

<LT T. Hart> How the Sub managed to find its way through known Galaxy or the Redemption dared to emerge from the water to actually *fly* we don't know, Ophra! But we KNOW this is going to be something that we won't forget!! Look! Here they come!

That's it. The Imperial II-class Star Destroyer Subjugator and the MC80b Calamari Cruiser Redemption jump out from hyperspace ready for everything. And they start raising shields and charging laser batteries at the very moment they enter sub-light speed. But... wait... something strange is happening here...

<LT T. Hart> Here are they. BUT... By the holy beef of my aunt Berta, Ophra! They have jumped out... AT 0.5 KMS. FROM EACH OTHER!!! O__O

<LT Ophra> Oh my G0d!! They're going to collide! X__o

The two ships start maneuvering violently (for capital ships, that is: like a damned river crab) to avoid the imminent collision. We won't go into the hell taking place right now at their commanding bridges but you can figure it out. But if you thought that was all just wait and see... For the time being, realizing this is not the best way to enter in close combat, the two capitals set hyperjump coordinates again ready to go out ASAP. Will it be so easy? Of course NOT! xD

<LT T. Hart> No way!!! Here we have another signal coming from hyperspace. It's High Admiral March's ship, the Interdictor Shire!!! Current base of operations of the Emperor's Hammer Command Staff!

<LT Ophra> BUT WTF?!! It hypered out AT 0.5 KMS. FROM THE OTHER TWO SHIPS! (:_O

<LT T. Hart> Crud, Ophra!! With Shire's gravity wells operational and until they manage to turn them over the 3 ships are now stuck where they are! And I doubt they'll have time to maneuver in order to...

<RA Darklord> Damnit, Zós! The Shire's gravity wells too? xD

Major Zósite starts whistling and the three Challenge officers hear with pleasure how the three ships seem unable to escape and keep making little and calculated quick course changes to avoid colliding. Then enters the DGN Lichtor V! 0.5 kms. away from the rest? 0.5 kms. away from the rest! Face it. xD

<LT Ophra> Damnit, Tony! This thing is just too large for they to avoid it!

<LT T. Hart> I heard the ID likes to mess closely with everybody else but this is just too much even for them! xD

<LT Ophra> Word, Tony! We thought we were going to see a big simulated combat engagement and now we're assisting to some tricky version of the "Twister" game featuring Imperial capital ships! What's this stuff anyway? :-|

<LT T. Hart> W-WHAT??!!!! O__Ou Ophra!!! Another signal from hyperspace approaching here. It's the FAT ONE@!! SSSD Sovereign coming out from hyperspace following vector (34, 650, -85 arson-BK)!

<COL Angel> And now the final act... ^_^

<LT Ophra> 34, 650... By Palpatine's water pistols, Tony!! Isn't it IN THE MIDDLE of the meeting point?!!!

<LT T. Hart> IT IS, Ophra!!! This damned gigantic thingy...

<LT Ophra> 15 kms. length, Tony...

<LT T. Hart> This damned 15 kms. length thing is coming out from hyperspace IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OTHER SHIPS!!! Oh G00d L0rd! This is going to HURT³!!!! (:~k

<LT Ophra> And HERE IT IS!!! : _____D

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Somewhere lost in space there's some nasty and unhealthy place called "Uncle LoL's Space Casino & Spa". Orbiting it there's the ISD Challenge, Flagship of the TIE Corps yet another year after all its opponents were disqualified for being divided in more than 1,000,000,000 pieces (game rules again you see...). You can be sure those ships will be reconstructed again as soon as The Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet finds enough puzzle technicians to make the miracle. But for the time being three mean, crazy, mad, cruel, NUTS... and ROFLing badly Challenge officers delight in seeing the myriad of escape pods and transports quickly fleeing from the ships before the bitter end. It was something like "CRASH", just a little more dramatic. Not necessary to provide details as we have already flown enough: we're veterans! ;-) No Imperial officers died that day, not a single one. But I'll say something about that day that comes to mind every now and then when boredom starts taking its toll upon my bollocks writing:

Usual RtF quotes from past years were at brave-style side; things like "The victory is ours!", "Let's give 'em hell!", "Nobody dares to challenge us and leaves free from suffering!", "Laurels of victory will find their way to our mighty ship!"...

That year's only quote, taken directly from all those messed up commanding bridges was a little bit different...

- TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!!! -

~ The Bitter End ~
