

What the hell is this?

RtF 2019 bonus fiction submission

GN Elwood the Brave

Epsilon 3-1

He knew that it's been a bad idea, a really bad idea. But it was the only thing that had crossed his mind when he heard about the orders from the TCCS.

„Play a prank with the New Republic Forces, but prevent an all out war.“

What a bullshit idea that was. But those orders stood, and Woody had never been the guy that didn't follow his orders. His eyes were surrounded by purple sparkles of force lightning due to his rage. „I hope this is worth it!“

His Missile Boat fell out of hyperspace just a couple of clicks away from a small station, a station he knew all too well as he had spent a great part of his youth there. This had been his uncle's station. Now it was one of the New Republic Fleet's stations, after they had raided in the early years of the so called „Rebellion“.

His thoughts and memories went back to the better times, when he had walked the corridors of this station with his father.

“No, I need to focus on my mission now. I cannot let the past distract me.” With an evil expression on his face, showing the pain he felt, he forced himself back to the present. “Pete, I hope you know what you've started with this idea.”

He redirected energy from his weapons and shields to the engines, activated his SLAM and headed toward the station, fullspeed. The emotions that came from his memories turned darker and darker. The loss of his parents, the tragedies that followed when his sister struggled, and fell, in the years after....

“Not now!” A small burst of forcelightning surrounded his hands for the split of a second, while he armed his load of preprogrammed rockets. While the station's fighters, a flight of X-Wings was on a patrol pattern about 9 clicks away on the opposite side of the station, were nervously turning into an intercept course, Woody fired his full load of rockets toward the station. With the speed those gained due to his fighters speed and their own drives, none of the sleepy gunners at the station's defences, or the X-Wings would be able to neutralize more than one or two of these.

After the last rocket had left the launcher tubes, Woody flew a hard 180° turn and headed toward his exiting point. “Have fun, gents!” Woody shouted into his comm while the rockets exploded right before hitting the station. But instead of bringing fire, and devastation to the station, the warheads unleashed a rain of pink color all over the station. “With special greetings from the Emperor's Hammer's TIE Corps Commander!”

Woody switched the comm channel when the curses from the station started coming in and activated his hyperdrive. “Time to get back home again.” He thought.