



Reading Room

StarWars FanFiction **POV: Sacart's Story**

By Phillip "Sacart" Jonston

Pictures by "Ibero" Pozo

"Sir, they're coming again." Toned the man at the monitor. The countenance on his face showing the strain and emotion flooding his thoughts.

"Make ready to abandon ship. What's left of our defensive screen? Give me the tactical display here." Ordered the black-haired commanding officer, the green of his eyes bleeding through the screen of authority to a clear anxiety. "Position the ship to allow the least profile, heading 20 degrees. Can we stand to rotate to a new plane?"

"Integrity of hull is 17%, 6 fighters left on escape headings, with pursuit. 4 Taliruk fighters are eliminating defensive stations. That cruiser is passing again. The freighter is withdrawing with crippled systems. How they survived ramming us I don't understand sir."

"Ask that question later. Order fighters to jump and rendezvous out of system at marker 12, using strike positions as predestined. Helm, take us around that moon, best speed. Once again, present as narrow of profile as possible to that cruiser. Keep tabs on those fighters and freighter."

"...Hikorgt starship. Strike your colors now, or your ship will be destroyed. We are prepared to retrieve.." announced the cruiser through the ship. It's distance closing rapidly.

"Our fighters are clear. Pursuit craft have targeted us. Hull at 14 percent, sir." Called the man, Torris, as he strained to read through a dozen monitors at once. Obviously, the crew had suffered tremendously.

"All right, we have moments. How long till that moon?" Questioned Sacart Inituy.

"2 minutes, best speed of 16 mglt. The cruiser is still gaining on our position. Defensive stations have been neutralized." That was Loort at tactical.

"They want us alive then. Watch for boarding craft, ready Shuttle group Elicot. Get as many people who can fight on those shuttles each, with enough armament for a prolonged engagement..." he was interrupted by the shouted report of four Assault Transports exiting the cruisers hanger. "Loort, get to those shuttles, do what you can to rig the passages for our guests. Hirurt, lock in an orbit for the moon. Keep engines primed enough in order for the ship to stay just ahead of the gravitational pull of the moon..." commanded the green-green-eyed man.

Moving to the communications controls, Sacart soon found that Torris had been killed as a bulkhead collapsed on him. The fact these people had volunteered for his attempt didn't ease the bad shock that was at the moment running rampant through him. Later, when he found sleep, the ulcer's and emotional strain would keep him restless.

"Attention, all hands. Help wounded to nearest escape pod. The rest to the shuttles in bay 4. Escape pods launch when full, we'll be back to pick you up when..." leaving that sentence unfinished, he took a last look at the tact. display and found the transports were within 20 meters, preparing to board. With that, he sequenced the computer for destruct sequence, and ran for the bay.

[Aboard the Cruiser Trinity]

"Sir, we have new targets registering. 20 escape pods are launching." reported the controllers mate working the monitor. "

"Thank you. Jurney, that gunship is loosing it's orbital gain on that gravity. Bring the ship forward of it's position and make use of the moon to pull it free. Then ready a shuttle, standard compliment of guards for inspection. I'll be visiting our prize."

"Very well, Commander. Should I send a message to the Imperials as well? If these are the people their looking for, we could be in their favor and rich at the same time." Ambitious, and eager were the trademarks of this young Lieutenant, making an impression on the Commander since meeting at Pollisk.

"Yes, and inform Admiral Hiugh that we have captured Sacart Inituy and his band of rebellious followers..." pausing in order to allow for the order to be carried out, he then toned, "the Imperials may have destroyed this man and his ways, the fact remains he is traitorous." Commander Llooise didn't expect a response, but was received with a great deal of "Yes Sirs."

[Moments before launch of shuttles on gunship]

"People, we'll have make this good. Our goal will be that freighter 11 klicks out and still moving. While we make our trek, this ship will cause them confusion. Already the troopers have boarded, and working this way. Let's go. Your wounded friends are in the pods." Sacart, taking a last moment to take stock, motioned everyone to the shuttles.

The two shuttles, making their way planetward accelerated quickly into the atmosphere, hoping to elude the fighters. The cruiser Trinity having made efforts to move the listless gunship out of the pull of the moon, was bring it closer to itself. At that moment, the communications panel sparked.

"Shuttle group Elicot, your escort as requested." Was the messages from the six fighters that had hyperspaced out and then back in behind the planet, hopefully masking the signatures. The luck that had followed Sacart from point to point was still with him. Having working with the lead fighter for many years, the resilience had enabled such a precession move.

"Tark, feint that freighter. Once the fighters see you, pull them out and engage them separately. 2 minutes is the time limit. Good luck, see you at Mariss." Sacart closed the connection immediately after the confirmation. The gamble was risky, but it had to work.

[Rebel task force, nearby Higil System]

"Admiral, patrol fighters have reported back with no findings. Your orders?" asking the bored Captain working the communications board.

"Order them to return, signal the Ihisky to recovery it's screen and prepare to jump to next patrol point, 5 minutes till jump. Navigation, initiate pre-calculated jump plan. Figure in 4 minute variance and send it to the frigate." Admiral Kline finished his command.

"Fighters are on a return course, Frigate Ihisky acknowledges and sends thanks for jump coordinates." Elation picking up in the junior officers voice as the ship readied itself for another short hyperspace jump. He always liked the unknown of jumping into something new.

[Ghiuty System, STD Mimnik task force]

"Admiral, report coming in from Free-Trader ship Trinity. They have captured Sacart Inituy in a Hikort Gunship, around Inishes in the Gallic System..." taking a moment, the inexperienced officer finished his report, "...end of report. Information on Sacart as well as Llooise, both ships, and system data have been

sent to your console, sir."

"Thank you, relay that data to the Frigate Juiko and dispatch them to that location." Vice Admiral Hiugh was the epitome of the perfect Imperial commander. Soon, with his ambitious undertakings, he would reach the praise of Grand Moff Tarkin's. Feeling himself more intelligent than that "fool", his death wouldn't be at the hands of a hapless farm-boy.

[Trinity, Horoz System]

"6 contacts on a course towards exiting freighter. T-wings sir! They're attacking the freighter! Order's sir?"

Before the Commander could respond, a sudden explosion erupted on the forward screen blinding the command staff. As sight returned to those blinded moments ago, it was apparent that the gunship had exploded less than one kilometer from the cruiser.

"Report!?" Barked Llooise, taken aghast by this turn of events.

"Port laser batteries, out. Port turbolasers, out. Port tractor beams , out. Long range scanners, out. Hull at 78%. Port shields, out. Reports from decks coming in now, sir. 20 killed, 300 wounded. Assault transports have been destroyed. Tarnish flight has been destroyed."

"Get those scanners up! Have repair crews bring defensive stations first, followed up tractor beams and hull. Order remaining fighters to attack T-wings."

[Shuttles]

"Gunship has exploded against the cruiser, cruiser showing moderate damage. Fighters pursuing Tark," reported

"Loort, radio Hirurt make all haste towards that freighter. We have to get there before we're noticed." Sacart having won an upper hand for a moment, intended to make all use of it. Ten kilometers at the 60 mglt of the shuttles made it seem impossible, but luck was remaining. With the fighters tied up, it was that much closer.

[Rebel task force, approaching exit vector]

"30 seconds till reversion," reported the navigation's officer.

"Ready two A-wings. Relay the order for Ihisky to prepare two X-wings for patrol." Patrols were standard, but not in quite the same format. Using the A-wing/X-wing combination allowed for a larger chance of first strike at a large craft should one be in the area. This close to Imperial lines required commanders to be able to vary procedure without terrible delay.

"Reversion in 3..2..1.. enter real space now. Shields charging now. Frigate Ihisky reports fighters away. Launching our fighters now.

"Admiral, scanners are showing contacts, 6 T-wings followed by R-41's and 1 Taliruk fighter. Damaged Imperial freighter, damaged Free-Trader Cruiser. 2 Shuttles heading towards freighter. Escape pods and debris are showing in area."

"Launch two more A-wings, order Ihisky to launch two more X-wings. Initiate communications to all ships." Once Kline was notified of his communications link, he cleared his throat and spoke up, "Attention all craft, Admiral Kline of Rebel Task Force #34 led by Calamari Cruiser Hope's Will. You are ordered to stand down." down."

Closing the connection, he saw that it wasn't going to be a good day. There, 20 degrees and 15 kilometers to aft was an Imperial Frigate arriving from hyperspace and already launching its starfighter compliment.

Having gained a moment of surprise, Tark brought his fighters around and into the barrage of fire, gaining a hull damaged on the more powerful Taliruk fighter. Taliruk fighters, with 6 weapons mounts and a projectile tube, made it more the equal to any of the fighters present except for the X-wings and A-wings. Its slow speed and lesser shields makes it easy for faster craft with shields to destroy. Tark then noticed the Imperial

frigate and a curse preluded the official sighting he reports, "Imperial frigate, 20 klicks out"

[Trinity]

"Two ships have entered the area, sir. A Calamari Cruiser and Nebulon-B Frigate. Registry's are Rebellion broadcast. Four X-wings and four A-wings inbound..." he was interrupted.

"Attention all craft, this is Admiral Kline of Rebel Task Force #34 led by Calamari Cruiser Hope's Will. You are ordered to stand down."

"...Imperial frigate arriving 26 kilometers away. Tie fighters are moving to engage forces. Sir, your orders?"

A day that had gone from good to bad to worse was beginning to tell on the Commander, a headache forming at his temples. "Set course towards the freighter, array to have starboard side facing the rebel ships."

"At once sir." came the reply from the navigational officer.

[Imperial Frigate Juiko]

"Launch fighters, send message to Mimnik with report and requesting orders. Take us to the fray, Lt."

[Shuttles]

"All right, watch yourselves and let's go, quickly.." was the order from Sacart as the men filed out. Little resistance was met, and soon all of the 67 men and women from the gunship were on the freighter. In another 20 minutes, the freighter was in their possession. The make shift crew manned the freighter and set to make repairs. During their invasion, it was found the bay of the freighter had three TIE interceptors. A longer inspection revealed they had shields and were flight ready. Sacart seizing at this straw, issued more commands..



"Come on, Loort power up that fighter there, Calypso take that one. Start preflight. Someone find us some suits." Moments later, all was ready for their intrusion into the battle. Seconds later, out poured the three T/I's with shields. Sacart issuing orders for the freighter to make it's way to the rebel frigate, set course to strafe the cruiser Trinity.

[Trinity]

"Sir, three TIE Interceptors are inbound to us, port systems still out. Repair crews have only had time to repair long range scanners and 4 of the 10 turbolasers."

"Realign, present starboard to those fighters." The last coherent command from the Commander Lloose, as the fighters swooped in, scoring minor hits against the shields. Calypso's shields faltered and soon, he was a fireball of gas. Loort and Sacart looped around and forward, scoring hits against the unshielded port. Four lucky shots entered the bridge, destroying the bridge completely. Continuing on, the interceptors slowly brought the cruiser to a stand still.

[Mimnik Task Force]

"We're nearing our exit vector, Vice Admiral. Should I ready all tie fighters?" Questioned the Captain of the ship.

"Yes, and signal all other ships to do the same. If the reports were accurate, it wont be a difficult battle." Vice Admiral Hiugh finished as the stars flashed to points.

"Scanners are showing Cruiser Trinity, Rebel Cruiser Hope's Will, rebel Nebulon-B frigate Ihisky, Imperial Nebulon-B frigate Juiko, an Imperial freighter and several fighters. Juiko is moving to screen Trinity. Trinity shows severe damage, two TIE Interceptors are screening the damaged freighter, which appears to be heading towards the rebel frigate."

"Launch all fighters and signal the rebel craft to surrender."

[Sacart in the T/I]

"This is Sacart Inituy, requesting asylum from Rebel Alliance ships. Damaged Imperial freighter.. Light Bender, 4 T-wings, and two shielded TIE Interceptors are our forces."

"Sacart Inituy, bring your interceptors to mark four six and have your freighter follow the coordinates we are sending now, bring your forces into the Hope's Will bay. Asylum Granted."

[Epilogue]

"Flt. Officer Sacart Inituy, welcome to the active duty command onboard Hope's Will. We briefly met in the Horoz System when you brought us those interceptors and that modified freighter. Welcome back to my ship." Admiral Kline greeted Sacart.

"Thank you, sir. I hope this is a much more pleasant stay than my first trip. I'm sure you've seen my record and bio, so I believe you have of the information you will need in the future."

"Yes, it is very complete. You're training, and mission specialty. However, you're true motives for joining our forces are not there. You've reported that you joined because of our timely arrival at the Horoz system. However, the gist of it all isn't there. What did the Empire do that has decided to toss your brief Imperial history out the window?"

"Ah sir, am I required to answer?"

"Yes, you are. Otherwise, my influence would make it difficult throughout. Rest assured, what follows wont be remembered by myself."

Sighing heavily, Sacart finally spoke, "One day, the Imperials came and destroyed a city on my home planet. Family, friends... and my girl was there. I was just starting combat patrols when I heard. As it says in my bio, I then ran amuck the Imperial holdings of Horgit, in the outer rims. Leading a group of volunteers, we destroyed the Star Destroyer and three of its support frigates. Capturing a Hikorgt Gunship, we've been dodging the Imperials for 2 years, SIR" Having been strained to finish the story, the last sir was a comment spoken through gritted teeth.

"Ah, thank you Sacart. We're done here, get yourself situated in your quarters. I've arranged for needed information about myself, my ship, my task force, and our history to be available in your quarters. Dismissed"

Saluting, Sacart arrived in his quarters and began reading the information.

THE END



If you would like to have one or more of your own stories featured on the Wolfshead Squadron webpage, please feel free to send your request or story to [Vyper](#) and/or [Ibero](#). They would be honored to discuss the matter with you further.

Copyright and disclaimer © 1996-2001, [Wolfshead Squadron](#).

<http://www.wolfslair.org>

Last update of this page: 30 Jul 2001