

## **The Chronicle of UI'Star – found on The Smuggler's Fortune BBS-RPG**

### ***Fencing some Loot (Pt I)***

UI'Star sits in the cockpit of his modified GaT-14J as he whirrs through hyperspace, clamped to the upper deck of the VC-1900 Heavy Freighter Kell, Tarn, Thorn and Kendra called home, leaving him alone to his thoughts.

"Damn, the Imperials are getting better about guarding themselves" he mutters in the general direction of his Astromech, who beeps and burbles back at him. "We almost got them all..., although since one of those bloody gunboats got away, I bet that BoSS knows we're out there, and our Gimmick."

UI'Star sighs and reclines back in his cockpit, watching the starlines go by. Looking down as his Hyperspace Controller starts beeping, he sits up and gets ready to drop back into normalspace. Of course, this would be 'easier' for him, no calculations, no hyperdrives to overload; all he had to do was release his docking clamp and be thrown from hyperspace, about a half-parsec early. The Quantum Fireball, on the other hand, would have to actually count down the seconds and do it manually, by the book. But this way, the Fireball would have some overwatch when she came out of Hyperspace.

Grabbing at the release lever as the timer reaches zero and strapping himself in, he taps his maneuvering thrusters as he releases the clamp, floating off into the 'void' of hyperspace. Normally, the starlines compact themselves into neat lines of stars with a silent bang; not this time, not at all. With a screaming roar, and a violent vibration, the Skipray tumbled through the void separating normalspace from hyperspace, and had her occupants not been strapped in, they would have been crushed against a bulkhead in an instant. Righting herself in an instant (that seemed like an eternity), the Skipray fell into normalspace, ready for an atmospheric landing.

UI'Star fired up his passive sensors, engaged his masking system, and brought his ship's rotating wing into Combat Position, and noticed that there was nothing interesting to report. Inputting the coordinates his Astromech had been calculating in the few seconds since they dropped out, UI'Star micro-jumps to about 300 km ahead of the Fireball's exit point, then matches speed. Mere seconds later, the Quantum Fireball exited hyperspace (much more gracefully than UI'Star did), in perfect formation with the Skipray, and within her sensor-mask radius. To anyone watching from the greenish-brown planet below them, there were some sensor echoes from the traffic in orbit that seemed to be out about the third moon, but way off the orbital plane.

Opening a localized commlink (radio actually), UI'Star called his comrades "Welcome to Ithor, home of the 'Hammerheads'. Ready to do some selling, Kendra?" As he chatted, the most recent updates to freetrader.org were being downloaded from the Holonet, along with the headlines from multiple, more reputable news sources other than NRN and ISN.

### ***Fencing some Loot (Pt II)***

UI'Star grinned as he read the most recent addition to freetrader.org, the BoSS report of his attack on that Imperial convoy. Following the link that was his name, he looked over his bio,

making sure that Tarn had done his job. Not that he minded the record of his exploits being publicly listed, but more that someone really good could figure out his plan-of-attack, and that could prove disastrous. As he did this, he set his auto-pilot to following the Fireball down onto the planet. Kell, as usual, did a graceful job of piloting that enormous hulk of a freighter through the atmosphere while still nimbly avoiding the planetary sensor network. Granted, the main reason for the drop-off being on Ithor was that the sensor-net was incredibly sparse.

As they neared the proper location, UI'Star sent out the standard greeting... to anyone listening on commlink frequencies, it was a burst of random noise; however to the proper personages it was a disarm-command to a well-camouflaged turbolaser battery.

As both the Freighter and her escort flared for landing a pair of beings exited an underground compound, an Ithorian and a Twi'lek. As the two ships had their Astromechs run through their post-landing checklists, the hatches on both ships hissed open and the gaggle of humanoids spilled out onto the tarmac. The smells of the jungle mingled with the aroma of ozone, indicating that someone's repulsors weren't properly aligned.

"Honored Greetings Master Be'Annar, our honored personages have brought you many things we feel you might be interested. We have liberated them from their fraudulent possessors, and await our finders fee." Says UI'Star in Huttese, speaking with the Twi'lek, who nods and extends a datapad, which UI'Star takes and begins to peruse.

"Miss me, Rodinae?" trilled Kendra as she approached the exiled Ithorian and caressed his eyestalks lovingly, although everyone from the Fireball knew it was only a very convincing act.

"You know very well I no longer work with Largesnar, that pile of blubber... please don't use his language. I'll suffer through Basic before having to go back to the Hutts. I read about your little exploits. Did Corellian Engineering ever make a VC-3400?" replied Be'Annar.

"Not positive, but I highly doubt that. BoSS never gets things right, and you know that very well. Although I'm slightly worried about this rumor that they're mobilizing again. To think that fledging "navy" of theirs can even think about taking on the Republic's numbers. Not that I really care, it makes for more work for me, but why should they waste their time and credits?"

UI'Star and Be'Annar continued chatting and haggling over prices while Kendra and Rodinae disappeared back into the compound; meanwhile Kell and Tarn look over the minor scorching damage from their last encounter with those Imperial Gunboats. Heading back into the Freighter they retrieve an Astromech and some welding machinery and weld an armor plate back on...

### ***Fencing some Loot (Pt III)***

As the crackle of a plasma-welder splits the silence of the uninhabited Ithorian jungle, UI'Star and Be'Annar come to a final price for the goods he 'liberated' the other day.

"Well you've raised me to my limit...negotiations are over. You will have to do with 30 000 credits. I cannot afford any more for this shipment." said Be'Annar.

"What? That's outrageous!!!" exclaimed Ul'Star, "That won't even cover Thorn and Tarn's Missile bill. Those things aren't getting any cheaper with the rumors of war floating on the horizon. You have to pay us more, or we will take our business elsewhere. There's nothing more useless than an unarmed Privateer."

"I am sorry, but for the quantity of the goods delivered, and in their condition, thirty-thousand is all I can give you. However, if you are willing to play Free Trader for a bit, I have a relatively easy delivery for you to undertake, for a mere 21 000 more."

"Fill me in," grinned Ul'Star as a mechanical squeal came from the direction of the Quantum Fireball. Looking over at the sudden noise, Be'Annar chuckles as the Astromech prods Kell with his welding-torch. Curses flow from both Kell and Tarn as they realize they've started welding the armour plate on crooked. "It seems I've got a while. What and where does this little courier mission take us?"

"Quite simple, really. A former operative for the Empire, oh alright, I'll be frank....an Imperial Commander's brain-washed "love-slave", has been recaptured by the Republic's security forces. This love-slave used to be an intelligence operative with the Alliance, and the information she spilled in her Imperial interrogation lead to the deaths of many fellow operatives. The extent of the brain-washing was so complete, she swears that she was never a rebel, and instead has always lived with Commander Arowath."

"One of my associates has assured me that one certain object, which we have in our possession, is the weakness to her brain-washing. If she were to get her hands on it, it would cause her to revert to her original self, with the false memories removed. Of course, the horrifying realization that she betrayed her comrades while she lived in the lap of Imperial luxury will most likely break her mentally, but my associate assures me that the person requesting the object will pay handsomely for it."

"Interesting story you weave, Be'Annar. What, pray tell, might this 'item' be?" inquired Ul'Star.