

Hero Syndrom

“Where is MAJ Taurus?” CPT Pitt asked more than aggregated into the silence of his squadron. “I told him to be here for our mission and all I see is his Pilot helmet. “We got an important task at hand given directly by HA Plif for the whole squadron! The whole squadron! I only count ten! Yes, Atashi?” He looked at his XO, almost pleading for an answer. “Sir, he transmitted me some unexpected Hyperspace-Troubles and he will join the mission late.”

“Late! Wow, I don’t know how he will pilot his A-wing from Eos, but I would pay a good price to see that.” The commander of Firebird added sarcastically. Atashi looked embarrassed in the ground. “Sir, he also mentioned, he will join the mission in his Marauder-Corvette.”

“R6, we are seriously late for the mission. How long until dropout?” Taurus Astromech gave out a series of sarcastic beeps and whistles as an answer. “120 seconds? I mean, that’s good. Prepare change to sub light, I will be in the bridge in just a second.” MAJ Taurus packed up the last bits of his launch and tidied himself up, then hurried down to his seat. Just as he managed to sit down the long streaks of light turned to stars and the MC90 Renegade jumped into his view. With a used routine, he started to input his authorization codes for the bridge crew and opened up his comm channels to set up a message for his Commander. He was answered by LC Vip Parill, the bridge officer. “Ehm, MAA Taurus, I think you are at the wrong ship.” R6 let out an ironic beep. Taurus saw red in his own stupidity. He did indeed used the wrong code. “No, Bridge Officer, that is correct, could you transmit me through to Firebird Command?” He was patched through immediately and Captain Pitts Head was projected right in front of him. “Captain? Ready for the mission, I will be waiting one click from the battlegroup for our squadron.” His message was met by a stoic nod, then the transmission ended. “Good, he hates me now. I call that an achievement. He maneuvered his Corvette to the meeting point, while R6 started to set up a row of scanners and sent the incoming data to a screen next to Taurus head. “An old imperial outpost without contacts for twelve years, I know my target already. Try to push some encrypted codes, some old Thrawn-Codes. Maybe we can get some attention.” In the meantime, Flight two and three of Firebird caught up to his position and decided to park their ship in his hangar bay, with flight one being now the late part. MAJ Taurus waited for his squadron on the bridge. “Welcome Firebird! Happy to see you on my modest ship! I hope, Captain Pitt already filled you in on the plan.” He was met by confused faces and shaking heads. “I used some old codes out of my databank and contacted the unknown colony on Planet two. R6 project your data. The bridge console was flooded by the layout and decrypted old data. “To Date I couldn’t get a single human soul to answer my hails, but I think there are some old droids down there, which understood my codes and sent me this data up. Looks pretty impressive right? An old Imperial Outpost right in the

middle of the Chaos. With actual recon data. I got a landing code for the installation. The largest landing pad is to the delta side here, I will dock my corvette there. We need to find a way inside and into the data vault in the core of the base. There we can access the backups and logs and bring Fleet Command up to speed. Any Questions?" Taurus looked around and met the red face of his Squadron Commander, who apparently listened to the whole plan in utter silent and was now ready to burst. "MAJ Taurus! First you are late and now you are commanding our mission! What an insubordination! We are selected to do space recon not be the boots on the ground!" Taurus let out a loud snort. "Airborne Recon! We have THE chance to give Plif in depth data to this system, we do it. But what about we divide our forces? You take Flight one airborne, while I take Flight Two and Three in the installment and acquire the stored data, that way, we fulfill our assignment and deliver new intel." He snubbed the answer of Pitt. "I think, we are all set. Atashi? Travis? Go to the armory and collect everything you need. Don't touch the large black sword in the crystal, it doesn't like it. Captain Pitt? Get your Flight ready to accompany us to the surface. R6? Start the landing process."

"Okay, the Deathbird is secured, let's head out. If we meet fire, just head for cover and let me and my lightsaber have some fun time, alright?" Taurus looked at his nine teammates. "R6 is going to follow us and help Hijacker slip through any doors." He headed down the landing platform, to the first terminal in sight. The Plan is easy; First Step: Go through the Base undetected, second find the data core, third extract the data!" He started to whistle a happy melody and watched Hijacker slicing the bay door to the base. He turned back to his crew. "Always remember: A good plan is executed violently; for every enemy killed you will get awarded a Cluster of Fire by me. If you die, I will award it myself so...just don't die!" The heavy door opened slowly; a whiff of old air escaped the long corridor. The Team went inside wary, except of the Bull, who lit his red lightsaber and marched proudly to the front. The corridor was long with dim emergency lights, not a single soul or mouse droid to be seen. "There! A data point for the droid!" LT Vanguard pointed out. R6 gave out an approving beep. After a few minutes of slicing through the data point, he responded with a few beeps to Hijacker. "So, the Base is on lockdown, there was a raid by a group of the Kilji Illumine five years ago, no imperial passcodes have been used since. They also might be still around so we might get some resistance. The data core is after this door, right then left and we should be just in front of it." Hijacker explained the team. "Alright let's go!" Taurus ran in front. "First to the core! First to the key!" Travis let out a loud sign. "He really likes to get killed right?" "I don't think so, he really likes to kill!" Atashi looked at him. In the distance of the corridor, they could hear blaster shots and screams. "Hurry up Guys! Or he is making fun of us the next time in the cantina!"

Taurus was in his element, between energy pulses he blocked and evaded, he strides majestically through the room. There an arm cut by his saber, an elbow in a kidney and a lighting through the room that hit two raiders at the same time, he was not even scratched. Just as he could behead the

last guy, a blaster shot hit him clean in the head and he dropped on the ground like a puppet. Taurus turned around and looked back to Atashi that looked at him smiling. "That was my kill! But fair one CoF for you!" Now I think they are dead, let's get through the door and extract our data." The core of the base was mostly destroyed, a few incinerated imperial officers laid around holding a deadly last defense. "Hijacker! Is the scientific recon data still intact?" Hijacker looked through the files. "They were encrypted and most files are still sealed. I initiated the download and we should be..." He paused for a second, looking at his screen. "Yep. Good to go." Taurus looked at his small ground team. "Mission accomplished, let's head back to the Deathbird. As soon as we are back, we can use my data array to send the data to Plif and we should get our Imperial Security Medal in the Mail, right?"

In the end Hijacker didn't send the data to Plif, it was Taurus, who exaggerated the whole mission to a degree that was pure boosting. In that version he killed a battalion of raiders all by himself, rescued the data heroically, while Firebird had a party and got drunk on Chalquilla. Captain Pitt tried hard to deny anything, but the Bull was just too happy telling the story almost everybody in the whole fleet. A typical case of the Hero Syndrome.