

# A LIFE AT WAR: TWILIGHT

## Chapter 4: Interrogation

Dac was in mild chaos. While we were gone a radical part of the Quarren Isolation League led by former Senator Tikkes had tried to take control of the planet. They had been ousted by Jedi General Kit Fisto. Many of this radical section of the Isolation League had then fled the planet and General Fisto was needed elsewhere. He would be taking his fleet with him.

The attack on the fuel station had been to distract us and prevent us from reinforcing the official Government of Mon Cala. Our communications had even been jammed locally to prevent us from returning quickly enough. In the end Mon Cala still stood firm, but I was growing increasingly paranoid over this. Had our intel been bad? How could we verify it in the future? Could we even verify it? This entire situation was simply stressing me out.

It also didn't help my growing stress was being notified about an evaluation on my loyalties. I suppose it made sense in a way as I was officially an officer from a rebelling world and the actions I took during the battle were slightly suspect, but a formal evaluation? That seemed extreme. However orders were orders and so I would meet General Fisto before his imminent departure.

Thus I boarded a shuttle to his current headquarters, an Acclamator previously used to assist the Mon Cala Government.

The shuttle lands in the hanger bay and I wait only a moment before exiting down the descending ramp. I was greeted by a squad of Clones which, without any traditional formalities, escorted me towards the detention center. I was most displeased by the insult. Even if they are being detained a Captain, or higher ranking officer, is to be saluted and informed if they may come aboard, especially if they are from a different command. This had been tradition since the second founding of the Republic Navy over fifteen thousand years ago and its exclusion had me silently fuming.

Either way, I was lead to the detention center, the foul taste of the insult still prevalent in my mind, and deposited in a cell. I look upon it and find two chairs facing one another, a table separating them. I sat on the chair facing the ray-shield and waited.

It took the General about half an hour until he appeared. The ray-shield lowering and the Nautolan Jedi entering the room a second after. I stood up and saluted my higher up. Another insult was raised against me when the Jedi didn't acknowledge the salute. Clearly the Jedi knew nothing of Republic Navy tradition and it was showing intensely. He sat and I followed suit after.

“So, you are here because your homeworld of Fondor has sided with the Confederacy of Independent Systems.” He began.

“I believe that to be so, General.” Is my reply.

“Now, have you been in contact with anyone from Fondor within the past three weeks?” He asks.

“Several sir. I have been in regular contact with my colleague and friend Junior Captain Luis Sicato of the Dagger. I was recently in contact with my father and mother as of sixteen days ago. I requested they send me guestbread, guestcheese and the ancestral slugthrower, sir. Other than them, no one.” I say.

He Jedi pauses a moment before continuing: “Do either of your parents posses Separatist sympathies or positions in Fondor’s governance or defense?”

I sigh before speaking once more: “Sir, my file clearly states that my father is an administrator in the Fondorian Defense Force, logistics and shipyard defense division and my mother is First Secretary to the Ministerial Office of Fondor. Like most of Fondor they are not loyal to the Separatist cause. They informed me of the current mood as of our last conversation when I informed

them of my cultural goods shortage. As far as I am aware Fondor followed her neighbors out of fear of a siege and the destruction of the only thing which separates our world from any other wasteland, our shipyards.”

The Jedi paused a moment, confusion almost hidden from his face. He looks over his datafile before continuing with his questions: “Do you or your friend Captain Sicato hold any Separatist sympathies?”

You might be reading a stolen copy. Visit [NovelBin](#) for the authentic version.

I stare at him like the idiot he is. I gather my thoughts before saying anything treasonous or insubordinate: “Sir, are you aware that the Separatists have more ships than competent officers? According to intelligence more than half of their ships, be they frigates, cruisers or battleships are almost entirely commanded and crewed by droids? They’re hardly better than giant computers. According to intelligence these droid commanders are less competent than a Sergeant who just entered a Republic officer academy. If I, or anyone wanted to desert, which I for the record do not, we would have been given promotions, commands and authority to rival yours, sir. I stay loyal for the love of democracy as well as my duty and my people. To have someone speak for them when this war is over. To prove, not all of us are traitors. To give them a voice. To uphold the honor of the Navy. To serve the best I can, sir.”

The Nautolan Jedi stares at me, nodding once than closing his eyes. He stayed that way for fifteen seconds, nodded again, opened his eyes and stood up. The General turns towards the shields and left the cell. The shields close behind him leaving the me alone in the cell.

Five hours. That damn idiot took five karking hours before sending a bloody cadet to inform me I was free to return to active duty. He didn't even bother to send an officer. Then I was busied off the ship, like some kind of burden. I had missed dinner for this farce and a half. If the Jedi just wanted to ask me these silly questions he should have just sent me a form to fill out.

Sure maybe the Force was telling him something, but he and his men had essentially been insulting the traditions of the Navy ever since I came aboard. I pity whatever officers serve directly under the Jedi and praise whatever clerical mishap that made the 347<sup>th</sup> Outer Rim Section a semi-independent force.

With the Jedi and his forces gone we returned to our patrols. I tried my hardest to keep up to date on Republic intelligence and news, keeping a special eye out for anything relating to Fondor and my parents.

Eventually we were informed of another target. The 347<sup>th</sup> were to assemble and assault a small shipyard near Dellalt. According to Intelligence the

Separatists had started building a new shipyard in orbit of Dellalts' furthest moon.

A theoretically perfect target for us to raid. The plan was simple, come out of hyperspace and approach the station when the moon's orbit was closest to the hyperspace egress point within the system. We would hit the station as quickly as possible doing as much damage as possible before getting the hell out of dodge. The Objective was to either destroy the station or damage it beyond any quick repair. I hope it would be more of a success than our first mission.

Owen Dericote was unhappy. His son was serving with the Republic while he was stuck defending their world against said Republic. He picked up a holo picture of the family and started praying. Maker above, please never have him come near here while the war is on. I don't know if I could stomach shooting at any Republic ship without dreading he was aboard it. Naomi is beside herself and has slept even less than usual and Owen was getting worried he'll have to take her to a hospital soon.

Thraken had always been a bit of a miracle for them. Naomi and him had found themselves quite in love at first, then their careers turned into overdrive and they both ended up so swamped in paperwork. He would have been unsure of when exactly Thraken had been born were it not for the birth certificate and remembering that he had signed for a major durasteel import that same day after hours upon hours of meetings and negotiations with the Tapani.

Owen was under no delusions that he had not been the best father to his son, especially in the first year. If it weren't for R4 he would almost dread they might have forgotten about him. R4 however had sent both Owen and Naomi pictures every day, to remind them and did a stellar job at watching their darling baby boy when they couldn't be there for him.

Owen snaps back to the present. The present where he and my son were on opposite sides of a war. The only true comfort of that was that his boy had R4 and the family slugthrower. It had been passed down the family since they settled on Fondor after all, lived and protected kin and friends since time in memorial. It had every old blessing of the old religion in proto-basic known for good luck reapplied every time it was passed from head to heir. It's holster inscribed with a few additional blessings of protection and a stitched sandgator, Owen's finest kill in his younger days, to remind his boy of his roots. The exhausted father could only hope it would protect his son.

Kit Fisto didn't know what to think of the Fondorian Captain. His presence in the force was agitated the moment he had stepped onto the ship. Yet the Jedi wasn't sure what it was that might cause this. At first he believed it to be fear of exposure, of revealing a feigned loyalty. It certainly hadn't helped that the man's force signature was a tad weird as well. A decent bit more experienced than the mans' actual age and with wisps of something else within it, like tiny currents within a greater ocean.

Captain Dericote definitely believed everything he had said in the brig and Captain Sicato had confirmed the original suspicions placed upon Captain Dericote had been unneeded. Still it was slightly suspicious that the Captain had such a heated opinion on the need of his homeworld to have a voice in their favor. Even more so that he would have to be that voice. There were quite a handful of officers from Fondor. Sure, quite a few had deserted to the Separatists, but the others had quite the similar convictions and delusions according to other interviews he had read up on to prepare himself for this.

The Jedi supposed it was a natural quirk of the planet's dominant culture. Still something about that Captain rubbed him slightly the wrong way, like a wrong note played in an orchestra which still harmonizes to the melody. It was slightly off to any musician, but would never be noticed by any bystander or listener. It would be something to consider later. There was a war to fight and distractions could not be tolerated.