

A New Doom

A purple, bulbous ship hurtled through the inky depths of interstellar space. Its pilot sat at the controls, half awake, half comatose from the seemingly endless stretch of time he had spent staring into the void. He was yanked back into reality by beeping instruments. Finally, they had arrived.

His hands moved over the instruments, switching the craft to manual control. The blue planet was already visible in the distance, unsuspecting. He would relish presenting it to his masters, finally proving his worth. But first, there was something he had to do.

“GIR... would you please stop singing?” His robot companion looked at him quizzically before resuming the song he had kept up for six very long months. It didn’t matter. His goal was within reach; a mere annoyance was worth it. He was already scheming, planning exactly how he would conquer the fools below. They’d never-

There was a searing flash, followed a split-second later by the planet bursting, scattering in all directions. The Voot Cruiser spun wildly through space as he frantically swerved around the larger pieces.

“Who **dares** destroy **my** planet!?” he demanded.

As the debris field expanded, it became easier to see what was on the other side of the former planet. There was empty space in all directions, except for one object...

“A **moon!** A measly moon is all I will be able to offer to my Tallest? This is an **outrage!**” He pushed the Cruiser’s engines to the limit, ready to avenge the destruction of the planet he was to conquer. Maybe the people on the moon would know what had happened. And whether or not they were responsible, he would make them pay.

A door slid open and Officer Cass strode into the conference room. “Our scout ships have reached Dantooine. They found the remains of a rebel base, but they estimate it has been deserted for some time. They are now conducting an extensive search of the surrounding systems.”

“She lied!” Tarkin said angrily. “She lied to us!”

“I told you she would never consciously betray the rebellion,” Vader said.

“Terminate her... immediately!”

Another officer rushed into the room, bumping into Cass. “We’ve detected a ship heading toward us.”

“Just one?” Tarkin asked.

“It’s a type we’ve never seen before. We’ve also been receiving some... odd transmissions from it.” He turned on his comlink, unleashing a torrent of ragged screams.

“You filthy hoo-mans! Tell me what happened to that planet! Zim demands an answer, you groveling worms! Give it to Zim! I know you’re listening! Nobody ignores Ziiiiiiiiim!”

Mercifully, the officer shut off the comlink before this “Zim” could continue his diatribe. “We have tried to destroy the ship with turbolaser fire, but nothing can even connect. It dodges everything we throw at it.”

“Well, what do you expect **me** to do?” Tarkin demanded.

“It would help if you released the TIEs.” For some reason, Tarkin had a standing order to keep fighter patrols at a bare minimum, and it would require another order from the Moff to override that command.

“Is it a potential threat?”

“We don’t know, but thought it best to err on the side of caution.”

“Ignore it,” Tarkin said. What was one ship against the Death Star? Despite Vader’s doubts, it was the ultimate power in the universe. Some crazed alien wasn’t going to change that.