

### Objective 3: Recovery

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/8649/snapshots/1147/2298>

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Brimstone watched as the leaders of Plagueis spoke amongst themselves about the fate of Psi Terminus I. They were debating about how to recover the information on the enemy. No one was paying attention to the hidden security camera the Chiss had planted within their chamber. Brimstone placed the device weeks earlier to not only gather intel he wasn't privy to, but to keep an eye out for anyone who was a spy against his clan.

As he sat back in his chair in his on suite, sipping a hot beverage from its cup, Brimstone was also punching in coordinates of the Wild Space location of the doomed ship. He noticed that it wasn't far from an area his former alliance, the Ascendancy, had done patrols and scouting of the sector. He realized that not only he had an advantage of getting to the area unseen, but that he could enlist his brother, Mynop'atc'howrda, to help in the recovery of the object, a black box. The sensitive unit held the secret information on not only the ship, but of the enemy and their attack possibly.

As the Chiss was distracted, he didn't notice that one of the leaders left the view of his camera. Moments later, a chime from his door alerted him to someone outside. Brim flicked a security monitor to see TuQ'uan Varick standing outside. Brim paused for a moment and looked back at the council's feed and noticed too late he wasn't there.

"Brim, open the door now. I won't repeat myself."

The Chiss flicked a switch and the door opened up. Tuq strolled inside and gave a glaring look towards the Plagueian.

"Yes TuQ'uan, how can I help you?"

"Brim, I know all about the security camera you hidden in our chamber. I know you trust no one after what happened in Aliso. But, you can't expect to be unpunished for your deception all the time."

Brimstone remained unseated. "It isn't a deception if I allowed you the ease of finding the equipment. It's a deception if you find yourself unaware of that deception, wouldn't you say so?" he replied.

"Brim, I don't know all your methods or your plans behind your secrecy. And frankly, I don't give a poo doo about it. But we're getting tired of you dancing around protocols to spy on your own clan and leaders you serve under. It has to stop, and I mean now. Do you understand?"

The Chiss stood up quickly. "What I understand is that every time we have a new leadership change is that it ends up being a fiasco for the clan, one way or another. I am tired of being the punching bag for every feud or war or ideology each new leader has. We are always at war. Is it wrong for me to set up defenses against any more stupid decisions by whoever is in charge?"

Tuq stood his ground with his arms crossed. "Look Brim, I sympathize with you. We all feel like pawns. But this is not the time or place to lay waste to what we are planning. And you know full..."

TuQ'uan was interrupted as a multitude of beeps came from Brimstone's computer. "What's that?"

Brimstone turned to the monitor. "What this is is a plan to retrieve the black box from the Psi Terminus I. While you were all discussing the lost of the ship, I have had someone scouting the Wild Space and from this information I see, I have exact coordinates from my brother on where to find its remnants."

"Ok Brim, and what's is your opinion on this?"

"Simply put, I will go alone and recover the box. In an non Plagueis vessel so no one can blame the clan for my deception."

"Your deception? What are you talking about?"

"I believe the enemy is working with the help of the Iron Throne. It isn't like our leaders have turned against us before. I believe the black box holds the secrets to unravel their deception. That is why they want to destroy it and not recover it."

"Brim, this is treasonous. Without any proof, you are risking your life, as well as the clan's life. Even if this was accurate, you know your life will be subject for termination."

"That's why I suggest you keep it to yourself till my mission is finished. If I fail, you and the clan can just accept my demise as a casualty of war. And no one within Plagueis is implicated."

"I'll do what I can, but if you fail, you will be stricken from the history of Plagueis. Do you understand?"

"Yes." said the Chiss sternly.

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Days passed after Brimstone left the fleet. TuQ'uan had gotten clearance for him to leave for personal time to deal with family issues. Brimstone had only one chance to succeed. As he arrived in Wild Space in his personal Clawcraft, he had his cloak field on to mask his presence. As he traveled towards the last known location of the Psi Terminus I, he witnessed multiple Collective ships patrolling the area. He knew it wasn't going to be easy to board any remnants of the ship, but to do it under their noses was the part of the mission that thrilled him

As he maneuvered his ship towards a large remaining chunk of the ship, he prepared to leave the confines and board the command station. He lowered his visor of his helmet and sealed its air pressure suit so he wouldn't be subjected to the vacuum of space. Time was of the essence. He only had an hour of air available to him. Even with his Force powers, he knew he couldn't waste precious seconds within the ship.

Climbing aboard, he hastily made his way to the security control station where the black box was housed. Luckily for him, no one else was aboard: no droids, no beings, nobody. It took Brim 20 minutes to find the black box, and to his amazement, there was actually three of them, each weighing about 30 kilograms each. Not knowing which one he needed, he decided to take all three as a precaution. Calling on the force to help him haul the weight and bulkiness, he started his way back to his ship.

Thirty minutes passed as he reached his ship's side and opened up the side compartments to stow the items within. As he turned to see if anyone had followed him, he accidentally hit the switch on his belt and it turned off the cloaking device of his ship. Almost immediately, alarms rang out as patrolling ships detected him with their sensors and came flying towards him. Brimstone knew he had to escape and had no seconds to waste. He hopped into the cockpit, sealed the canopy hatch, and with both hands on the yoke, throttled full speed out, just before multiple blasts hit his previous location. As he hurled out of it, he chucked off his helmet and flew by the seat of his pants, avoiding the incoming fire.

As he swerved in and out, he punched up his computers and was alerted to the ships following him. It was the Rose Squadron. He knew he had moments to escape before destroyed. As he evaded, he flipped a switch on his comms to another frequency. Putting on his headset, he keyed a coded transmission and waited. Seconds later, forty pirate ships emerged from hyperspace. His brother did what he requested. He had alerted a local pirate den about a ship to salvage. The sudden arrival of the new fleet startled the Collective fleet as they peeled off into a defensive posture.

Ships from both fleets were in a dogfight for space supremacy. Brimstone weaved in and out, trying to setup an lane to jump out from. As his nav computer finally located a precise jump point, Brim sent out another coded message that alerted his brother his thanks and that he was safe. Brimstone then hit the buttons and the viewport turned into a streak of stars as he vanished. On his way back to Plagueis with his items, it was up to them to decipher their secrets. Brimstone did his job. Only time would tell now.