

## Lothal Mission Report

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## Lothal Mission Report

by [AnInformant](#)

### Summary

Dash recounts the events of Lothal, and discovers that his family is answering to some long-buried legal problems.

### Notes

Author credit: MadellsMoon

Beta/edits: AnInformant

Only the hum of the engines and the staccato of tapping were audible in the cockpit of the recently-procured YT-1760 transport. To Dash's knowledge, he was the only living thing on this ship. Sure, there were a few HK droids, but droids don't exactly count as far as lifesign scanners are concerned, right?

Dash shook his head to clear the errant thought away, and continued his assault on the keyboard.

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### *Lothal After-Action Mission Report*

#### *Summary:*

*Mission success.*

*Assets retrieved and rebel presence disrupted.*

*Enhanced rebel presence encountered.*

*Minimal damage to Imperial Assets. Zero Imperial fatalities.*

*Full accounting of intel and assets procured PENDING.*

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Dash thought for a moment, then scratched out the line about Imperial Assets. No telling if the higher up mucky mucks would consider “old Rebel inhabited buildings” as “Imperial Assets”.

‘Pending’ felt like a fitting status for any acquisitions. They hadn’t even had time yet to sweep for bugs, much less repair the new Defender corvette WD and Maarek had snagged, or...

Dash’s world went white for a second as he shifted and pain cascaded through him...*or* get properly patched up.

He stared down at the visibly charred flesh on his stomach. The sniper fire he’d caught had completely blindsided him, knocking him out cold in enemy territory. If it hadn’t been for Hacarita...

Wincing again, Dash decided it was wiser to focus on the tasks in front of him. He could think of tall brunettes, or short brunettes, when he didn’t smell like burnt nerf hair.

At least he’d gotten the part needed to patch up the Defender onto this freighter. He’d hauled...well, maybe not *personally*...he glanced down again...he’d *overseen* the IGs hauling the part out of the scrap heap and into the cargo bay. The part was...what did Venka call it? A repulsive mission generator?

Regardless, he wasn’t likely to do any real heavy lifting until his injuries were better attended to, and he didn’t trust himself to sleep while the only other things that could respond to emergencies were assassin droids with questionable loyalties. That’s essentially why he’d parked his singed ass in the cockpit.

He was looking forward to taking it easy in a bacta tank for a few hours, but that would have to wait until they arrived somewhere with adequate medical facilities. To the best of his recollection, none of the three ships the crew were manning (Defender, or freighters) had anything so elaborates. In the meantime, the best he could hope for was someone to keep an eye on the helm while he caught some shut-eye.

That thought in mind, he tapped out a brief message to the other freighter

*V - Let me know when you’re ready to bug hunt. -D*

Hopefully, Venka would stick around for a little bit after scanning the ship. Another warm body on this small freighter was more than welcome. He snapped his thoughts of “warm bodies” back to the mission log before they started wandering elsewhere.

He chewed on his lip, trying to decide how much detail should he leave in, or out, of the report. He mentally ran through a rough list.

Century Hawk Maneuver? Questionable.

Assassin? Of course.

Detail that some crew were inebriated and unable to walk? Out. Nothing that painted his troops in

a reprimandable light like that needed to be kept.

Surveillance ship encounter. Keep.

Hacarita's "confession of love for Bruno" to a Nautolin? Funny, but out.

Maarek Blackout... See above about troops.

Whitey and Maarek nearly blowing our cover and getting us all killed? Reframe as tactically optimal play with complications.

Acquisition of Intel, Prisoner, and Ships?

His internal monologue was interrupted by a beep and blinking text reading "message waiting".

"That was fast." His voice filled the small cockpit, forcing Dash to realize that this was the first thing he'd said aloud in the last hour. "Guess Venka was just waiting for an order."

Opening the message Dash quickly realized this wasn't from Venka at all.

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*To: Daro Madell, care of the Emperor's Finest Imperial Military*

*From: Madell Holdings*

*Dated: (three's months prior)*

*Dear Capt. Madell,*

*We are informing you of the imminent foreclosure and seizure of all Madell Holdings assets. This includes your small percentage of stocks and property previously gifted to you upon your honorable discharge from Imperial service. This seizure was conducted at the behest of Imperial Justice Shariin on Coruscant per Imperial tax code 4345.245 sections a - f.*

*Per your service to the Empire during the time of any wrongdoings you have been fully cleared and no stigma is personally attached to you; you may continue to serve at the Emperor's mercy.*

*Signed,*

*Asset Forfeiture Executor / Coruscant Taxation Court*

*PS - Your father passed on a message that in the unlikely event you wish to visit, their lodging has moved from 500 Republica to moon L4a92 in the ## system.*

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Dash read the message in its entirety three times. He let out a low whistle, pausing before reconsidering talking to himself in the abject silence of his isolation.

"Seems like their misdeeds finally caught up with them. Can't say I'm surprised. Wonder how they finally got caught. Wasn't me...at least, I don't think it was me..."

His thoughts flitted through the few times he'd been sufficiently inebriated to let anything slip. It wasn't a very long list, though each incident was more than unbecoming.

There was post-Scarif on the Raider, where he and his fellow DTs had consumed alcohol like water. He had gotten pretty drunk off of Maarek's alcohol on the bridge, but he'd been alone then with the stars, hadn't he? At least...he had been initially. Upon interruption, he'd had a pleasant, un-incriminating conversation with the aforementioned short brunette, who'd been in the midst of a standard bug sweep.

Also possible were that his memories of Planet Tong, with those loony cultists and their hallucinogens. A short bark of a laugh escaped his lips at the thought of cultists in a cave ratting out Imperial upper-crust on Coruscant half a galaxy away. The exclamation was followed, of course, by a sharp intake of breath as the pain in his torso slashed through his mirth. Other than that, he'd likely been a bit loopy when he woke up post sniper fire, but this message was way too old for that.

There was no way he'd been the one to cause their downfall. Not that it mattered much, in his opinion. His family built their miniature trade empire by stepping on the backs and hands of too many people. His parents had thought of the servants as things to abuse and harangue, rather than people. Their ambition and lust for power were only matched by their duplicity, all traits they'd tried to foster in their children. His younger brother had taken to it much better than he had, as had his eldest sister. Stars above, part of the reason he'd joined the Imperial Infantry had been to distance himself from them. As Dash was being groomed to take over the "family business" he'd seen the jealous look in his brother's eye, and had started having to worry for his own safety, lest the other man misinterpret his apathy for weakness.

"Serves 'em right." The words echoed off the walls of the small room. As they faded to near nothing, he recalled how insulated his second-youngest sister had been from the realities of the Madell Family dealings when he'd left. She alone might not have deserved this. She'd always been kind to all their siblings, and had treated Mindy, the head maid's daughter, like her best friend.

Looking at the message again, he noted the sector the planetoid was on.

"Out of the way. Not a bad place to lie low."

With all the heat they'd attracted, it might not be a bad place to disappear to for a little while.

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Final Report (w/ strikethrough):

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## Report:

After receiving mission briefing and authorization, crew proceeded to planet Lothal. Upon arrival in atmosphere, a survey of the former Imperial installation was conducted and a large ion cannon emplacement (not on Imperial provided drawings) was identified. Shortly after, radio contact was established with a group calling themselves Pryce Reclamation Services, that had taken up residence at the facility. Denied permission to land, we landed instead at the local spaceport and proceeded to ~~a nearby cantina~~ to await a face-to-face with a Pryce representative. The representative that arrived was called Bruno (see attached photo). Note: comparing later intel it is confirmed that the Twilek known as Hera Syndulla was present in the cantina.

Impressing the locals ~~via the "Century Hawk Maneuver" and a drinking contest~~ under the guise of previously established mercenary company "Dash's Raiders", the team were able to successfully negotiate access to the "Pryce" site, on the condition that we "remove the Imperial Spy Ship from the system". We accepted the mission and upon heading back to the ship were attacked by an assassin stationed beneath our vessel. ~~At the time, several of the crew were severely impaired by alcohol.~~ One of Bruno's men was killed by a disruptor blast, and DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~ dispatched the assassin with several blaster bolts. Assassin promptly beeped and exploded. Suspect the assassin had dead-man switch rigged Thermal Detonator. Damage to freighter mitigated via emergency lift off. ~~Thanks Jr.~~

In orbit, we approached and scanned the coordinates given for the compromised Imperial Vessel's location. There we encountered an IGV-55 commanded by Lt. Kincaid, unaware their position had been compromised. After verifying authorization, Lt. Kincaid and the IGV-55 crew aided the mission by providing site intel and moving positions as necessary. Upon return to Lothal, we claimed mission success via aggressive boarding action, and stashing the vessel elsewhere.

Landing at the "Pryce compound," (see attached map) we were able to tour some buildings (insert building list here, 11, 10, 4), but were denied access to bldgs 8 (possible security HQ) and 12 (former officers club). Found some old non-Imperial datadrives in the larger hanger (bldg 10). DT-4171 ~~Maarek~~ suffered a mild blackout and together with DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~ and SC-1452 ~~Haeerita~~ were escorted to the Barracks to rest (bldg 6). DT-4173 ~~Venka~~ traversed to our freighter with the excuse of analyzing the data, planning to don DT Armor and covertly enter bldg 12. Meanwhile, DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ continued an exhaustive tour of Hanger 11 to keep Bruno occupied.

To cover more ground and handle more objectives simultaneously, the team was split into three groups. (Ion Cannon Group) DT-4171 ~~Maarek~~ and DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~ went off on their own without telling anyone and assaulted the ion cannon directly. DT-4173 ~~Venka~~ continued to Bldg 12. DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ walked in on ~~Haeerita~~ SC-1452 proclaiming her love for Bruno to a ~~Nautolan~~, synced up with SC-1452 and headed towards Bldgs. 8, 10, and 11.

Troops encountered the ion cannon group, forcing confrontation. DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~ went loud and eliminated them all but made too much damn noise engaged, putting the compound on alert. DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ and SC-1452 ~~Haeerita~~ secured the land vehicle hanger (Bldg. 11), and upon emerging encountered infantry in black armor with rebel insignias (see picture from helmetcam). Suspect Rebel Infiltrator unit. DT-4173 ~~Venka~~ took a hostage for future interrogation and took over base defenses, reprogramming FoF. The Ion Cannon Group, DT-4171 ~~Maarek~~ and DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~, then reported finding a hidden underground hanger, housing a single starship, and began depriving the rebel cell of its use. Aboveground, DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ and SC-1452 ~~Haeerita~~ commandeered a speeder and chased an Infiltrator into the backup generator building, where he was planting an explosive device. The device was defused by SC-1452 ~~Haeerita~~. Upon exiting the building, DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ was caught by sniper fire, and triaged via stim by SC-1452 ~~Haeerita~~.

Situation on the ground (briefly) contained as DT-4173 ~~Venka~~ actuated the vault and led entry to retrieve the package and escort , which was then handed off to DT-4174 ~~Dash~~ for exfil via a procured YT-1760 freighter after scavenging a repulsor generation device from the hanger. DT-4171 ~~Maarek~~ and DT-4175 ~~Whitey~~ provided air superiority and damaged ground structures including weapons emplacements. DT-4173 ~~Venka~~ and SC-1452 ~~Hacarita~~ retrieved their captive and exfiltrated via the Ghtroc Freighter.

During exfil, several Corvettes appeared, prompting quick egress to rendezvous gamma.

To Do: Interrogate prisoner, analyze downloaded data, assess/repair appropriated hardware.

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