

Fitting In

LT Sylas Pitt

Sylas sat at his desk, pouring over the stack of course notes that had accumulated. His fascination with the Historic courses had made him fall desperately behind on his Leadership courses. If he had any hope of becoming a Lieutenant Commander, then he would best understand the course work before him. He was not expecting to be promoted to Flight Leader any time soon, but it always helped to be prepared, should the situation ever arise.

“Agh, who am I kidding?” Sylas groaned as he rested his head in his hands, leaning forth with his elbows on his desk. He rubbed his temples as he stared down at the jumbled mess of papers before him. The words no longer made sense, as he felt a static haze in his head. “I’m not ready for any of this.” He mumbled, gesturing to the Squadron Management paperwork. “I can barely keep my ship from crashing into an asteroid.”

The X-Wing. The very ship that haunted Sylas’ nightmares throughout his childhood. His first glance at them in the hangar of the *Challenge* made the hairs on his neck stand on end. His inner child screamed at him to destroy and sabotage it before it could do any more harm. But Sylas knew better than that. Controlling them was a learning hurdle since Sylas was used to the setup and maneuverability of the TIE Fighter. On the upside, however, their shield technology gave him a slight sense of security when compared to the thin layer of protection between a TIE pilot and the vacuum of space. Flying an X-Wing was not the worst of the situation. At least, not in Sylas’ opinion.

Having to blend in and mingle with the Rebels is what made his blood boil. Conducting undercover missions to infiltrate the Rebels and their plans is never easy, as their security measures continue to increase. Most missions require him to feign loyalty to the Rebel cause, working as a double agent. He did not mind backstabbing the Rebels, of course, they were nothing more than glorified terrorists. But in an instance where they run into Imperial forces, he is expected to play his role of infiltration *convincingly*. Sylas could not help the guilty tug at his gut, having to purposefully aim and fire at a fellow Imperial. Thankfully, he knew how to miss purposefully, but he could not let the Rebels know he was missing every shot.

On a brighter note, however, Sylas knew he was not alone in his quest for vengeance. A Flight Member in the same flight, Lieutenant Jax Nassin, had also lost his father in the hands of the Rebels. Lieutenant Nassin is older than Sylas and has been kind enough to help him during their training sessions. Lieutenant Nassin has also shared some of his wisdom from his many years as a pirate. No doubt in Sylas’ mind that Lieutenant Nassin will soon be heading into a leadership position, be it with Firebird, or somewhere else in the TIE Corps.

“And I’ll be here. Still studying.” He mumbled before standing up from his desk and getting dressed. He was off for the evening, deciding to wear a simple jacket and pants. Taking one last look at his desk, he signed before leaving his room, switching the lights off. He began walking down the hallway, fixing his jacket as he went. “I need a drink anyways...”

Word Count: 575