

## **Shadow to Flame**

Originally Posted on October 27th, 2003

Author: Voda

### Chapter 1

Primary Transmission to Vega 1 Relay Post

Confirmed Sender - Relay to Roeber, Kerrin.

Sender - Military Academy of Vega

Date - 07/17/45

Kerrin Roeber, it is my pleasure to welcome you to the GTVA Military. Your application to the Military Academy of Vega Prime has been accepted. Your transport leaves tomorrow. Each candidate will undergo eight months of training at the academy, and then will be assigned to a training vessel within the GTVA. Rest assured, you will be assigned to a Terran Cruiser. Your identification number is enclosed and is the time and location of your transport. Welcome to the GTVA, pilot.

Ross Aybara

Admissions, Military Academy of Vega

--

Primary Transmission to Vega 1 Comm Relay

Confirmed Sender - Roeber, Kerrin

Sender - Military Academy of Vega

Congratulations on your graduation pilot. You are qualified to fly the Perseus Intercept fighter, the Hercules Mark 2 heavy assault fighter, and the Myrmadon space superiority fighter. Upon the graduation ceremony, you will be assigned to the GTC Tempest, currently serving patrol in Epsilon Pegasi. You have been awarded your Pilot's Wings, and because of your upstanding record during your training, I have been informed of your post. You are Beta 2 on the GTC Tempest. Congratulations, pilot. Your transport leaves at 1800 hours. As of now you are a pilot of the GTVA. Welcome to the military.

Ross Aybara

Admissions, Military Academy of Vega

--

The briefing room buzzed with talk. Most of the pilots there were rookies from the Vega Academy. The few veterans in the room were there for decor mostly. The briefing room sat near the aft of the GTC Tempest, a Deimos class cruiser. The rookie pilots had met few of the crew, having been arriving in groups over the past few days. Kerrin was the third to arrive, and had spent the next day exploring his new home. The ship just passed a kilometre in length, and was inhabited by two thousand crewmembers. This ship was a relic of the second War against the Shivans, and had seen action. The veteran pilots sat nearly in silence, their attention held by the view screen in front of them. Kerrin sat beside a man he knew, Mikael Lebenen. Also a graduate of Vega Academy, Mikael had scored little below Kerrin on the exams, and was posted as Beta 2. Kerrin and Mikael bunked together in the academy, and were old friends. However, their talk was forgotten as an officer

walked in the room. Along with every man and woman in the room, they snapped to attention.

"At ease pilots." They settled once again, and the officer took his place at the front, aside the view screen. "To all the new pilots aboard the Tempest, let me be the first to officially welcome you. My name is William Pryce, the squadron leader of the 45th Red Eagles. You are all squad mates now, and will be taking orders from me, Alpha One." The Officer pressed a button on his podium, and a skeleton frame of the Myrmadon fighter appeared. "Down to business. You will be flying the Myrmadon Space Superiority fighter. You all have qualifications for this fighter, so this should be nothing new to you. Time for assignments. The rest of Alpha wing is filled currently, and we start with Beta Wing. Beta One, Kerrin Roeber. The rest of Beta, you know who you are. Delta One is Ribach." Kerrin lost interest as Pryce began naming off flight assignments. He turned to Mikael, "Do you know who the rest of Beta are?" Mikael shook his head. "We got our assignments in our cabin, so could be anyone." Pryce finished, and continued with the briefing. "The Tempest is assigned to convoy duty to give you pilots a feel for real flying. Combat situations will be limited to pirates and scum, so we'll be flying lots of friendly fire training. Report for briefing in twenty minutes. Dismissed." As the pilots got up and left, Mikael rapped Kerrin on the shoulder, "At least we'll know soon. I want to know who's covering my back." Kerrin asked blankly, "From who?" Mikael shrugged, and walked to the ready room.