

My first task for the next day was to find someone with enough authority to buy the alibi supplies. I left the *Chariot* pretty early, stopping by the entrance to the hangar to watch the sun slowly rise up the opposite side of the valley. There were alcoves and hangars carved along that cliffside as well, though they were smaller and seemed more for personal vehicles than anything.

When I was done watching the sunrise, I did a quick walkthrough of all three ships. The only things moving on the *Chariot* were the droid crew, while the *Starcaller* was completely empty. Surprisingly, despite how early I had gotten up, Pola and Vaz were already working in their workshop. I wished them luck before exiting the *Intervention* behind.

After checking in with the B2s on patrol, mainly to see if anyone had been poking around during the night, I made my way deeper into Thila Command. I was pretty sure that General Syndulla would be gone with the rescue mission, as would anyone else notable that I would know from the books and stories. In fact, after seeing how few ships were in orbit, I expected the base to be mostly empty, with very little activity beyond normal maintenance.

Which made stumbling into a chaotic rush of people, a single floor above ours, very surprising.

The second I stepped out of the stairwell, hewn from the solid rock like everything else on this base, I was nearly caught up in a current of Rebel personnel. Dozens of people were rushing around the hallways, pushing around carts, gurneys, equipment, and more. After watching for a minute, I managed to reach out and snag someone as they ran by, specifically choosing someone who was empty-handed.

"What's going on?" I asked, releasing the arm of a young male [Balosar](#). "Why is everyone rushing around?"

"The first wave of casualties is due any minute!" He responded, turning to rush away, forcing me to step ahead of him.

"Casualties from what?"

"The Yavin IV rescue mission!" He explained before finally pushing past me to go on his business.

I cursed, looking around for a moment before stepping out into and following the flow of people, finally finding where everyone was rushing. It was a hangar, one just slightly larger than where our ships were landed, which had been partially converted as an emergency triage center. There were nearly a dozen people hanging around, eyes focused out of the hangar, and more than a few kept in their ears to their comms units.

They were clearly preparing for a lot of people incoming, despite the fact that there only a dozen or so people prepared to do actual medical work. I quickly found someone who looked reasonably in the know, catching their attention as I got closer.

"Hey, do you need more supplies?" I asked, getting the [Mon Calamari's](#) attention.

"What? Who are you? What kind of supplies?" He asked, still looking around, only half paying attention to me.

"I'm Deacon Roy," I answered. "We have a few containers of basic medical supplies. Bacta shots, Bandages, stuff like that."

"Yes, we need everything we can get," He said seriously, suddenly very focused, looking at me intently. "We are stripping rooms of their first aid kits!"

"Alright, sit tight. I'll have a few crates up here in a minute."

I pulled out my comms and called Tatnia, who had clearly still been asleep. After waking her up and filling her in on what was going on, she agreed to grab the three crates of medical supplies we had brought to sell. About three minutes later, Nal, Tatnia, and Allum arrived, pushing repulsor carts with the supplies. The Mon Cal, who introduced himself as Doctor Siddials, was ecstatic.

"Yes, yes, bring those over here," He said, directing my three crewmates to a supply station along one side. "Quickly, the tides are shifting fast."

Immediately, the doctors and nurses cracked into the crates, going through them and preparing the supplies inside. They had just finished the second crate when someone spoke up and warned that the first ship was incoming. Sure enough, about a minute or so later, it arrived, a transport ship I didn't recognize. It landed in one corner of the hangar and immediately started releasing its passengers, from a few limping soldiers to heavily wounded officers being carried out on simple stretchers.

I let three lightly wounded people pass, before spotting the first person on a stretcher. I pushed closer, getting the nurses attention in the process. The soldier was human, or human-like at least, with a heavily bandaged stomach, blood already starting to show through the wrap.

"Does he have anything inside him?" I asked, the human male nurse giving me a strange look, forcing me to repeat myself. "What's the injury? Is there anything inside him?"

"It's a heavy blaster wound," They explained. "There's not much we can do for him, there isn't enough Bacta-"

I ignored the nurse and dual cast Heal Middling Trauma, sinking the Restoration spell into the soldier's stomach. The effect was immediate, color returning to the unconscious man's face, and the strain fading into a calmer look. I gave him another single cast of Heal Middling Trauma before looking up at the nurse, who was staring at me slack-jawed.

"I can heal the worst cases, but I need you guys to point me to them and tell me what's wrong," I explained, already looking around for my next patient. "Biggest concern is if anything is still inside of the patient."

At first, the doctors were understandably skeptical of my ability to heal, even with the light show and obvious results. But, after a few more demonstrations, they finally got the picture. Apparently, rumors of my strange abilities were starting to spread through the ranks of the Rebellion, so they at least had a space in their heads for some random guy doing magic.

We worked hard for about four or five hours, stabilizing several dozen people with wounds that ranged from broken limbs to charred nubs. In between rushes of the worst injuries, I worked on helping those with painful but less severe issues, always making sure to have at least a few spells in the tank in case someone desperate arrived.

While I worked, I noticed early that the patients were falling into one of two categories. One was the relatively fresh-looking soldier, usually carrying fresh blaster wounds. The others were gaunt, tired, and dirty people, a mix of soldiers and officers, most of them carrying injuries that ranged from days to weeks old. It didn't take long for me to realize that the latter group were the people who had been stranded on Yavin IV for some time now.

When the last ship left and all the heavily injured people were taken care of, I pulled away from the improvised patient reception area. I sat down beside Tatnia, Nal, and Allum, who had all stayed to help where they could. We had been sitting for a few minutes when I spotted General Syndulla stepping into the Hangar. She immediately headed toward the injured soldiers and rescued Rebels, talking to many of them. Quite a few of the patients and most of the doctors pointed us out as they spoke. When the Twi'lek general was done checking on her soldiers, she headed in our direction.

"I hear we have you to thank for an incredibly low casualty number," She said with a genuinely happy smile. "Thank you for helping, both with the supplies and with your healing."

"We were just in the right place at the right time," I commented. "How did the mission go?"

"As well as we could have hoped," She said with a nod, turning to look over the injured people, her people, as they were worked on by Rebel doctors. "Our plan to break the initial landing zone worked well, and threw off the Imperials long enough to land troops and equipment so we could evacuate everyone. We sent the wounded here since it was considerably closer than Alpha Base."

"Officially moving there?"

"Slowly but surely," She confirmed with a nod. "It's a significant upgrade to what we have here. I'm here to facilitate the care of the injured and then slowly finish moving our remaining assets there."

"What's so much better about it?" Tatnia asked, finishing her last sip of water. "This place seems like all you could need."

"It has been serviceable, but the ability to expand whenever we required more room was the main benefit," General Syndulla responded with a shrug. "Alpha Base has more than enough room for what we require and already has resources set up. According to the reports, it should be able to survive several hours of orbital bombardment, but it's the power generation that really sets it apart. It draws energy from a dozen deep geothermal generators, which gives us a whole list of options for upgrading and adding additional resources."

"Well, I'm glad we found somewhere the Rebellion can flourish for a while," I said with a nod.

"We are as well. The alternative was a frozen planet that I was *not* looking forward to staying in," She admitted, and having seen what Hoth was like, I couldn't blame her in the slightest. "Speaking of places to call home, I heard you accepted Commander Loc's offer."

"I did, assuming the station isn't completely destroyed," I reminded her. "You guys get some of the supplies, and I get everything else. What I don't want, we sell to you."

"Well, I just hope it's in good condition then," She responded with a smile. "You and your crew have done a lot for the Rebellion. As far as I see, encouraging your growth could only be a good thing."

"Thank you, General. Speaking of help, we were on a recent mission where we pretended to be picking up cargo as a cover," I explained. "Would you be interested in nearly twenty thousand credits worth of shelf-stable food, toiletries, and other supplies? Technically, you have already started using the medical cargo..."

"Yes, I was told your supplies were a great help already. I would be very interested in purchasing those supplies," She agreed with a smile, before pausing for a moment and looking up slightly as she thought to herself. "If you'd like credits, we can do that, but how would you feel about a trade? Commander Loc revealed you lost one of your droid ships, raindrops, I believe he called them, during your pirate raid. How would you feel about trading the supplies for a few of the tri-fighters you used to make them?"

"Where are you getting-" I started, only to stop when I realized the answer to my own question. "You're getting them from Alpha Base."

"That's right, there were quite a few fighters still stored in the hangars," she explained with a nod. "Now, I can't offer that many. We are in the process of reprogramming most of them to function as a defense fleet, but we could spare a few."

"Alright... how about four of them?"

"I think three of them would be more appropriate."

"Maybe, but we both know we have been consistently lowballed in all of our dealings," I pointed out. "The least you could do is throw in an extra ship, especially when it's something you already have and we helped you get it."

"... fine, four tri-fighters in exchange for the supplies," She responded after a short pause. "But you will have to go drop off the supplies and pick up the starfighters. We are too busy moving our equipment around as is."

"Sounds like a deal," I said, holding out my hand, General Syndullay reaching out as well and shaking on the trade. "We will probably load up and head out by the end of the day. Any word on when we can expect to go to this space station?"

"Around a week," She answered. "Commander Loc is currently on a minor mission and will return in a few days, but it will be a few days after that before we can gather the necessary team of experts and troops."

"Fair enough. Once we drop off the supplies and pick up our stuff, we will probably find a place to hunker down somewhere to do some work and wait." I explained. "We will check in after the week is over."

We talked a bit more, discussing the basics of what the station hunting mission would look like, as well as how the rescue mission had gone. Eventually, the green-skinned Twi'lek left to continue her work, leaving us to pack up and head back to the ship. When we arrived, we instructed the labor droids to pack up the supplies into the *Talos Chariot* while everyone else had lunch. Once everything was loaded, the crew split up, and we lifted off, our destinations set. The *Intervention* and *Starcaller* headed off to our first CIS base, which was hopefully the last time we would have to use it as a staging ground. The *Talos Chariot*, on the other hand, headed off to Alpha Base to drop off and pick up cargo.

With crew spread between all three ships, we were running a bit on the light side, but with the way we had the ships set up, that barely reduced their combat effectiveness. Really, only the ground team was hampered since Vaz was with Pola on the *Intervention*, and Tatnia and Julius were on the *Starcaller*. Still, it hardly mattered since we had nothing planned.

It took just under two days to get to Alpha Base, drop off our cargo, and load up the four new tri fighters. After that, we had another day to get to the old CIS base to meet up with everyone else.

Over the next three days, once we landed, the crew kept busy working on maintenance and their projects. Miru converted three of the four tri-fighters into raindrops, rendering the fourth down and adding it to our already accrued spare parts. One of the new ships replaced the one we lost during the pirate raid, while the other two sat in the starboard hangar.

While Miru worked on the raindrops, Vaz and Pola worked on our armor. They were putting in a lot of time, disappearing for most of each day. After Nal told me they spent thirty thousand credits on the undersuit and other parts, I was glad they were taking their task seriously. By the time we left, they assured us they were making serious progress and that our armor would be done soon.

During the entire trip, basically, from the time we left Thila Command to the time we started preparing to leave for Alpha Base to see if Nevue and his team were ready to start hunting our new home, I was working on enchantments. My goal was to get everyone up to three enchantments, specifically two rings and a necklace. Dazem, Vakim, and Calima now had three dexterity enchantments each, while Allum, Julus, and Nal all had two dexterity and one strength. Vaz, Tatnia, and Miru had two strengths and one dexterity, while I had two fortified magic rings and one dexterity necklace.

I had been tempted to try to increase my potency by using three soul gems for everyone's third enchanted piece, but my instincts said I wasn't quite ready for that yet. Still, the effects of the third enchanted item were clear, with every crewmember marveling at the effects of the enchantment.

By the time we left for Alpha Base, everyone was excited and eager to see if we would soon have a whole space station to call home.