

<b>Titel</b>	Treachery of the Clones
<b>Autor</b>	Stefan Lehmann/ „SilentSnake“
<b>eMail-Adresse</b>	lehstef@gmx.net
<b>Zeit</b>	19 Jahre vor der Schlacht von Yavin
<b>Inhalt</b>	Ein Klonkrieger, der in seine Jedi-Generälin verliebt ist, erhält während einer Raumschlacht den Befehl die Order 66 auszuführen.
<b>Anmerkungen</b>	
<b>Spoiler</b>	
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## Treachery of the Clones

Raven checked the instruments of his ARC-170 starfighter. It would not take long until his squadron would launch to support the ongoing siege of the world of Muunilinst.

“Hope you don’t try to save me again. Last time your ‘rescue’ nearly cost my life!”, a familiar voice said to him.

He looked up. Sheela stood right before him and gave him one of her adorable smiles. She was a human Jedi Knight and she was a beautiful one. She would lead the upcoming attack.

“I’ll try”, Raven responded.

She chuckled and gave him one more smile.

“What will you try? Killing me?”, she asked teasingly.

“I’ll try to let you down if you get into trouble once again”, he answered with one of his wry smiles.

“I’ll take you by word”, Sheela laughed.

Raven didn’t respond and for a moment they looked into each other’s eyes deeply.

“May the Force be with you, Raven”, she said. Then she turned and went over to her Jedi starfighter.

His gaze followed her walking down the hangar bay. How wonderful she was. How graceful. How unique she was. Not like him. He looked around and saw his comrades dealing with their own starfighters and equipment. Everybody looked like him. Every single clone trooper. Because they all were copies of their original DNA-donor Jango Fett.

Raven sighed. Even if Sheela was allowed to love, she would deserve someone better than him. A beeping sound from the hangar speakers called attention to the following announcement: “All participating pilots, please man your fighters for imminent launch!”

The Clones hurried into their fighters. Raven and both his copilots took their places. Raven looked over to Sheela’s starfighter whose canopy closed just then. The Jedi smiled at him before she turned to her instruments. He closed his cockpit, too, and started the engines. The howling of all the ARCs echoed through the hangar. The air flickered in the heat of the turbines. The whole squadron left the hangar bay in formation, lead by the Jedi starfighter of their general. They left their Venator-class star destroyer behind and moved towards the defence ships of the Intergalactic Banking Clan which was situated on Muunilinst. Three other squadrons of ARCs and V-Wings joined them on their way, each with a Jedi starfighter in lead.

Raven glanced at Sheela’s ship in front of him. It was odd. Only three years ago, when the war had been unleashed on Geonosis, he had only been a mere instrument of war. A clone of one of the galaxy’s best bounty hunters. Trained to fight, to kill and to follow orders. There had been nothing more in his life. No other purpose.

But things had changed. With the time friendships to his clone comrades had grown. They had started to fight not only for the Republic, but for each other in a battle. Had a dead clone only been a mere decrease of the troop-strength at the beginning of the war, today it hurt to lose a good fellow. Time had brought experiences. Feelings.

When Raven’s commando had been put under the leadership of Sheela some months ago, he had learned to know a new way of feeling. He experienced even love now. Though, it was not a fortunate one.

“We’re in attack range”, Sheela said over the comlink.

“Squad twelve, s-foils in attack position”, Raven ordered his wingmen.

The ARC-170’s airfoils split apart immediately and the fighters reached their attack position.

“Squad twelve, lock on IBC-frigate one’s shield generator”, Sheela was heard over the comlink. “Fire at will.”

Seconds later Raven’s gunman launched two blue gleaming proton torpedos. So did the other fighters. The radar indicated a group of vulture droids approaching.

“Vultures at ten o’clock”, Raven shouted. “Squad sixteen, keep our asses free! Squad twelve, scatter and move on to target!”

The formation fell apart. Laser bolts cut through space everywhere. V-Wings hunted for vulture droids and triffighters, while most of the ARCs still tried to make their way toward the capital ships of the Separatists. The Jedi starfighters were everywhere and cleared the rows of enemy fighters. Pilots and droids on both sides went up in fire balls. Other couples of proton torpedos were fired against the IRC-frigate. Some stroke through the weakened shields and destroyed the shield generator in a glistening explosion.

“Shields are down!”, Sheela shouted. “Squad eleven, this is your prey. Put them over the edge. Squad twelve, Raven, take formation with me. We’re going on frigate two.”

Squad twelve disengaged from the melee of starfighters and headed for the next frigate, while Squads sixteen and seventeen bound the hostile craft in dogfights. Suddenly the hologram transceiver beeped and Raven accepted the transmission. The appearing holoimage showed a cloaked figure which was meant to be the Supreme Chancellor of the Republic. He had changed since the last time Raven had seen him. He wore an unfamiliar cowl which seemed to hide a deformed face.

“The time has come”, the rasping voice of the cloaked Chancellor snarled. “Execute Order Sixty-six.”

Raven was startled. Order Sixty-six meant them to turn against the Jedi and kill them. How could that be possible? Why should Chancellor Palpatine, the leader of the Grand Army of the Republic, demand that? A clone trooper’s first appointment was to obey orders without questioning them. But how could Raven ever murder the woman he loved?

“It will be done, Mylord.” He heard the voices of his wingmen over the speaker.

Before he could do anything to prevent them, they opened fire on the Jedi starfighter in front of them. Taken off balance completely, Sheela couldn’t do anything to resist the attack of her fellow combatants.

Under the hits of several laser bolts her starfighter burst into a glistening ball of fire. Raven could not feel the disturbance in the force, but he could feel his heart quaking. Totally stunned, he didn’t mind he was still in combat. He flew straightforward, and the only thing he could think of, was Sheela going up in flames.

Two vulture droids tracked his quasi-anchorless ARC-170, but Raven still didn’t mind. Sheela. Never again would he be able to hear her light-hearted laughing. Never again would he look into her shining eyes blinking at him. Yes, he truly experienced love. Though, it was not a fortunate one.

One of the vulture droids launched a missile on him. Raven neither heard the beeping with which his starfighter's instruments warned him, nor heard he the screams of his desperate copilots. He still had the picture of the explosion of Sheela’s starfighter in mind. When his fighter eventually went up in flames the flame in his heart had already expired.