

# **The Empire Strikes Out**

Written by: Greeny

Note from the writer

This RP is not serious. Whilst looking back at some of the older and less well known RP's to help me improve TPR I read dozens of them, and felt compelled to write this parody. There aren't many named characters in it yet, because I didn't want to offend anyone, but if you are one of the ones I included and you don't want to be there then just PM me and I will take you out.

Anyway, remember that this is just a bit of fun, it is not serious. And it probably won't be very long either. 🍀

## Chapter 1

Walt looked down at his view screen. The Terran fleet comprised of over seven hundred ships, most of them 'Invincible' Classes. Walt's comprised of just under fifty Death-Helix's. But he knew he would win.

"Bring the shields to maximum," He ordered, in a Booming voice that filled the room, bringing fear to his enemies but instilling a great sense of hope in his friends "and tell the fleet to prepare a volley of torpedoes."

"Aye Sir" Called a young but unrealistically strong and intelligent Genus from the command console a few meters to Walt's left.

"Fire!" Walt said, calmly as he leant back in his chair slightly.

"Torpedoes away Sir" Said the Genus Commander. Walt continued to watch his tactical screen, several of the golden eagles representing the Terrans winked out of existence.

"Ninety four Terran ships have been destroyed Sir." Said the Genus.

"Excellent Commander Darius" Said Walt, standing up. "Now let's finish them shall we?"

"Aye Sir" Said Darius as he turned back to his view screen.

"What are we going to do Sir?" Screamed a Terran Ensign "Our weapons are useless, our shields can't even stand up to a single hit!"

"Duhhhh, I dunno." Said Narses. His eyes seemed to be constantly popping out of his head, and his mouth constantly hung wide open. "Maybe we should try to contact the National Organization Of Battle's, after all, they do control this race."

"I will get them on the communicator Prime Minister." Said the Ensign, flinching as Narses turned around.

"Good idea!" Said Narses, surprised, as if none but the most amazingly tactical geniuses could have come up with such a brilliant plan.

"Oh my god, so you mean that you outnumber them but you are still losing?" Said Greeny, in his usual manor of saying each word like it was an individual sentence.

"Yes Emperor" Said Narses, he leant forewords in his chair and knocked a data pad off of its arm, everyone on both ends of the communication jumped and several dived under the nearest table, it took a few seconds for them to return to their seats.

"I am sorry, Narses, I am not sure that I understand you. Let's go over it again, you outnumber them?"

"Yes Sir."

"But you are losing?"

"Yes Sir."

"You outnumber them," Greeny said again, Narses nodded "But you are losing?"

"Yes Sir."

"You outnumber them. But you are losing..." Greeny's face went very pale. "Have you tried plan B?" He asked.

"Yes Sir, we have sent each ship in individually to try and kill them, but they are always quickly destroyed."

On the other end of the line Greeny sat speechless, several of the councilors around him vomited and one on Greeny's far right drew a bolt pistol and shot herself.

"Then all you can do is run Prime Minister." Greeny said as the communication blinked and shut off.

"Sir, all that is left is Narses' Ship, The AgueCheek." Said Commander Darius, smiling.

"Excellent work people!" Said Walt into the communicator. "Yet another casualty-less victory. Now, prepare a boarding party and let's capture that ship. Three of us should be enough."

"Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no." Rambled a lieutenant as he ran around in circles on the bridge, waving his arms around in the air.

Narses was flown to the floor by an explosion, he crawled under his command console and hugged one of its legs.

"Sir," Screamed an Ensign from under another console, "They have boarded us!"

"Draw your weapons!" Ordered Narses, as the Genus burst through the door. There were only three of them, each wore an identical loincloth and was armed with nothing but a sword, the Terrans stood no chance. Their shots went wide and several of them shot each other by accident. Narses drew his pistol, he took aim at the closest Genus and pulled the trigger.

The three Genus stood triumphantly on the command deck of Narses' ship. Each was visibly trying to stifle their laughter.

"What is it?" Walt said with a smile, he had always allowed his people to have a laugh whilst on missions, it boosted morale.

"Sorry Sir" Said the Genus standing in the centre, he composed himself. "We boarded the ship, and captured it as you commanded. But when we got to the command deck," He looked away as a smile blossomed on his face "As we got to the command deck the pitiful Terrans tried to stage some resistance, we didn't even have to move, they all killed each other before we could blink. And it seems that the Prime Ministers weapon," The other two Genus were laughing so hard that they were having trouble standing. The talking man cleared his throat and continued "And it seems that the Prime Ministers weapon blew up in his hand." Walt laughed loudly as the three Genus on the command deck collapsed in fits of laughter and started rolling on the floor.

Greeny stood up and marched out the door. "Get my ship ready" he ordered.

"Aye Sir." Said some random Terran who happened to be there at the time.

"And order the Fleet to get ready for take off. Even this 'Walt' cannot stand up to the might of seven thousand 'Invincibles'. MUHAHAHAHAHA"

"Set course for Earth" Walt said to Darius.

"But Sir, what about the Mars defense net?" Darius asked, already inputting the coordinates.

"Good question, but don't worry about that, we will mysteriously bypass it even though no one has ever mentioned that you can do that before." Walt replied, returning to his seat.

"Excellent plan Sir." Said Darius smiling.

"Thank you Commander." Walt replied.

## Chapter 2

Greeny boarded his Battlecruiser and took his seat.

"Commander," He shouted, far louder than necessary, causing several Terrans to jump, one hit his head on the panel above him and died in a ridiculously overdramatic manor.

"Yes Sir?" Asked the Commander, cowering away from Greeny slightly.

"Prepare for launch." Greeny shouted.

"Aye Sir!" Yelped the Commander, almost running to his console. He paused over a few buttons then closed his eyes and jabbed at the command console at random causing several torpedoes to be launched across the hanger and slam into another Battlecruiser.

"Eeep" Squeaked the Commander as the other ship exploded. Greeny rolled his eyes and fired three shots at the Commander, the first two went totally wide and passed into a console, but the third hit the man in the neck, killing him, and splattering blood all across the command deck.

"Why am I surrounded by these incompetent fools?" Greeny shouted rhetorically.

"Because you shoot anyone who shows even a glimmer of intelligence!" Shouted an Ensign back.

Greeny rounded on him and drew his pistol again. He took a shot at the Ensign and splattered the brains of an unlucky technician onto the wall.

"Erm..." he said scratching the back of his neck. He pointed at the Ensign "Let that be a lesson to you!" He shouted, returning to his seat.

"We will be arriving is Sol momentarily my lord" Said Darius, from just behind Walt. "Excellent, excellent." Walt said "When we jump in I expect some Terran resistance, prepare the fleet for battle."

"Aye Sir" Said Darius. "Any idea how many my lord?" he asked.

"Nope" Walt replied simply. He had always allowed his people to ask questions whilst on missions, it boosted morale.

Greeny and the rest of the Terran fleet ascended into space from their various hangers around the Earth. He once again cursed the designers of the "Invincible" for only programming two speed settings, maximum or off, into the ship. As he shot forewards and backwards, and his lunch threatened to re-emerge he decided that he would have to talk to these designers, and introduce them to his gun.

"Emperor, we are approaching the Brood fleet." Said the Lieutenant, who had just been hastily promoted to Commander. Greeny sat up and the Commander flinched, he had already exceeded the average life expectancy that this position generally came with.

"Lock weapons and fire on my mark." Greeny said. He reached over and pressed the communicator button on the arm of his chair. "To all ships" He said "You know the drill, clump together as much as possible and fire on the same targets." He swallowed "It appears that these foes may be able to..." He hesitated "May be able to defeat a force larger than itself." Several gasps and sounds of horror came through the communicator. "But I am confident of victory." He said, hastily cutting off the transmission.

"Let's go." He said, glaring at his view screen.

"And now for the big surprise." Said Walt, casually as several thousand Matrix ships

dropped out of hyper-space just beside the Genus fleet.

"Wow!" Darius said. "Why didn't you tell us that they were going to help us Sir?"

"What, and ruin the dramatic effect? I don't think so." Walt replied, his voice filling the room.

"Oh, damn." Greeny said, as he stared at the view screen. "Erm, Fire!" He squeaked

"We still outnumber them." He said confidently. There was an explosion and the underside of the consoles became heavily populated again.

"Shields down," shouted the confident Ensign that had challenged Greeny earlier.

"They have boarded."

"Oh, damn." Greeny said, subtly returning to his seat. He sighed, this was oddly familiar. "Prepare to fight!" he shouted, sending several more Terrans diving for cover.

The door to the command deck blew off its hinges and flew across the room, several Preservers strode in.

"Fire!" Greeny shouted. The entire command deck lit up with sparks and blood.

Greeny was surprised that several of the robots went down, but then looked around and saw that he was alone in the room. All the other Terrans lay dead on the floor, despite the fact that most of them didn't have any injuries at all. He looked up as the last Preserver advanced on him, it stood on a corpse that moaned and rubbed its back when the robot got off. It slung its gun over its back and held its arm out as a circular saw appeared on the end of it.

"Back off!" Greeny shouted, grabbing the pistol from the nearest corpse, which tried to wrestle it back from him, and shot at the Preserver. Naturally all his shots were miles off target. The Preserver towered over him as he slid down the wall, he covered his face with his arms and waited for the inevitable.

But it never came.

Armageddon rocked backwards and forewords in his command chair excitedly.

"Yeehaw" He shouted "Were going to roast us some Genus, Yeeehaawww." He fired off a few shots into the air. There was a faint hiss of gas leaking out of the ship.

"We probably have to leave now Sir." Said an Ensign timidly. Armageddon eyed him up and down.

"Yessiree, that's what were gonna have to do." He shouted as he rocked back and forth in his chair some more. The Ensign rolled his eyes.

"Let's go Sir," he said patting Arma on the head awkwardly.

Greeny looked up at the Preserver from between his fingers. The saw was mere centimetres from his face, but it was not moving. In fact the entire Preserver was perfectly still. Greeny stood up and waved his hand in front of its face. It jumped to life and Greeny dove for cover, but all it did was stand up straight whilst its arms snapped to its sides. Greeny stood confused for a second and then a soothing Terran female's voice emerged from its mouth.

"Preserver 223Alpha has encountered a problem and needs to shut down. We apologise for any inconvenience. Do you wish to send an error report?" It said.

### Chapter 3

Greeny felt his ship shudder as it landed, not to gracefully, in a hanger on Earth. He strode down the ramp and was greeted by Aragon.

"I need a replacement crew" Greeny shouted.

Aragon bowed, smiled and silently pointed Greeny in the direction of a group of Plexxans. Greeny sighed and walked over to them. They looked like Terrans, but there was one crucial difference between the two peoples...

"Greetings Emperor Greeny,  
I am glad you could find time to see me,  
I have a matter of importance to discuss,  
Although I don't wish to make a fuss,  
I can wait a little longer,  
Although our enemies will grow stronger,  
Every passing second we need,  
Lest we will be screwed indeed."

Greeny resisted the urge to punch the Plexxan. He hated dealing with the Feds, they were poets, every last one of them, and they weren't even very good at it. Greeny put on a smile and began shouting in his usual fashion.

□Hello, what is it you wish to talk about?" He asked, dreading the answer.

"The forces of your enemy come,  
And they outnumber you some,  
The Genus, Matrix and Kolari too,  
Come to crush you good and true,  
We can help you win this war,  
But you must pick yourself off the floor,  
Fight well and we can help,  
Die and like the Orfine we will yelp." Said the Plexxan. Greeny hung his head. This is going to be a long day' he thought to himself.

Walt sat comfortably on his throne on the command deck of his ship. He heard the hiss of a door opening behind him. Despite the fact that Walt couldn't see the visitor, and the fact that the visitor was completely silent, Walt knew who it was.

"Hello John." He said. It was strange that it never struck anyone that every race in the Galaxy spoke the same language. John responded in a voice that was similar to a three year old Terran on helium.

"Hello Walt. How is the battle going?" He asked. Walt looked him up and down, well, as much as you can look up and down a ball of energy. A couple of moths were flying into, and then bouncing off of him.

"Good." He said, "After all, how could a race of scavengers and mutants in cobbled together ships lose against the Terran Empire?" There was a pause and then John suddenly disappeared from existence. Walt sighed. "Maybe I should get him looked at, that's the third time this week he has gone." He said.

Fallen felt the ship shudder as the Slah'ke docking clamps bound the two ships together. □Is anyone on our side?" He asked himself.

"Sir," shouted a cross-eyed Ensign, "We have sixteen Lizards onboard." Fallen moved behind the man and looked at his screen, it showed only eight.

"Dispatch security teams." Fallen ordered.

"We already did Sir." Said the Lieutenant "They are already dead." Fallen suddenly

stood up straight and shouted. Fallens ship shook violently and he was thrown across the room. Several consoles burst into flame. He suddenly realized that installing seatbelts and circuit breakers in the Terran ships would have saved them a lot of trouble. "Enough is enough! I have had it with these mothersmoking lizards on this mothersmoking Battlecruiser!"

"Enemies you have enough,

And your allies aren't that tough,

To fight these foes you will need to lose you fear,

Or else you won't win in a year." Star said. Greeny slumped down in his chair.

"You speak many words but say little." He shouted.

"Your anger is not wanted my friend,

Or else our help we will not lend." Said Star, leaning back in his chair. It didn't seem to bother the Feds that there was a battle being fought just a few hundred miles above their heads, although Greeny dove for cover every few seconds.

"The Orfine are on their way to fight,

Some Genus ships we will set alight,

The Empire they will once again aid,

As we would not let our brothers fade."

Walt let the Genus piloting his ship take a sip of beer and then ordered him to set a course for Earth. He had always allowed his people to drink whilst on missions, it boosted morale...