



# Piracy Logs – Chapter One

## A Note from Janette

Thank you for downloading this very special, highly sought-after PDF of the first chapter of my Eve Online Role-play blog, Piracy Logs. I apologise for the tardiness of this, but some real life situations arose (Hard drive failure, job hunt etc) and I was forced to put blogging on the back-burner.

The way I have compiled this document is by copying the details (date, category and tags) of all the posts from the blog. Because it was written as a blog, I would like to keep it that way! I also intend to compile all the chapters I write this way, and also have one complete file of all postings for readers to catch up on!

If you have not been following my blog up until now, this back-catalogue is for you. If you have, please re-read before I start chapter two. You may also appreciate the spelling and grammar fixes!

If you have any comments or suggestions, feel free to email me on [janettedavy@gmail.com](mailto:janettedavy@gmail.com) or twitter me on [@janettedavy!](https://twitter.com/janettedavy)

-Janette

## Beginnings

*January 15, 2010*

*Category: Back Story*

*Tags: Family, History, Rifter*

For as long as I can remember I have known this day was coming.

The day that I would finally climb into my pod, leave the station and give the universe what it deserves. What it owes me.

Staring out of the bridge of my brand new Rifter I could feel the ripples of my destiny unfolding around me, pushing me forward and edging me on. I checked the ship computer for the third time.

It was dark outside. Having lived planet-side on a Minmatar world for the first years of my life, I was not used to such consuming darkness. The star in this system was too far away to be anything but a blip on my overview. I let my mind drift back to my home, if you could call it that.

My parents were never around. My father left to become a capsuleer when I was six and never came back, and my mother... She spent her time with the wrong crowd, in the wrong districts. My older sister and I had to look after ourselves, which on our planet, meant hiding. The tribal leaders would often sell young Matari children into slavery, sometimes even to the Amarrians. Bastards.

What am I doing? Here I am, in space, with the universe at my whim, and I am reminiscing about the old days? It is time to get some payback.

## Scratches

*January 16, 2010*

*Category: Skirmish*

*Tags: Pirates, Rifter, Scratches, Skirmish*

Pointing my new Rifter at the nearest gate, I kicked the warp drive to life and for the first time saw the bubble. The blue and purple ripples of subspace, where someone can lose themselves if they stare too hard.

Pirates. To become one you must understand the competition. Or at least that is what I have heard. I needed to try my hand at the lowlifes which hang around asteroid belts, looking for an easy kill. Better to start with them than get under the nose of the wrong capsuleer, isn't it? My destination was a random belt in a star system far enough away from CONCORD's eyes that I would be safe plucking off the easy kills.

Dropping out of warp, I noticed four ships on my overview. Two frigates and two battleships. Bastards had me out-gunned, and it was my first real fight. I couldn't just leave. I had set myself a goal and needed to prove I meant business. The afterburner hummed as I surged forward, pointed directly at the closest frigate. When I was within range I let loose the autocannons, denting the shield on the first rat

Traveling at 890 m/s obviously wasn't fast enough. I heard a sizzle as slugs from the enemies railguns ricocheted off my shield. Two hits later it was gone. The first frigate was down to half armor, but the battleships were getting into their optimal. I activated my hull-repair and watched my capacitor dwindle.

The first pirate exploded, but the second was quick to take up the slack. My armor was disappearing, and I could feel the thrusters on my very first ship giving out. This was the time to leave. Firing up the warp drive and using what little capacitor I had left, I headed to the nearest station.

I didn't want my first foray into the universe to end this way, but I bit off more than I could chew. Climbing out of my pod in the desolate station, I admired the scratches on my ship. When I get it repaired, I will ask them to leave the scratches there. To remind me that I am not a God. If I was, would I be flying a frigate?

## Partners

*January 17, 2010*

*Category: Back Story*

*Tags: Partner, Station*

Sitting at the bar in the poorly lit Minmatar station reminded me of home. The combination of smoke from the patrons and moisture from the over-active humidifiers gave the feeling of being in a swamp.

There were two other people in this particular station besides the crew. One was missing an arm and talking heatedly with a bulkhead about the fruit which used to grow on his home world, and the other occupant was sitting in a booth. There was something strange about him. Something... Familiar.

I ordered another round for myself and asked the barkeep to send one to the stranger in the booth. Sure enough, my ploy worked and after receiving his drink, he approached me.

“Strange seeing someone like you out in these parts” He said, sitting himself on to the stool next to me. He was tall, obviously Minmatar and proud of himself. His hair was dark brown, and he had a tattoo on his face. His eyes were a piercing blue, obviously a side-effect from an optical implant. “Don’t usually get such...” He gave me a look up and down, “interesting characters in the old stations. Don’t like Hek?”

“You don’t look like you should be here either” I replied. Why did I feel such a strange connection to him?

“Neither of you fish look like you should be out in these parts” the bartender mumbled gruffly from somewhere behind the dirty glass he was attempting to clean.

“You don’t know me!” I said to whoever decided to listen. “Neither of you know me. But you will. Soon. Very soon.”

“You sound like you know where you are headed” The stranger said, obviously intrigued.

After my last attempt at wreaking havoc, or more accurately, getting my ship shot to hell, I could use some intel about the system I was in, or maybe even a wing man, on a casual basis of course.

“What do you do for ISK round these parts?” I asked the stranger.

“Depends, who has the ISK, and what I have to do to get it” He said, with a smug look on his face.

“That’s my kind of answer. Interested in swapping intel, maybe roaming some belts? Do you know any sweet spots?”

“Maybe. Are you suggesting a partnership?” His eyes were looking directly at me now. The blue was unnerving.

“Partnership is such a... formal word” I replied. “I am more interested in... how would you put it? Beneficial Communication and blowing the crap out-a anyone who doesn’t like us”

“That sounds fun” he said, with raised eyebrows, “When do we undock?”

“How’s 0900 tomorrow sound?”

“Early. 1100 and you have a wingman”

“Glad you said it” I said. We finished our drinks and got up to leave.

“Oh, hey! What do I call you?” I asked

“Partner” he said, smiling as he walked out of the bar.

That was that. If he betrays me, I can always kill him. Until then, it will be good to have some extra firepower.

## The Day After

*January 18, 2010*

*Category: Partner*

*Tags: Partner, Rifter, Station*

Waking up after the previous night wasn't as hard as I was expecting. The crap from the bar was not as strong as it tasted.

Walking towards the hanger at 1100 was no small feat. I had been thinking all morning about whether I wanted to go through with this partnership or not. There was a good chance he would just slow me down and take all my glory. Maybe I should ditch him before I even find out his name. Then again I could be wasting one of the better contacts I could make out here. Someone who I can talk to and fly with.

“Good Morning!” Shocked, I looked up to see my new acquaintance leaning against my Rifter, smiling at me from under his large sunglasses. “Bout time you showed up.”

“It's fifteen minutes early” I replied.

“Never too early for killing, or making money” He said, “You ready to fly?”

“Sure. Let's see what you can do.”

We pulled out of the station and the first thing I noticed was his ship. It was a Rifter, but it's armor was impeccable.

“New ship?” I asked over the comms.

“I read up on what you were flying, and bought one. They look pretty neat. I used to fly a Kestrel, but I think this will work”

“Well, it's good to know what our ships are capable of. Let's get some practice in” I said. It was time to see what this newcomer could do with a Rifter.

We warped together to a deadspace pocket I had bookmarked from a previous day. As soon as we dropped out of warp, I targeted him and let a slew of EMP splash across his shields. It was time to play...

## The Name

*January 19, 2010*

*Category: Partner*

*Tags: Partner, Rifter, Skirmish*

Orbiting his Rifter at a comfortable distance, the fight looked as good as over. He was down to half armor and I was shield-reping the damage that he was throwing my way.

“Not what I had hoped” I said jokingly over the comms.

“Oh, well I could try harder!” He replied. A second after he replied, his shield flew back to full, and I was caught in a web. He flew out to about 5KM, and launched a volley of artillery which struck my shields, annihilating them, and adding another set of scratches to my armor.

“What the hell just happened?” I yelled as my shield stopped repairing and my capacitor finally ran dry. He stopped firing and released the web.

“Well, when you fit a Rifter with artillery, and a medium shield booster, then chances are you

can take someone when they get cocky and think they have won” He replied, with an air of smugness.

“True. I will have to be on my guard next time” I said, trying to save face. “So, now you have proven yourself, are you going to finally tell me your name?”

“My name?” He said, with a smirk, “Well you never asked. It’s Kormacht, but call me Kor.”  
“Well Kor, interested in flying with me?”

We pulled back into the station, and set up our ships for repair. It had been a good day. Kor was obviously a talented pilot, and had been around the area a bit longer than I had. He would be useful to me, for now at least.

## Late Night Call

*January 20, 2010*

*Category: Partner*

*Tags: History, Partner, Pirates*

After a post-flight drink together (The bar’s selection still hadn’t gotten any better), Kor informed me that he had some business to take care of a few jumps away, and he would be back the next day. This was fine by me, as I had some research to do on Rifter fittings, and needed to work out how he beat me.

I went back to my quarters, which admittedly were not much to look at, but all I needed. Sitting at my console, I logged in to the market and virtual ship fitting system which comes in every station, and began working. The hours slipped by, and my understanding of the simple, but versatile ship grew. I even had some ideas for our next skirmish. It was about 0130 the next morning by the time I finally rolled on to my bunk.

Sleep was not prolonged, however, as I was woken by a loud buzz coming from my console. I checked the time. 0304. Who was trying to open comms with me this late?

“Hello?” I said, with an undertone of anger.

“Good day,” Said an older-looking man in a suit, “I am a member of The Nexus Fleet corporation. You probably have not heard of us, but we have heard word of you flying with a pilot who left us not long ago.”

“Who? What? How do you know what I am doing?” I said, a bit shocked that he knew so much. All this only happened a day ago.

“That is not of importance. What is important is that you understand who you are flying with.” The man took a breath, “Kormacht ‘Kor’ Nische owes T.N.F. a lot of money. When he joined our corporation a few weeks ago, we loaned him some starter cash to buy a ship, and fit it to defend one of our corp’s stations. Instead of doing what we asked, he took the money and ran. It was enough to buy a Battleship, and Tech 2 fittings.”

“Sounds like you deserve everything you got” I replied, smiling.

“You don’t understand. He has done this to 4 major corporations in total, and he won’t stop. Myself and two other corps which he has swindled, are now hunting him. We know his last stop was your station. Be warned.” The connection was closed before I could get another snide comment in.

Climbing back into my bunk, I couldn’t help but think I was starting to like this “Kor” more and more as I got to know him.

## Unsettled

*January 21, 2010*

*Category: Partner*

*Tags: Partner, Rifter, Station*

I was deep in thought as I walked toward the hanger the next morning. I had done some quick research on the corporation which had contacted me the night before and they appeared to be serious. They had an office not far from here and probably had spies crawling all over these systems. I was so engrossed in thought that I almost walked into Kor.

“Well, look who is back!” I exclaimed, trying to cover up the fact I didn’t notice him. “Oh, hey, yeah. Got back a few minutes ago.” His glowing blue eyes were unsettled. “What are we doing today?”

“Figured we would just head...” Kor wasn’t paying attention. “Kor! What’s wrong?”

“Me? Oh, nothing. Not much sleep” He said, visibly concentrating on focusing his attention

“Are you ok? Will you be right flying today?”

“I’ll be fine. We need the cash to really get up and moving into the big league. Lets do it!”

“Fine. I just want to snoop some belts, take out some of the Gurista thugs which have been hanging round in the system recently. Might pick up some intel on a base camp, maybe find ourselves a score.” I explained. “So let’s go.”

We jumped into our ships (my Rifter with a new fit, specifically designed for more armor) and undocked. Setting our destination for the first belt on the fourth planet in the solar system, we jumped to warp. Today we are going to make some money!

## Saved

*January 22, 2010*

*Category: Ratting*

*Tags: Close Call, Partner, Rats, Rifter*

Sure enough, we dropped out of warp right on top of a pack of Gurista thugs flying frigates. Usually the pirate ships are very poorly fitted and are an easy bounty. I targeted the nearest one and began orbiting, firing volleys of EMP and missiles. Kor wasn’t moving.

“Kor, What are you doing!?” I shouted over the comms.

“Wha... Oh, yeah” His ship began accelerating and started attacking another pirate. I couldn’t have him put me in harm’s way like this. Something has to be up.

“Get your eyes on the game, here. I need you to have my back” I said, as another pirate popped.

We took out the small group, and I was heading in to collect the loot when two cruisers appeared on my overview. It must have been called here because that patrol we killed hadn’t reported in, which raised an alarm.

“Kor” I said, with urgency on my voice.

“Hmm?” He replied. He had that far-off look in his eyes again.

“KOR! OVERVIEW!” I yelled, turning around in an attempt to reach them before they reached him.

The cruisers launched a volley of missiles, directly at Kor’s Rifter which had only just started to move. The missiles connected, dropping his armor and shields almost to nothing. It was time to go. I sent the override command to Kor’s ship and took remote control of his warp drive. I pointed us both at the station and jumped. We hit warp just as the second volley of missiles was launched. Kor was going to pay for this!

## Opportunity

*January 23, 2010*

*Category: Partner*

*Tags: Argument, Partner, Scratches*

“What the hell is your problem!?” I yelled, slamming Kor up against a bulkhead in the station, my arm to his throat. “You did see those TWO cruisers just waltz into the belt? You almost cost me a ship!”

“I’m... I’m sor...” He coughed but didn’t fight back.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it. Tell me what the HELL is up with you!” I loosened my grip on his throat.

“Look, I’m sorry! I should never...” He coughed. I wasn’t giving him much room to breathe.

“...never have lost focus. It won’t happen again.”

“You are damn right it won’t happen again! Cause if it does, I won’t save your ass. There will be one Rifter docking at the station.” I spat at him. Thanks to his near-death experience, the repair bills were greater than the bounty we gained from the two frigate pilots.

I let his throat go and gave him some time to breathe.

“So, now you have to tell me what it is you have been thinking about so deeply” I said.

“It’s just some past issues. I don’t want to get you involved” He replied, looking guilty.

“Let me guess. Nexus Fleet is trying to get some money off you, and you don’t know how to pay them”

“No I...” He choked on his words again. “How the hell did you hear about that?” The expression on his face was priceless.

“I got a call from their CEO. Said they had heard I was flying with you, and gave me the heads up. Nice chap. Not very talkative.”

“And you still are flying with me? Anyone else would have ditched me!” He said.

“Yeah, well, it was a bad decision after all wasn’t it?” I replied in a snipey tone.

We walked to the bar and got ourselves a round of drinks. Not much else to do while our ships were in for repairs.

“So what are we going to do from here?” I asked, not terribly interested in the glowing orange drink in my cup.

“Well, that’s the thing... That is why I have been so preoccupied.” He looked me dead in the eyes, “I have been given an opportunity, and I could use your help.”

## Distraction

*January 24, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Partner, Plan*

“My help?” I was dumbfounded. Why should I help someone I barely know (who almost cost me a ship) save his own ass? Surely he couldn’t expect me to do that out of the kindness of my heart. That was it. Of course, loot!

“Well, I will cut you in on the gig, make it very worth your while” He explained. Considering the contact from Nexus Fleet told me he owed the price of a Battleship, possibly over 100 million, this could definitely be a lucrative investment. The job must be looking to make a packet.

“How worth my while?” I inquired, fishing for a little more information.

“Let’s just say that you won’t be flying Rifters for much longer. More like it’s older cousin, the Maelstrom.”

“That is very tempting. What sort of job are we looking at? Tell me the plan.” I said. If I was going to agree to something that could be suicidal I need to know what we are up against.

He looked around the bar. There were two other patrons and the bar tender, however it obviously wasn’t private enough for this particular discussion. We got up, paid the tab and headed back to my quarters. I stepped through the door and sat down on my bunk, Kor followed me through and flicked the lock.

“I have an informant in another large corporation based about 5 jumps from here. My informant tells me they are moving base due to a war in their system, and involved in this move will be a tidy sum worth of assets” Kor had sat down at the chair at my desk.

“So we are talking about industrial ships, with convoys, and we are taking one down?” That didn’t sound possible. Not when it would be a couple of Rifters versus a whole corporation.

“Not exactly. My informant is the pilot of one of the industrial ships”

“Oh, that is more like it” I said, breathing a sigh of relief internally.

“Don’t think it will be that easy.” He said, once again looking at me dead serious. “You are the distraction.”

## Preparations

*January 25, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Plan, Station*

“So, how does this go down?” I asked.

“Well, my informant told me the route which they are taking to get to their new temporary system. The job itself is quite simple.” Kor said.

We spent the next half an hour going over the intricacies. The convoy, consisting of three attack frigates, a cruiser and an industrial ship would be passing through the low security space at a set time two days from now. The real cargo was an Original Blueprint for a battlecruiser-class ship, and is worth well over 300 million ISK. The industrial ship in the

group is a decoy; the BPO will actually be carried by one of the frigates, which is what we needed to destroy.

Kor and I will surprise the convoy at the gate out of the system, attacking just enough to provoke a response, and then I will warp to the first moon at the closest planet. The informant, who will be flying the industrial ship, will tell the convoy he has scanned me down to the moon, and will keep jumping, while the frigates take me out. In the meantime, Kor will let the pilots take out his ship, which will lull them into a false sense of security. When they warp to the moon, I will be waiting.

What could go wrong?

Kor headed back to his bunk to get some sleep. Tomorrow we needed to prepare ourselves and move what we needed to a station in the system. It was going to be a long day.

## Spanners and Cogs

*January 26, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Partner, Plan, Station*

The next morning I found myself sitting at the terminal in my quarters, slowly creating a fit for my Rifter that would surprise the victims of our little ambush. I fitted 200mm autocannons for damage, an explosive hardener, armor plating and armor repair. I needed to be able to survive a few frigates attacking me, while dealing as much damage as I could. The fit was incredibly important.

As I was deciding what ammunition type to bring, there was a knock on my door. A little startled, I got up and opened it to find Kor in a state of distress.

“Janette! We have a problem!” He gasped as he pushed past me and locked the door, “The Corporation found out somehow that they have a leak. They don’t know where it is, but it has them spooked!”

“How do you know?” I asked. This could be really bad. If they decided that moving the blueprint was too risky or were going to do it some other way, our whole plan was in trouble.

“My informant sent me a communication. He said they someone has been communicating with pirates, but not a lot else.” Kor seemed distraught. This plan succeeding was almost a matter of life and death to him.

“Ok, calm down.” I said, motioning for him to sit down on my bunk. “What else do we know? Is your informant still flying the decoy? Are they still moving at the same time?”

“Well, He didn’t have much time. He said he was going to try to find out what was going on over there, and keep our plan alive. I have offered him a cut of the loot as well”

“Sure. It’s ok. We will have to wait for him to get back to us. Let’s continue getting ready, we still need to be on our toes for this” I said.

Kor calmed down once we started going through the plan again. We compared fittings and discussed strategy. It had been a few hours since Kor had contacted his informant, and he didn’t want to get him caught by trying to contact him again. We had to be vigilant and wait it out. The waiting is the hardest part.



## Updated

*January 27, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Plan, Station*

The communicator in my console beeped, indicating a new message for Kor. This was it.

“Kor: Just spoken with CEO. Turns out leak was different person on different level. Worked in our advantage. I offered to pilot frigate with cargo. CEO accepted. Same time, same system. New plan: Both attack us. One ship goes down, I chase second. I pop. Take cargo. I apologise and take wrap. With my cut I leave corp and start my own. Safe flying. Out.”

We both released the breath we had been holding, and began to smile. This meant the whole thing would go down smoother than we had expected, and we wouldn't put ourselves in harm's way as much.

“That's a relief” Kor said, and sat back down on my bunk. “So the plan goes ahead. We are going to be rich!”

“Let's not count our tritanium before it's refined, hey?” I said, giving him a playful nudge.

“But yes, it does look like we are gonna get a payday, finally!”

We continued to organize our belongings for the rest of the day. At 1700 that night we packed our ships and undocked. Setting our navigation computers for the low security system, I opened a communication channel to Kor.

“I hope that rookie ship is enough to fool them into thinking it is a bunch of novices.” I said. He was flying a Reaper, which looked ridiculous from my view screen.

“Not that we need it any more. With my informant flying the cargo frigate we will just waltz through this.” He said.

“I hope so.” I replied. It was going to be an interesting day tomorrow.

## M.I.A.

*January 28, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Argument, lowsec, Plan*

We arrived in the new system half an hour later. We had spent the time working out alternate routes through secure space which we could use to get back to our headquarters. After all, what good is stealing something if you can't sell it afterwards? Firing up the warp drive for the last time that night I pointed us towards the station we had designated as our outpost. It was run by the Minmatar, so they won't have a problem with us spending the night there.

After sleeping in my ship (which was a little cramped) I needed to stretch my legs. I disembarked and walked to where Kor should have been docked. He wasn't there. What the hell? He docked with me and I said goodnight to him before I fell asleep. What has happened? I ran back to my ship trying to work out what could have happened. Once I was in my cockpit I opened a communication channel with him.

“Kor, where the hell are you?” I yelled, “The job is on today!”

“Calm down Janette! I am just checking out the moon we chose for the rendezvous. I woke up at 0500 and couldn’t get back to sleep.” He replied. He seemed calm, which was good. I guess I did overreact a little.

“Ok, well I need you back at the station soon. Your informant should be sending us the ‘ok’ soon enough. They are an hour or so out from this system. We need to be ready”

“No worries” he replied, “I’m on my way back now.”

## Ready!

*January 29, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Partner, Plan, Station*

Today is the day. Today is the day. I found myself running through all the scenarios of what could go wrong with the job, and how I could be worse off because I tried it. But then again, I really don’t have that much to lose.

Kor had docked back at the station and gave me his report on the rendezvous. It was all looking good.

“You ready to do this?” I asked Kor, as we finished going over the plan one last time for good measure.

“This is going to clear my name, and get me some sweet currency, and is going to help out you, my new associate. I am ready. This can only end well!” He said, with an air of optimism I had not expected.

“We could get blown out of the sky and be right back where we started, minus a Rifter” I said.

“Yeah, but who cares? With the chance for cash like this? Let’s do it!”

“You are right. There isn’t much to lose and a lot to gain. Have you heard from your buddy yet? Are we good to go?” I asked. He did make a good point.

“Well, I haven’t yet, but let’s head out to the gate. It’s just the waiting game now!”

## Waiting Game

*January 30, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Partner, Plan, Waiting*

“Is waiting at a jump gate in low security space really a good idea?” I asked Kor as we were warping.

“Well, it’s fine as long as no one decides that a rookie ship and a Rifter would make fun target practise” He replied, obviously seeing his error.

“Maybe we should wait at the moon rendezvous till we hear from your informant, and keep our scanners warm” I said.

“That is a good idea. That will work.”

We jumped again from the gate to the first moon of the nearest planet. From here our ship’s scanners would be able to report every ship coming and going through the gate. We need to

be *at* the gate when they convoy jumps through, but until Kor's contact sends us the OK the job isn't even officially on yet. The convoy had a few jumps before they get to our system.

"Any word?" I asked over the open comms.

"Not yet. Radio silence scares me." Kor said. He did have a worried look on his face.

"It's ok. There is still two hours till ETA. Plenty of time" I said reassuringly. I was worried as well.

A number of ships had come and gone through the gate in the past hours, but nothing remotely interesting. Most were cruiser and frigate class ships, obviously traveling through. There was a covert op's ship which came through and stayed for a while before jumping back out, but that was nothing out of the ordinary.

"Hey Janette?" Kor said after another 30 minutes.

"Yeah Kor?" I replied, unsure about what he was going to say.

"It's on. I got the OK. ETA 20 minutes"

## Engagement

*January 31, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Partner, Plan, Skirmish*

The time crawled slower than a freighter aligning for warp. The ETA was twenty minutes away, and we had waited at this moon for over three hours. You would think that being a pilot of a ship which travels faster than the speed of light at would make you more level-headed, but for those last twenty minutes I was a mess.

"Are we ready?" I asked Kor for the fourth time in as many minutes.

"How could we be more ready? Nothing will go wrong" He reassured me. Our positions had swapped over the last half an hour. Kor started out worried his contact wouldn't come through, but after we got the OK he took an emotional stand. I had slowly lost my nerve. But I needed to be on the ball.

The crawling continued.

"ETA five minutes" Kor said, "We should warp over now, do you think?"

"Yeah, lets head over. Just in case they are ahead of schedule" I said. I pointed our ships at the gate and took us into warp.

"Where should we wait?" He said.

"Just like we discussed. You wait 2km from the gate, and I will wait 5km from you." It was important we followed the plan.

"Right. Just checking." He replied. His ship moved into position, and I moved away from him. He would engage close-range, and I would engage long-range. When he explodes, I will warp to the rendezvous.

"No worries. So how..." A ship appeared. "Kor! Is this it?"

"YES! GO!" He began to accelerate in orbit of the frigate which had just arrived. Three more ships arrived in the system.

## Absent

*February 1, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Engagement, Informant, Partner, Plan*

I targeted the first ship and fired a volley at it. The key to the plan was getting Kor destroyed and warping out, while not making it obvious we were *trying* to explode.

“Uhh, Janette?” Kor said. There was an explosion in the background as the ship retaliated.

“Yeah? What’s up?” The industrial ship had just appeared in the system, and was attempting to warp out.

“My contact isn’t here yet.” He said. The contact needed to be this side of the gate for our plan to work.

“How is your ship holding up?” I asked.

“Not amazing. I’m into armor, and only one of the other ships has started attacking me.”

As he said that the other ships targeted my Rifter. My weapons had made short work of the first frigate, then I targeted the second.

“Kor, everyone has targeted me. Your friend needs to be here NOW!” I yelled over the comms. Luckily the cruisers in the group had a hard time tracking me.

“I’ll send him a message. If he can come through the gate, he can finish me off, then you can warp out. Hold on”

The second frigate didn’t have much defense, but it was making a serious dent in my shield. I fired my autocannons again, and tried to maneuver away from its optimal range. As I was watching another frigate appeared in my overview.

“Kor? That him?” I asked quickly.

“Yeah, he got my message. I’m gonna...” Kor’s ship exploded finally, and the new ship targeted me. Time to leave.

## Conclusion Part 1

*February 2, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Plan, Rifter, Skirmish*

The warp drive engaged and I headed towards the rendezvous point. If everything went as planned, Kor would have warped his pod to the station, and the informant would be warping towards me now.

I dropped out of warp a few thousand kilometers from the moon and realigned my Rifter to the gate. Firing up my ship’s scanner, I did a quick 90 degree scan of the region of space between myself and where the informant should be flying. There was nothing on my scanner. If he doesn’t warp to me, the entire plan is down the drain.

I scanned the area again. Still nothing.

I was starting to worry again. I went over my ship's systems to pass the time. 46% shield, 80% armor, 100% structure. 200mm autocannons reloaded. I scanned the area again. There was two frigates inbound. There wasn't meant to be two frigates. I might have to put up a fight.

I turned my engines up to full speed, and prepared to target both the ships when they dropped out of warp. I almost missed the blinking communication icon on my instruments. It was a message from someone I hadn't heard of before.

"I'm informant, incoming w/ another frigate. You need kill them, I will pretend attack."

By the time I had finished reading they were out of warp. I targeted both the frigates. It was time to guess.

## Conclusion Pt. 2

*February 3, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: Informant, Partner, Plan, Rifter, Skirmish*

I locked on to the second frigate and let loose the EM death of my autocannons. I began orbiting and tried to keep my speed as high as possible to avoid as much damage as I could. The first frigate turned towards me and engaged it's targeting computer, while the second began accelerating towards me. It was almost down to 50% armor and I had not taken much damage.

I activated my warp scrambler on the first ship, and hoped that I hadn't made a bad decision. As the second frigate exploded it dropped a jettison container which must have contained the BPOs this whole operation was based around. Locking on to the second frigate I fired another volley while maneuvering into range to collect the contents of the container.

The remaining frigate activated a stasis webifier, killing my speed. I was about 5KM from the container as I noticed my armor was almost completely shot. There wasn't a lot I could do other than cross my fingers and hope. The attacker's shield was gone and I was into their armor, but I was going down almost as fast.

Another 5 seconds and I could feel the projectiles pounding into my structure. Closing my eyes, I was about to accept my fate when the pounding stopped. Slowly, I opened my eyes and checked the overview. The frigate was destroyed, and a new cruiser was sitting next to the container. It was Kor. We had done it.

## Conclusion Pt. 3 – The End

*February 4, 2010*

*Category: Plan*

*Tags: End, Informant, Louise, Partner, Plan, Station*

"Hey, just in time to see me complete the mission." I said to Kor over the comms. He had just saved the operation with a stroke a luck and timing.

"Oh yeah, I saw that. Your ship into structure and his barely out of shields? Very

convincing.” He laughed back at me.

“Thanks for this. When did you get that cruiser?” I asked.

“Time for chatting later. Lets get these BPOs back to the station hey? I’ll buy you a drink.”

“Definitely! Let’s go”

We warped back to the station and docked. As I left my ship someone called me by name.

“Janette!” It was a tall woman walking towards me, with a smile on her face.

“Do I know you?” I asked, a little puzzled. I didn’t know anyone else at this station.

“Not by name or face,” she said, “My name is Louise. I am Kor’s friend, your informant in the other corporation.”

“Oh! Hey! Nice work out there. Well, nice exploding. The jettison container was a good idea though, wouldn’t want those blueprints to get destroyed in the wreck.” I said. It was good to finally meet her.

“Yeah, thanks. You too by the way, very skilful flying.” She said.

“Thanks. Coming to get a drink with us?” I asked as I saw Kor walking towards us.

“Sure. Let’s celebrate!”

We met up with Kor and congratulated each other again. Heading to the bar I noticed Kor and Louise giving each other strange looks behind my back. Something was up. When we got to the bar I went to order the drinks. I paid the bartender and walked back to our booth. The others were sitting very close to each other.

“So, you two are an item?” I asked. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that, but I wasn’t going to comment.

“Yeah.” Louise said, “We have been talking about the job and, well, one thing led to another!”

“Well then. Congratulations again!” I said a little sarcastically, hoping they wouldn’t pick up on it. “Have you talked to our buyer?”

“I have” said Kor, “ And there is something I need to tell you”

“Oh, what’s that?” I asked, rather curious about what he would say.

“In that container there was actually TWO original blueprints for Battlecruisers. Which my contact will buy for 700 million ISK. 700. Million. ISK.” He said smiling.

“Woah. 700? And what is the split?” I asked. That was incredible. That sort of money could buy me anything I wanted. Anything at all!

“Well, I was going to give you 40% for helping me, I was going to take 30% and give Louise the last 30% to start her own corporation.” He said.

“Sounds fair. Glad I could help you out Kor, and thanks again Louise. It has been fun!”

40% of 700 million is 280 million ISK. That will keep me happy for quite some time.