

Ouch Aval thought, the light slowly cut through the haze as he stirred ever so slightly.

What the sith is that, did I forget to turn everything off?

He thought to himself, the thought rising all too slowly for his liking.

He rolled slightly to his left whilst fighting off the wave of dizziness the move created and hazarded a glance around his quarters.

Yes, the room was a disaster. As a pilot holding the rank of commander he had the luxury of having private quarters to himself, the more junior members often sharing two to a cabin. However, this room was a mess. Last night's uniform was draped over a chair at the end of the bed and he was sure there was the remains of a midnight snack still in its box on his desk.

Braving the stars that were spinning around him, he trudged delicately to the terminal embedded in the wall opposite his bed and slumped into the all too hard seat that was positioned in front of it.

A night in the Hammers onboard bar, the Drunken Bastion was the cause of his distress but how had it come to pass?

Through the haze Aval was sure he could remember the sight of Delta Squadron pilots gathered around a table toasting the departure of Captain TheBlackxRanger on his move to Lambda Squadron. He was also sure he could remember some welcome drinks for the newer members and perhaps a speech by Colonel Highlander.

Beyond that it was all a pit of darkness.

I'm going to have to find out what happened.

Thirty minutes later, freshly showered and dressed in a spotless duty uniform Aval slapped the recessed button next to his doorway and stopped abruptly.

Aval's quarters were at the far end of a long rectangular room that served as the Delta Squadron rec room. Other members of the squadron also had quarters that opened up into the room, as did the dorms for the junior pilots.

What made him stop though was the sight of the room.

Captain andr3 was slouched in one of the comfy high back nerf hide chairs in front of the games console, still wearing last night's uniform and definitely out cold. Lieutenants D_E_L_T_A, Alcophus and Delta Striker were all awake but looking decidedly worse for wear as they gathered around the high bar table at the far end of the room, sipping from steaming hot mugs of caf.

"Cup of caf Commander Aval?" queried Lieutenant Jansen as he emerged from the squadrons small food prep area.

"You're a life saver Lieutenant," Aval said as he took the mug from Jansen.

"I don't suppose you've seen the Commander today?"

"No" answered Aval, "something happen?"

"Well" he shared a quick glance with Lieutenant Solari, "the bar tab for last night was never closed and BE-37 is at the door and sounds slightly irritated"

Aval sighed, this day was getting off to a great start. A unpaid bar tab and a irritable droid made for a lousy start to his day.

****ding ding****

The bell at the rec room door sounded again.

"Yeah, someone will want to deal with the droid sir" muttered Lieutenant Cthulhu.

Aval nodded his head and frowned.

"Just another night in the bastion lieutenant. Welcome to the Hammer."