

# BRIDGE CONTROLLER

A STAR WARS fan-audio presentation

Written by  
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for Alan,  
whose character from *Return of the Jedi* deserved both a name and a backstory  
a long time ago...



*The Super Star Destroyer Executor, its bridge smashed and exposed to space, took a sudden, bow-first plunge toward the Death Star it was orbiting. The self-sacrifice of a single A-Wing pilot had seemingly turned the tide of battle above Endor. Not only did it take out the Executor, but in so doing it also rendered the firepower of the barely-operational battle station below completely inoperative, all at once. As surviving Imperial ships began to retreat into hyperspace, it became readily apparent who the victor of this battle, and perhaps even the war itself, would be...*

A Lieutenant Commander in the Imperial Navy, and Senior Bridge Controller aboard the Super Star Destroyer Executor. That was my title and my job. A position of immense prestige and responsibility. Something to be proud of. And yet, not a single person ever referred to me by name. How ironic to think that, as I feel the split-second horror of oxygen escaping and my body being hurled toward the openness of infinity, that in all the years I spent serving the Empire, my name would never have any meaning. Alas, I shall be remembered, if at all, by my rather unacknowledged role aboard Lord Vader's flagship.

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*Nineteen years ago. Galactic Mid-Rim world of Naboo.*

Reconstruction had been going very slowly since the invasion of the planet by the droid armies of the Trade Federation. Naboo was still the idyllic-looking paradise it had always been known for, but economically, the population had never fully recovered from the droid invasion, despite its unwavering loyalty to the Republic, and now the Empire. It would seem that Emperor Palpatine had forgotten his roots and cared very little for the world he once called home.

Naboo was nevertheless no exception in terms of patriotic duty when it came to doing its part for the Empire. And I had no objection to it. It was overwhelmingly felt by the population of my planet, both Humans and Gungans alike, that the allegiance we had for the Old Republic should be carried over to the Empire, despite our modest recovery efforts over the years.

Serving the Empire didn't sound so bad to me. I'd been helping my father with his pleasure boat business since I was a small boy; year after year I'd be sailing his yacht over the same stretches of Nubian ocean for fare-paying passengers. It bored me more and more as time went by. I silently daydreamed prophetic visions of how I would stop sailing amongst the waves and go on instead to become a daring adventurer along the lanes of hyperspace.

The doldrums of my boredom quickly dissipated the day my dad took the boat out without me, on an unscheduled charter with unknown wayfarers also aboard, never to be seen again. There was no wreckage, no distress call, nothing. And, as a consequence, no more family business.

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*Capital city of Theed*

Suddenly credit-less, I strolled through the picturesque cityscape of government buildings and administrative architecture, pining for employment, wherever I might find it. I needed work. Not just to support myself, but my poor mother as well. And I intended to pounce upon whatever opportunity presented itself.

At the center of town, amid the hustle and bustle of people and hover-traffic going about their business, I caught sight of a holo-advertisement projected onto the flowing mist of what was once a simple decorative fountain. Now, the fountain was being used as a way to display Imperial imagery, what some might call propaganda. And it fascinated me.

The unmistakable silhouette of a Star Destroyer appeared to be headed right for me, accompanied by a voice speaking about how the Empire needs good officers, and how one could establish a well-compensated and rewarding career by attending the Imperial Academy.

Then, the voice of the Emperor himself spoke.

"We would be honored if you would join us."

Well, that did it for me. I immediately paid a visit to the local Imperial Recruiting Station and declared my desire to become an officer in service to the Empire. Before long, I was a cadet.

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### *Imperial Super Star Destroyer "Executor"*

I couldn't believe my fortune at being posted aboard one of the most prestigious ships in the Imperial Fleet. My younger days of navigating the seas of Naboo on my father's yacht became an invaluable skill to me in my present occupation as a Bridge Controller. My duties not only include navigation, but also overseeing most bridge functions, answering directly to the ship's Captain, or the Deck Officer on duty, which is sometimes me.

Lieutenant Commander Galen Flynn. It's still hard for me to believe that I rose through the ranks over the years to what I am today. But here I am. If my mother could see me now. My father would've wanted me to stay on Naboo and continue helping his charter business, had he lived. But my mother supported me, regardless of my career choice.

"You can be whoever you want to be. But whatever you choose to do, be the best you can be, and you will be remembered for it."

She encouraged me to represent Naboo and make a name for myself on the Galactic stage. That is why I am here now. Even if, at the current moment, my "stage" is actually a control pit. But from here, I am in charge of all systems aboard this mighty dreadnought.

Of course, all of that no longer matters. Rebel ships are everywhere, and I've just informed the Admiral we've lost our bridge deflector shields. A rebel fighter... So... this is how it ends.

I did my part, and I got pretty far doing it. That is what matters most. I see that now. And, I can live with that. ...Pardon the pun.

**END**