

The hunt for Lynn Yi:
YC120.03

Our name... is 易, an ancient family name from before the Gate, and we Ammatar are once of the Matari Pator home world and Nefantar Tribe. I am Ling Yi. For most of my life I have been waited upon both hand and foot by my Matari Sebiestor slave, Lynn Yi. But now my beloved slave has been stolen from me by these Tribal Liberation Forces with the assistance of the Gallente and my traitorous uncle Garret Yi; these barbaric pagans who thought to steal from me my beloved slave from my beautiful and peaceful sovereign Ammatar home. I can not stand idly by and see my beloved slave, Lynn Yi, cast into the harsh cold and bitter reaches of the nearby demon red Minmatar space. This shall not stand. We, 易, shall be together again and I shall not stand idly by from the comfort of the holy golden heavens. I shall take up our gold and white combat vessels and their deadly laser arms to fight!

To this end I have sought out others who share my goals, my objectives, and have joined the Faction Warfare of the Ammatar Militia of the holy Amarr Empire and the Nefantar 24th Imperial Crusade. They seek to save the Minmatar yet again from themselves; to help the lost ones find their way, and destroy the Tribal Liberation Fleet who stand in our way. And so I have undergone this great transformation as I shall not let even my own death stand in my way of uniting yet again my beloved, Lynn. I have undergone the many trials and tribulations of joining the ranks of the Capsuleers and become a [Paladin](#). I am now forever a deathless child of the 24th Imperial Crusade at the age of 14 years, hunting in the frozen abyss for my righteous reclamation and a burning guillotine of super heated light for any who would dare keep us two apart!

Ling Yi
易凌

YC120.09

As I scouted through the systems sanctioned by CONCORD as contested between the Empire and Republic for my righteous reclamation I have found her in about 6 months time hunting as we conquered system after system and I scouted for our main force in an Frigate-class Executioner, reporting back to the main Fleet what war targets I found in each system. I found her fighting in a Stealth Bomber-class Hound trying to retake the Azar system, which the Minmatar call Starkman, with its ancestral home of the Starkman Prime II, the second planet from the star. Starkman Prime II is now but a barren planet at where the exiles of the Minmatar lived out of a canyon one of the mighty Imperial Navy Capital ships cut a canyon sized swathe from out of the surface. I can not understand why she would fight so passionately for the exiled of her own kind, though some are likely of her own Sebiestor tribe. These Matari were exiled for no other reason than some barbaric euthanasia game which produced a taboo tattoo during a coming of age ritual. A ritual I dearly hope she has not undergone herself. When I catch her I must ask her why she would risk her life fighting for these strangers while I am face to face with her when she had everything she could possibly desire with me. I shall let no further harm nor punishment come to her. I only want her back home.

Unable to catch or hail her during this frenzied battle, Lynn still managed to take the Arzad system with her allies despite our best efforts. The Tribal Liberation Force [TLIB] and Minmatar faction warfare alliance Ushra'Khan [UK] used their own station in orbit above Arzad II and those services to permit her to disappear. This was most likely achieved via a clone jump.

YC120.11.2

And then like a fine sand she slipped through my fingers. I can now verify by her records that she is now a *Voshud Major* of the Tribal Liberation Force, but she is nowhere to be found within known space, both Empire or otherwise. This can only mean she has for some, yet another unfathomable reason, settled a star in some wormhole space system. Even if I knew which wormhole she has occupied my AI system jump route would read as unreachable. This is complicated due to the daily shifting entrance into charted space. It is already nearing upon a year since I have set out upon this journey, but I shall yet prevail. The last rumor I heard and confirmed was that she had formed her own Minmatar faction warfare Corporation, unimaginatively named, "The Wolf Pack of the Tribes," [WPTRB] and had taken refuge in a star system hidden inside a Class 1 wormhole as she was involved in the destruction of a number of control towers within this system over quite some time. This wormhole always has a static exit to high security space and so she would resume her operations as usual, especially when the static wormhole connected with Gallente, Minmatar, or neutral space transporting and selling goods acquired within the wormhole and assisting those in her faction warfare Corporation using what new tactics she had since learned.

A nagging question bothered me to no end as to how Lynn kept a steady supply of her exact version of the Vitoc antidote. Exactly how she had managed to acquire her Vitoc required some knowledge of the Vitoxin she was given at quite an early age. Was her uncle also involved in this? But if so how was he still keeping her stocked as he is both exiled and a sizeable bounty placed on his head? This is another question I must ask of her. At least she did not suffer the death of the Vitoxin virus. That would have been most unpleasant for us both. In fact, when I discovered the truth of how she was being controlled it didn't phase me all that much until I watched a slave of the Brutor Tribe who had been lost track of for a couple days.

Eventually the Slavers found him and dragged him across once gleaming white floors, now a Brutor sized line of blood marring their pristine beauty. While his back was mostly bloodied by the Slavers fangs and being dragged so far over sharp rocks and thorns to this location where I happened to be close enough for a especially good vantage point on a tiny promenade of what happened next, his last moments would come back to haunt me when I realized this might also be the fate of my beloved slave. I know I shouldn't have such deep emotions for a mere slave, but that Sebiestor of mine was no mere slave. Fate's red string had brought us a slave with our very own family name and I had grown up with her as a constant companion for fourteen years. I have no memories of life without her before this tragic year.

The Brutor in front of me had his head faced in my direction, although I couldn't say if he could see me or not. His pupils were dilated and his bloodshot eyes were leaking bloody tears. An ear was full of blood and pouring across his neck to pool onto the floor. More blood heavily soaked his ragged loincloth and when he stretched out a hand towards something he was seeing in my direction I noticed the blood leaking out from under his cuticles. Opening his mouth as if to speak only a bloody foam spewed out and dribbled from his nose onto the floor. There was a

rank smell, a horrible combination of iron and feces that made me cover my mouth and nose with the white silk sleeve of my immaculate white dress and intricate gold trim. His dark muscular frame was covered by a red spider web-like vast network where his perforated veins bled underneath his skin.

After some time men rushed in wearing biohazard protective gear carrying a number of tools and a briefcase full of numbered vials. One of the two men spoke, "He's too far gone. We were supposed to have at least another day." The other man replied, "Just do what we are here to do and we will file it in the report." What she witnessed next was an extremely well kept secret. One man brought out a piece of gauze and a thin phallic shaped tool. The gauze was placed into the ear to soak up the refilling pool of blood and tip of the thin tool was set behind the left ear of the dying slave before pressing a button. Something on the skin of the Brutor's left ear lit up a vibrant purple. Whatever it read was too small for her to read. No one had noticed her vantage point and she was making no attempt to hide aside from remaining silent. From the briefcase the other man took an injection gun and quickly searched through the padding for the matching vial. He found it and inserted the vial into the gun. As he went to insert the injection into the slave's neck the Brutor suddenly convulsed and his eyes burst still in his skull while his nose, lips, and cheeks seemed to melt away allowing his tongue to slide out of the side of his mouth toward the floor. The bleeding had stopped. The slave was dead. In my nightmares it is Lynn's face I see having been subjected to whichever strain of Vitoxin that had been. I later learned that particular room was specifically where the Slavers were trained to bring the slaves that they were sent to hunt down.

YC 120.12.22

I have to admire her for her accomplishments in the past year, and it has been quite an adventure for us both. Perhaps I should do this again some other year, but not for some time. This exercise in hide and seek has been strenuous both mentally and physically. Galactic hide and seek... yes, it has been so for me at least. I am ready for it to be over now, however. And so we went back to the beginning and I was shocked to find the record she had accessed while in Ammatar space of how she was taken just after her own birth and injected with Vitoxin shortly thereafter. Lynn's resume was in public records now and so I decided to trace her tracks to see where she had been and gone from there and why. So I traveled back to Minmatar space to do the unthinkable and join the Republic University and a corporation that would soon join the Tribal Liberation Force; the Necrom0ngers.

This I felt was the best way to track her. Little did I know she was not far from me in the Pator system, home to the Minmatar Republic, and at that time doing some security work for the RSS//Republic Security Services. But having joined the Necrom0ngers as a TLIB corporation opened up new avenues of discovering her whereabouts. However, her security clearance was well above my own so I had to actively perform acts of treason against the Empire to reach the rank just under hers to acquire the needed clearance to have an agent locate her for us. This would take some time, but I had already learned that running complexes for any faction would not raise my clearance as quickly as running the highest level missions directly for TLIB for which I had clearance. Fortunately these missions required little beyond traveling a good number of star systems then assassinating a target or two before reporting back. This is what I was willing to do to have Lynn back in my life.

YC121.01.30

Attained rank of Spear Lieutenant. It had already been far too long and now was the time to end it. I had broken many laws, murdered my own kinsmen just to get close enough to her to speak. I would deal with it all later. I didn't have to go home but even if I wanted to I knew I could count on Father to protect me... so long as I returned to him with my slave in tow.