The Children of Mortis had set up an absolute horde of automated defences. The large base, sitting upon the near summit of a mountain was near impossible to get into, wide arcs of scanners and anti-air turrets doting the kilometre-wide outer wall of the facility. Each turret manned by one of hundreds of scavenged B1’s from a derelict Lucrehulk they had managed to snag in the planets low orbit debris field. Inside the base, the oppressive sight of dozens of mounted wall blaster turret stations was similarly manned.

Darius Von Bopdolpup stood high at the spire of his fortress, one of only twenty Mortis agents sent to secure this derelict base and search for it’s secrets in the mines below. An elite agent, a Chiss of power and authority. And to have done so much? He grinned to himself, overlooking the hordes as they marched back and forth, guarding the streets.

“Roger Roger indeed…” He said, smugly.

Little did he know, his security measures had a very weak bottom. Literally.

Work’t ripped out the small service fans with the power of the Force, crumping them and revealing a duct space of very small size. A human would have struggled to fit inside unless they were a child. But the designer had not considered the burly compactness of the Ewok species. The Sith grinned maliciously, the abandoned mineshaft off the main facility had been near undefended. The few cameras had sensors had easily fallen under the control of his Mechu-deru. The couple of B1 guards had been crumpled under rocks torn from the ceiling before Solution’s reinforced feet smashed their heads into the ground. And now the Flamesparker agents were about to discover that an Ewok crawling directly into your computer core was a terrible thing indeed, when said Ewok had enough hacking gear and ability to crack a system twice as secure.

The core was of course guarded. A huge hexagon of a room, cables snaking in all directions feeding the great power requirements of the facility. Within stood four of the elite Magna-Guard, salvaged from the core of the great hulk standing in a room inaccessible without going through the majority of the base’s defences. Work’t, clambering forth from the vent he had spent the last two hours ascending in with his grappling hook reached out and pulled with his telekinesis four major power cables from the cores sockets, energy sparking and lashing across the room. The four droid guards took moments to process the unexpected sight of the massive cords deciding to suddenly rise like snakes, moments too long as they slapped into the four, frying them instantly with blue crackles of ultra-voltage power. The carcasses fell even as the cables slotted back into place, the room entering a reboot cycle.

Work’t stepped down, enhancing his legs to endure the fall with the force. The Children would note the sudden loss and regaining of power. In no more then a few minutes this room would be graced with their engineers. They would find him and flood the room with droids and agents until he was pinned in place, and then based on Arcona intel their two force users would arrive and take him down between them. He snorted as he inserted his probe midway through the cores reboot cycle. He began typing in overrides into the terminal, almost laughing at loud.

The fools hadn’t changed the BIOS password for the boot system from the default! Afterall, who considered a manual insertion of code into the core during boot? Mere moments passed he typed “abcd1234” in Basic into the terminal. The door chimed, red lights flashing as Work’t engaged the lockdown across the base, disabling the Mortis agents’ codes.

In the spire, Bopdolpup watched as his screens flickered one by one back to life. He sighed deeply, worried for a moment the brownout would turn int a blackout. The feeling quickly morphed into utter horror. On each screen, he watched as the B1 horde turned on the spot. The feeds slowly showed each agent around the base, each seconds from death. He watched Alio, gunned down outside the cantina by the guards. He watched Hasin be grabbed from behind in the hanger, B2 droid snapping his neck in its hands. He watched Indigo blast three B1s from cover, fire spraying over her position before one the commando droids dropped from the ceiling, vibrosword plunging though her skull.

He turned as he heard feet pounding behind him, the twins having emerged from the nearby ready room for the spire hanger. As he watched, bolt after bolt of energy hounded them, each reflected back on their neon blue blades. As Jane stepped forward and began more aggressively parrying the bolts Janus stepped behind her, slamming the door down with the Force.

“It is in the core.” Janus said, glassy eyed. His blade snapped shut as he spoke. “There is a member of the Brotherhood here. He wishes us harm.” The Human was often absent mentally, letting the Force direct his mind. Jane snapped around, blade still lit.

“No shit.” She said, gesturing at the door. “He must be there to have done this.”

Work’t watched as the three discussed him, idly slicing deeper and deeper into the computer core. The gears of two of the maintenance turbo-lifts began to grind as the pair began sliding down the mountain. He looked up as the trio began moving toward him, the two Jedi using their powers to deflect blaster fire and rip turrets from the wall as they walked down the short connecting corridor separating command and the computer core.

Work’t stepped into the open as the three reached the door, the top and bottom of the blast door suddenly bursting into orange light as the pair sliced open the seal. They stepped inside, blades ready. He met the eyes of the woman Human, grinning. “Good meet. Enjoy trip?” He taunted them while reaching and taking his two hilts, blades as of yet unlit. Darius raised his blaster, sighting on the Sith.

The man stepped forward, eyes focusing finally. “You are misguided. Though the Father, we will find purpose. There is still time, old one.” Janus spoke earnestly, imploring. Work’t snorted, laughter bursting out of his chest.

“Damn you, Ewok. You’ll die here.” Bopdolpup said, red eyes fierce as he opened fire. The shots slammed harmlessly off a barrier Work’t had built as the doors melted, deepening Work’t’s laughter.

“Joke, you.” He lit his two blades as the two Jedi stepped forward, but to his disappointment Janus turned just as the trap sprung. Work’t’s force assisted leap took him forward, intending to get in engagement range of both. The twin red blades swung wildly into their space, but Janus leapt twisting at the last second. He landed across the room toward the back area, allowing him to get both Work’t and the doors in his sight. Jane was not so lucky, without precognition of her own as Work’t refocused his efforts. Before Janus could finish mustering his efforts to slam a cargo box toward the Ewok his concentration was shattered as the doors ground open, dozens of B1’s pouring out the doorway. Even as Jane and Darius tried to bring down the Ewok, both were caught in the fury of the blaster swarm and audio storm of “Roger Roger!”

He watched as Work’t ground both crimson blades into his sister’s blue, trapping it. And then the light of dawn snapped away, safety engaged as Jane collapsed, her back smouldering from over a score of impacts. Darius Bopdolpup flew back, half a dozen shots catching him and lifting him back out the door. For his own part, Janus tried desperately to keep up, his blade spinning in rapid arcs to bat away the fire.

The Ewok laughed harder, another Force barrier flickering into place as he put away his sabers. A few B1’s fell to deflected fire even as the lift doors opened again, disgorging more and more blank faced droids into the room. He felt a singe on his arm as a bolt clipped him, then his leg. The B1’s fanned out around the room, pinning him in place as Work’t unlimbered a strange looking bow of a design he had never seen before. He skilfully deflected three bolts into the Ewok, but the barrier held.

Work’t drew the string and fired, the first plasma arrow blocked by Janus’s blade. The second caught as well, but he took another hit, blasting his left elbow clean off. He staggered back, a scream of frustration ending as a final shot blew his cranium into char.

Work’t looked around, near fifty B1s still standing. “Roger Roger!” echoed though the room, the last cries of battle ending. He opened the communication channel on his comlink, connecting to the Work’tshop. “Tyk, it done.”

“Alright! Awesome work, they all dead?” The young voice of Tyk came back, clear over his comlink. The boy’s enthusiasm tired him immediately as he began walking down the short corridor toward the spire control room.

“Yes. Come.” Work’t responded as he passed through, pushing back up the door the two Jedi had dropped and then walking toward the hanger. The shuttle would fit, barely. “Children dead, good day.”

“Amazing! Your plan worked so well; I saw the scanners light up when all those droids starting firing. It’s never been this easy killing Children!” There was a long pause. “Of Mortis. That sounded weird” Tyk said, a hint of wry amusement in his voice.

“Talk less. Come more.” Work’t said, hiding his amusement. “Then plan more kill Children.” He gave it a long pause as Tyk snickered. “Mortis. Obviously.”