

Promptober: The Mysterious Package

General Zxyl Bes'uliik, Regent of The Council

Regent's Office
Dark Ascent, Arx
Arx System
42 ABY

The battle with the Children of Mortis had been brutal. Many across both sides of the conflict had sacrificed themselves... and for what? One crazed Grand Master's crusade to hunt a former Grand Master? No side could claim victory, with both of their leaders lost. Furthermore, many did not make it out of the Brotherhood's portal unscathed - or at all.

Now a new threat was upon them. Something called, Halloweenie. No... Halloween. A scourge of a "holiday", if one could call it that, where children, men, and women alike dressed up as something entirely different. An old folk's tale to some, it had somehow made its way into the mainstream Brotherhood - much to the Regent's own chagrin about its infiltration. Most used it to accuse the Dathomirian of playing dress-up as a Mandalorian. Those people were promptly met by the Regent's iron-fist gauntlet. He loathed its entire premise.

It was the day of Halloween and the Mandalorian General had spent most of this day brooding in his office, secured behind his obsidian slate desk. He had yet to speak to anyone, fearing he'd be hit with the prime "*trick or treat*" phrase given he was the Regent.

A knock at the door prompted a change in attention from his encrypted folding desk terminal. After pushing himself to his feet and maneuvering around the desk, the Dathomirian-Mandalorian made his way over to the door and pressed its activation switch. With a light *woooooosh* it slid open revealing a simplistic gray metal box sitting peacefully on the floor, with a single red button on the front. A hand-written note had been affixed to the top.

The Regent peered down both sides of the hallway. Nobody was there. A thermal scan using his armor's heads up display revealed nobody had been hiding in plain sight using optical camouflage or some other trick either. The General reached down, lifting the box and inspecting it. No other markings, just a crease around the top and that single red button. Curiously, he brought it to his desk and returned to a seated position. An armored hand peeled the note from the top of the cube.

Boss,

Thought you might like this. I know how much you like Halloweenie.

- Thran

The Regent seethed momentarily, with instant regret that he had even brought *whatever this thing was* into his office in the first place. He stared at that cube for nearly three hours, head resting against his interlocked fingers as he debated what to do with it. Toss it? Destroy it? Press the button? It took what felt like years to come to a decision.

He pressed the red button.

Nothing happened.

Bes'uliik pressed the red button again.

Still nothing.

He suspirated, relieved that perhaps his Praetor had just been playing a cruel joke on him.

Thran was not.

In one quick motion, triggered by a delay switch, the top of the box burst upward, revealing a deformed figure in make-up - with a grizzly smile - emitting a grotesque cackling noise. It had caught the Regent off guard, causing him to jump ever so slightly in his seat.

"FUCKING IMPERIAL SCUM," he bellowed, raising his Mandalorian Vambrace to the device and blasting it from his desk using the dual-barrel Dur-24 Wrist Laser. The blast shot the device towards the door, landing a few feet from it. The Regent activated the door, delivering his boot to the side of the opened cube and sending it flying into the hall.

He'd be sure to return the favor when the *Imperial* wanted something from him.