

The Tragedy of Darth Baahcus the Woolly
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A Baaaaaaahd Situation

Port Kasiya
Karufr Lowlambs
42 ABY

It didn't happen often that the Zygerrian actually made it out of her cockpit. She had to park the X70b Phantom somewhere away from Port Kasiya's damaged starport. Zag thought it'd be a great idea to take a quick stroll in the Karufr Lowlands. A lush and emerald landscape full of grass. No civilization to bug her and no dangerous predators to worry about. Just a bunch of sheep.

Her little pink nose wiggled before she took a breath of fresh air. The dew on the grass was pleasant, even if it was a bit chilly. In fact, the breeze was welcome, her cockpit had been way too stuffy and warm.

She placed down her leather jacket and used it as a watertight rug to sit on. In her large hand she had a few Saava snacks, apparently they were too sweet for the Sith she piloted her ship *Shimmer* for.

Bright, white clouds passed by. Some disappeared far beyond the rolling hills. Yet for some reason the darker clouds seemed to circle a herd of sheep. And in the middle of that group was a single black woolled individual. Every fluffy individual was circumnavigating that particular one, following the motion of the sky itself.

Zag rose up. Thunder crashed down in front of the single obsidian sheep. The ground shook and chromium from the X70b reflected the flashes of cerulean light.

Lightning? Here?!

She continued popping some of the round snacks in her mouth, crunching them instead of letting the sweets dissolve a bit in her mouth first. The herd was no longer going in circles, and neither were the clouds above them. A blackened, burned patch of grass marked the point of impact. It still smoldered.

“Baaaaaaahhhhhh!!!”

Rolling thunder followed the bleating. An index finger rested on her gray-skinned chin, emerald eyes squinting at the display ahead of her. Her neat bangs flowed with the wind. Then she figured it out. The herd was banishing the poor black sheep. The clouds above it kept darkening, and the shadow cast on the bleating pariah had a crimson shimmer to it.

Where its eyes would normally be, all Zag could see were bright bulbs of blood red. Her heart raced, and it became harder to swallow. Umangi lowered down to place down her snacks, crunching up the flimsiplast bag. It would've been a terrible waste if all of her treats rolled out onto the wet grass.

“Is this shearioulsy happening right now?” She muttered under her breath.

Then a splash of blood spread over the horizon. The herd scattered. The raven wooled one chased them down one by one. A stomp with its rear legs crushed one in twain. Then it rammed another with its seemingly unbreakable head. Zaagnika had to tap into the Force and enhance her large emerald eyes just to follow the horrors on display.

What in Ashla and Bogan is in these Saava sweets?

Her long nails scratched her head as she watched the slaughter of its kin happening. Rain. The herd were all dead, rended apart. Drops rained down on the ruminants. Green had turned to crimson and blackness. Only three of the white sheep still stood up. A loud cry rang through the meadows.

“Baaaahhcuussss. Daaahaaarth Baaaaahhcuussss. Riiiiise.”

What the kark!

The eyes of the white survivors turned scarlet. More intense than the blood seeping between their hooves, into the soil. Clouds coiled around them, lowering. White merged with white. Starlight eclipsed. It became pitch dark. And cold. And the sheep were gone. Yet there was still an echo bleating all over the place.

“I’m getting the frak outta here!”

Zag picked up her coat and tossed the snacks away. “Sod it, never again.” Biker books bolted right back onto the ramp of *Shimmer*.

TBC?