**Divide and Conquer**

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**The Bartender**

The Bartender: his job so simple yet his knowledge so vast. Gunta had found him in the street and gave him a job fifteen years ago. In those fifteen years, he had served faithfully, reporting the things that intoxicated people confide in their bartender.

The Girl walked in. At once, he noticed something different about her. Her stance, posture, gait, she was at ease in this place of sin. The force detector beeped in his ear. He smiled at her, asked her what she would like to drink. She ordered a pint of ale, they talked, she asked for Gunta. Another Jedi had walked into the spider trap just as Gunta had told him.

He signaled the purple Twi’lek, Gunta’s top lieutenant. Another orphan of the street, the Twi’lek had worked his way through the ranks by proving that there was nothing he was unwilling to do for his master. It was all Gunta wanted, the unwavering loyalty of his men. Follow this and survive and Gunta would take care of you. It was Gunta’s promise, a promise he hadn’t broken, despite what people say of Trandoshans.

The Twi’lek strolled up to the Human female, selling her into following him to the trap. The Bartender sighed. Even though he loved his job and he was loyal, there was something morally wrong about turning her over to the Mercenaries. She would end up being sold into a life of sex trafficking. She would be dead within a year, another promising life cut short.

**The Twi’lek**

The Twi’lek was a murderer. He had been disowned by his family for killing a law enforcement officer at the tender young age of twelve. The protector had started it. The protector had shoved him against the fence after finding the Twi’lek painting on the side of the building.

The Twi’lek was artistic and enjoyed all things beautiful, especially the women. That fateful day that he killed his first sentient, he had been reproducing a famous Bothan work on the side of a building he considered ugly and needed sprucing. In hindsight, the protector was right. It would be the beginning of a criminal career.

Finding himself on the streets, scorned by the people who knew him and his family, he had been a stowaway on a freighter. For ten days, he starved and he froze. The ship landed here, in Varonet, and he was able to start with a clean slate.

For a few years, he lived on the streets. He survived by doing miscellaneous chores for the merchants. He swept the spaceport for the port captain. Then Gunta found him and took him as one of his orphans. Under Gunta, he had grown. First, he had been a worker; then, an enforcer; and finally, one of Gunta’s lieutenants.

This was simple. It was easy. The Jedi, they were fallible, trustworthy, gullible. They were stupid. The Girl followed just as willingly as the three before her. She was a beautiful girl and he was hungry.

Smiling, they stepped into the trap. With a flick of a switch, the bolts of lightning flew from the walls. Like before, he was protected by his suit. Like before, the Jedi fell to the ground unconscious.

Opening the door at the other end of the tunnel, he walked out. He looked around, smiled at Gunta, and nodded his head. Shouting for a few workers to pick up the body and to move the body to his room, he then strolled off towards Gunta.

**The Worker**

The Worker had a family. He had the opportunity to become a freight captain several years ago as a young man. Getting a woman pregnant, he vowed to take care of her. True to his word, he did.

Gunta had given him a job when no jobs were available. After several years, he was leading a work crew. This was not a living. It was hard manual labor though he didn’t do it as often these days.

In addition to the Cantina that Gunta ran out front, Gunta also ran a warehouse out back, buying from the freighters and selling them to the traders. It was profitable and Gunta was always making profit. As Gunta said, you cant put all of your eggs in one basket.

The Twi’lek was a devious son of a bitch. The Twi’lek had started off as one of the Worker’s underlings. But he had shown just how cold and devious he could be, killing a man in the Cantina for supposedly stealing a bottle of ale. Some say that the Twi’lek had paid the man to steal the bottle and then killed him as a planned way to impress Gunta. Those who voiced these as well as other stories tended not to last very long.

Directing two of workers to take the Girl into the Twi’lek’s room, he returned to the more pressing matter of meeting the deadline on loading the repulsortruck. Hearing his men scream, he turn back toward the room and ran to see what was happening. The Worker was a few steps away when the Girl appeared with a bright blue blade shining behind her.

The Worker saw the blade whip around. The next thing he felt was a burning sensation in his neck, which was followed by an empty gasp for air. The Girl was gone. Staggering, he fell to his knees, still moving towards the door. Falling to the ground, he could see his two workers lying on the ground next to the Twi’lek’s bed.

**Gunta**

Gunta had built a life here as a community leader of sorts. He had a successful Cantina and made more then enough money running this warehouse. As a child, it was often thought that Gunta would not be a success in anything. He came from one of the more poor Trandoshan families.

The critics were right in a way. On Trandosha, Gunta would never be anyone. Gunta enlisted, fought in the raiding parties on Kashyyyk and amassed a small fortune enslaving Wookiees. It was good money and rather then investing it in a business on Trandosha, the Trandoshan sought his fortunes elsewhere.

Varonet proved to be the place. There was no real competition in this part of Varonet for the young reptilian. Picking people out of the streets and giving them a fresh start won the loyalty of some of his most important lieutenants. The business prospered, the people came to his Cantina and the law enforcement was on his payroll.

Naturally, the Mercenaries sought him out because he could offer credible and competent labor. They had warned him about the Jedi, given him equipment to detect the Jedi, and the Jedi came as they promised. For every Jedi he captured and turned over, Gunta would collect a miniature fortune, enough to pay his workers a sizeable bonus this year. That was how Gunta operated. He paid his workers well and he expected unwavering loyalty.

There was commotion occurring where the living quarters were located. A bunch of shouts and screams, which were getting louder as they came closer, even with the loud sounds from his machinery operating. His workers, loyal, were running towards the action.

Gunta ran towards the fray. As he got closer, he could see the trail of bodies. The Girl was a blur. She was fast. The slashes and thrusts of her blade were surgical, leaving small, but very lethal marks on his men. His lieutenant, the Twi’lek, was decapitated in front of him.

All of his men, the years that he put into building his organization, were dead, were for naught. Falling to his knees, Gunta could do nothing. For a Trandoshan, Gunta was more on the emotional side.

He looked up at her, watched her swankily stroll towards him. She was beautiful. No wonder the Twi’lek had told the Worker to move her into his room. Even a Trandoshan could appreciate an alien woman’s beauty.

He knew what was coming next. He accepted it. His last thoughts were those of remorse to the Wookiees he had enslaved. Gunta was a man of principle and he didn’t feel that sentient races should be enslaved. But at the time, he was young and he was poor.

**The Bartender**

The Bartender watched as the Girl came out the same way she went in. She strolled up to the Bartender and smiled. Gunta had been nice to her, she said. He had given her the information that she sought. She wished the Bartender a good day and walked out with a certain bounce in her step.

The Bartender stood there dumbfounded. He was speechless for the first time in over ten years. He never expected the Girl to walk out. Gunta always kept his word. The girl would have been turned over to the Mercenaries. It was Gunta’s way.

Suspecting that something was wrong, the Bartender called over one of his waiters to watch the Bar as he attended to business. Walking through the trap, he hollered. There was no response. He took ten steps before he saw the first body. It was Gunta. Taking a few more steps, the Bartender could see the trail of bodies. They were all dead. The Girl had killed them all.

Walking into Gunta office, the Bartender opened the hidden safe in the center of the room. Gunta had expected loyalty and the Bartender had never stolen from Gunta, but he had known Gunta’s password for ten years. The Bartender took the title of the Cantina.

Tomorrow, the Bartender would be the owner of the Cantina and the warehouse business. He would continue where Gunta had left off, hire men of his own to keep Gunta’s legacy alive and to make money. It was how business went.

**The Girl**

Her name was Jordan Kendrix. Her story will remain a mystery. But her actions speak for her. Truly versed in the art of war, she takes pleasure in killing.

She had located the signal beacon in the warehouse. It was foolish of the Jedi to leave their tracking devices behind. However, the datachip led her to Gunta’s Place.

Jordan had a gut feeling walking into the Place that this was going to be fun, especially when she saw the Bartender talk with the purple Twi’lek. It was a very good indicator that fun things would happen.

Pretending to fall unconscious was an easy feat of acting. The Twi’lek had brought the gullible little girl act. She wasn’t surprised. It was what he expected, what he wanted.

The workers were surprised when she had sprung from their grasp. A moment of silence was followed by their screams. With glee, she cut them down. The middle age man who came to their aid died just as quickly.

Full of euphoria, she cut down the remaining people in the warehouse. There was something so beautiful about the serene looks on their faces when she extinguished their life forces. The Trandoshan was different. His eyes had begged for death as if she was granting his wish.

People lay scattered in all positions, spread out across twenty meters from the living quarters to the office. The lightsaber was an intriguing weapon. It was pure, incinerating the flesh rather then drawing blood. The floor was spotless.

Moving to the office, Jordan accessed Gunta’s network. Quickly, she found information about the Mercenaries. Gunta wasn’t too thrilled about them and he had the Mercenaries followed. The location of the Shack was all she needed. She erased the camera feed. Then she used the Force to physically destroy the memory banks. It would appear that she was never here.

Walking out of the Cantina, she noticed that it was the beginning of a very beautiful day. The sunrise was vibrant, the temperature was just the way she liked it, and the smell of the air was fresh. For those inside, the sunrise would be their first. For those at the Shack, it would be their last.