The Usual Political Propaganda

 Lucyeth looked at his datapad with a high level of interest. The Emperor wanted to spread propaganda to the masses to make the Scholae elites as the heroes. A standard weapon of propaganda use that will without a doubt, work in the favor of the royal house. The Dark Jedi grabbed some credits and stashed them in his waist belt, along with his weapon and other items that may be necessary. Lucyeth entered the lift and began his descent to the ground floor of the citadel. The Palatinaean rubbed his brow with his hand as he went deep into his own train of thought.

“*There would be many methods that I could use. The use of force and fear as a method,”* He thought to himself.

“No,” Lucyeth muttered in the hover lift alone.

*“Use of force or fear would only make the matter worse and we would look more bad than we are already are seen,”* Lucyeth thought as the door to the hover lift opened on the ground floor and he lost his own thoughts. The dark Jedi sifted his fingers through his hair and he walked out to take to the streets of Antenora.

 First, Lucyeth made his way to an old friend that could help in his quest to spread his propaganda. He entered the rustic cantina that he long called his local watering hole and sat down at his usual seat. The bartender turned around and noticed a more than your average customer with a wry grin.

“What would you like Lucyeth?” the bartender asked with excitement.

“Hey Grunmk, I will take a lum ale,” replied Lucyeth to the bartender with a crooked smile. Grunmk was a friend of Lucyeth when he was a child and the two have been close ever since. Grunmk may be a local bartender of a cantina, but he aware of what goes on in his place as well as far reaching connections that can often come in handy. Lucyeth had a few more drinks as time went by and then looked toward his friend, he made it clear that it was important and didn’t want to attract attention.

“I need a small favor. You heard about the open rebellion on Antenora?” said Lucyeth.

“Sure. Simply foolish if you ask me but I do not know how I would help?” replied Grunmk.

“Just do what you can to squash it. If people come in and talk about it, convince them we are the good guys. If hunters come in looking for a bounty, bribe them to go after rebel leadership. I will pay you substantially in addition to what you have to spend,” added Lucyeth.

“Yeah sure, I will do what I can for you buddy,” replied Grunmk.

“Thanks Friend. I will be back after my priorities for another round,” Said Lucyeth as he stood up to leave.

“Look forward to it,” replied Grunmk as he turned his attention to some glasses in the sink.

 Lucyeth move out of the bar with great success in the glow of eyes with the thought that people like Grunmk still supported the royal house. However, the dark Jedi kept moving because he knew more had to be done and he still had another method that would be done with ease.

 Lucyeth stepped into the imperial broadcasting network with a confident stride. The dark Jedi knew this errand would be a simple task. As the Palatinaean approached the front desk, the attendant motioned for him to go into the back. There was no need for an appointment or deal with the front desk as they knew what he was. Lucyeth was brought into the office of the communications manager of the sector and sat down with comforting hospitality.

“What can I do for you? I assume you are here for a reason,” asked the manager.

“Yes there is. I need this to be broadcasted posted across the networks,” replied Lucyeth as he displayed his datapad of a holoimage. The image was of a glyph priest whispering in his speech with buildings falling in the background and people screams of terror and suffering. The dark Jedi took the data chip from the datapad and handed it to the manager.

“Very well, I will have this broadcasted during primetime and posted on billboards that can be utilized,” stated the manager.

“Thank You. Your support and loyalty is duly noted and will be passed along,” replied Lucyeth as he stood up to leave. The dark Jedi gave a nod of satisfaction to the desk attendant before he went back into the city streets. Lucyeth felt a sense of danger and caused his heightened senses to go on high alert. He turned around to see a group of three men that didn’t look very happy that the dark Jedi was there.

“Out to knock down more people who want their own lives without fear,” said the stranger closest to Lucyeth with an intense stare of hatred. These guys didn’t look like supporters of Glyph priests, but they sure didn’t like the royal house of Scholae, which was apparent.

“I am not here for violence. I am doing a peaceful errand for the royal house that doesn’t concern you,” replied Lucyeth in a stern tone but couldn’t hide his facial expression of hostility.

“Nothing you do is peaceful. Every one of you guys is violent and it is time we have a say,” yelled the stranger in a more angry tone than before.

“I am not out here for violence, I assure you that, but I will defend myself if need be,” replied Lucyeth with a realization that he could of worded that better.

“So you claim you are peaceful but you will fight. You are a hypocrite now!” yelled the stranger as he moved closer to the dark Jedi with his hands moving towards his waist. The stranger pulled out a pair of small knives and lunged for a series of swipes. The dark Jedi was too quick on the reaction and was able to dodge the attack with ease. Lucyeth shifted his weight to his side and slammed the guy into a street post. The opponent’s face smashed into the post and his unconscious body fell to the ground in front of the palatinaean. The remaining two guys stared at their motionless friend with shock to return their fearful gaze back to the dark Jedi in front of them.

“I suggest you leave me alone unless you have any ideas like your friend did which I do not recommend,” stated Lucyeth with full confidence as he displayed a crooked grin towards the men. The men continued to stare in shock but didn’t dare to move, even as Lucyeth walked away.