So, after a long night of partying with some fellow Arconans while on vacation to Corellia you finally crash out for some sleep. When you wake up in your hotel room, you and your fellow(s) find a set of speeder keys and a note containing instructions. It seems you agreed to make a 'delivery' at some point last night, and now have a speeder-van outside with a few dozen kilos of raw, un-cut spice worth a lot of credits. The note mentions that "they" are watching, and will take issue with you trying to skip off world without fulfilling the delivery. What do you do? Make the drop, report the spice to the authorities, make a run for it?

In 500 words or more (no limit, come at me), write how you and at least one other Clan member (also, no limit) resolve the situation. The fiction grading rubric will be used to determine the winners. Have fun!

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His eyes were barely shut but he still hard a hard time keeping his focus. He was in no danger. The people around him were in jovial spirits. He had indeed imbibed many a drink himself but hardly noticed the subtle drug being slipped into various drinks at random throughout the night.

The Sith Warrior just wanted to rest. The lids to his eyes were heavy. There was a whisper of sleep, it seemed such like a good idea. His head slacked and he slipped out of his chair and slumped to the floor.

A shadow approached with two minions “ Grab him and bring him to the hanger and bolt him to the seat. Leave this recording on the dash. Remember put him in the seat and then arm the seat for detonation this time, we cannot afford silly mistakes.”

The slow moving being gripped the Fallen and hoisted him over his shoulder slumped and fast asleep. His lightsaber visible exposed from his robes from the odd angle of the carry.

However it went seeming unnoticed. The beast lugged him over to the hidden garage and opened the loaded van. He threw the body into the seat and shackled his feet, then the hands to the wheel of the rigged van. The beast was then about to close the door when he remembered to place the the recording onto the dashboard.

The beast's snout sniffed as he checked. He cocked his grotesque head to the side as he checked. He wanted to be good for his master, however he felt a nudge in his mind. Yes he thinks he has remembered everything and slams the door closed. The autolock triggers and seals the door shut.

The slamming of the door awoken him. He first noticed the pressure. It was like his body was getting tight. His ears popped and his one eye opened. ‘*No not space* ‘ he thought. A relief he was still trying to remember where he was when he went to wipe his face.

There was a loud clank then a shock through out his arm. “Kriff..” he muttered as a holo image then appeared sideways it seemed, but a little above him. Egregious sat then up right and tried to seriously watch the vid for some information.

“... is rigged with exloosives. Anyz atempss to flea with detinonate. Youz musta reach the destination in threez hours.” the creature speaking was none other than a floppy eared Gundan. Egregious was going to deliver a shipment alright. A shipment of hurt to that creature speaking.

A map appeared on a hud in front of him. There was a flashing light on the console. He then pushed it and the van fired right up. *‘How hard can it be’* he thought as his foot pounded the accelerator. More on his mind on seeing this to the end. Best to play it out and get as many involved.

The craft as it looked shabby was no less equipped with a full military upgraded engine. Its shabby exterior was made to make it blend in, the inside however was rock solid. As far as Egregious was concerned the only way out of this van is to get it to its destination.

As he tried to fly chained to the wheel he was trying to make his way the best that he could. That is when he saw the flashing lights in pursuit. Smiling a bit as they tried to come up on the side, as the Sith then pushed the craft into a wide turn.

The pursuers were persistent. They kept up the chase and followed always a step behind him. Being new to the surroundings the Arconan then opened himself to the force, ashamed he didn’t try earlier. He then felt a familiar presence. Captain Uji was back there, chasing him. Or could it be finding him and rescuing him.

That is when he felt the shots to his bumper. Laser shots. No he was sure he was being chased. His heart raced. Right turn. Then quick left. He hated flying at the best of times but now it was just a battle to keep this rig from slamming into oncoming traffic. Or that wall. Everything seemed to be in the way right about now.

There were three more hits to the rear. The van was no sluggish on right turns. its ass would slide wide and take out signs or the once in a while restaurant patio furniture. The first time this happened Egregious chuckled; watching the people panic and dive out of the way randomly as the craft slid through their dining experience. It was so enjoyable he did it three more times, apparently for fun.

Then the map was coming to its end. So much so that the hud was expressing to slow down as to not miss the exact point of delivery. He slammed the brakes and the pursuing craft overshot and made a high arch turn about. He pressed calm into the force, a feeling of everything was under control.

It seemed Uji was confused in the force. Not knowing him long it was hard to read his thoughts. He seemed to ease his flying style and flew off course a bit.

The van powered down. He knew this because everything went dark. His fingers went to work on the cuffs first. His feet were another problem. Then there was the talk of the seat. He felt no harm from it, but clearly remembered hearing about it exploding at times just as these.

His cuffs were well made. However not well enough. the locking mech was a simple pin lock. Using the force he jigged it free in longer it took to think to do it. The feet were actually bolted to the floor.

His saber jumped to his hand and filled the cabin with its glow as he lifted his feet spread so the chain kissed its red glow. It fell apart and his feet were free. He then sank his blade into the door and cut a wide triangular hole and lept out, clearly expecting the vehicle to explode. He held the cut door as a shield as he rolled expecting the van to have this glorious fire display of revenge and the ill will expressed in the holo.

But nothing happened. Uji then approached him as he huddled. His voice was calm but sounded annoyed. “Attention!”

Egregious snapped up and saluted with the door in his hand. He then threw it, quite far actually. He stood straight and still looking out.

“Why, Egregious. You were supposed to find out the supplier not deliver their goods.”

Egregious then retorted “How was I supposed to expose everything if not delivering to all the suppliers, I would think that would be implied as you said ‘*Everyone involved*”.

Uji cringed. It was expressed that everyone would be cracked down upon. Even the Gundan crime syndicate. That is when the odd craft came swooping in to the area. It was a large freighter, it scooped low and slow and gobbled the little speeder van as it skidded by with its cargo open.

Uji looked to Egregious “This is between us now.” he then threw a tracker and lobbed it onto the craft as it took off.

Egregious “It seems the crime is getting bolder.” He dusted himself off. He left the chains on his ankles as a solemn reminder of how he should think more often. But inwardly he smiled. They had new leads. Leads ment profits.