

## Enemy Mine

**Name:** Darro Zhen

**PIN:** 14146

Darro's breathing was heavy. He'd been cut at least eight times, drops of his blood slowly leaking out to stain the sand around his feet a dark crimson. But he'd been through worse and lived to fight again and today would be no different. He raised an arm to block yet another slash from the Inquisitor's vibroblade, the blow leaving a deep furrow in the Mandalorian's wrist armour. Sweeping his back leg out the older man tried to knock his opponent's legs out from beneath him but Crandl Lorne was just a little too quick. He leapt back out of the big warrior's range and slowly began to circle around the Odan-Urr Major.

Darro, his fists raised before his face, advanced on the Inquisitorius Commander snapping his left fist out in a series of jabs. Lorne managed to bob and weave out of the way slipping past the bigger man, slashing his blade along Zhen's arm as he did so. The Mandalorian grunted in pain before swearing quietly to himself in mando'a. Turning quickly to once again face his opponent Darro just managed to block a strike at his ribs knocking the Commander off balance ever so slightly as he did so. It was just the opening Darro needed as he swung hard, the back of his fist striking the Inquisitor across the face. Lorne stumbled back a few paces regaining his composure just in time to see all two hundred and eighty six pounds of angry Mandalorian bearing down on him. But as Darro closed to within a handful of feet a blaster bolt struck the ground between the two combatants freezing them both in place.

"That will be quite enough of that gentlemen." came a voice from above them.

Darro looked above him to see at least a dozen of the roughest looking Weequay pirates he'd seen in years. All were armed to the teeth with blasters, slugthrowers and vibroblades and their stance and steady grips told Darro they were well versed in their use. In the center of the group was a particularly well dressed Weequay, his deep red jacket decorated with garish gold trim. Coupled with his bright purple pants and knee high boots he cut a somewhat ridiculous looking figure. Darro probably would have laughed if not for the dozen or so weapons pointed his way.

"My name is Chako Gantu and you are both now my prisoner." he said with a smile. "Now if you would kindly drop your weapons and raise your hands please."

Lorne threw his daggers to the ground in disgust and raised his hands slowly above his head. Darro looked over at him then up at Gantu contemplating his next move. "Ahh the hell with it." he said. Balling his right hand into a fist he cocked his arm back and swung as hard as he could. His fist connected with Lorne's chin snapping his head to the right, a spray of blood flying from the torn skin of his lip. The Inquisitor's eyes rolled back in his head before he stumbled and fell

striking the ground with a dull thump as the Weequay pirates above the pair broke out in a raucous series of whoops and laughter.

“Haha, very good. I like you human.” Chako said as he laughed. Turning to one of his men he said “Stun him.” The last thing Darro saw was a bright blue flash of light.

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“Ohh my head.” Darro said as he regained consciousness.

“Spare me your complaints you oaf.” said a familiar voice from his right.

Cracking one eye open Darro turned his head and saw Crandl Lorne chained to the wall a manacle around his ankle. Darro started chuckling quietly to himself until he tried to move. There was a rattle and a clank as the chain attached to the manacle around his ankle went taught.

“Ahhh crap.” he said.

“Not so funny now is it Mandalorian?” Lorne said with a sneer.

Sitting up Darro opened his eyes and looked around at his surroundings. It was a dimly lit room made of a rough stone with a single large metal door in one wall and a series of small windows high up in the opposite wall. Darro and Crandl were chained on the other two walls of the cell opposite each other. Looking down to his ankle he could see a sturdy metal clamp fastened securely with a large lock. Grabbing the chain the old Major braced his feet against the wall and pulled with every ounce of muscle in his large frame but the chain didn't even wiggle in the wall.

“You really are as stupid as you look.” Crandl said.

Dropping the chain Darro spun around and said “Well sitting here doing nothing isn't going to accomplish anything is it.”

“And what do you suggest we do?” asked the Commander.

With a shrug Zhen replied “I dunno, I'm stupid remember. Why don't you come up with something smart guy.”

“Then let me have a little peace and quiet and perhaps I can formulate a plan that can get us both out of this predicament.” replied the Inquisitor and he leaned back against the stone wall his eyes closing as he began to run scenarios in his head. The minutes dragged on and Darro was becoming increasingly impatient when Lorne sat bolt upright and said “I have it.”

“Wonderful.” Zhen said unenthusiastically. “Well?” he said questioningly.

“Lay down and pretend to be sick...or better yet dead.” Lorne said. “I’ll call for the guard, when he comes in to check on you take him down. Hopefully he’ll have the key to unlock our shackles or at the very least a weapon.”

“You sat there for that long and that was the best idea you could come up with?” the Mandalorian asked with more than a hint of incredulity.

“Then you come up with a better plan.” replied Crandl.

Raising his hands to ward off any further discussion Darro said “No we’ll try it your way.” as he lay down on the rough stone floor. “Are you ready?” he asked.

The Commander nodded once before rising to his feet and shouting “Guard! Guard the Mandalorians dead!”

A handful of moments later the wrinkled face of a Weequay pirate appeared at the small window in the center of the door. He looked at Darro’s prone form before looking to the Inquisitor asking “What happened to him?”

“Do I look like a doctor?” Lorne replied. Seeing the pirate wasn’t satisfied with the answer Lorne said “He clutched at his chest and fell over.”

With a grunt the pirate unlocked the door and crossed the room towards Darro. As he got closer he kicked the Odanite a few times. *Checking to see if I’m really dead* Darro thought to himself. The old Major could feel strong hands around his ankle fiddling with the manacle for a moment before his foot dropped to the ground. He could hear shuffling footsteps and muttered words before he could feel, and smell, the Weequay’s hot breath on his face. Darro’s eyes snapped open to see the Weequay, his face less than a meter above his own. Before the pirate could react Darro’s arms shot out wrapping around the stunned pirates neck dragging him down into a headlock. The Weequay clawed at the large Humans forearms but the more he struggled the tighter Darro gripped until after a few frantic moments the pirate stopped moving. Darro pushed the unconscious pirate off and rose to his feet. Picking up the key the Weequay had dropped the Major stared at it for a moment before looking to the Inquisitor.

“Don’t you even think about it Odanite.” Lorne said.

Darro stared at him for another moment before tossing the key across the room. Crandl snatched it out of the air and quickly released himself rising to his feet before crossing the room. He knelt down beside the still form of the pirate and began to search him for anything that could aid in the pair’s escape from Chako’s pirate gang. He didn’t have much, just an old DL-17 which

he handed to Darro, and an old but still sharp vibroblade which the Inquisitor quickly used to slice open the throat of the pirate.

Upon seeing this Darro grabbed a handful of Lorne's shirt and lifted him to his feet. Slamming him against the wall the Mandalorian said "What the hell are you doing?"

Lorne quickly brought the vibroblade up, pressing it hard against Darro's exposed throat. "I eliminated our enemy. Be thankful I still require your aid to escape this place or I'd eliminate you as well."

With a look of disgust Darro released the Commander and headed for the door. With blaster pistol at the ready he poked his head out and saw a long hallway heading off in both directions. Pulling his head back into the cell Darro turned to Crandl and said "We can go left or right."

"I suppose one choice is as good as the other, go right." Lorne replied.

After peaking out once more to ensure the coast was clear Darro led Crandl out of the cell and into the pirates base. As quietly as possible they made their way down the long hallway checking doors as they passed them but only found storerooms full of crates or empty sleeping quarters. As they came to the end of the hallway Darro began to turn the corner when he stopped and pulled the Inquisitor back. He curtailed any questions from Crandl by holding a finger up in front of his lips, the Inquisitor nodding his understanding. Time seemed to drag for Lorne as the Odanite waited for whatever it was he saw around the corner. Suddenly the big man was in motion thrusting his arm out he grabbed a hold of a lone Weequay pirate wandering the halls on some errand or another.

The old man slammed the Weequay against a wall lifting him a few inches off the floor by his shirt. "Where's my gear?" he asked in a harsh whisper.

"What?" the Weequay said confused.

Shaking the pirate Darro answered "My gear. Mandalorian armour, gold colour with a scorpion on the right breast plate. Your boss must have taken it off me when I was out. I want it back."

"I ain't telling you nuthin." answered the pirate.

"Where is it?" asked Zhen his face just a few centimeters from the Weequays.

Darro felt a hand on his shoulder as Crandl said "Allow me Major." as he flashed the vibroblade before the Weequays eyes. "Tell me where his gear is and where the exit is now." When the pirate didn't answer Lorne said "Place your hand over his mouth please. I wouldn't want his screams to alert his companions."

Darro complied placing his large hand securely over the pirates mouth. The Inquisitor then grabbed a hold of the Weequays wrist raising his arm up before slowly pushing the blade into the pirates elbow joint. As the blade penetrated the skin and began to dig deeper into flesh and sinew the pirates eyes widened and he attempted to let loose a scream but the Mandalorian hand clamped over his mouth prevented it from coming forth.

Lorne halted the blades progress into the joint and asked "Now, do you want to tell me what I want to know?" When the pirate said nothing Lorne began to slowly twist the blade causing the pirate to shake violently in agony. "How about now?" asked the Inquisitor. When the pirate nodded Crandl said "You can remove your hand now."

When Darro pulled his hand away from the pirates mouth he took a deep breath and said "Armoury is down that corridor. Take you first left then your second right. It's the fourth door on your left."

"And the exit?" the Commander asked.

"Turn left when you exit the armoury, follow the corridor down and take your second right. Follow that corridor into the bar. The exit is through the double doors in the far wall." answered the pirate.

"Now that wasn't so hard was it." Crandl said. Looking up at Darro he said "Now kill him."

Darro looked to the Inquisitor with hate in his eyes before looking back at the pirate. "I'm sorry." the Mandalorian said as he gripped the pirates head and twisted with a violent jerk. There was an audible crack as his neck snapped before the pirates now lifeless form slumped to the ground.

"Get rid of that before someone sees it." Lorne said.

Darro bent down and threw the pirate over his shoulder before heading back to one of the unlocked storage rooms he'd passed earlier. After placing the pirate down behind a stack of crates he exited the room and made his way back to Crandl. They slowly stalked the halls following the now dead pirates instructions until they arrived at what they hoped was the armoury. Darro reached out and tried the handle and, to his surprise, the door opened silently.

"Guess they didn't expect anyone to get this far into the place." Darro said.

Once the two had entered the armoury Darro silently closed the door and went looking for his armour. Searching through crates and cupboards he found blasters, grenades and vibroblades but not the one thing he was after. He was becoming frustrated when from behind him Lorne said "Mandalorian." Turning around he could see the Inquisitor standing over a large footlocker. Making his way across the room Darro looked inside, a smile splitting his face as he took in the

sight of his armour. Pulling it out piece by piece he equipped it finishing with the helmet and was about to turn and leave when something caught his eye.

Off in the corner under an old piece of torn cloth was what at first looked like a backpack. Wondering why the pirates would bother covering a backpack he walked over and pulled the cloth aside. What he saw made him smile from ear to ear. It was an old Clone Wars era Z-6 rotary blaster cannon attached to what Darro assumed was a back mounted power pack.

“Oh I am taking this.” he said to nobody in particular as he picked up the pack and slung it over his shoulders. Looking over at Lorne he saw the Inquisitor likewise arming himself with a pair of DL-18 blaster pistols.

Seeing Darro brandishing the big gun the Inquisitor said “It’s definitely you.”

“Let’s get out of here.” replied the Major.

They exited the armoury together striding confidently down the halls, all pretense of stealth thrown out the window. As they entered the pirate bar every single Weequay pirate in the place looked up from there drinks or card games a look of shock on there faces. Not waiting for them to regain their wits Darro opened fire, the Z-6 spitting several thousand rounds a minute into the enclosed space of the bar. The bolts tore apart everything from chairs to tables to Weequay pirates until, after only thirty seconds of sustained fire, the only living beings in the room were Darro and Crandl.

“Damn!” Darro shouted. “I think I love this gun.”

Looking over the carnage Crandl simply said “It’s certainly effective.”

The two headed for the double doors, stepping over debris and body parts as they did so. Pushing open the doors they found themselves outside in the bright afternoon sun, a wide courtyard spread out before them. Looking around Lorne spotted a line of speeder bikes parked against a far wall.

Turning to the Major he said “While I appreciate the assistance in escaping these fools do not for one moment think I will hesitate to kill you should our paths cross again.”

With a laugh Darro said “You’ll try.”

“Major.” Lorne said as he turned and strode off toward the line of speeder bikes.

“Commander.” Darro replied as the Inquisitor walked away.

As Lorne mounted a bike and slowly piloted it out of the courtyard Darro looked down at the Z-6 in his hands and thought *Nobody would know* to himself. With a chuckle he pushed that thought aside and headed for the bikes and home.