The Ale Hole, it was a shady back street bar hidden in the slave slums of Aliso, a place where even a slave duties could be forgotten even if it was only for the night. The Shi’ido slipped his Lum slowly from a dirty glass as he took in the atmosphere, the lights were at a dim sitting only because the power was coming from a nearby slave on a bike. Silent gave a silent chuckle at the fact that even slaves needed slaves for the little things.

The bar’s wall being to give a slight rumble as a far of explosion could be heard, the lights went out as the slave stopped peddling. The shallow breaths of every slave could be heard as the alarms began to be raised. Everyone rushed out of The Ale Hole to take up their battle stations, on Aliso everyone even the children or Sith or Slave had a job to do and they would die doing it. Silent sat at his table finishing his Lum and walked out of the bar.

It had only been two minutes since the alarm rang but the slums were already barren as the Sith academy on Korriban. Silent’s holoprojector began to glow for an incoming message.

A tiny version of Laren Uscot appeared:

“Battle Lord Silent, first let me say it’s nice to have an old face back into the House, second and direr we need your assistance with a bit of droid infestation.”

“Did the droids outbreed their habitat Laren?”

“Funny but sadly some workers stumbled upon some unknown structure underground and a mess of B1 battle droids came flooding out.”

“B1 battle droids? Like the ones used in the clone wars?”

“Roger Roger.”

“Here I thought Selika was the funny one in the Clan. Where am I needed most?”

“I would say mid-town but Roll master Arden is there with back up, but containing them with the horde that has come up has led droids all over the city, I suggest you start near our House station and work your way to the docking bays, we don’t need any students dying or any droids taking off.”

“Well so much for my off time. Battle Lord Silent out.”

Hoping into his RGC-18 Land speeder the Shi’ido took off toward his House base, he found it taking fire from a battalion of B1’s. Kicking his speeder into high gear and crashing through the droids, Silent jumped out Lightsaber in hand defecting bolts back to their owner. Taking out his other saber and changing his style to a Jar’Kai form he quickly worked his way to the front of his House entrance in which students and slaves where fight as well as his personal droid Fate, a HK-series Assassin Droid modified to protect his master and any who he designated which at the time he left for the bar was the House.

“Fate, give me an update.”

“Statement: Master Unknown Number of B1 Battle Droids opened fire across the city, as programmed I stayed put and defending the House quarters and slightly injured a couple students who couldn’t tell the difference between me and the ones trying to kill them.”

“Can they still fight?”

“Statement: oh, yes Master I couple I only clipped a finger off some just took a shot to the knee, oh the stories they will one day tell one guard duty.”

“Good, since the rest of the droids here can be handled by the guards and students here we are to move to the Docking bay.”

“Statement: As you wish master. Sarcastic remark: Oh well so much for your off-time Master.”

“That’s what I said.”