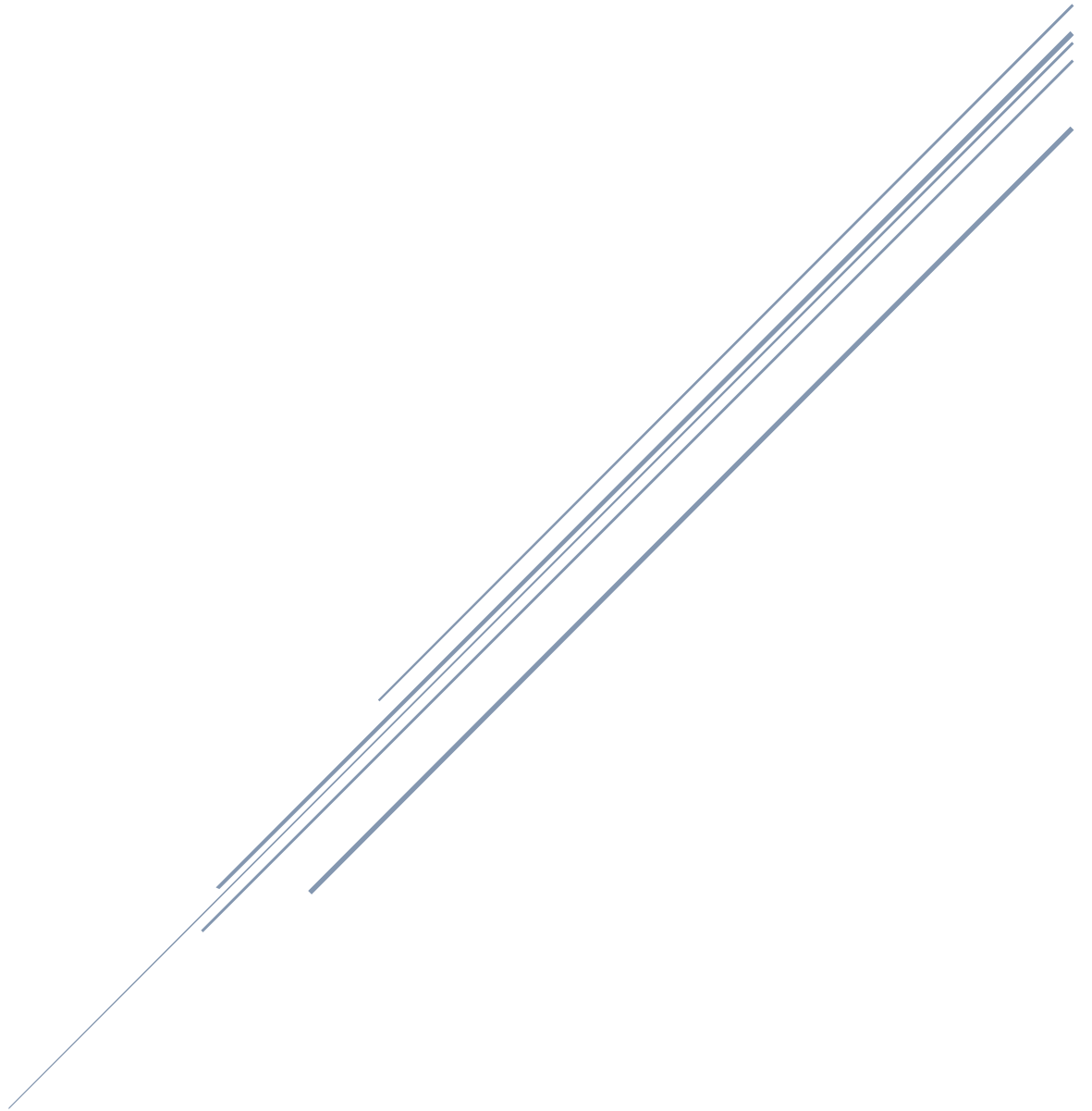


# [TEB WEEK 3] FICTION

Prompt A



Pollus Paratus  
#12436

Linus walked into the small room that Pollus was busy fixing AR-GO with a gloom look on his face, "Things aren't looking good. The Geonosians have a beachhead at the spaceport according to the latest intelligence. They want some volunteers to lead an assault noisy enough to distract the Geonosians while the hammer comes down."

Pollus looked up from AR-GO's damaged chassis and smiled, "I can think of half a dozen force users who took Furios up on that offer for the chance of some glory."

"What are we going to do? This sounds like a suicide run." Linus sighed.

"When the Dread Lord takes care of this, she'll go after those who didn't help. If the B1s keep up the momentum and win, a very remote outcome, we'll still be hunted down." Pollus connected the last wire and AR-GO came to life.

"We'll be assaulting the southern quadrant in twenty minutes. But I went ahead and got the heavy weapons and mortar team. We're backing up the assault squad." Linus shook his head and started pulling out his set of body armor.

Thirty Minutes Later

Pollus looked at the now battered spaceport through his pair of binoculars. The infantry was twenty meters from breaching the structure.

The plan that had been laid out by the platoon commander was to set a deton charge, blow a hole into the spaceport, penetrate it, destroy as many droids and stir up as much of a mess as they could and pull out. After the infantry was in full retreat, the cannons and mortars would destroy the droids advancing out of the hole. Should any heavy equipment emerge, there would be a second set of charges set up outside of the breach to detonate. With any luck, there would be enough chaos to get the Geonosians attention.

The infantry set up the charges and detonated the first set, quickly disappearing into the still smoking hole of the breach. A few seconds later, there was an even more powerful explosion within the spaceport.

Pollus, alarmed, turned on his mike, "El-Tee, situation!"

His comm chirped and the Lieutenant reported, "Sir, they had explosives, were waiting for us. Blast took out three of my guys and we're pinned. This is bad."

Pollus looked at the squad and Linus, "So much for the plan. We gotta go get them."

The squad nodded in agreement and started advancing towards the breach, alert for any signs of enemy activity coming from the ground. Pollus pointed at positions for the mortar men to take positions while the machine gunners kept advancing. "El-Tee, we're coming in. Be ready to move out."

The first machine gunners were through the breach, lighting up the other side as soon as they were inside. Pollus was right behind them and quickly moved off to the side, scanning for the downed infantry squad, quickly finding them thirty meters and bunkering under the spaceports now buckled foundation.

Pollus quickly pointed out where he wanted his machine gunners, covering all the possible firing positions. "El-Tee, get your guys out. We've got you covered."

Slowly, soldiers begin to make their way out, supporting and dragging each other towards the breach as the machine gunners fired indiscriminately at the possible positions.

Pollus ran up to the Lieutenant, a bit concerned at the quietness, "Where are they?"

"I don't know Sir. It stopped a couple minutes ago. I guess they thought they had offed all of us."

Pollus's comm chirped, his Quaestor's familiar voice penetrating his ear, "Paratus, it's getting heavy over here. How are the droids in your quadrant?"

Pollus cursed, "Things are under control here. One second Sir." Pollus looked at the Lieutenant, "We need to take some pressure off the other diversions. You still got the explosives?"

"Right here sir. Are we going to finish what we started?" The Lieutenant motioned at his abled men to gather around him as the wounded guys shuffled on out of the breach, "Listen up guys, we're going to finish this."

Five Minutes Later

Everyone was kriffing dead. Linus and Pollus emerged out of the breach, running as fast as they could with a droid army on their heels. Pollus radioed the mortar team, "Fire every as soon as we clear the breach! Then get out of here!"

Pollus's comm chirped, "Paratus, thanks for the explosion."

Pollus fired back, "Under fire boss, can't talk right now!"

Pollus and Linus were ten meters from the breach when the second set of deton charges blew, sending debilitating shrapnel at the emerging B1s and Geonosian warriors, slowing down their charge for a second. The mortar team shot off their mortars and their sidearms, covering the two mercenaries before making their way back to the speeders.

Fifty meters from the breach, the two mercenaries were quickly picked up by the mortar team. Collapsing on the floor, Pollus looked around as all eyes pointed at him inquisitively. The wounded infantry looked shocked, unable to comprehend where the rest of their squad was. Pollus shook his head, tears streaming from his eyes, "The droids were all over us after we set off the detons. We were going to do it remotely, but the Geonosians had the place jammed. We had to use the cord, all thirty meters of it."

Pollus could see the commotion at the front, the driver getting excited before the mortarman in the shotgun seat turning his head back and shouting, "Plagueis has launched the main assault! We're on the offensive!"