

Ready State

Unknown Regions
EF76 Nebulon-B Frigate Edenhall

Click.

The familiar cyan glow of the holoprojector went out as the transmission ended and the lights slowly came back up in the hall. A dozen or so gathered for the news, only half were even paying attention while the other half tapped away at their datapads.

“What did he just say?” a voice asked the general area in a gentle and inquisitive manner.

“Don’t know. Don’t care. The more important question Halc, is whose turn is it for a beer run,” a gruff reply came more a statement than a question.

“Of course you don’t care Yacks, you weren’t going to leave this ship to participate in the war anyways,” Halc replied, setting down his datapad and looking for his answer elsewhere, “Evant?”

“Our friendly neighborhood transmission has informed us that the ongoing conflict between good and evil has been thwarted, for now, and our services are no longer needed for the time being,” Evant replied, mocking the monotone voice of the official communications avatar.

“Great, don’t change the subject. Beer?” Yacks asked more forcefully this time.

“Thwarted, likely story,” Halc responded.

“One does not simply thwart, the ongoing struggle between good and evil,” Evant responded, drinking the last of the beer in his hand and setting it down on the table with a hollow clank.

“Rumor has it the Dark Council has loyalty issues among the Clans. Turns out blowing up people isn’t the best way to make them your friends,” Halc said, he too finishing his beer, turning it up to the air so the last drops fell into his mouth.

“Tarkin didn’t seem to think so,” Evant smiled, “Wish we had a Death Star though.”

“I wish I had a frakking beer. What is wrong with you people,” Yacks spat, “Seriously.”

“It’s a Death Star Yacks, what is wrong with wanting a Death Star?” Evant responded defensively.

“I’d trade a Death Star for a cold beer about now,” Yacks responded snarkily.

Evant rolled his eyes as the familiar whoosh of a door opening up rang out against the typing of datapads as everyone around them browsed the holonet during their reaction to the broadcast. An old man came in with a server droid in tow, atop it was a tray carrying multiple cold refreshing looking beverages. They strode into the mess hall to the attention of everyone, but were quickly ignored as it became clear what was going on.

“It was Pekka’s turn to get beer,” Halc said directly to Yacks, “To answer your question you impatient ass.”

Yacks picked up one of the cold beers and eyed it carefully admiring the color before he took a slow drink, what was passable as a smile by some definable standard formed on his face. Evant and Halc both rolled their eyes and took glasses of their own, Pekka picked up their empties and set them on the tray before rolling back out.

“You owe Pekka a Death Star,” Evant said after a brief moment.

“Put it on my tab,” Yacks responded.

“Ruby, put Death Star on Yacks tab,” Evant called out to his left. *Tweet-two-bwiiz*. A ruby domed R2 astromech droid chimed in affirmation.

“You know Evant, for someone who founded the Inquisitorius and has regular communications with the Dark Council you sure rely on rumors and speculation to know what the frak is going on,” Yacks responded, finally deciding to get on topic.

“Founded, I don’t call the shots anymore for the Inquisitors. I passed that off,” Evant responded.

“Passed it off full of holes and leaking like a sinking ship,” Halc countered, taking a jab at the current state of the organization.

“Yeah, yeah, never should have recruited from the Clans. Ungrateful lot. Who knew a bunch of Dark Side adherents would so easily turn on each other for self gain,” Evant mused, taking a shot at himself for his prior failures.

“I knew,” Yacks responded matter of factly.

“Which is why you’re special,” Evant said happily with a fake smile on his face.

“I’m just saying. The Dark Council meets don’t they? Yet you sit here with us lot watching the bastardized version of the truth from the Pravus-net,” Yacks responded.

“I know enough to know I’m safer out here in the Unknown Regions with a careful hand on the current fragile supply chain and economic network that is the Dark Brotherhood,” Evant replied defensively.

“Whatever, I still don’t even want to know. Just let me know when we’re heading out for more beer. I got word of a few breweries I’d like to, well, hit up literally,” Yacks responded picking back up his datapad.

“We all know exactly what’s going on, no reason to walk on eggshells,” Halc injected with a heavy sigh.

“Which is exactly why we don’t all meet in the same place,” Evant responded, “But this war will happen eventually and we will get the call someday.”

“When you two are done saving the world you might want to hop back on and join this raid. This is half dead and we only just started it,” Yacks noted as Evant and Halc both eagerly picked up their datapads and began to click around. Not wanting to miss out on any loot in the mobile game the trio played in their downtime on the net.