

Peacekeeper Droveth Kathera Vectivi (Jedi) / Battle Team Wildcards of House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr
[SA: VI] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VII]
ACx3 / DC / Cr:3R-5A-9S-18E-1T-5Q / Clx43 / CGx41 / DSSx2 / LS / SoL / S:1D-5Rv
{SA: MVHL - MVLD - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SVWP}

A Guiding Light

Frella's Haul Kiast System

"I come before you now with only a question."

A soft blue glow cast from holoscreens illuminated the room, reflecting from the myriad of metallic surfaces. Masses of people sat huddled together tightly at long mess tables. Droveth leaned silently against a support column, wrapped tightly in his robe with the hood pulled up over his head. Much of the crew had gathered in the dining hall, having heard that a message was being broadcast to the whole system; The Jedi had heard a similar message and got to the nearest holoscreen. He could not bring himself to look any longer. The speaker's voice hung heavy in his mind, and the speech continued to echo throughout the crowd as more screens tuned in.

"The Jedi tell you 'to remember New Tython'. I remember New Tython..." The Peacekeeper saw now the face of his enemy. He had heard much deliberation over the recent days about Rath Oligard, but he found a comfort in finally looking at him. This 'Admiral' had appeared out of thin air, easily defeated the combined efforts of the Lotus, and now launched a campaign on Brotherhood and Lotus alike. Droveth had begun to envision a sort of bogeyman in his mind, a shadow flying between ships and detonating explosives.

'No, he's just a man. Just like me.' Oligard rattled on about dogma and zealots, but the Jedi had already begun to scan the room. He was remarkably outnumbered here, being the only Jedi to accompany this transport en route. All eyes remained transfixed on the screens, watching the Lord Superior of the Collective attempt to sway them. His speech was good, it's true, but Droveth could see through his charisma. Afterall, charisma was the Peacekeeper's best trait.

"It. Will. Never. Stop." The screens all flickered off simultaneously, leaving the room in an eerie silence. A few people got up and left, but a majority of the crowd remained. Slowly they began

to talk quietly amongst themselves. There was a dire tension in the air, clinging to everyone's words and actions. Droveth caught a few glances from the corner of his vision, a 'hero' feeling inspired by the speech, but he never raised his eyes. His left hand hovered above his hilt, a show of intimidation for anyone thinking about making a move, but his Inquisitorius stiletto slid silently down his sleeve into his right palm.

"How 'bout we don't eve-" The Jedi was cut short abruptly as an explosion rocked the frigate, throwing crew members to the ground and setting off the pressure alarms. Droveth shifted his stance and was able to stay upright despite the turbulence. Lights flickered above as the systems rerouted power. He saw an image in his mind for a second, a shower of sparks and falling shrapnel. It wasn't over.

"Get down!" The Peacekeeper roared, using the Force to both amplify and deepen his voice. Seconds later another explosion detonated outside the hull, this time sending the room into relative darkness. One lone emergency light flashed crimson above the exit; the alarms had ceased. Droveth stood quickly and removed his hilt, igniting its emerald blade and illuminating the crew members nearby.

"Everyone, stay calm and listen to me." The Jedi spoke calmly as he scanned the room, simultaneously looking for threats as well as injuries. "This vessel has lost its life support systems. We must leave. Follow my lightsaber and I promise I will get you all off of this ship alive. Understand?" The collective silence of the crowd assured him there would be no questions asked. He moved swiftly toward the exit with the crew members parting as he went, filing in line behind him. Droveth held the blade up high above his head to maintain visibility as he began to navigate through the halls.

Though the crowd murmured quietly amongst themselves, they did not question his motives for guiding them. Only moments before they had been listening to a speech condemning the Jedi, now they cowered behind one in fear from the man who claimed to want peace for them. The Peacekeeper turned to check on the group and briefly made eye contact with the man from earlier, the 'hero'. He was walking with a small Twi'lek girl huddled close to him, and he nodded silently. Droveth returned the gesture and continued forward.

Soon the low rumble of a large crowd was heard up ahead, and the Jedi knew they had arrived at the evacuation pods. His pace quickened as he felt the press of the group on his back, eager to be off this dying ship and somewhere safe. As they exited the hall into the main chamber, Droveth sidestepped away and let the line continue on to find their own pods. Most just looked forward to their destinations, but a few gave the Jedi a respectful glance as they passed. He stood silently and watched the masses of people as they slowly piled into the pods and ejected from the ship.

Droveth waited until nearly everyone was off before getting into a pod with the remaining members of the evacuation team. He clipped the hilt back to his belt and breathed a sigh of

relief, wiping the sweat from his bald head. He felt the pull of ejection and glanced out the viewport. The frigate was nearly split in half, only connected by a few hundred meters of electrical wiring. The Jedi could feel eyes on his back, and turned to see the members of the team all staring at him.

“...Yes? Can I help you?” He inquired sarcastically.

“We just wanna know what the hell happened!” Barked the largest of the team, a young female Rodian. Droveth could only stare back for a few moments before shaking his head. It was clear to him, but perhaps only because of his place within Odan-Urr. Could they really be so naive?

“That, my dear, was the Collective. I’d wager suicide ships, but that’s just speculation. Either way, they targeted the Frella’s Haul because she delivered for the Odan-Urr at some point, so everyone on that frigate is ‘just as bad’ as the Jedi in their book. They surely don’t care about any of your lives, no offense.” He sighed and leaned back in the seat, pulling his hood back up and closing his eyes.

“Hell of a speech though, right?”