***Readying for War***

The *Raging Rancor* sat idly in the hanger bay as Mauro Wynter and Syla Tanos bustled in and out of the fuselage. A long metal table was set to the rear of the G-A1 Starfighter where an assortment of weapons were laid out. Cleaning supplies and sharpening stones were in heavy usage.

“Syl, are the melee weapons sharpened and ready to be loaded?” asked Mauro. The Zabrak looked at him from the corner of her eye and answered him wryly. “My dear, they have been loaded for some time now. Are the blasters good to go?”

Mauro answered as he placed several blasters in a cargo container and lugged it over to the landing ramp of the ship. “We are all up. Time for a drink?”

The pair ended up sitting on top of the metal table, popping the corks off several bottles of ale. Remotely, Syla ran a diagnostic of the vessel testing the performance parameters of the craft. “I think this old goat is as ready as she can be.” Syla finished her bottle smartly.

“Is she? As long as she holds together we can’t ask too much of her. I don’t think in a fire fight she can do too much for us.” Wynter shrugged as he too finished his first bottle of ale.

The Nightsister shuffled off of the table and sauntered across the hanger a few meters. “No, she probably won’t help us in a dogfight. But, when would we try our luck? We will fight dirty. Again and again. And if we die?” asked Syla, to which Mauro answered “We die together.”