

**“What in the black void is that!”**

Grot’s fierce orange eyes swiveled like hawks to the poor trainee who had drawn his attention. Like a storm, he tore across the wet tarmac and into the formation, throwing aside those trainees too slow or stupid to move. He reached out and grabbed the soaked jacket of a bulky Kaedean, pointing to a small, feathered charm pinned onto it.

“Trainee Tanaka, tell me that I am hallucinating this from the stress of having to deal with your bantha-chit!”

“I-I’m sorry?”

**“By the Goddess you had better be! That is the most intelligent thing I have heard come out of your mouth so far! While you are on a roll, explain to me what this is on your jacket trainee!”**

“Sir! This charm has been in my family for generations! It calls upon the spirits to protect—”

“And you have lost it again! Back to the same idiotic drivel as always Tanaka! I hope to the Goddess the spirits do protect you, because a window licking moron like yourself couldn’t protect your mother’s teat from a baby! Take that off this instant!”

“I am a Kaedean warrior! I will not dishonor my family by—”

The air exploded from Trainee Tanaka’s lungs as Grot’s scaled fist connected solidly with his mid-section. Tanaka doubled over, clutching his stomach and shaking, trying desperately to regain his breath. Grot pulled him close, and leaned so close to his ear that he could feel his breath.

“Consider your next actions carefully, Tanaka.”

The rain poured down ever harder on the Kaedean as he slowly straightened up his posture. He glared viciously at Grot, refusing to move an inch as Grot reached out and tore the charm from his jacket. With a sadistic smirk, Grot turned around to face the rest of the training group

**“What are the rest of you knuckle dragging primitive scumballs looking at! You. Are. At. Attention! Eyes front, now!”**

Terrified, the rest of the trainees fell in line, turning their eyes forward as Grot marched back up to the front of the formation. With a wicked grin, he stood in front of them and looked over the hodge-podge group of trainees.

These were not new recruits, indeed, most of them were veterans of the war against the Collective. Selenians from the Navy, Sardinians and Kaedeans from the Army, and an odd smattering of immigrants from both. Probably the first time they had ever been trained together, as a single group.

In the wake of the war, Clan Arcona had taken a hard look at how it trained its forces. The war had been horrific, and a massive movement for reform had been started to learn it's harsh lessons. Beginning with the way their forces were trained.

"Since Tanaka has decided he no longer needs to be in uniform, I feel it is only appropriate that we all join him. Jackets off!" Reluctantly, the formation removed their jackets, the harsh tropical rain of Arconae Primus quickly soaking them to the bone "Good! Now that you are all nice and comfortable, we can begin our morning jog! Left, face! Double time, march!"

As he jogged, Grot despaired at the task ahead of him. The immigrants had the least issues of the group. Well rounded, with no more issues than any other average trainee. However, they had an annoying tendency towards arrogance, and didn't work well with the other trainees. They were too quick to dismiss them as primitives, and this often earned them no end of grief.

The Kaedeans and Sardinians had no problem with the physical parts of the training. They came from warrior cultures, they had to be strong to survive, but this tended to lead to problems with discipline. Not to mention their performance in the classroom was... lackluster, to say the least.

The Selenians had the exact opposite problem. Having been shoehorned naval service, physical training was never seen as important to their jobs. While they excelled in the classroom, they crumbled easily under even the lightest strain. Grot snarled as he saw one of them, Trainee Silus, drop out of formation.

All in all, he'd be lucky if half of them got through.

He was hyperventilating, stumbling as his energy began to fail. Grot began to tear away from the formation, slowing down to catch the flagging recruit, but stopped when he spotted another pull away.

Trainee Tanaka.

"Come on Silus" he huffed "I'm not doing extra PT today because of you, get that fat rear of yours moving" Tanaka ran alongside Silus for awhile, which seemed to encourage the rotund Selenian. Slowly, they pulled back into the formation. Grot couldn't help the small smirk that came over him.

Maybe he was too pessimistic.

