

Festivus Miracle

Commander Mauro Wynter sat around the roaring bonfire, surrounded by his friends – brothers and sisters all of Clan Odan-Urr. Many rounds of dark ales were passed and pounds of roasted meats on spits were eaten. The entire assemblage were in good spirits as tall tales and legends were told by all in attendance. Long past midnight, all eyes turned to Wynter and it was his turn to spin a yarn in order to keep the merriment flowing late into the early morning hours.

“Let me begin, my brothers and sisters, by setting the stage. It was during the recent war, while on Nancora. My fighter craft crashed, taken down by the anti-aircraft guns supporting their capital city. Many of you fought above Nancora, and still some of you were inserted there and made it back to tell the tale. Well, let me tell you about how I took down all of the Huntresses single handedly.”

Many of the listeners chuckled loudly, while other rolled their eyes. “Indeed, it is true. Maximus Alvinus and Len lode themselves can attest to this for they recovered my body from the pile of corpses from the melee. So, there I was stumbling through the white powdery sand of Nancora treading towards their capital city to infiltrate and fulfill my mission to take down Drake. Well, before I made it more than a kilometer and a half they were on me. Led by that deadly Chiss huntress herself and her pack of deadly warriors.”

The crowd laughed and made some bawdy jokes about the women warriors and the manner in which the intrepid Mauro Wynter had slew them all so valiantly. “So they were upon me, six trained assassins against little old me. I had the drop on them, by taking cover inside the frame of a wreck. Taking aim with my blasters, laying on my stomach, I took down the first of the Huntresses. They spread out, canvassing the area to find me. I knew I didn’t have much of a chance so I crouched upward and jumped wide to the right, spraying many rounds at one of those deadly beasts. She in turn went down, but was able to call out my spot. Next thing I know all four of the remaining team was on me.”

Mauro let the words sink in, as he could tell the audience was clearly growing on the story, wanting to know how he could have survived now in such a battle. “I was taking shots from all directions, I knew my time was up, so I did what any sensible man would. I overcharged my weapons’ power packs and pretended to give myself up. I figured I could at least take another one or two of them out before they got me. Hell, figured that would be two less going after you lot. So they closed in on me, and I fell to the ground but before the power packs could go off the Huntresses fell to the ground, dead. It was a true miracle.”

The crowd jeered and applauded accordingly as Wynter finished his tale. He sat back down. He smiled to himself, remembering how he was being lead back to the city in chains, when a stray fighter flew overhead and straffed the lot of them, the bodies of the Huntresses ahead and behind shielding him from the laser fire.