

## **Kiast**

### **Kiast System**

Janus put his hands on his lower back and pushed as he arched his upper spine in a bone-popping stretch. Rotating his head he heard his neck crack as the aged and abused vertebra ground against each other.

Pulling an extension arm desk lamp closer to his current project he flipped up the magnifying goggles and looked at the fine detail work of the X-Wings starboard dorsal engine.

The 1:25th scale model was a replica of the one flown by Luke Skywalker during the attack on the original Death Star. When it was finished it would be around 20 inches long and the most expensive droid controlled starship model Janus had built.

All the primary aspects of the other three of the engines had been completed the day before. Now it was just the final 4L4 fusial thrust engine that needed its inner workings put in. Once done he could mount them to the wings.

Twisting the bent tipped tweezers around the Reactant Injector he grasped a plug attached to a wire and brought it to it's socket.

Eye fuzzy with fatigue and age, he could not focus well enough with his real eye and his cybernetic one was poo-doo at up close focusing. Grumbling, he flipped the forgotten magnifying lenses down from his forehead and finally managed to socket the plug in.

Sitting back from his completed engine, he looked over the pieces of the sleek and deadly ship.

All aspects of flight and combat had been miniaturized and functioned just as a real X-Wing would. The wings split, the control nozzles on the engines irised open and closed and even the tiny wing mounted lasers fired.

Getting up and stretching Janus walked over to the door to his balcony.

Picking up his pipe and t'bac he stepped out onto the small porch that allowed him to look out over the roiling clouds of his new home planet.

He had not heard from his wife, his apprentice, or his supposed "friends" from his former clan in many, many months.

Stepping up to the railing he looked out over the shifting clouds and watched as speeders and starships zipped and flitted around in the evening sun. Feeling very alone, he took a draw on his pipe, feeling the smoke burn his throat and mouth. Wondering again if he had made the right

choice joining Odan Urr, he shook his head to clear his mind he felt the twinge of shoulders too long hunched over.

Closing his eyes, he rolled his shoulders then twisted his torso back and forth to work out the aches in his back and shoulders.

Puffing on his pipe he tried to imagine his new toy flying about in next year's DC Spacer Con.

X-Wings were rare in the Droid Control Model world. They had jinxed reputations and did not handle as well as they should. Usually due to poor droid programming and engine malfunctions.

Looking back through the window of the door Janus looked over the mess of parts and engines on the table and floor next to it. What to work on next? Test the engines? Paint the body of the pilot? Charge the mini lasers and see how well they worked?

Cracking his neck as he tapped out his pipe into an ashtray he turned and went back inside.

The engines were finished and just needed fueled, sadly he did not have the fuel gel for them or the piping and mix tanks that supplied the fuel to the engines. Those items would not be in for a few more weeks. The body was painted and just needed to be assembled. Scorch marks and weathering had been added bit by bit from numerous photographs of the famous ship until you could not tell the difference between the two.

The four laser cannons had been attached to the wings, access panels, and paint hiding the wiring for them. The tiny plugs at the attachment points of the wings waited to be stuck into the charge and targeting system.

The wing servos still needed work; the gears seem to grind on occasion. Picking up the port splitter, Janus attached electrical wires to it and a switch and tried to see if he could figure out why it acted up at times. Flipping the switch back and forth, he listened as the tiny cogs and screws shifted. The faint hum and slight vibration told him something was not quite right. He was not sure what it was, and he was loath to disassemble the machine. His fat stubby hands were not designed for fine detail work and it usually gave him a frustration headache when he worked on microcircuits and the like.

Growling to himself in frustration he went and dug his micro robotic Waldo gloves out their box and tossed them on his chair. Not finding the battery pack and cables used to power them in the box; he looked around for them by the table near the food prep area. Because he was not really focusing, he tripped over his belt and boots and lightsaber he has carelessly tossed on the floor when he had come back from his lunch at the local bar earlier that day.

Falling forward, he tucked into a roll, trying to keep from breaking anything. Sadly the back edge of the sofa was just close enough to hinder the somersault and he cracked his head against the

edge of it as came out of the tumble. Seeing stars, he clutched his head cursing and mumbling obscenities.

Janus lay on the floor for a few minutes, then got up and went into the room where the bath was, and the medical cabinet. Finding some pain pills, he took a couple.

Looking at himself in the mirror he snorted and made a wry face. Shaking his head at his clumsiness, he walked back into the sitting room, picked up his belt, boots and saber, and put them away.

Looking around he finally spotted the battery and cables in the food prep room on a counter, where he had left them in their charger cradle.

The old Jedi went and grabbed them then returned to where he had tossed the gloves. Setting the battery pack on the table he connected the cables to their gloves and stuck his hands in them.

Sitting down he took a deep breath and pulled the swing arm magnification light down. Looking through the lens he reached out and picked up the wing splitter.

The micro tools attached to the tips of the fingers soon opened the housing covering the gears and began the tedious task of unscrewing and unbolting the hinges and cogs inside.

Piece by piece each gear or servo was removed and checked for defects, and placed on the table. Janus made sure they were all put in the order of where it went inside the housing of the splitter.

When Janus examined the primary drive gear and its hinge attachments, he noticed a couple of the teeth were cracked and split on the one side of the gear. Using the pincer on the right glove he grasped the section of the cog and locked onto it.

“Damn,” he mumbled pushing the magnifier away, and searching the desk for a spare cog. Not seeing one he sighed and released the wrist strap of his right glove. The servos relaxed the clamp around the wrist and he pulled his hand out of the robotic sheath that had encased his hand.

Doing the same to the left, he unclipped the cables. The tiny clamp holding the broken cog would keep it locked until he powered the glove back up to complete his delicate work.

Realizing his work was pretty much finished for the evening, he glanced at the clock on the wall. There were still a few hours left until the bar shut down so he decided to do his second favorite hobby, drinking.

