

## Sour Dough Attack

### Streets below Sky Breach Base

#### Daleem

#### Kiast System

Mauro Wynter walked silently through the streets, making his way towards the market center. It was a sunny day, with the bright sky shining down brightly and calmly upon the denizens of the cityscape. It was a brief lull from the ongoing wars with the Collective and the Dominion forces. Clan Odan-Urr and House Satele Shan had been hard pressed as of late, and its Quaestor needed this brief respite to enjoy himself, lost amongst the throngs of civilians and traders.

However, not all were smiling in the market, and Wynter began to turn his eyes to the throngs of people among him. Many different species were represented, and amongst this subset many different social classes. Merchants, traders, politicians, commoners, soldiers, mercenaries, drunkards, laborers, and the common street urchins were all represented. But what he realized, shortly, were the number of rowdy looking young children. Teens, more likely, Wynter thought.

Thinking nothing of it, Wynter continued to walk and look at the wares on display for purchase. The smell of bread and cooked meats filled the air with a warm and pleasing aroma. Wynter took it in, and made his way towards the nearest bakery. He gave a few credits to the baker and continued on his way. No sooner than this transaction was made than he was accosted by a group of hooligans. "Give us your money!"

The scream came from many of the youths. Wynter was not one to be scared or harassed by street toughs, children at that. He made an ominous move towards his blaster, slung carefully below his armpits from a shoulder holster. The kids seemed not to be scared or unnerved. Wynter walked onward.

No sooner had he walked a few meters than he felt a pelting pain in the back of his head. Was it a stone? A brick? Several more blows rang out against him. Bread? Bagels? Wynter could not appreciate what was happening due to simply confusion and bewilderment. He was actually being attacked by children with bread?

Wynter turned to face the children, and saw angry faced and hungry bellies. Were things truly so bad within the very city that the seat of the House Satele Shan ruled? How had he allowed things to get so bad as this? The thoughts crossed his mind briefly as he unclipped his blaster and let loose some warning shots above the head of the children. He would not kill children who were simply starving.

When he realized they would not be deterred, the Quaestor began to run. The humiliation of such an act did not humble him, as he would not shed blood this day. He reached for his comm

as he ran back towards the Sky Breach Base. His eyes reached the spires of the large citadel and knew he was close to safety. A security team came out to meet him, armed with riot shields and batons. They beat back the starving children and were stopped by Wynter. He ordered them to bring the kitchen staff and feed everyone.