

OPERATION RONNIE TO THE RESCUE

[Clang. Hiss.]

"Hello? Anyone in here?"

"Huh...who's that?"

"Your hero. Looks like you're free, my man."

"The door was unlocked?"

"Yep! Thanks to some fancy pants saboteurs. I came down to make you all could get out of Meridian in one piece."

"Oh...well, that's good. I could use a stretch and a good meal."

"Ready to go?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What's your name?"

"Uh...Dreyfus. Dreyfus Manche."

"You a Brotherhood guy, or a Collective guy?"

"Uh...I'm in this now opened prison cell, so...Brotherhood guy."

"Okay, great. Let's get moving. We've got some POWs to collect."

"Wait, where are you from?"

"Space, my man. Space."

"Okay..."

"I'm from Plagueis, Manche. Dread Lord's Wrath. All that junk."

"Oh, you're the tall one!"

"...Yes, sir. I'm the tall one."

"There's another open cell over there."

"Nice. You, there! What's your name?"

"[unintelligible]"

"In *Basic*, buddy. We're here to rescue you."

"[still unintelligible]"

"Uh, I think that's Ubese."

"Ugh, fine. You know it?"

"My job in the Brotherhood is galactic interpreter. I'll tell her to follow us."

"Ah, you're useful! Thanks, buddy."

"Which way now?"

"Left. My buddies are ransacking the prison and taking care of the warden. All right, what's in this cell?"

"[strange growling]"

"Um...okay. Did he...*use* to be human?"

"[snarling]"

"Nope! *Nope! Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope -* "

[Slash. Silence.]

"Um...tall one?"

"Yeah."

"Did you just decapitate that prisoner?"

"Yep."

"Why?"

“Because he had tusks and looked like a sad scientist’s lonely experiment.”

“...Fair enough. I guess they did modify some of the prisoners here.”

“Hey, look! That guy’s a former Tarenti! I didn’t think he had been captured. How’s it going, Hades?”

“Screw off, Tavisæn!”

“Righty-o, then! Manche, let’s head to the next hallway. Let’s see...we’ve got some Arconans, some other random diplomats. He looks like an Inquisitorius guy...”

“My name’s Tren!”

“Really? I figured Wrathus would have murdered you by now. You know, given you’re incompetent.”

“Hey!”

“So, where do we go from here?”

“Oh, simple. We’ve got about a dozen or so POWs here, right? They’ve got blade skills, blaster skills, martial arts skills...”

“But we were disarmed of our weapons.”

“I wasn’t finished. *Magic Force time skills*. Tren, see that sentinel droid over there?”

“Yeah.”

“Push it into the wall just by looking at it.”

“Okay.”

[*Bam.*]

“See? The Force never fails. It’s like the hug you always asked for but never got.”

“Except for that one time when you got infected by the Horizons Plague!”

“What?! Who said that?!”

“I did! I’ve heard the stories, ex-Headmaster. The Academy professors love telling them!”

"Want me to put you back in your cage where Bentre can't find you, Miss Vel?"

"Nah, I'm good!"

"You know her?"

"I know a lot of people. She's from Naga Sadow. Tren's an Inquisitor. That disgruntled Hades guy back there is from a clan that doesn't exist anymore. Seriously, you're a glorified translator. Manche - you don't recognize some friendly faces?"

"I just stick to my job."

"Oh, good. So do I."

"Where to now, Tavisæn? We've gotta get out of here!"

"Yes, we do, Tren. Follow me, troops - the horizon of battle!"

"Uh, tall one?"

"Just roll with it, Manche. We're the Brotherhood. We like to fight and hit things with sabers and sticks."

"All right, fair."

"Charge!"

"RAWWWWWWWWWR!"

[Off into the sunset.]