Snapshot: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/8968/snapshots/1138/2386

The ramp of *The Mind’s Eye* lowered as Malfrost and I-One walked down it. Chaos engulfed all of Meridian as not only was the riot taking place but Brotherhood ships were swooping in to land and drop of members of what had turned into a massive raid on the complex. I-One hopped up and down and seemed almost giddy at the sight before it.

“Blissful Statement: Master, nothing quite beats the sight and sound of Meatbags slaughtering one another. It’s enough to bring a tear to my motherboard.” I-One stated in almost a whimsical manner as it flicked on its staff and Malfrost let out a sigh as he flicked his wrist and ignited his lightsaber.

“I can’t help but wonder why you are like this, I-One. I’m not a violent man myself.” Malfrost pondered as he lifted his left hand and used Force Lightning to shock a group of three guards until they were twitch heaps on the ground.

“Amused Observation: Master you are much more violent than you think, I believe. After all, you often mutter obscene words about murdering someone or another when we are in tombs or you are working on my programming.” I-One stated as a matter of fact as it skillfully twirled its staff, impaling one unfortunate soul before moving to decapitate a charging guard.

“Surely you wouldn’t develop such personality quirks from just that though? Have you been accessing the Holonet without my permission?” Malfrost was pretty sure that was the issue; all the violence on the Holonet was corrupting his droid. It surely wasn’t the fact that he had skillfully just sidestepped an attack from a rioter and then bisected him with his lightsaber before literally disarm another guard by hacking off his right arm with a precise upward cut and he hadn’t even batted an eye, not at all.

“Veiled Lie: Not at all Master, I only access the Holonet when you tell me to. Why would I ever waste my time browsing such garbage content?” I-One again spoke plainly as it gripped a man by the windpipe and toss him against a nearby freighter.

Malfrost and I-One stood out among all the chaos. While other members of the Brotherhood raiding party scrambled about to reach key sections of Meridian to place charges to destroy to station, Malfrost had simply been tasked with uploading all the data he could mine before the station was set to explode. With the hanger now fully secured, Malfrost and I-One reached a terminal that was still active and not blown to bits.

“You know the drill.” Malfrost tapped a few keys on the terminal before stepping aside. I-One approached the terminal and appeared to crack its knuckles before pulling a wire out of the back of its head and attaching the wire to a slot in the terminal.

“Amused Bragging: I’ll have all this data mined in my fast time yet. Watch me, Master. I know the Collective’s security subroutines like I know my own subroutines.” I-One proclaimed proudly as Malfrost pulled out a stopwatch and clicked a button. I-One went limp as it went to work mining all the useful data it could on the Collective and the Tecnocratic Guild. This would be a boon for the Brotherhood and they could hopefully use it to render the Collective passive for awhile so they could continue their attacks on the group.

As this occurred, Malfrost fended of the few stragglers in the hanger that approached him and his droid, easily able to slay them with a quick flick of his wrists via skillful use of his lightsaber or simply zapping them with Force Lightning if he wanted to watch them twitch. All of them were injured in some capacity so it was really too easy. Then he felt the station quake as he looked down at the stopwatch; seemed like somewhat had set off some explosions too early. Another quake, and then another; it was rapidly becoming apparent it was time to leave as squads rushed back into the hanger and towards their ships.

“Time to go, I-One” Malfrost slapped his droid on the back and it started moving again, disconnecting itself from the terminal as they both jogged back towards *The Mind’s Eyes*.

“Angry Observation: Master, I managed to extract all the data I could and upload it to my backup servers or now, but it appears once again you Meatbags ruined my fun. I was having fun blasting Collective guards with remote turrets when someone set their detonators off early. “I-One seemed to almost growl as Malfrost sighed and shook his head. He would have to lecture the droid later about just doing the job and no more, but it’s not like it would listen.

They both made it to their ship and waited to pick up the squad they were assigned to leave with. Once that was done, they blasted out of the station with plenty of time to spare to watch from a distance as the once might Meridian station was blown to pieces and turned into a useless pile of space debris.