

Okay, Who Packed This?

CNS-PLA Operation Antiquity

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/14626>

Mystic Xolarin (Force Disciple) / AED / House Marka Ragnos of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: IX]

[GMRG: I] [SYN: V] [ACC: Q] [INQ: IX]

SCx2 / Cr:4R-3A-8S-8E / Cix51 / CGx43 / DSS / SoF / LSx3 / S:10Wr-12F

{SA: MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGHL - SVHL - SVL - SVWP}

CNS Landing Zone #12
Undesignated Planet
37 ABY

“Here, this’ll tide ya over.” Xolarin tossed a few power bars from his pack to some of the others on the small shuttle. He was eating one but it tasted horrible - who puts coconut in anything, anyways? Although the troopers did not seem to mind, as they just wanted food.

The mission was to take out a series of sentry outposts on this planet. The scouts from Naga Sadow had found that several of them were powered on and that they were not from anything the Brotherhood or Collective databanks had on file. Clan Plagueis, working in concert during this adventure, had provided a map of safe landing zones so as not to alert the locals.

Xolarin was on his own for this one. The troopers would stay back and guard the landing shuttle. And once they touched down he leapt off the landing ramp onto the ground, his pack over his shoulder. A quick visual scan told him that through a small thicket of woods he would find his target.

The air felt strange in this area. The Marka Ragnos Aedile had been down to the surface once before and it was fine. But it was... different. That said, he did find that he had some extra energy as he made his way through the woods and over towards the sentry tower. He knelt down and closed his eyes on the edge of the woods... feeling nothing nearby... sensing nothing but the faint glow of the plantlife around.

The fallen Jedi ran over to the tower and quickly found the access panel. He kept his senses on high, although he did have to focus on this job at hand. He pulled out the holoprojector from his pack to look at the schematics that would be similar to this unit. At first it wouldn’t turn on, but after a couple smacks it lit up.

“Piece of junk...”

Of course that’s when Xolarin realized it was not showing any kind of specifications, but something quite different. Twi’leks and Humans and Rodians all in a variety of non-clothing, some together in quite intimate positions. He paused - porn on a military projector? - and then he tossed it on the ground, looking back into his pack.

“You’ve got to be...” He dumped the pack out on the ground and recognized nothing as his own. This was not good. He had no proper scanner, no commlink, no specsheet, and really no weapons either. The lightsaber hilt in there he recognized as a training hilt, a broken one at that.

But that’s when he had an idea. He snatched the glow rod and cracked it to light up, tossing it inside the control panel. Xolarin peered in and looked around. Now he was no mechanical or computer expert, but he recognized a power coupling when he saw one.

The Jedi grinned as he looked back at the pile of junk from his pack. He grabbed the droid arm, the porn projector, the energy cell from the lightsaber hilt, and a long power cable. He pried open the items and wired them all together. Several times he shocked himself as, again, he knew very little about what he was attempting to do. In the end though he had something that seemed to have a good deal of energy capacity.

Xol stretched the cable out to its 5-meter length and then went back to the tower, plugging it in to the power coupling. There were a few sparks, but nothing major happened yet. That was a good sign. He then krept back to the other end and reached down to the droid arm. Using a piece of synthetic rubber from the hilt, he prodded a switch on one of the droid arm servos. Sure enough, sparks flew on this end, but then a surge was sent right over to the tower. One could almost follow the blue spike of power along the cable.

The Aedile did not expect an explosion, but the sparks inside the panel struck the air and lit up a rather large fireball. That was when he realized why the air smelled funny - it was thicker in oxygen content in this area, thus the fireball. Thankfully the cable reached as far as it did, otherwise he would have singed robes and eyebrows.

Xol grabbed what he could without burning his hands and crammed things back into his pack. He left one thing out and put it in his pocket as he headed back towards the landing shuttle. Mission accomplished... somehow.

Moments later

The fallen one made it back and the troopers grinned. "Well done," said the sergeant. "We saw the flashbomb go off."

Xolarin chortled and shook his head. "That's not exactly what it was. But she is shut down." The soldier looked at him queerly as they all got back onto the shuttle. Xol found his seat and turned back to look at the sergeant. "I even got you a souvenir." He grabbed the item out of his pocket and threw it to the man.

"A Porg?"

"For playtime." Xolarin breathed in and exhaled slowly, a stern and somber look on his face now. "Although for whoever swapped out my bag, there will be no playing anymore." A sort of 'swelling' - the air, the walls, the seats, their gear - permeated the area around them as Xolarin's powers 'flexed' in frustration, adding a palpable aura of fear to those around him.

~"Who brings a stuffed Porg on a mission..."~ There was so much wrong with that pack, but that one stuck with him.

Fin