Great Jedi War XIII

Phase I Fiction

[*Ranarr Kul-Tarentae*](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14229/snapshots/1682/3207)

*[Objective 2: Uncover evidence that the collective is framing the Brotherhood]*

* **Aliso - Djeri's Retreat - Backroom bar**

Smugglers had delivered their goods, Assassins had washed the blood splatters off their hands and Bounty Hunters collected today's contracts. All of these men and woman, together with other scum from the galaxy, gathered for a drink at their favorite bar. The later it got, the more distinct the bunch got.

“Bring us another bottle! My girls are getting thirsty!”

Ranarr Kul waved an empty bottle between a few scantily dressed female Nautolan, as he yelled at the bartender. The Lasat behind the bar grabbed a new bottle of his finest ale and a few of his best glasses, which are still pretty dirty in a place like this, before making his way towards Ranarr. The door of the Cantina swung open, smashing in the bartender's face and scattering glass over the floor.

“You stupid…!!!” growled the Lasat as he grabbed the woman rushing in. He raised his fist, ready to strike as…

“STOP!”

Ranarr got out of his seat and slowly walked towards the two.

“Let go of her.” he commanded the bartender.

After the Lasat put the woman back on the ground, Ranarr addressed her: “Tahiri, what’s the rush?”

It was only now that the bartender noticed it was the Quaestor of Ajunta Pall that hurried in.

“I have an urgent message from our Consul.” Tahiri stated.

“Come.” said the Lasat as he opened a side door and guided the both in. Then he took post outside the door as Tahiri explained to Ranarr his mission.

“Ronovi needs everyone, able to assist, to see this right away!”

Tahiri placed a holographic message on the table. The message came from our Deputy Grand Master, it was short but powerful.

*“The Lyra-3k-a system is in trouble. Multiple key locations are under attack by, which seems to look like, our forces. You’re needed here, to proof that the Collective is behind this assault. Our meeting with the Severian Principate CAN NOT FAIL!”*

“Okay, no time to lose.” You could hear the excitement in Ranarrs voice as he jumped up and made his way to the door.

“Exactly,” responded Tahiri, “We’ll depart right away.”

“With your permission Quaestor… I will depart right away.” suggested Ranarr.“The entire house can't go rushing in. I’ll go see what the situation is and, if needed, the others can be send for.”

The Quaestor nodded. “On your way!”

* **Lyra-3k-a - Just outside the orbit of Lyra Colony**

“Tahiri Thorn Morte Tarentae for Ranarr Kul, Tahiri for Ranarr, what’s your status Kul?”

“Hi boss, this is Ranarr, moving into the fleet's last known location as we speak. But… what the...”

“What’s going on Ranarr? Ranarr... you copy?

“Holy F….! So many of them!”

The Cathar immediately send out a message: “For all who can hear this... This is Ranarr Kul-Tarentae, … Ajunta Pall,... Plagueis... I need instant assistance! Too much heat to handle… probably… but heej!”

“Ranarr, do not engage, I repeat… do not engage. Reinforcements are on their way.”

“Boss… you know I can't… right?"

“That was an order, you stubborn Cathar!"

“No plans for shooting, I'll lay low, but I got to move… Ranarr out."

* **Among the hostile fleet**

"Sensor jammers on!"

"But sir, we'll lose all firepower."

"No shooting today." Stated Ranarr. "We're doing this quietly. Let's get in and out before the others arrive."

Ranarr navigated his ship in between the fake Iron Forces ships.

"Let's stay underneath those big guys...Over there! They have a cargo bay open. That's our way in!"

Slowly, with great caution, but determined, Ranarr landed his vessel at the cargo bay of the hostile ship.

"Guard the ship, I'll be back before you know it."

Ranarr stood in one of the many bays dotted over the massive ship observing the fleet around him against a backdrop of stars, through the bats shielded opening.

"Here we go!" Ranarr convinced himself when walking into the hallway. He peeked around the corner. Almost no security in the area.

"Almost no sentries anywhere. It doesn't seem right but I can't complain either." Ranarr send out a message to his Quaestor.

"You never listen do you," Tahiri replied,"the others are coming."

"Got it," Ranarr answered as he ended the call.

He got into a crouching position and walked out into the hallway so he could get a better view. All doors were locked. He looked to his left and noticed a small ventilation duct about 300 yards away. Also he realized there was a spotlight danced between him and the duct.

Got to time this right, he thought as he stepped to the edge of the spotlight. He dashed across just at the right timing and narrowly missed being spotted by the light. He then scurried behind a low wall and put his back against it. He noticed on his radar a blue cone had come on the picture, signaling that someone was coming. He focused on his radar, waiting for the guard to turn back in the direction he came. Come on come on, he thought as he waited anxiously to run. He drew in a short breath from his mouth, which drew the guard's attention.

"Who's there?!" the guard yelled. He proceeded towards the low wall, repeater raised at it so to shoot anyone who happened to pop up. He tippy toed so he could see over, and what he found was nothing.

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed. The guard looked left to just see the spotlight, then right to see a boot enter the vent.

"Damn!" the soldier screeched, "someone's here!"

"All guards, protect our briefing room! No intel can be leaked!"

"Yes sir!" The intercom hung up.

Ranarr dropped out of the vent and walked slowly towards an old rusted door. He place his hand on the door and looked for a way in, suddenly his transmitter rang.

"We're here Ranarr, get out of there and we'll blast them to pieces."

"Almost got it boss, give me a few more minutes."

"You've got ten."

Ranarr heard footsteps come from down the hall as he used the force to open the door to the briefing room.

“Let’s quickly find evidence of their betrayal… But there are just so many data disks…”

Eight armed men moved closer, all wearing dark, black clothes. The soldiers surrounded the door, aimed at it cautiously. One pressed his bare hand against a rusted red block on the door, and it lit up to a florescent green.

"Accessing entry," a female computerized voice said, "analyzing identification, access granted."

The door whooshed open and a soldier raised his gun and pointed it inside. He waved his arm to signal safe entry, and they entered. The guard at the back heard a faint change in the wind, but when he looked back he saw nothing. As the soldiers inspected the rest of the room, one of them contacted their superior:

“Boss, I think we have a problem.”