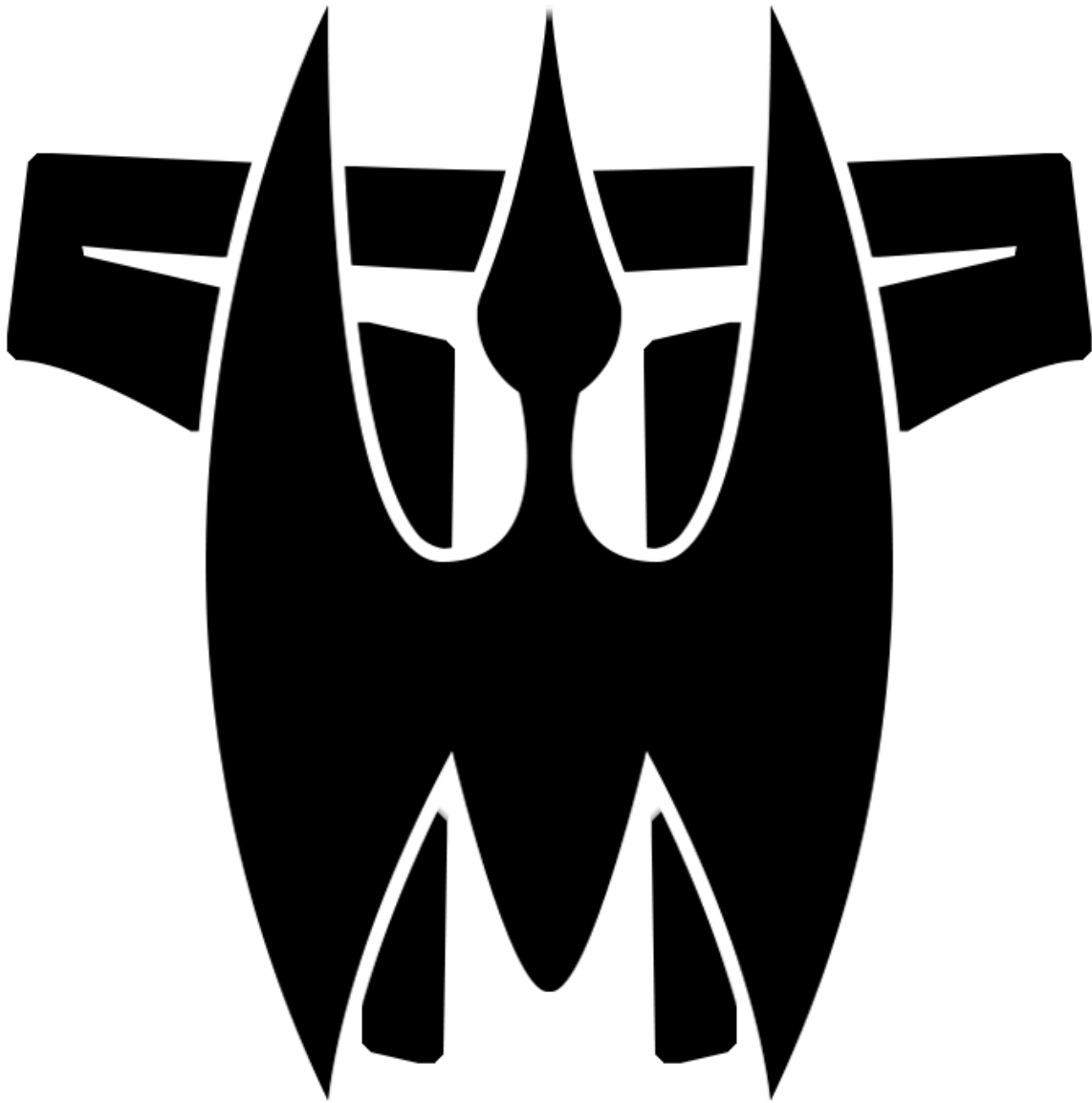


Pillage and Plunder

A submission for:

[GJW XIII Phase I] Fiction



Written By
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Clan Vizsla

Dramatis Personae

Idris Adenn - A Mandalorian Bounty Hunter

Rayjax - A Wookiee. Co-pilot and Mechanic of *The Viper Fang*

MJ Kilvaari - A Human. Pilot of *The Viper Fang*

Seymour Stansen - A Collective Warrior

Temnos Excavations Co. Outpost
Moon of Thillon
Lyra-3k-a System
6 hours into conflict

Idris Adenn ruffled the back of Rayjax' head as the Wookiee quietly set *The Vaar'ika* down on the moon's surface. The dust kicked up by the VCX auxiliary starfighter was negligible, the landing soft and flawless. Idris was grateful as he would have crashed the ship into the moon without even slowing down.

Idris looked out the forward windows of the ship. The outpost was quiet. If he didn't already know about the fighting going on in the system, he would be hard pressed to tell anything was amiss at all. The moon of Thillon was littered with mining outposts like this one. Temnos Excavations was making major credits off this moon. With everyone else distracted, Idris knew this was the perfect opportunity to make some credits himself.

"Stay with the ship. Be ready to call *The Fang* in when I send word. I don't want to spend a minute longer here than we have to," Idris said to Rayjax. The Wookiee gave a soft growl in reply.

Absolutely silent, Idris walked with purpose across the surface of the moon towards the outpost. No guards, no alarms, no sign of anything thing at all. The hairs on Idris' neck would have been standing up if they weren't compressed against his skin due to his armor. Quiet was good, silent was bad.

He reached the main doors of the outpost. The outer pressure doors opened as he approached. He stepped into the pressure lock, and it cycled through without him doing anything. He unholstered both of his WESTAR-35s and stepped cautiously into the outpost.

The first room was poorly lit, emergency lighting only. Crates of mined goods sat near the entrance undisturbed. Idris checked the content tags as he walked past.

Ore, Ore, Ore. No Kyber.

He moved to the back of the room, and down into the mine itself, emergency lighting continuing to be the only source of illumination.

Minutes passed as Idris made his way deeper and deeper into the outpost complex. No bodies, no sign of fighting, no sign of life at all. His grip on his blasters was beginning to cramp his hands.

That is when Idris found the sealed off break room. It was along a wall of a vast open space, an excavated cave full of machines and drills. He pressed to try to open the door, but to no result. Frustrated, he kicked the door. The comm buzzed.

“Whatever it is you want, we don’t have it here,” the scared voice rang through. Idris pressed the button to reply.

“What happened here?” He asked. They didn’t respond. Idris swore and holstered his blasters before grabbing the lightsaber clipped at his belt. He carefully used it to cut into the sealed door way. He could hear the shouts of the people on the other side over the hum of energy and melting metal.

Door successfully cut open, Idris clipped the lightsaber back to his belt and pulled out one of his blasters, pointing it straight into the break room.

“Out. Now.” The Mandalorian demanded. One by one the miners exited the room.

“Don-don’t hurt us!” One said staring at the end of Idris’ blaster barrel.

“I’m not here to kill miners. Kyber crystals, you have them. I want them. Point me in the right direction and I’ll be on my way,” Idris said.

“Piss off,” one of the other miners said. Idris jerked his arm over and fired a shot. The wall right behind the man sparked as the blaster bolt made contact, having missed the man by just millimeters. The front of the man’s pants darkened, and a pool of liquid formed at his feet.

“Crates are over there,” the first miner said pointing to a corner. “You really ain’t going to kill us?”

“I’m here to make some credits, not dig graves,” Idris said craning his neck to count the crates of kyber crystals.

“But the other one said you’d all bash our skulls in!”

“Other o-” Idris began to ask as a boulder flew out of the shadows toward him. He hit the ground hard, barely making it out of the way.

“Brotherhood scum,” a voice yelled out. It was rough and coarse. The miners screamed and rushed back into the break room. Idris got back to his feet and found himself facing a beast of a man. At least seven feet tall, wide and broad the Collective warrior Seymour Stansen cracked his knuckles, and rocked his head side to side, stretching out his thick neck muscles.

“By the gods... you are an ugly one,” Idris said. “You look like bald Wookiee mated with a Gamorrean.” Idris fired off several quick shots at the man’s head. Seymour arm bracer flashed and the blaster bolts dissipated before reaching him.

“A talker, boring. Like shield? Technocratic guild made strong. Even kills lightsabers on contact. Means upclose fighting, good. I like sound of breaking bones,” Seymour managed to sputter out, brow furrowed in concentration.

“Got the mental capacity of a Gamorrean as well,” Idris said. He aimed up at the roof of the cavern and fired again, before diving into the break room. Part of the roof of the cavern collapsed, burying the Seymour in rock.

Once the dust settled, Idris slowly stepped out of the room. Luckily most of the cavern was still intact, including the crates of kyber crystals. One of Seymour’s arms stuck up out of the rubble. It was twitching. Idris stepped up to remove the shielding bracer, but found it jammed on the arm, damaged from the rocks and non-functional.

Shrugging he sent word to Rayjax to call *The Fang* in. He used his lightsaber to remove the entire arm and placed it on the top of one of the crates of kyber crystals. He began to push the pile of crates to take up to the entrance of the outpost.

“You lot,” he said motioning to the miners poking their heads out of the break room. They jumped. “Stay in there, and then count to one thousand once I’m gone. Then you can leave that room.” He started moving the crates again before stopping and pointing at the man who at wet himself earlier.

“Except for you. Go clean yourself up now, that’s just disgusting.”

Idris met the crew of *The Viper Fang* at the entrance of the outpost, kyber crystals in hand.

“We’ve got this Ty,” MJ said through the comms from the ship. “Declan sent out a call. You are needed in the shipyards.”