

Objective 2: DEFEND YOUR CLAN LEADERS

The Inquisitorius has intercepted secret Collective communications indicating that the leaders of the Brotherhood's Seven Clans are being targeted for assassination. Your Clan's leaders are in grave danger and may not yet be aware of the plot.

Write from the perspective of a Collective assassin or your main or alternative character.

*Either defend your Clan's leaders from assassination, **OR write from the perspective of the Collective agents sent to kill them. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer.***

Choosing this prompt will divert Brotherhood resources away from aiding the Protectorate and makes an alliance between the Brotherhood and the Principate LESS likely.

*Note that the targeted leader may be either your **Consul** or Proconsul. Rogues may choose any Clan's leader(s) but the choice must be clear in the entry. Some Consul/Proconsul characters have been written as outside the Lyra system during the War so far; your entry should focus on the Lyra system and minor continuity issues based on the location of a character will not impact grading.*

Collective Personnel

- [M'eero "Tripp" Trippani](#) – Zygerian Infiltrator, Sabateur, and bomber for the **Liberation Front**.
- [Sencara A'theri](#) - Capital Enterprises Field Agent and Sniper.
- [Ghaffa Ordham](#) - Varryn Antillus' right hand woman. Veteran Capital Enterprises agent and operator.
- [Colonel Rado "Radio" Theon](#) - Field Medic for the Liberation Front.
- [Partisans](#), [Huntresses](#), and [Agents](#) of the The Collective may be involved in the assassination attempts.

[Snapshot](#)

Out With A Bang

A Riproaring Adventure With Your Host,

M'eero "Tripp" Trippani

*I don't really hate you
I don't care what you do
We were made for each other
Me and you*

- **Peter Gabriel, "Family Snapshot"**

In another life, we could have been friends. In another life, we would be sitting at the same worn down, round table - the kind built from pine imported from Naboo, the kind that still looked good no matter how many times steins scuffed it or someone's skull was cracked open on it. We'd be splitting a pitcher of Corellian ale, taking Shesharillian vodka shots, imbibing the finest whisky around. Or in her case - according to this handy dandy dossier passed off to me from "Sparks" - Whyren's Reserve.

The frak did she manage to get so much of that stuff? Isn't it supposed to be piss-rare? Bet it tastes like spiked sawdust - not that I've tried it.

Good old Rath and Sparky have always known how to tug on my heartstrings at the same time they expect me to blow something or someone up. Or both. I've done my fair share. Latest installment was the Lyran mine I reduced to rubble. Before that, I went after some other schmucks related to the Iron Throne. There's something to be said for the smell of bio-adhesive glue - the kind I get to spread around with the right grenade. Perfect for a sticky situation - heh. I'm clever. Technocratic Guild's given me plenty of options when it comes to explosives, though. I like a little variety show with my fireworks. Keeps the game interesting. Keeps me on my toes.

This Tavisien, at first glance, doesn't even seem so bad. From what I can see, she wasn't even in Plagueis when they cracked down on Undesirables like me. Hell, she might not even mind non-Force users. But it's the affiliation that kills it. Don't matter to me what the intentions are; if you're fraternizing with the devil, then I'll be sending you both down to a brand new circle of inferno. Mark my words. You are literally playing with fire here.

So I take the assignment. I pack my things. One small bag is what I need. I don't need to blow up an entire ship like I did to the mine. Gotta do this all quickly, while also getting the heck out of dodge in the meantime. You don't need to blast *everything* to smithereens to take down an entire fleet. Though I'd love to do that some day. I'd put it down as my second greatest accomplishment - right below growing out these fine ass mutton chops.

Being a Zygerrian does have its perks. Whether or not it helps or hurts me in my mission? We'll see soon enough.

I'm on the *Ascendancy*, flagship of Clan Plagueis. I'm dressed to the nines in their sweet Imperial uniform. They've definitely taken a page out of the Galactic Empire's book, though these...

“assets,” as some ensign called them...they freak me out a bit. Sure, they look like normal soldiers or other random personnel, but they’re so...lifeless. No warmth or color in their eyes. No smile, not even a creased forehead to signify past laughter. Slaves, is what they are. Doesn’t matter how politically correct you pretend to be; forced labor is forced labor. It’s as undesirable as it gets.

I’ve managed to get onboard pretty easily, actually. Doesn’t take much to blend in; I just had the right type of shuttle, flew right into the *Ascendancy*’s hangar bay, got picked up as a naval officer, and there ya go. Pretty solid mix of species here, too - they’ve obviously got a good diversity program. I’ve snagged a small quarters for myself, and after a good night’s sleep and some strong caf, I’m back in my ensemble and maneuvering.

It’s damn cold on this ship - way colder than I anticipated - and I have to wear a coat for more than just hiding my arsenal. I don’t even think the temperature was this out of whack when I was still in the Iron Navy. Those were the days, man. It’s like coming back to a broken home, where your alcoholic dad threw you out after beating the tar out of your mom and leaving her for dead. Only your dad is a super powerful Sith with a massive hard-on for genocide, and your mom is...well, she’s an Undesirable. Just like you. And the only key to survival is running. But I’m back now. Back with a purpose. Back for the kill.

Ronovi Tavisaeen is just the spark I need to light the fire. All six feet, nine inches of her. Hey, that makes 69, doesn’t it?

The trick now is getting to the bridge. I’m guessing the security is frakking stacked, but I’d imagine it’s even worse around the woman’s personal quarters. I wouldn’t be surprised if she’s got guards out the wazoo on the perimeter, if only to protect her precious booze. Yeah, I’ve got that in my notes. This Consul’s renowned for being drunk twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Her intoxication may make this whole operation easier - or maybe it could screw it up. Just gotta see what happens when I execute the plan.

I’ve got my flashy insignia on my jacket, and as I approach the entrance to the bridge, I salute the guards patrolling it. To my utter delight, they snap to attention, salute me back, and part like they’re splitting a sea in half. Total access. Perfect.

Once an A plus Infiltrator, always an A plus Infiltrator.

I hold my breath a bit. Remember what’s clipped to my belt beneath my coat. Flash grenades. Impact grenades. Simple. But appropriate for the task.

I just have to get this right.

I will always get this right.

There’s the smell of sterility in the air. But also, the smell of sweat. It’s salty - it’s muddy - it’s sour. It’s like someone took a dump and then spread a beautiful muja fruit-filled filling on top. Like someone tried to detox a nightmare.

And then...the odor hits me hard. The stench of hard liquor. Biting my nostrils, eating away at my sinuses.

I got you now, you son of a bitch.

The so-called "Dread Lord" of Plagueis (stupid title. What are the odds?) appears to be celebrating. From the viewing portal, I can see their own display of pyrotechnics. Collective dreadnaughts bursting into flame. TIE fighters erupting like fiery zits on a cosmic vacuum's face. Carnage everything.

They're killing my family, I remind myself. *My* family. *My people*.

Ronovi Tavisæn is holding a flask in her right hand. She swigs steadily from it. Drunker by the minute.

My fingers begin to itch.

I keep my heavy coat pulled around me - one arm buried deep within the fabric, the other dangling almost lifelessly at my side. My cap is pulled down as tightly as it can be, given my huge-ass ears, and I have to stop myself from scratching at my glorious sideburns. As Tavisæn talks excitedly with whom I gather is the fleet's admiral, I'm observing the space, calculating the radius of my grenades. If I'm not careful, this entire bridge will be a floating wreckage, and I'll be included in the shrapnel. The trick will be to aim for the center console, where the Epicanthix is hovering, watching everything. That'll set off the emergency systems, buying me some time to get out of here when I'm done. The flash grenades will allow me to run without being detected. Not that I'm a sissy coward or anything. I just like being alive, all right?

I scan the bridge about seven or eight more times before I'm satisfied. I've got a way in. Past some manned consoles, I can lob some impact grenades and catch Tavisæn on her right side. If I can get this right, she'll be dead with one hit. It's all about the chest or head. Those are my hot spots.

Deep breath again. I feel perspiration across my admittedly hairy brow. I wipe it away and remind myself to trim some of this mess when I get back to my station.

Okay. Showtime.

At this point, nothing deters me. Everyone's voices become muffled. Words are incoherent; they're insignificant and distracting. I have to stop myself from whistling as I sidle my way along the wall, passing officers who don't even bother asking me questions. Few feet to go, and she's right in front of me. The woman of the hour. Scars dancing along her face and jaw. Her one real eye is amber. Like, really amber. You could stick a fly in there and fossilize it for millennia.

I've been waiting for this.

Sliding my coat away from my chest, I produce my first impact grenade. It feels warm in my hand - such a contrast from the chill in this forsaken ship. Tavisæn is offering the admiral a drink from her flask. Shame she won't get it.

We could have been friends, her and me.

We could have been awesome BFFs.

I feel all impact points. All twelve of them. One, two, three, four, five, six...

I let it fly.

Somehow, everything goes white. This confuses me, as I haven't even touched my flash grenades. I hear nothing, see nothing - smell nothing, even. Hmm. Concerning.

Then my nose starts working again. It's the same "bouquet" from before - the poor attempt to polish away filth. But there's something new to it. I'm not an idiot; I know blood when I smell it.

My ears pop, like I'm expelling corks from them. The roar is palpable. First, I hear the screams and bellows of injured men and women. Then, the klaxons begin to shriek, just as I suspected would happen. The white glare in my eyes becomes tinged with a distinct shade of red - the emergency lights going off in the ship, most likely. Then the red hue mutates into a blue one - too calm. Too serene. And suddenly, the haze clears just enough for me to see a swarm of shadows approach me.

Kriff. The officers.

I reach into my coat again, yank out another impact grenade. This one hits the central console dead on, and boy, does it catch. I half-expect the fire I've birthed to arc up to the ceiling, like some sort of angry dragon. Two or three officers catch the shrapnel in the face. One of them gets hit in both eyes. He screams, and he flails, and I think I can escape now.

Time for the grand finale.

As I rush to grab a flash grenade, I can feel my sinews burning. It's like I've grabbed a live wire and bitten down, hard, on it, just to feel alive. But this isn't electric love, my darling. This is electric hate. Electric agony. It knocks me off my feet, causes me to land hard on my knees, bang my forehead against a nearby console. Blood leaks from a new cut, dripping down my face, becoming sticky and coagulated.

My beautiful mutton chops. My *soul patch*!

How could I have been so sloppy?

Despite the pain, I'm finally able to look at the one who's dealing it. And the sight makes me almost laugh. Well, slap my ass and call me a princess - she's still alive! Missing an arm, but alive nonetheless. She lets her remaining hand remain open, the bolts of lightning coursing from them, like she's a living thunderstorm in action.

I can see the fresh open gashes on her face. The broken eyepatch - shards of blue. Her real eye searing its way into my face like it's trying to set it alight, just as I set alight the ship. I'm not gonna blame her - I'd be like that, too, if someone tried to blow me up.

Man, she's angry. I don't like her when she's angry. Her scream is the worst part. She just keeps screaming. Keeps sending strand after strand of electricity my way. Keeps trying to cook me like a Nerf steak.

It hurts like a bitch. But I still try to run.

She gets tired, slumping forward onto the floor, and I take the opportunity to roll away. The flames from the center console are licking at everything, dipping their dirty tongues into metal cavities and orifices. Not asking for permission or consent in the slightest. Rude.

I feel the charred skin on my legs as I rise to my feet - rubbery, yet brittle. I pull out a flash grenade. I throw it down, hard, at my feet.

Back to seeing white again.

And I flee from the bridge down the corridor.

Failure.

That's all I can call it.

I didn't kill Ronovi Tavisæn. Not even close. Maimed her? Yes. But that won't do me any good. These Sith bastards can survive getting cut in half, for kriff's sake. Have you seen the cybernetics they can afford? I mean, c'mon, the Technocratic Guild's got a fetish for that.

My vision's finally returned to me in full, and I stagger toward the hangar bay. Everyone's in a panic. This ship may very well be going down. But I ain't going down with it. I scramble for a ship, a pod, anything. I see my shuttle, and my limp gets so bad that I start scampering on all fours like a damn dog.

All I want is a safe floor to lie on, a ride back to base, and a cold one in my hand.

Do I smell barbecued porg? It's really getting to me now. I'm looking forward to Dr. Radio patching me up. I've gotten plenty of burns already, but this is a whole new level. Over 9,000, I'd say.

My pilot, praise the Collective, is still there waiting for me. He lets me fall into his arms like the bro he is, and he practically carries me into the ship. It's a miracle we're not stopped by Plagueian forces, but we fly out of there without anyone touching us. The wounded saboteur survives another debacle.

Man. C minus for this mission for sure. And I'm being generous. But at least I put on a show.

And I definitely went out with a bang.

All you people in TV land

I will wake up your empty shells

Peak-time viewing blown in a flash

As I burn into your memory cells

'cause I'm alive

- **Peter Gabriel, "Family Snapshot"**