

Satsi Tamieke (dossier #13486) - script and narration
Alara Deathbane (dossier #12681) - editing and audio work
Karran Val'teo (dossier #15543) - narration
Techie (dossier #15115) - narration
Kordath Bleu (dossier # 13593) - narration
Zujenia (dossier # 14615) - narration
Alaisy Tir'eivra (dossier # 15526) - scripting and narration
Sera Kaern (dossier 15689) - narration

Once upon a time, there was a team of powerful Sith, protective Jedi, and playful mercenaries. They were a rather odd team to look at, seemingly with nothing in common. There were eight of them, all told: [Sera], a lighthearted Zabrak woman embracing adventure; [Alaisy], a sinister, sensual, masked Human searching for submission of all to get power; [Sulith], a kindly, massive, fight-happy Togorian ready to defend; [Karran], a krayt-scarred Zabrak man using the Dark to fight for right; [Alara], a Sephi-blooded Human huntress as fierce as a tusk cat; [Zujenia], a Ryn hybrid with a light in her heart and the truest defender of them all; and [Satsi], a lionhearted Human long made from girl to monster. There was also [Kordath], the coward-turned-king Ryn that currently lead them all, but he was far away, many stars away, and had to watch over the home they all shared.

This team, then, was on a mission. A quest, some may call it, if they were generous. They were to stop a war from breaking out on two sides by whatever means necessary, via peace or deception or murder. At that moment, as their ship traveled at lightspeed towards their destination, [Satsi] and [Zujenia] were speaking to [Kordath] via communication array up on the bridge, while [Sulith], [Alaisy], [Karran], [Sera], and [Alara] all prepared for battle or anything else in the armory.

What none of them, Force-Users or otherwise, expected, was when one of the bags in a nearby locker — one of Satsi's — began to wriggle fiercely. The present teammates watched, bewildered, as finally the bag tumbled free of its spot with an, "Oomph!"

And they watched still as, from within, emerged a kicking and puffing toddler, just three years old but going on four, thank you very much. Some of them blinked dumbly at the Human child, confused and puzzled as to her presence on a warship. Others of them recognized the tot as Satsi's daughter, [Samantha], who was very much not supposed to be here, in danger, or having stowed away in her mother's things.

[Samantha] herself seemed oblivious or uncaring of the sudden doom lurking over them all. She looked around and smiled happily when she spotted [Karran], a friend and teacher, and [Alara], whose wild tusk cat she liked.

"Kahwwen! Aarahrah!" she cried. She held up a little toy sword. "Me fiyghs tuh! Rike Mommah!"

And that was the precise moment that they realized they were all screwed.

"Oh no, oh nononono."

[Samantha] frowned. "Wuh no?"

Too impatient for an answer and seeing the group staring at her, she giggled and then, quite fiercely, threw up her little arms and ran (wobbled) at the largest of them all, the hulking Togorian, and yelled, "Boo."

"Ah!" [Sulith] raised his hands in feigned fright. "Whew, you're a scary one." With a grin, he lowered himself onto the floor, bringing his gaze closer to hers as he sat. "How did a spooky girl like you wind up in a place like this?"

"I snek...sneee...sneaked in," the girl finally settled on saying, puffing up her chest proudly. She looked around and [Sulith] immediately lost her attention as she spotted the metal glint wickedly curving off of the latex-clad [Alaisy's] boots. "OOOoooo." She ran over and tried to grab at the heels. "Nife shuhs! I wans!"

[Alaisy] leaned over to the little girl and smirked. "How about you come visit me at Blood & Trinkets and we'll design a pair that will fit you perfectly. You'll be a fair bit taller once you put them on, making you the envy of all others. Sounds excellent, right? There's also the store's custodian, my droid P.H.I.L., who I'm sure can't wait to meet you! I will make sure he'll call you mistress, for that sense of authority one such as you truly deserves. "

"Yay!" cheered [Sammy]. She spun around, running up to each group member in turn and fawning over them; over [Sulith's] tall stature and furry tail, over [Sera's] horns and tattoos, over everyone's weapons which she seemed to want one of each. When she made to grab for some of the equipment — and worse, [Alaisy's] bladed boots — [Karran] was quick enough to intercept her.

"Hey," said the Zabrak man. "Why don't we uh...play a game? Training later."

[Samantha] lit up. "YUS!" she cried.

Meanwhile, at the front of the ship, [Satsi] and [Zujenia] were still deep in conversation via holocall with [Kordath]. The Consul seemed exhausted.

"So. You're all sure you're ready for the mission? Don't need anyone, or anythin', else?" he asks sounding tired.

"Should be fine, eh, Spotsie?" [Satsi] responded, glancing at [Zujenia].

"We *are* fine. As much as we can be. We're prepared, so don't worry," the Ryn hybrid assured shortly, perhaps as much to herself and [Satsi] as to the Consul.

"A'right then, go on I guess." He seemed hesitant to end the call, stress evident in his gray eyes even in holograph.

[Satsi] did it for them all. "Check back in later, Fluffy," she said, and terminated the connection with a quick flick of a switch on the communication array. Gesturing for the Rollmaster, the woman started collecting gear before heading out of the cockpit. "You two would make eyes all this mission if I let you."

"We would not," [Zuji] huffed, but showed a little color in her cheeks.

"Maybe not. Maybe that's just me an' Uji," [Satsi] chortled. Then grew somber. "I hope he's okay."

"He and Kord will be fine back on Selen too."

"And so will Shay, with your dad."

Mention of the child made [Zujenia] hesitate, and send a sympathetic look to [Satsi]. The Tameikes had sent their little girl far away.

"Are you alright?"

"Gotta be. If we hadn't sent her to Kias with the boys, she'd've found some way to come along," [Satsi] sighed.

"Don't be silly, she's just a toddler." [Zujenia] shook her head. "Though, Shay'Ira has got people wrapped around her finger, maybe she could convince someone of anything."

"See, Sammy'd just do it, and no way in hell am I having that."

Both mothers chuckled at their children before exiting the cockpit. The doors swished back, allowing them through a short hallway and past some storage, living quarters, and such areas, to the small frigate's cargo hold.

Where they promptly spotted their entire, deadly, assassin-warrior-Sith-containing mission party playing a game of tag the rancor with none other than aforementioned toddler. All of them stiffened when they spotted the two women in command. It went dead silent, as silent as the space surrounding the ship.

And then [Satsi] screeched, "SAMANTHA ATYIRU APPLEJACK TAMEIKE WHAT THE HELL!?"

To which the baby merely replied, "Rook Mama, Kawwan's it!"