

The Last Roll

Acolyte Sulxiros - PIN 16045

Sulxiros walked into the dimly lit room. He was contacted to come and work his 'negotiations' with someone. With the entire galaxy in disarray, there was only one commodity that would secure an organization's place in the chaos. Toilet Paper. A single roll is said to remain in the entire galaxy, and Naga Sadow has a smuggler in custody that very well could hold the key to its location. When his Quaestor and Master, Xolarin, called on him to try and get the information, he was excited. While he was a little heavy handed at times, Sulxiros had a way of coercing information from people. A joy he had in life that he got to pursue quite a bit more since joining the brotherhood.

Surveying his surroundings, there was no one else in the windowless room. Just the hulking, slightly hunched Nautolan, and in a chair, chained by the legs and waist, and hands bound with rope behind his back, sat a rather ragged looking, scruffy human. Sulxiros wasn't sure how long the Brotherhood had had him in custody, or who had seen him already, but he looked worse for wear. Scratches and bruises, as well as tears in his clothes, were scattered along his body. His brown hair, dirty and greasy, hung down covering his eyes, and his chest rose and fell with tattered breaths. It looks like physical abuse wouldn't make him talk. That was fine, Sulxiros had other ways of getting what he wanted out of someone.

"Hey, look at me. You know what we need. You'll tell us, or you and I are gonna have some troubles." Sulxiros said, while sitting on the ground, legs crossed in front of him, in front of the prisoner. The human looked up, with defeated brown eyes, and stared into the Acolyte's big, dark eyes. "So, Where is it? What does the riddle mean?"

Xolarin had informed him that the guy and his crew had in their possessions a holo-vid of a cloaked figure, that spouted out a riddle before abruptly cutting off. Sulxiros was excited to get the opportunity to try and figure this out. While there were people who could figure it out, and certainly coerce the information from this guy, Sulxiros had asked recently for a chance to be of more use than just muscle to his clan. This was his first chance to really prove it since joining a few months ago.

"I don't know. We were just tasked with bringing our cargo to its destination. We don't have any idea what it means." The man said. While he seemed matter-of-fact in his speech, his voice quivered slightly on certain words. In addition, Sulxiros

could detect the pheromones released when someone was lying. Standing up, Sulxiros slowly walked around the guy.

“There is no we. The Brotherhood killed your crewmates. Its just you. And I can promise that if you don’t tell us what we need to know, you will be next.” He exerted some Force behind his words, giving the prisoner an underlying feeling of fear and anger. Sulxiros could see the pain in the man’s eyes as he taunted him.

“I’ve been with that crew for YEARS!” The guy said, his voice escalating near the end. It was working. People were more inclined to slip up if made emotional.

“Well, you should’ve just surrender and given us the information then, huh? Sounds like this is a problem you created for yourself.” Sulxiros fed more and more into the anger of the captive. “If you had just told us, you could’ve save them. It’s all your fault that they’re dead. You could’ve saved them, but your precious little riddle was more important. Sounds pathetic. You weren’t good enough of a captain for your crew. They trusted you with their lives, and you threw them away!” The man was seething. This was easier than Sulxiros thought it would be after all.

Reaching out with the Force and creating a sort of magnetism between it and himself, the Acolyte picked up the holovid off of the table and brought it to his hand. As the holovid played back, it seemed to get more and more scrambled. Sulxiros could only make out a little bit of the words.

“So, who sent you to get it? You know what we want. And I’ve been tasked with getting the information we need. I can let you off easy.”

“I... I don’t know. I swear I don’t.” The prisoner said. “Listen, just let me live, let me go, and I’ll join you! I have so much information that would be helpful to you.” Talking and negotiations gave way to pleading, as the fear took him over. “Look, I don’t know about the riddle, but I’ve heard rumors from my travels about what is going on. And where it might be. If you’ll just release me, and I’ll give you all the information from my ship, and anything else you need.”

He was still lying. It was just a bluff. Not only did he know, but the Nautolan was very skeptical he had any information that could be of use to the Brotherhood anyway.

“No. You’ll just die here with the rest. We don’t need you to figure it out.” Sulxiros turned away and started to walk out of the room. The prisoner had reached his tipping point with fear for his life.

“Wait!” He said, with an exasperated sigh. “I’ll tell you, if you just let me live.”

“Of course. We aren’t monsters, you know.” Sulxiros said. “In fact, in a show of good faith, I’ll unbound your arms.” He walked around to the back of the prisoner, and undid the ropes. The man pulled his arms in front of him and rubbed the marks and cuts left behind. “All right, now, tell me.”

As the man told him all of the information he needed, Sulxiros listened intently. A small order of rouge Jedi, no more than 5, was in possession of it. On a remote planet. Very little guarding, and a password needed to be able to infiltrate the order.

“All right. Now release me. I’ve told you everything I know.” The guy demanded.

“Not my call. I just needed the information. I’ll put in a good word for you.” The Nautolan said as he walked out of the room and closed the doors. It was time for his report back to his Master.

Sulxiros did just that. Reporting back, he relayed all the information, and asked to be the one to go retrieve it. With Xolarin’s blessing, he was tasked with the retrieval of the most prized possession in the galaxy at the moment. A single roll of toilet paper. He was to head out tomorrow. So it was time to go and rest, and prepare for take off. As Sulxiros entered his quarters, he quickly prepared everything he needed, and entered his sleep. Tomorrow, he would help cement Naga Sadow and the Brotherhood as a power in the galaxy.

He woke, ready to fulfill his mission. As he secured his E-11 blaster rifle and his Bilari electro-chain whip to his hips, he mentally took note of everything he would need. His backpack held most the essentials needed. He threw on his cloak, and lifted the hood up. It was time.

Sulxiros entered the ship lent to him, as he didn’t have his own yet, and plugged in the coordinates to the astromech droid. Space flight is one of the things that he never did quite get the hang of, and he was incredibly thankful for the little droid, and the nav computer aboard the ship. As it took off, Sulxiros entered a meditative state, preparing himself for what lay ahead. While there weren’t many enemies according to reports, he didn’t know exactly how strong these guys were. His

mission was to retrieve the roll, but if forces were too great, he was to just recon and they would send in a bigger force. Next stop. Corellia. Somewhere in their jungles lay the greatest prize left in the galaxy.

As they were entering the atmosphere, an alert went off and Sulxiros exited his meditation. Sulxiros set the ship down about 500 meters away from where the order was said to be. At this distance, hopefully he wasn't noticed. Carefully setting out, he hunched low, and stuck to the vegetation. Using the Force, Sulxiros scanned for life, hidden from his sight and senses. Nothing yet, but he was still a couple hundred meters away from spot. Keeping his senses and wits about him, he continued further toward the rogue Jedi group.

In the distance, he could see a clearing and a small fire. It was getting dark in the jungle, but that would only hopefully give him an advantage. He slowly slunk toward the opening, to find a group of 3 men, all appearing to be human, sitting around the fire. Sulxiros focused on the Force, making his energy invisible to the enemy, and came up close to the clearings edge. Letting the guise go, he pushed the Force out, kicking up some rocks and making a commotion in the opposite edge of the clearing. Having distracted the three, they got up, and formed a triangle, all their backs against each other, as they headed toward the sounds. They seemed to have at least a little bit of knowledge of how to stay safe, meaning they were trained. This mission just got a little more difficult for Sulxiros.

Reaching out with the Force, Sulxiros once again searched for that which he could not see, but detected no other energy signatures, nor did he find the coveted roll he was looking for. Next, he pushed his Force toward the fire, hitting up dirt unto it and extinguishing the flames. Sulxiros lay flat, pulling out his rifle, and sighting the three Jedi. He released a volley of blasts toward them. Luckily, one of them dropped, having been hit in the chest with a couple bolts. Feeling the Force enhance the muscles in his legs, Sulxiros skirted around the clearing, toward the two remaining Jedi, on their guard now. Thankfully, neither appeared to have a lightsaber, with one drawing a vibroblade, and the other a smaller blaster that Sulxiros didn't immediately recognize.

Sulxiros leapt from near the foliage, and slammed his large boot into the back of one of the men, sending him flailing to the ground. A quick spin, and flick of his whip, sent a shock through the remaining man that stood, as the electro-whip wrapped around his neck. A strong pull brought the man crashing down into the dirt in front of Sulxiros.

The Nautolan felt a sharp pain, as the vibroblade from the guy who was kicked slid into his leg. He backstepped as the human scrambled up to his feet, grabbing the blaster that his companion dropped when pulled down. The Force rushed, basically unassisted, to heal the wound in his leg. Sulxiros dropped into stance, hips quickly widening, and swaying slowly in place. While sighted, the enemy didn't shoot, hoping the fear of being shot would be enough to keep the Nautolan at bay.

With only a few steps separating them, Sulxiros quickly covered the distance, while spinning to the side, and dropping his shoulders, coming up with a swift strike into the chin of the human. Multiple open-handed strikes hit the chest of the man, as a quick kick to left hip threw him off balance. The swift-fisted Acolyte then through his body at the human, knocking him to the ground. As he grabbed the man's head in his large hands, a quick snap left the body limp on the ground.

Standing up, Sulxiros check the other two. While living, they were pretty much out cold. The use of Force had left Sulxiros a little winded. He started his search for the roll, scavenging through the bags that were sitting around the camp. No luck. He noticed a patch of fresh dirt near the firepit. Going over to it, he dug into the ground. Very shallowly buried, was a box. Nothing fancy, and anyone not knowing, wouldn't give it a second thought. Opening the box, there it was. The fabled last roll. The artifact of power in this trying time in the galaxy.

He had accomplished his mission. Prize retrieved, he headed back to base. Surely, a hero's welcome and accolades would follow his return. Once again, the Brotherhood would rise as the ruling power in the galaxy.