# Drunken Porg Shaman

Entry for: **Pro Bowl [Week 1] Quartermaster Disaster**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2020/08/10.

Jala was dropped off in the late afternoon on the outskirts with a time sensitive mission. She went about following the trail based on memory as SOMEONE had messed up and gave her the wrong pack on the vehicle that delivered her to said location discreetly. With a grumble, she headed down the road, scanning for her target with the satchel of junk slung over her shoulder that she had taken inventory quickly in an alleyway.

* Three small rocks
* A live porg
* A slugthrower with a single shot without the ability to load a new clip
* An unopened bottle of your least favorite booze
* A droid leg
* A roll of bonding tape
* A datapad full of various animal noises

It didn’t take her long to spot the infiltrator as he stood out like a sore thumb amongst the poverty-stricken population. Yet, she needed to do this more or less quietly, so she followed him to his hideout. The problem was, the squeaky porg occasionally drew attention so she had to be inconvenienced with staying even further from the target.

Once there, she was able to see him tapping probably a report or something on his datapad yet he can easily see the only entrance in and out; she needed a distraction.

The porg was a large annoyance as she walked the streets already, so she stayed out of earshot of the hideout and sat herself down behind a dumpster in an abandoned alley. She took out and uncapped the bottle of the same stuff someone had taunted her into going shot for shot back during her training… a Mandalorian booze that knocked her out after the first shot. Wrinkling her nose, she pulled out the porg and tried to get the little avian to drink it but the booze smelt strong of alcohol. Needing to shut up the porg, she got irritated enough that she semi-shoved the opening of the bottle into the little squeaker’s face so its beak was inside. Not wanting to drown it, she tipped the bottle so the liquor soaked its face before immediately tipping the bottle back and pulling the porg away to see if it had any effect this way.

Well, the porg stopped squeaking as much and seemed to have issues holding its head up in the same position. When placed on the ground, it started to drunkenly walk about. So, it was time to check on the Collective Infiltrator whom seemed to have crawled into his sleeping bag.

Jala snuck in and placed the drunk porg on the starfighter next to the collective and quickly moved to the opposite side of the man to hide behind some crates, armed with a droid leg. She needed him alive after all.

Unfortunately, the porg stopped squeaking; so Jala rolled her eyes and took out the 3 small rocks in her pocket to try to pelt the avian with them, scoring misses as the little target twirled unexpectedly each time. The Collective’s eyes fluttered as he heard the dinging of rocks on metal near him and seemed engrossed and confused why that porg was behaving oddly.

Taking the opportunity, Jala appeared from behind the crates and baseball swing the droid leg at the back of the man’s head and neck causing him to slump over. Looking at the intact droid leg, things made sense as she didn’t break a leg.

With a sigh, she used the bonding tape to restrain the unconscious man before going outside to use the shot in the slugthrower as a flare for pickup. For some reason, the porg followed her and pecked her leg as she shot so her aim went downwards and at a tank of fuel… which in turn erupted into a bonfire. With a growl, she also found the trigger to be stuck on the slugthrower rendering useless.

Pulling out the datapad, she found the porg mating call and set it on repeat before tossing it near the bonfire. The porg somehow was able to chase the mating call and started dancing around the now grime-mucked datapad as Jala went to keep an eye on her target. When people arrived to see what had happened, all they saw was a drunken porg dancing in front of a giant bonfire with a loud and clear mating call coming from its location.

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