Andrelious J. Inahj wondered what he’d been drinking the previous evening to have been roped into the highly unusual assignment he was now undertaking. He could vaguely recall boasting that he could out drink Ronovi, and whilst that was probably true, making such comments about the Dread Lord were not wise.

A Collective operative had been spotted on the outskirts of Aliso City. Andrelious had been more than happy to deal with them even before he received his strange orders, but whatever he had done to upset the Plagueis ruling council made the mission substantially more difficult.

The Sith had been forced to surrender all his own equipment, including his lightsabers, and the list of what he was allowed to use instead was a list of random items that he guessed had been drawn up by individuals who’d had a skinful themselves.

*They can’t stop me from using the Force, at least.* Andrelious had thought as he was given the mission. He was not usually one for bending the rules on a mission, his military training still deeply ingrained within him, but the situation was itself so far from normality that he couldn’t see an alternative.

Andrelious again looked through the large bag carrying the equipment he was ‘allowed’ to use for his mission. He had even been expected to take care of a feathered creature that he had been told was called a ‘porg’, but he had already considered simply killing it and turning it over to his mother to be roasted as a meal for the Inahj family. Among the items was a bottle of gin claiming to be among the finest made on Coruscant; Andrelious hated gin, but a drink was a drink and he’d already drunk a quarter of the bottle.

The Sith waited in a shadowy alleyway near where he had been told the Collective operative had been spotted. It occurred to him that he didn’t even know what kind of opponent he was expecting; the intelligence was vague at best.

Andrelious could sense somebody approaching. Even with the items he had been given, he’d been able to formulate a plan. He pulled a datapad out of the bag, an old model that only seemed to have one function, but nevertheless it was still perhaps the most useful item. The former Imperial pressed one of the icons on the datapad’s display, and the device immediately broadcast the mating call of a tauntaun.

The sheer juxtaposition of the sound was seemingly enough to attract the attention of whoever was nearby. They moved into the alleyway, mumbling something under their breath. Andrelious grabbed one of the rocks from the bag. He threw it at the ground several feet away.

The new arrival heard the rock impacting with the ground. They turned their back to Andrelious, still muttering to themselves as they continued to investigate the strange noises.

Andrelious reached into the bag and armed himself with the slugthrower, the only true weapon inside the bag. He had very little training with such a weapon, but if he was quick enough, he’d be able to get close enough for such things to not matter.

Inahj squeezed the trigger, but the recoil of the slugthrower caught him completely off guard, knocking him backwards. His shot slammed into the back of his target, but he was not able to follow up as the Collective operative turned to face him. As the operative armed himself with a blaster rifle, Andrelious did what came naturally. He aimed a wave of lightning, praying it would reach its target.

It was only by the cry of pain that the Sith realised he’d managed to disable his enemy. Grabbing the bonding tape from his bag, he quickly wrapped it around his stunned opponent, hoping it would be enough.

*I hope this will be good enough for the ruling council!* Andrelious thought as he figured out exactly how he was going to report that he had completed his mission.

*FIN*