

Blue = Written by TuQ'uan Varick di Plagia, dossier #14964

Red = Written by Bentre Sadow, dossier #14185

TuQ'uan sat in the pilot's chair of the Krayt Dragon's Breath, on his way to meet with Bentre Sadow, the reigning Overlord of Clan Naga Sadow. Since his resignation as the Dread Lord's Wrath, Ronovi had been punishing him with simple fetch quests. Go here, pick this up, give this to so-and-so, so on and so on, but this was the first time he had been making a delivery to someone as important as a Consul. It was becoming a bit tedious, but he had fared better against Ronovi with his disagreements than Julius or Wrathus had. So at least he had that going for him.

The blue tunnel of light surrounding the Krayt Dragon's Breath melted away into a field of stars as the ship dropped into real space just above the mercenary's destination. A loud crashing sound came from the rear of the ship as the large crate intended as a gift for the Overlord slid across the open room and collided with the durasteel wall.

Karking crate jockeys didn't secure the load, TuQ'uan swore inwardly as he unbuckled from his seat and made his way towards the back of the ship to inspect his cargo. The last thing he wanted was to show up at Bentre's door with a smashed up gift. The one meter large wooden cube sat against the wall next to the door of the passenger holding area looking completely unfazed.

"If it ain't broke don't fix it. If it's workin' some just kick it," the Kel Dor sang to the empty room. Maybe he had been spending a little too much time alone in space, but he had no why he was singing. This was the first thing he had said aloud since departing Aliso and he thought he may be losing it out here.

Satisfied with the status of his delivery and confused by his own outburst, TuQ'uan made his way back to the cockpit. An alert was sounding off as a call came through for him.

"This is Sepros landing control. Please state your business immediately."

"Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me. C.R.E.A.M. Get the money. Dollar, dollar bill y'all," he rhymed back to the security forces.

Silence filled the cockpit as everyone involved seemed bewildered by the answer.

"Uh...okay? And how long will you be on Sepros?"

"Oh, like a bat out of hell I'll be gone when the morning comes," he belted, startling himself with the passionate cry.

"Sir, please land at dock 348 for..additional screening."

"It's a, it's a, it's a drive-in Saturday. It's a, it's a, it's a, yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, Yes sir!" TuQ'uan yelled back at the poor Sadowans.

The Plagueian's face turned a shade darker as he disconnected the call as quickly as possible. Flushed with embarrassment, he plopped himself back down into the pilot's chair and stared straight ahead at his destination, not daring to open his mouth. This was by far his strangest job yet.

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This day had already started weird for Bentre. There had been reports of domestic disturbances, and utility breakdowns at various, crucial points of the Orianite cities under his control. Normally, he would have directed troops or workers to a location to deal with an issue. Every time that one was addressed, another one or two popped up elsewhere. It was like playing a child's game.

To his chagrin, there was to be no rest for the Sith. There was no time to breathe easy. He had been allowed to slip the collar a bit during the defense of Arx, but no more. Even when it seemed like he should be on break, he was tied up in some matter with the Orian Empire. The position of Consul was not one he would wish upon anyone. There was far too administrative work, and far less time to spend with family or Clan.

Just this morning, he had spent an hour glaring at a report from Takagari. The information was essentially a digest of the datastreams coming in from Tarthos. The mention of insurrectionist transmissions raised an eyebrow. The information was not new, but it was increasing in frequency like the other disturbances had. A trio of beeps drew attention away from the document. Casting a lazy eye at his desk, the Corellian Sadow let out a sound between a grunt and a sigh. He considered ignoring it, but he did not want his Proconsul barging in a second time this morning in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. Shaking his head, the Consul picked up and keyed the device.

"Please identify yourself. This is the Overlord. I hope that this is important." A small cacophony echoed over the commlink, followed by unintelligible words. This irked Bentre greatly. "Is someone there?" There appeared to be some argument, or some distress happening in the background, and a whimper squeaked over the speaker.

"I repeat, I am the Overlord!" Bentre's voice quickly rose to anger. "When I ask you to identify yourself, you will do so. This is not negotiable. If you cannot comply, you can kiss your prospects goodbye."

Another whimper, before the speaker exploded in sound. ""You say yes, I say no."

"What?" Bentre snarled.

The voice continued. "You say stop and I say go go go. Ooh, oh, no." There was a singsong resonance to the words. "You say goodbye and I say hello. Hello hello! I don't know why you say goodbye, I say hello!"

"I have no idea who you are, but when I get down there, you had better have a good explanation for this."

There was the noise of scrambling feet, and the muffled sounds of a mic being brought too close to the face. "Just take a look through my eyes. Everything changes. You'll be amazed what you'll find. There's a better place- if you look through my eyes."

The Sadowan Clan leader took a deep breath. He adjusted his clothing, and strode out of his office. Glancing down at his datapad, he tapped the device several times. The transmission was coming from the docks. The fools who thought to mess with his office would feel his full wrath.

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The trip to the docks had been quite uneventful. In any other circumstances the Sadowan might have called this a boon. A dock worker, a young Gungan in blue overalls, seemed to be arguing with a uniformed member of the Warhost. The soldier, a Pantoran by the hue of his skin, cut the Gungan off by chopping the air and jerking a thumb in Bentre's direction.

"Sir," the soldier saluted smartly as he raised his voice, "we were just preparing to enter the dock area. The new arrival is being non-cooperative, and our own men are turning against us. They refuse to answer questions."

This was the moment that Bentre had hoped for. He could get his hands dirty for once. Even better though, he could engage his own wrath upon the fool who thought to mock him. "Is it this dock?"

"Yes sir, but-" The soldier started to speak. However, Bentre returned a sharp, stern look. The Consul narrowed his eyes, and the soldier's words ceased almost mid-syllable. Without another word, the Corellian human walked through the doorway. He felt their eyes on him. He would have to give the kids a show of anger, to teach the insubordination to think twice before crossing him again.

As his eyes flashed between the occupants, Bentre was surprised to see two individuals. One was another dock worker, in blue work overalls. The other the Consul recognized as the former Plagueian second in command. He almost considered asking the title, but if he was honest, he really did not care. He had enough things at home to deal with.

Narrowing his eyes, the Overlord drew a breath. Rather than the angry tirade, words flashed to mind. "And I scream from the top of my lungs, 'what's going on?' And I say hey, hey," he couldn't stop the singing, "I say hey, 'what's going on?'" The Overlord felt rage growing inside of him. His eyes slid back and forth. He wanted answers, and this sudden impulse was not helping.

The young dockworker threw up his hands. In a sing-song holler, he cried, "Too many men. There's too many people, Making too many problems. And not much love to go round. Can't you see, This is a land of confusion?"

Bentre hated non-answers and half truths. When he tried to shout at the worker, he could not force the words. His frustration turned his tongue. "I do this for me. Not ever for them. I'll never be sorry, won't ever pretend.'Cause every word I write is the truth. Can you say the same thing about you?" His glare slid between Sadowan employee and Plagueian. He wondered for a moment if either would provide him with truth.

This day had started out odd. These impulses did not bode any better. He wanted answers.

TuQ'uan saw Bentre's anger rising as pandemonium ensued on the docks, what had started as him just singing to himself had spread amongst everyone nearby. Either his insanity was contagious or something more was afoot.

"You've got a friend in me. You've got a friend in me. If you've got troubles, I've got 'em too. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. We stick together and can see it through, 'cause you've got a friend in me. Yeah, you've got a friend in me," the di Plagia attempted to plead with the Overlord, the last thing he wanted was an angry Consul.

"Mother, Father, please explain to me, how it could be so this world has come to be, a precious balance in between, such cruelty and such kind. Please, please," anger seeped through each word as he stalked forward towards his one time Operation Antiquity ally.

"Never knowing, shocking but we're nothing. We're just moments, we're clever but we're clueless. We're just human, amusing and confusing. We're tryin' but where is this all leading, we'll never know," TuQ'uan threw his hands in the air in frustration as his singing voice filtered through the antiox mask.

The situation had long since passed the point of being frustrating, he had no idea why nobody could speak properly and at this point he didn't care. He just wanted it to end.

"Can't stop, won't stop, Rocafella records' cause we, we get down bady, we get down baby," the Kel Dor sighed.

An idea popped into TuQ'uan's head. He couldn't figure out what was causing all of this but maybe he could at least get away from all of this madness.

"Come with me and you'll be, in a world of pure imagination. Take a look and you'll see, into your imagination." He waved Bentre over to inspect the gift Ronnie had sent. At least he could dump the package and get the frak out.

"So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? I get so funny with my money that you flaunt I said, 'Where'd you get your information from,' huh? You think that you can front when revelation comes?" the Corellian growled as he closed the distance between the two.

Waving his hands wildly, TuQ'uan drew Bentre's attention to the crate sitting by his feet, an envelope sat on top with the Sadowan's name on it. Inside was a piece of paper that read:

*To: Bentre*

*From: Ronovi*

*And the songbirds are singing, like they know the score.*