

**Diplomatic ship of the Vatali**  
**Space**  
**39 ABY**

"It's a nice change to be assigned to a diplomatic mission," the young Jedi told her companion as they walked together through the corridors of Vatali's diplomatic vessel. Elyon de Neverse and her companion Pantoran Jedi Ira Ojiman, both members of the Tython Squadron, were on this mission as protectors of diplomats.

"It's like the old days," Elyon said, looking at Pantoran. "What do you think of that," she asked him.

"I agree with you. The mission is worthy of the Jedi. And as you said after the battles, it's a nice change," Ira replied in a calm and even voice.

"It was reasonable from the Captain to send the two of us on this mission," Elyon thought aloud.

"It really was," Pantoran replied as they both reached the bridge of the ship.

"Is it all right, Commander," Ira asked the officer, standing astride his hands behind his back.

"Yes, everything is fine," the officer said as he turned to them. It was a little grumpy because he didn't like their presence. He didn't consider it necessary for the two Jedi to take part in this mission, because he could handle it himself.

Elyon sensed this feeling and said, "we're all doing our job. So let's tolerate ourselves until this mission is over." The officer looked at her. He still couldn't get used to the Jedi and their tricks.

"I agree. There's one cabin reserved for you. The cabin is two floors below the front of the ship, marked with the number 382. If anything happens, I'll let you know," the officer said after a moment.

"Thank you," Elyon replied, looking at him for a moment as well. Then she turned to Ira. "We should let the commander do his job and we'll go do ours," she said, turning to leave. "Yes, we should," Pantoran said, following his companion from the bridge.

"He's not thrilled with our presence," Elyon remarked as they headed for their assigned cabin.

"I'll go check on the diplomats. You should rest then we can exchange," the young girl suggested, looking at the Ira.

"Sounds like a good idea. This old man would welcome some time to rest," Pantoran agreed.

"Great, see you later," Elyon nodded and strode energetically toward the meeting room, where diplomats were discussing a negotiation strategy.

Two hours later, Elyon decided to stretch her body a little and clear her mind of the noise that accompanied the negotiation of strategy. Before leaving, she nodded to the guard that they were on patrol. He also nodded that he understood.

Elyon was about halfway between the meeting room and the assigned cabin. When the ship shook. They were under attack. The ship shook from time to time under another volley of enemy fire. Elyon hurried back to the meeting room but she was stopped because the ceiling panel came loose, which missed her by only a few feet because she was able to jump away thanks to the quick reflexes.

After this incident, Elyon activated her comlink and set the frequency for the crew of this ship. There were screams and blasting sounds from blasters.

"This is Elyon de Neverse. What is the current state of diplomats," Elyon asked, but no one answered. So Elyon switched the frequency used by members of the Tython Squadron.

"Ira, where are you? What's your status," Elyon asked, slowly making her way to the boardroom.

Again, no answer. Elyon was uncertain and wondered if she should return, but then she put herself into the Force and felt Ira's presence in it. \*Are you okay, \* she asked through the Force.

\*Yes, I am,\* Ira said after a moment.

\*I feel the presence of several Weequays on board,\* Pantoran said slowly.

\*Me either. They'll probably be pirates,\* the young woman replied.

\*Where are you,\* Pantoran asked slowly and Elyon felt that he was moving closer to her position.

\*I am heading to the meeting room,\* Elyon answered and continued by the corridor.

\*All right, young one. We'll meet there. And we'll try to solve the problem ... \* Ira said, but he didn't finish the thought because it was moving in a voice coming from the communicator.

"This is Captain Ida Red, commander of a pirate ship called the Desert Storm. I'm talking to two Jedi traveling on this deck now. Surrender and you'll be spared. Unlike crew and guards," the voice said, and Elyon felt the deaths of several beings at once.

"It was just a small sample to help you understand that I'm not kidding," the voice paused.

\*What are we going to do\* she asked in the ensuing silence.\* We will go to them and resolve it diplomatically,\* replied the Ira.

\*And what if we split up. You will take the attention out of the negotiations and I'll take care of the pirates,\* Elyon said, waiting for his reaction.

\*You know what I think about violent solutions, but good. Do it \* Eventually, the old Pantoran agreed and Elyon went to work.

It was slowly because the members of the pirate ship crew were more than Elyon waiting. She continued and immobilized them one by one. Ira at the same time stood before Ida Red and started negotiating the conditions of dismissal.

After a long struggle with the last. Elyon freed the remaining members of the protection and the Ira married for help.

She arrived just in time because Ida Red was leaning over the Pantoran. Ira lay on the ground in a pool of her own and a diplomat he protected. Elyon quickly immobilized the rest of the pirates, leaving only Elyon Ida Red and Ira.

Elyon also beat him after a small match. All the pirates, including the Captain, were handcuffed to hand over the authorities. Elyon then helped the IRA and the diplomat, who needed an investigation.

The pirates were defeated. Diplomats usually had only minor injuries. Therefore, they decided to continue their mission. Like Ira and Elyon. They were both glad that it turned out like this ...