

Sinchi Ring
Estle City, Selen
0930

“Look, it ain’t that hard to figure, right? We snatch the babe, those blokes with all the metal bits in their faces pay up! What’s so complicated ‘bout this, Ferron?”

“Just feels off, man, stealing a kid? I mean...I know we do some stuff that society frowns upon...”

“Wot? Like the stealing, the thieving, the smugglin’ and the light bit of piracy?”

“Aye aye, them things, especially the piracy though. We ain’t slavers at least, Parley!”

“Course not, slavery would mean we took prisoners, and your trigger happy arse always wastes the crews when we raid a ship!”

“Well we don’t want them telling some security folks what we look like, now does we!?”

“That’s why we wear masks ya akk-brain! Anyways,” Parley waved his hand, dismissing concerns with a gesture, “we ain’t selling the kid. We’re just...acquiring ‘em.”

Ferron looked past where his partner in crime stood, leaning against the corner of a shop, arms crossed looking relaxed as could be despite the topic of conversation. Down the road, he could see a woman, white-haired and wearing a brightly colored cloth wrapped about where her eyes should be. In front of her, hovering on a single repulsor unit, was a garish, rainbow-striped carriage with the cover up, protecting the baby within from the midday sun.

“Bloody Mirawhatsit, creep me the frak out, Ferron,” said the man with a shiver. “They can see without eyes, she’s gonna see us coming!”

“Bah! Like taking candy from a babe, this’ll be! Actually, even easier, since we’re taking the whole baby, hahah! Look, she’s shopping, yeah? Wait for her to stop, check out something with her hands, back turned, surely she can nae see behind herself, no matter what people say. Then, we just waltz up, grab tha kid, muffle it so it can’t cry, and hoof it back down the way to the speeder, yeah?”

“Be quicker to just grab the carriage, yeah?”

“Maybe? Things ain’t real quick, and who knows? We do this right and she won’t know tha kid is gone for a block or two, eh? Easy as cake I tell ya! Payday, here we come!”

Parley glared at his buddy, then looked back down the street, eyebrows rising.

“Hey, hey, she’s headed to a seamstress! This is it, Ferron, if we’re gonna do this its gotta be done now!”

“Right you are, let’s hover on out,” muttered his friend, his countenance suddenly serious. The two ne’er do wells shuffled on the road, approaching the Miraluka woman and her carriage with a careful focus, waiting for her to turn her back.

Come on, check on some of that velvety stuff, luv, be a right treat to feel it up, yeah?

This could go so wrong, oh how did I let him talk me into this! Man’s gotta have a line. I mean, sure, I like gunning down merchant crews but...merchants are usually stuck-up bastards! A kid though...

The woman turned, reaching out to touch a length of fabric hanging outside the shop as an advertisement. Parelly grit his teeth and broke into a run, getting to the carriage and pushing the cover up.

Mine now little one, sorry it has to be this wa— the frak is this!?

“The frak is what, good sir?” asked the Miraluka, turning her sightless gaze on the criminal.

Did I say that last bit out loud!? Oh no, can...can she read my mind? Quick, think of something dumb! No, something dumber than Ferron’s plan! Kark me!

The woman’s face split into a gentle smile as she turned from Parley to his companion who had taken a more oblique approach, a small weighted pouch in his hand as he tried to sneak up behind her. Stealth had failed them, so he figured the best option was to just knock the woman out and run with the kid. Her turning her sightless gaze on him brought the man up short.

“Uh,” was all he managed as Parelly stared down into the carriage.

At the...well it wasn’t a baby. He thought. He was pretty sure.

Unless she’d had congress with a Wookiee. He tried to shake that mental image. He really tried hard. Instead, he focused on the small, white-furred creature that was giving him a disapproving look from inside the carriage.

“Bub!” it stated angrily, glaring at him and holding a small leather pad up, adorned with a shiny...badge.

“It...it...this...FERRON THIS THING IS A BLOODY SECURITY OFFICER!”

“BUB!” declared the Ewok holding a badge from the baby carriage, looking very disapprovingly now at Parley. “Bub, bub, nub yub, Bub NUB!”

“What the fra—”

“Bub is saying—” began the woman before being interrupted by a rather fierce “**BUB!**”

“My apologies, Bub. Ahem. *Special Officer* Bub is informing you that, let me see if I got this right...’ You’ve been nicked, scumbag!’ I believe these were the words he used. Oh, I do hope you’ll come quietly!” she added, smiling widely.

Parely’s eyes were going wide. His mind was grinding to a halt as he took in the sight of an Ewok with a badge and the woman’s creepy smile. Part of him noted that the exposed parts of her arms had glowing patterns that had been golden, and were now turning a bloody crimson color as she waited on them to act.

“We oughta go, Par, mate, uhh, sorry ma’am, big misunderstanding,” stated Ferron, smiling weakly and backing up slowly. She raised a hand and it felt as if he’d backed into a brick wall. “The hell?”

“Oh, dear, I’m so sorry but I am afraid you’ll have to come in for questioning. Also brought up on charges for all those ships you’ve been raiding. It is a real shame you didn’t decide to be better people!”

“How did she...I mean we never did...frack it! Par, run! Back ta tha speeder mate!” shrieked Ferron, breaking into a sprint...and feeling his feet yanked out from under him, sending him face-first into the pavement with a dull thud. “Owww...”

Parley looked from the Ewok, to Ferron, to the smiling woman, to the Ewok, and slowly raised his hands above his head, shaking.

“I didn’t wanna,” he managed, unable to tear his gaze away from the Ewok’s black, beady little eyes. So much disappointment from something so small.

“Bub,” huffed the Ewok, shaking its little head. “Bub...nub.”

“Special Officer Bub appreciates your cooperation, and your reluctance to join in on this cape, Mister Parely,” said the woman with that same smile as half a dozen uniformed security officers came out of the nearby shops to surround the pair. “Though, we both wish you had found your conscience before you started murdering crews of merchant’s vessels.”

“Bu...but how did...how...” Parely spluttered, his eyes drawn back to the Ewok.

Bub he heard in his own mind, causing his eyes to roll back in his head and fall over backward, fainting dead away.

“We can take it from here, Lady Atyiru,” stated one of the officers, snapping to attention and giving the blind woman a salute, before realizing they weren’t going to get one back.

“Very good, thank you so much! Now, Bub how about...Bub?” she asked, cocking her head to the side as if listening for something no one else could hear.

In the baby carriage, the Ewok was laid back down, toe beans sticking out the front of the carriage and both arms behind his head, gently snoring with a look of pure contentment on his little, fuzzy face.

Atyiru let out a sigh and smiled, “I suppose I’ll just take us back to the Citadel like this. Good day, officers!”