

**4 miles east of the Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel,  
Dandoran, Doran System  
39 ABY,**

### **0:00 to Boom Time**

Kalee Reechi finished speaking onstage and the roar of applause and cheers of approval swept through the room. Cameras captured each minute detail as the Umbaran moved away from the lectern to guide a young Twi'lek, a former pleasure slave, to take her place and speak about her experiences.

As the girl began her speech, the Commander of the Severian Principate forces in the Doran System retook her seat on the podium. Making sure to be in the shot of most of the holocams, she prepared herself for a long day of speeches and testimonies aimed at raising awareness of the plight of those living in Hutt Space. This was being broadcast to all corners of Severian space and far beyond it. As such, the Senate had instructed her to make it a good show.

Across the street, beyond a square lined with statues of famed Dandorans and filled with activists of the Anti-Slavery Society, stood a large park consisting of large meadows lined with forested areas. On such a sunny warm day, the park was already full of families enjoying a nice day in the sun. The meadows around the lake were filled to capacity with people enjoying picnics, the play areas filled the area with the joyous screams of children at play. And in the forested area, a tree appeared to be watching a datapad carrying a feed of the square, seemingly aimed towards a screen broadcasting the convention. As Kalee Reechi retook her seat a creaking branch moved against the wind to press a button.

### **167:57 to Boom Time**

The stars shone down on a quiet street. Shops had closed hours earlier, the memorial statues lining the square had been cleaned of graffiti. The streets had been swept earlier and not a trace of trash could be seen. Directly across from the square, serving as the main entrance to the park, stood a partially decorated building. Next week, a grand assembly was being held here. The "Anti-Slavery Society" had decided upon Dandoran to host its first Anti-Slavery Convention within Hutt space. The guest list kept the Hutt overlords of Dandoran from protesting too hard, as Severian Principate dignitaries as well as select representatives from the more humanitarian Core Worlds had been arriving for weeks, gambling away fortunes in the Garganta Galleria as they awaited the historic event.

A large treelike being moved out of the park and across the square. It appeared to be carrying a large sack and moved with stealth belying its size as it snuck into an old theatre building, a nearby poster proudly advertising the opening speech of the Anti-Slavery Convention would be given by the infamous Kalee Reechi.

It seemed to smile as it made its way in, carefully avoiding the sole security camera. Once inside, Ood mentally called up the building schematics and cloaked himself deeper in the Force before setting off to drop his materials in the basement and start placing tiny cameras so he would be able to monitor what went on during the day. He had a lot of preparations to make tonight and, as he needed to be back in the park by dawn, he had little time to do it in.

### **57:03 to Boom Time**

It was nearly midnight, the area had calmed down as the last people wandering around had long since headed home. Yet Ood had been at work for awhile already. Having studied the comings and goings of people, he had managed to plan out his night more efficiently. Having just finished phase 1 of his plan, Ood began to make his way out of the basement.

Quietly moving through the building, the Neti made sure to track mud between the service entrance, the security office, and the beautifully carpeted foyer. He had gotten quite familiar with the structure by now and it was becoming ever easier to avoid the security guards. As the old building was deemed a historic monument by the local government, there were little to no security cameras inside. The Dandoran lower upper class would not want their gossip being recorded after all.

For a laugh, the old Equite had arranged to replace the cleaning staff's cheap detergent with more pricey ones. Of course, these new materials were seemingly delivered by the event organisers. The staff had been using them quite a bit, as Ood made sure to make a mess every night that could be blamed on the security staff. He wondered if it was the staff's annoyance & near feud with the security personnel that kept them from realising the new detergents were rather flammable or if they were just happy to get new stuff, as they seemed to be quite underfunded.

Each pillar in the basement had gotten a lightsaber-made hole dug into it. These were then filled with remote controlled explosives before the pillar had been repaired and repainted to obscure the modification. It was slow work, but the Arconan was getting better at it. When he began, he'd been able to do one pillar a night. Tonight he had managed to do the last three. The stage was now mostly set, the basement was full of remote controlled explosives. What to do with his last few nights though?

### **32:35 to Boom Time**

Gazing at the intricate device, the Neti wondered if he had gone overboard. The idea quickly left his mind. What did he know about explosives, anyway? Looking around the attic area, the Neti could not spot the incendiary devices he had been placing tonight. Tomorrow he'd have to return to attach a final explosive device onto the anchors keeping the massive chandelier in place.

With a quiet snort, the Neti removed any trace of his presence from the attic before reaching for the Force and wrapping it around himself in order to make his way back to his hideaway across the street.

### **12:17 to Boom Time**

It was midnight as a clearly heavily intoxicated man stumbled through the street on his way home. It had been a good night of drinking his worries away. A shadow moved over him and as he looked up he knew he had drunk too much, "Treesh aren't sshuposed to leave the park, mate ... go back to ... err ... where you came from!" Before he could make more noise, potentially attracting others, a dry crack was heard.

Carrying the body, Ood wondered how he was going to use it. It couldn't be found, yet could he use it to his advantage?

### **8:01 to Boom Time**

The corpse sat in the cold basement, a mixture of plastics and wiring in his hand. "Nothing personal, you know. I couldn't have you remember meeting me, and I couldn't have anyone find you before the event. I'm sorry to say, you're going to be the villain in the next play staged in this fine venue." Ood moved closer to further set the stage around the dead drunk. "You're going to bomb an Anti-Slavery Rally. Your name will be quite well known, if any part of you survives this blast that is." Turning away to leave the room and return to his hideaway across the square, the Neti called over his shoulder, "If I had a better understanding of explosives, I'd have probably not have been forced to use this much. I would have also been able to place you in such a way to ensure your body survives what is to come. But well, we can't have everything now can we?"

Everything was set. The basement, normally used to store props & setpieces, was rigged to, hopefully, drop the stage into it. The chandelier would drop, causing a panic and preventing people from coming to help those on stage. The roof and attic had been set to burst into flames and a few beams had been strategically weakened so that when the stage collapsed down, it would cause the roofbeams to fall onto it, creating a cage which would then have a burning roof dropped onto it. It would be an agonising way to die.

### **0:00 to Boom Time**

The event had drawn a massive crowd. The building was filled beyond capacity and screens had been quickly erected on the square outside of the venue to allow those who hadn't managed to find a space inside, to still view the proceedings. This coincidentally also gave Ood a view of where his target was. The good weather had, seemingly, brought out most of the city to either enjoy the park or watch the speeches.

Kalee Reechi finished speaking onstage, the roar of applause and cheers of approval swept beyond the walls of the venue to further inflame those gathered in the square watching the proceedings on grand holoscreens. The roar only increased as the Umbaran moved to greet the next speaker and guide the former Twi'lek pleasure slave to the microphones.

50 yards behind the crowd, in a park filled with families enjoying a nice day in the sun, a creaking branch moved against the wind to press a button.

### **0:05 after Boom Time**

Screams rent the air as a stampede moved through the park, behind them, a massive column of smoke and fire had replaced a historical theatre building. Segments of masonry rained down over the fleeing crowd and the two adjacent buildings caught fire as they were beginning to be dragged down by the dying structure.

Sirens could be heard in the distance, echoing over screams of pain, fear and worry.

A young mother screamed the name of her young child as she frantically raced towards the play area. On her way there, she was nearly trampled by the mob trying to get away from whatever had just happened. The trees in the park had been rustled by the shockwave but were slowly returning to their normal wind fueled dance.

In a small copse of trees, a stunned Neti could only look on as he seemingly redefined the concept of overkill. The Arconan's mind worked overtime to interpret the data he'd received to try and figure out what had happened.

The blast had collapsed the stage. But by burying the charges, he had seemingly created a storm of shrapnel that had ripped Kalee Reechi to shreds before dropping her remains into what appeared to be the fiery pit of hell. Should he have checked how flammable those old setpieces had been? His target had been ripped to shreds on a live broadcast. A broadcast that only halted as the cameras were smashed by the chandelier's collapse. Based on the last images shown, he had placed the charges incorrectly and a few of the durasteel cables had been allowed to hold the weight of the chandelier for a few seconds before snapping and whipping across the attic, causing the entire ceiling of the hall to be dragged down with the aforementioned chandelier.

This meant that the incendiary charges had more oxygen to work with and as a result had seemingly blown the roof upwards by a few feet before sending the burning debris back down. Of course this somehow launched masonry, heavy stone roofing tiles, and heavy, burning wood beams into the square. Then, the building seemingly realised it had lost a large amount of its foundation and began to collapse inwards. This created a massive cloud of dust and fire that raced outwards in the only direction it could, right at the gathered crowd on the square. Which

led to a stampede into a park filled with people, who by this point were curious why the sun had vanished behind a rapidly blackening cloud.

"I'm never going to hear the end of this," Ood said to himself as he hid the detonator and the datapad in his branches before resuming his silent vigil as people began to take cover under trees in hopes of being protected from the falling debris.

**Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel,  
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**168:03 after Boom Time**

Newsfeeds kept replaying last week's event. The murder of Kalee Reechi and an entire assembly of wealthy, influential people who were against slavery had led to great outrage. Already the Core Worlds were claiming Hutt involvement and preparing to issue economic sanctions.

The Neti, having finally been able to leave the park and return to his suite in the Casino, exited the fresher as a breaking news banner cut across a segment showing yet another memorial ceremony dedicated to Reechi. A Severian Principate Interdictor Cruiser had entered orbit, its escorts already moving out across the system. It seemed Dandoran was now under a Severian blockade.