

OPERATION RAPTORSTRIKE

By Ood Bnar

Dark Ascent, Arx Public Levels

A tree slowly inched through the hallways. Every time someone came into sensing range, the massive tree stopped and quietly put down the bench he was carrying in order to pretend to be a nice meditative corner. The benefits of having Jedi in the Brotherhood meant these kinds of places had been popping up everywhere from the lowliest Clan facility, past the Academy Campus to even the Dark Ascent.

Ood was slowly making his way into restricted areas, he wanted to know what OPERATION RAPTORSTRIKE was and why it was causing the Dark Council budget to come out with a profit instead of the normal debt. Somehow this project was generating a fortune for the Brotherhood in either direct profit or savings in expenses. What was it though? And why hadn't it been implemented earlier? Something was wrong here, and he was going to find out what it was.

Dark Ascent, Arx Tech Support Offices, Lower levels

The Neti gazed at the computer, willing it to assist him. If you want to know about a secret, check with maintenance and tech support since they probably would have had to assist with a bit of spillage or a virus riddled system. This would work, there were always idiots or perverts involved in projects of this scale.

Hmm, it seems something called RAPTORSTRIKE was assigned to the lowest levels of the Ascent. Seems someone had a bit of a pornography addiction and needed his computer hardwiped every few days to prevent outside criminals from gaining access...

Dark Ascent, Arx Processing Facility, Lowest levels

Ood gazed into the factory and watched in horror as living screaming bodies were cut to pieces by droids. The pieces were then rinsed and processed into what appeared to be No, not that! Not even the Dark Council could be this depraved! Yet the evidence spoke for itself. As the old Neti looked on in horror, the droids started to move a pallet of the disgusting product towards a cargo chute that seemed to carry the pallet upwards into the upper levels of the facility.

He needed to warn the people above. They were making food out of people in order to save a few creds! Wasn't it almost lunchtime? The sounds of the screams egged the Arconan on to move faster as he turned back and began to make his way back to the public areas of the Dark Ascent.

Dark Ascent, Arx Cafeteria

As Ood rushed into the cafeteria, he was horrified to see the majority of the people there consuming the disgusting substance. An old friend waved him over, a wide smile showing his teeth to be stained by what he now knew to be the secret behind RAPTORSTRIKE. With a speed belying his size, the Neti rushed towards his friend and smashed the bowl away from him.

The smashing tableware created a silence as everyone looked at the Arconan Equite. "DON'T EAT THE SALAD!!! IT'S MADE FROM MALIK'S BABIES!!!"

The End