The standard jail cell is extraordinary in many ways and utterly mundane in others. They are rarely representative of the images you see on the holovids. There are almost never the dark and dingy stone rooms, filled with disembodied wailing laments. That image is more fit for the various prisons and labor camps which freckle the darkest corners of this industrialized galaxy. No, the cells of your local garrison don’t fill the nose with the dankness of mildew and mold, nor does it veil your vision under lurking shadows. Instead, they punish you with the acrid sting of chemical cleaners and stick you in jarring silence hoping your conscience will caution you against recidivism. The boredom is what really breaks the will. Worse yet, the light. Some ancient science or mystical power harnesses the luminescent volume of ten-thousand stars and condenses it into a single meter long lighting tube. It sears the eyes.

This is not my first stay. I have crossed paths with the fine members of the constabulary of Canto Bight before. Nearly ten years ago, with the strength and virility of youth still in my soul, I was arrested on the charges of public intoxication, disturbing the peace, and assault. The charges were later dropped. Celebrity has many benefits, a free pass from the legal system for minor offenses being just one. More often than not, they let you dry out for the night and release you on your own recognizance the next morning. It has been four days.

In truth, I am not sure how I came to find myself in this place again. There is a peculiar void in my memory prior to waking. I must’ve got into the cognac and spice again. Customarily you are offered a single communicator call that you can use to notify next of kin, who presumably can arrange for legal representation or to contact any one of the city’s thousand bail bondsman and post any bail required for securing your release. Given that I had not been afforded this right, whatever I had done with a head full of powder and high-octane spirits must have been extraordinarily heinous. Let it be stated that legal reasons, I must articulate that any such accusations are unbased and untrue. That is all for the better though. If I were to call my darling wife, Emily, to explain the present circumstances, I would surely be facing a fate far worse than any sentence a criminal court on a civilized world could issue.

I’d have to make my own way, I figured. It would be easy enough, if it weren’t for the mag-locks on the door. Nothing to do but wait, for now. I lay down on the durasteel plate that they call a cot and try to get some rest. Little rest comes. I can hear the coughs and groans of other detainees, several cells down. The fine foam and down mattress that I am accustomed to seems like heaven compared to this cold steel bed. It doesn’t matter what position I move into; it is always uncomfortable.

I may have dosed off for an hour or so, but there was no restorative quality to that quick kip. I sit up expecting to be welcomed back into the sterile and cold cell I had left before shutting my eyes. To my extraordinary pleasure, there were several notable differences. Firstly, and perhaps most obviously, the maglocks on the cell door had been deactivated. The barred door was ajar, perhaps just wide enough for a dormouse to slip through. I snap my head to my only reference to the outside world, a small porthole high on the duracrete wall. It was dark. I must have slept longer than I thought.

Stranger than the open door was the tidy stack of items at the foot of my temporary bed. I quickly catalogue the care package; Goggles, an audio device, a vial containing some mystery powder, a glowrod, an aerosol bottle contents unknown, a towel, a thermal cape, a set of dice, a blaster and a miniaturized rendering of the Grandmaster of the Brotherhood. I could think of a hundred items that would be more useful, but I don’t have the luxury of selection in this moment. Atop it all, a small slip of etched metal bore a message.

***“Sorry about the prolonged stay. Take these as a token of appreciation for helping us in this matter. Q is waiting at the south spaceport. Luck be with you. – A friend”***

When it comes to the tactics of orchestrating a break-out, it often takes time to weave the necessary fabric of subtlety and patience for the right window to begin one’s break and subsequent evasion. I do not have time for patience and subtlety might as well be a foreign language. Instead of proper calculation and contingencies, the hatchling plan now being birthed in my mind relied on luck more than any pool of skill. Fortunately, I count myself among the few in this galaxy with whom lady luck had not been so notoriously and repetitively fickle. I issue a quick and silent plea for her aid one more time, then I move.

I ease towards the cell door. As tempting as it would be to burst through and make a break for it, luck only *sometimes* favors the stupid. It’s best to not take any chances. I peer into the corridor of the cell block. It is as silent as graveyard.

“Think, damnit” I say to myself.

I turn back to the cell. The porthole is too small to climb through and the durasteel cots were embedded in the walls, meaning they could not be pulled free. Then it caught my eye. One of the few luxuries contained within a standard detention cell was a commode. Even with the bare rations given twice a day, inmates still need to evacuate. This will work.

I find a slightly ragged lip of steel on the underside of the bunk and run towel along it, hoping to snag one of the threads. It grabs and rips the towel, just slightly. It is enough for me to tear it in two the rest of the way. I ball them up and stuff them into my waistband. I muster the rest of the effects left for me by my still unnamed benefactor. The pistol gets tucked into the small of my back, buried in my waistband, along with the remains of the towel. I slip the googles over the top of my head and inspect the dust; it is blinding powder. Curious. The cape goes over my shoulders. It is a utilitarian garment and won’t help me fit in among the elite of the areas of town I am familiar with. Good thing I’m headed to the south spaceport, which is on the poor side of town. The remaining effects are gathered, though I am unsure what purpose they serve just yet.

It is time to move. I step out into the cell block and look left. There is only a wall. To the right is the only way of egress, past six or eight cells then down a set of stairs. Perfect. Gravity only helps this plan. As I pass each cell, I look for the owners of the coughs and clearing throats which had contributed in part to my lack of beauty sleep. There are two others who have been stripped of their freedom of movement. They are in the cells closest to the entry, that means the constabulary didn’t want them to know I was here. Oh, I must’ve been a very naughty boy indeed.

“Psst.” I whisper at a sleeping Kajain’sa’Nikto.

“Freg off, Copper. I’m sleepin’ here” He replied.

“Hey, friend.” I whisper back.

“I said fr-“ he said lifting his head from its recumbent position against the wall. “Hey...Aren’t you...” the voice continued

“Yes. I am.” I cut him off.

“I never met a holo-vid star before...What are you doing in here?” he said.

“Got busted with some happy-fun-dirt. What did they clap you up with?” I ask, knowing that the likelihood of the reptoid being an enforcer for a local loanshark is extraordinarily high.

“Allegedly, I may or may not have accosted an officer of the law. Allegedly. Ya see, They just find a Nikto and assume he’s pushing for some Hutt. Then they gaffle me up. I’m wrongly accused, ya see?” he replied with the smarm of a hardened criminal.

“So, Tuubsa ’s not going to post your bail?” I ask, dropping the name of a midlevel Hutt crime lord.

“I know of no individuals by that name.” he replied with a tone reserved for poorly rehearsed lines fed to him by the aforementioned party under threat of violence.

“Woah, man, I didn’t mean no offence. I’m not wired up. Real real. You think they’d send me to get you flippin’ on your boss? Hell naw. What you called, who you is?” I say, playing up a grimy urban vernacular to project my own displeasure with the strong-arm of the law and lacing my words with kisses of influence with the Force.

“Call me Ness.” He replied casually.

“Pleased to meet you. Listen, I’ll play it straight wit cha. These pastry pickers are freggin’ up my vacation. Stick me in here four days, no call, no yard time. Worse still, the damn Press is gonna fry my ass alive if they catch word of this. I’m fixin’ to get the hell up outta here. Got a plan, but need a hand. Got nothing to give you now ‘cept the opportunity to punch some cops and promise that you do me this favor, I’ll owe ya one.” I said, leaning in towards the cell bars and lay on the Force compelled suggestion.

“You had me at punch a cop. What’s the move, chief?” he said, standing from the cot.

I pass the torn towel through the bars and nod to the silver pot in the rear of the cell. He grabs the towel with a toothy grin. He gets is, he’s been here before. Perfect.

“Flush like I ate a bad paddy-frog. Got ya. Give that other half to the guy next cell over. Associate of mine. He’s brawn, not brains. He knows the play, though. What happens when they come up?” he asks.

“When they come in, give ‘em hell. Leave the rest to me.” I reply.

“Gru’um, wake your dumbass up! We got an out. Time to make some puddles!” he whisper barks over to the next cell

My newfound partner gets to work quickly. He’s done some time in the past. He knows how to get the guards coming. The towel is balled up and the toilet is pouring water onto the floor in moments. It creeps toward the staircase. I back up towards my cell, passing the towel to the Gran occupying the cell adjacent to Ness’. The three-eyed goat beast blinks and gets to flushing. I go back to my cell and duck back in, pressing my back against the wall closest to the exit route. I pull the blaster from the small of my back and check the power cell, I got maybe ten or twelve shots. Blasters aren’t my style, too impersonal and I’m a shit shot. It’s no holdout, but it’ll put a man down if I can hit. I’ll have to save what I can.

In a matter of minutes, there is a veritable river flowing down the stairs. I can hear the commotion coming. Six guards clamber up the stairs, narrowly avoiding cascading down with the torrent of water. I wait. These night guards are the new guys, fresh from the academy and without the pull with the union to have the cushy regular day shifts. Half of them are still asleep, the other half are so poorly trained, they fumble to pull their stun batons from the ring holsters.

The metal doors clang open and two trios of guards rush in to subdue the troublemakers in cells one and two. I can hear the scuffle. I count the thuds. These two animals are putting a pummeling on these green cops. Now. I step out of the cell, blaster aimed down the corridor. A scrawny cadet is ejected from the portal of cell two and crashes into a soggy pile amid the growing pool of toilet water. I follow Gru’um as he joins the rumble already in progress in cell one.

The two thugs have the guards subdued in around fifteen seconds. I lean over the kid that was last dispatched from cell two and read his name placard. “Vesrin”. I grab his communicator and the set of key-cards dangling from a lanyard tied off at this belt.

“What is going on up there?” came a squawking voice over the communicator.

I actuate the button to reply. “It’s fine here, we’re fine here. Just...The Gran took a massive shit, clogged up the pot. It’s a...” I make wretching sounds to really sell it.

“Who is this? Identify.” The voice returns

“It’s Ves-“ I wretch again before restating. “Vesrin.”

“Oh, damn kid. Must be terrible up there.” the voice chirped back.

“It’s smells like a Tauntaun vomited up whole turds. Can you get a bucket and a mop ready for me? I’ll have to go in with the sanitation droids.” I reply, selling the indignance of youth in my portrayal of this unconscious cadet.

“Sure, kid. Sucks you’re the low man on the pole, eh? I pity you enough to do you that favor.” The voice came back.

I rejoin my accomplices, who’ve not yet finished their overly thorough assurance that the guards are unconscious. I watch for a second as they kick and punch heads of the motionless men.

“Woah, guys. Enough! Enough!” I say.

They both look up and stop their assault. We move down the stairs, clinging onto the walls to avoid being washed away with the river of water and dilute blood now pouring down the staircase. We get to the bottom just as the owner of the disembodied voice entered the chamber with a mop in hand and a repulsor bucket in tow. I level the blaster and remember what my dear friend Angelo taught me; squeeze, don’t pull the trigger. The crimson bolt strikes him in the right shoulder. Lady luck bless, I’m a poor enough shot he’ll live.

The man groans and fumbles for his radio. The Gran delivers quick downward heel kick. I watch the lights of his complex brain function go out as his eyes twist in their sockets. Shame. He won’t make it after all. We continue through the doorway that brought him into this room. On our right is a small security station, with several holo-projections of from cameras placed throughout the station. I dip in quickly while the others move forward to scope the corners ahead. Oddly, the cameras that focus on the cell block are out of order. Curious. I gather what information I can from the cycling views. My eyes dart to the garage. It won’t be long before all of Canto Bight is looking for three cop killers. I quickly lean over the console. I am no slicer, but it’s easy enough to find records in these rudimentary systems.

I type in my name. Derc Kast. Nothing. I try common aliases. Thran Occasus. Serge Fernale. Narht Sussaco. Ku Kulkan. Nothing. I type the Gran’s name. Gru’um. A criminal profile materializes. It shows the bulbous three eyed alien grinning in a mugshot. I try the Nikto. Ness. A similar dossier appears. Curious, again.

I look for a power cable. I can’t find it. I don’t have time or the interest in saving the government of this fair city the cost of a new computer console. From the age of it, looks like they could use a new one anyway. I put a blaster bolt into the workstation. It erupts with sparks and smoke. We’re moving.

“This way.” I say, joining the violent men with whom I’ve established an alliance of necessity. I cut right at the fork. I wish I could say that it was my extraordinarily sharp tactical assessment which was guiding us, but in truth it was instinct and a healthy sprinkle of luck which guided us. After a quick sprint through the labyrinthine hallways, I spotted the door to the garage which had been overwatched by one of the camera displays. I figured after the explosion from the surveillance console that the other officers on night duty would mobilize, but I did not expect Stormtrooper efficiency from them. I was wrong. I could hear the footfalls coming in force. A door to our left marked “Utility”. That will work. I palm the door actuator. It opens, relief hits me instantly. We duck inside. The door zips shut behind us.

“Freggin, great! What now Mr. Action Movie? We’re trapped in here!” the Nikto said.

“Shut it.” I reply, looking for an out.

I look around. Lady Luck has brought me another gift. Not only is this room full of volatile cleaning chemicals, there is also access to the building’s ventilation system. I step to the large metallic box and lift off the access panel. I slip the goggles over my eyes and draw the small vial of powder from my hip. I sprinkle the blinding dust directly into the circulating air system.

“Wow, boss. This is like an action movie!” the empty-headed brute of a Gran said, watching me work.

“We don’t have long before they’re all blind. We have to get to that garage and get a speeder out of here. We’ve got maybe two minutes. I’m going South-port, get the freg off this world. You boys, where you need to go?” I ask, backing away from the ventilation system.

“We can go down to Southy, no problem. We’ll need to get off world for this to cool down too.” The Nikto replied.

“Good.” I reply curtly.

I pull the goggles back and toss the vial to the ground. I go to the chemical storage rack and begin identifying those with the typical red warning triangle. It never ceases to amaze me how frequently you can just find highly flammable liquids nonchalantly lying about.

“Don’t just stand there, help me laserbrains.” I say, pouring the contents of a four-liter jug on the floor.

We proceed to empty enough of the various solvents onto the floor that our final distraction should go up quickly. We can already hear the commotion from outside the door. Looks like that powder was pungent stuff. I pull out the glowrod. I pass it to the bulky Alien.

“Smash that bulb.” I say forcefully.

In a single swift blow, the thick tube is shattered. It reveals the inner workings of the torch. I snatch it back. I rip the wires, exposing their frayed metal interiors. I pass the device to the Nikto enforcer, firmly planting the device in his chest, as a sign of my displeasure with his previous comments about my profession.

“When I say so, put the wires in the chemicals and flip the switch. Got it?” I command.

He gets the message. I go to the door and open in again. I peer out into the hallway. It is empty. The garage is only fifteen or twenty paces from here. There is another station protecting the entry way, they’ll have entry and exit logs there. I make a dash and slide into the rolling chair positioned in front of the monitors. I pull up the time logs. A few swift key strokes. Last entry, from the Garage, 23:47. I go to the camera log, and set the scroll to a minute or two before. The image shows a police speeder waiting at the garage door. The pilot speaks.

“Access Code: Krill Senth Four Six Eight Grek Niner.” The voice states.

I reverse the feed for a moment, drawing the recording device from my pocket. I toggle its small button as the video plays again. The voice is captured by the diminutive recording device. I check the logs for prisoner intake from for the last week. No mention of my name at all. Ness and Gru’um are both present. Curious. I push back the chair and put a round of energized plasma into the console. It smolders and sparks. I step to the doorway and call down to my comrades.

“NOW!” I roar

I was hoping that the cocktail of chemicals would have a more feverish reaction. The flames spat out quickly, but there was less acceleration in the combustion of their various liquid forms than what would have arisen from gaseous states of the noxious chemicals. No explosion, just flash flame. The Nikto and the Gran hurtled from the room, slightly smoldering, but still alive. I’d have to find another way to dispose of them. I wasn’t here to make friends and they were a potential liability. It wasn’t personal, but they couldn’t make it back to their worm-assed boss with any dirt on me.

“YOU COULD HAVE WARNED US, YA JAGALOON!” Ness hollered.

“I wasn’t really expecting that to work!” I called back, watching the growing flames lick the threshold of the utility chamber. “Time to go!”

We pushed through into the garage. There were several wagon type speeders and a closed-top patrol craft. We’d already made quite a scene and we’d need some major velocity to get us out of here before back up from other precincts arrived. I point to the Patrol craft. In all my years dealing with various local law enforcement agencies across the galaxy, I had picked up on a pattern of behavior. They always left their vehicles running. Lady Luck had a fondness for the smart and mischievous and she was coming up aces so far.

“You two in front.” I said, making my way into the back seat of the vehicle.

They climb aboard. The Gran took up the drivers’ seat. His copilot, the Nikto flips several toggles and the gentle hum of the repulsors pur like fathiers ready to race at the track across the city. As we approach the closed rolling door, I lean forward and pressed the yellow button on the console. The panel beeps and my finger triggers the playback on the voice recorder.

“Access Code: Krill Senth Four Six Eight Grek Niner.” It squawks

The door comes to life, revealing the well-lit streets of Cantonica’s largest city. As soon as the door offers enough clearance for the vehicle to slip through, we were zipping forward. It didn’t take any prompting from me. The criminals rejoice and hoot as we leave the now burning police station in the back ground. We’ve gone a kilometer or two, when it comes time for me to tie up loose ends. I’d been thinking about how to execute this for a moment. I’d have to be quick.

I drew the aerosol canister from my waistband and drew the pistol. I aim the barrel between the head rest and seat back, cleanly at the back of the Nikto’s head. The aerosol can remains at the ready, prepared to aid in dispatching the Gran. One. Two. Three.

In enclosed spaces, a blaster has a particular timbre to its echo. It is shrill and hurts the ears. Two shots in quick succession. The Gran driver recoiled as the sound his large ears. He turns back to see the source. The Nikto is limp. I empty the contents of the Aerosol can into the Gran’s hircine muzzle. He coughs and sputters, shrieking as the smell of citronella and chemical additives fill the small space. The brute flails, releasing the controls of the hurtling speeder. I can’t reach the controls with my hands, but I’ve been concealing the depth of my ability this whole escape. A flash in my mind’s eye ushers the yoke to the left, directing the craft towards a half wall protecting the seating area of a café. I brace for impact and a pearlescent bubble envelops me the moment before impact.

The hit still rattles me, despite the brunt of the crash being soaked up by the defenses offered up by the Force. I stagger out of the vehicle to see the Gran still squirming about in the front seat. I hobble over to the broken-out window and level the pistol again. Squeeze, not pull. Squeeze again. Squeeze once more, for good measure. He stops moving. I raise my hand, giving somatic proctoring for The Force to finish the job the light blaster could not ensure. Their skulls are caved in. Job done. No survivors, no stories.

I look around for a moment. Which way is south? My eyes catch an urchin boy, who’d seen everything. I approach him and he recoils. I tuck the blaster back into my waistband.

“Hey kid...which way is South-port?” I ask.

He points. I nod and turn that direction. I pause for a moment before turning back. I reach into my pockets and I pull out the remaining contents. The boy looks at them, his eyes dart back and forth between the leather pouch and the action figure.

“Pick one” I say, thumbing the back of action figure to activate its lifelike karate chopping motion.

He grabs the toy eagerly.

“I didn’t see nuffin” He replies.

“There’s a good lad” I say before turning away and staggering off into the night.

I pull the hood of the cape up to cast shade over my face as I pass from shadow to shadow between street lamps. My journey is mostly uneventful as I make my way to the spaceport. I hear the occasional siren scream past towards the direction from which I had come, but I stay on path. Security at the spaceport gate gives me hassle over lack of identification, but when I pull back the hood the wide-eyed girl at counter let me through immediately. Another of the perks of celebrity, your face is official enough identification.

I thumb at the etched metal note left for me with the kit. I read it again.

“Q will be waiting” I say aloud.

As I check the landing pads, a vessel catches my eye. It’s a ragged old YT-2400. I’d chartered a ride back to Scholae Palatinae space on such a vessel after the curious events on Dandoran. Could Lady Luck be cuddling up to me again?

I step towards the vessel. I can already see the waving of a tri-digited hand. Attached to that hand, via the arm and torso, was a familiar piscine face. It was the first mate of that very same vessel. His name was Quish. Good man, even with his fishy scent I wouldn’t call it a stretch to call him friend. He greets me with excitement and explains that they have been waiting for some time. They were just getting ready to shove off. I pass him the blaster. I instruct him to put it out an airlock once we’re in transit. He nods in acknowledgement. That’s one thing I like about back water short haulers; No questions asked.

The fishman leads me into the ship and informs the captain. I take to my quarters. Thank freg, there is an actual mattress on the berth. The freighter slips off world free of any accosting. I sleep the first ten hours of our trip. They wake me for lunch and a friendly game with chance cubes. I pull little leather pouch of dice that I’d been lugging around all night from my pocket.

They take me for two grand. It’s only fair. Lady Luck has an impeccable sense of humor when it comes to when she chooses to abandon her petitioners. I can settle for a loss at the gaming table, I’d had enough luck the night before. I lean back and watch as the game drags on, silently contemplating how I’d arrived in this place. Why were there no records of my intake? Who was this friend that had orchestrated this escape? If they could get into the jail, why didn’t they just walk out with me in tow? Most of the items seemed mundane enough, they were likely pilfered from evidence lockers. But the Action figure, why? Someone was playing games with me, testing my mettle. Curious. Curious, indeed.

Warlord Thran Occasus-Palpatine (Sith) / [House Caliburnus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/caliburnus-878d2ed5-e2e7-42cc-9a9f-089ab075a004) of [Clan Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/scholae-palatinae) [SA: VII] [SYN: III] [GMRG: VII] [INQ: X]

SBx2 / GCx3 / SCx5 / ACx4 / DCx7 / GNx6 / SNx5 / BNx5 / Cr:6D-7R-8A-15S-21E-10T-10Q / PoBx3 / CFx422 / CIx151 / CEx198 / CGx23 / SI / LSx10 / SoLx4 / S:5Al-3D-1Do-4Dk-7Rm-8P-17U-5B-18Dec-17Aff-3Cr-14En

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - DPCM - DPCP - DPE - SVHL}

[Legacy of Palpatine](https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Legacy_of_Palpatine)