[Pro Bowl V: Week Two] Inspiration

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Words to Live By

The team stood in ragged ranks, enjoying the relative quiet of the tunnel. The shadows were long and deep around them, as the entrance of the tunnel was so bright as to be impossible to see any details beyond. They could smell the decorative explosives which had been set off earlier in the day by the fans who were probably already drunk. The two sides were chanting team songs at each other, and not for the first time did the team appreciate the fact that their fans were separated from those of the Rotworms.

The four Frog Dog Captains stood off to one side, conversing in quiet tones. They looked worried. The Frog Dogs had been on the back foot for the first round, though the scores had been very close. The judges still hadn’t finished their tallies and assessments of the previous round, which was likely the main concern for the entire Frog Dog team.

Archangel turned to Xantros, and gently clapped the Duros on the arm. Xantros gave the huge Sith a lipless grin, trying to shrug off his nervousness. A few of the Plagueis members were milling about, fidgeting with their uniforms, and looking up the tunnel with apprehension. Sanguinius turned from the other captains, and rolled his bionic shoulder, eliciting quiet servo whines.

“Alright, Frog Dogs, it’s time for the second phase,” he said, spreading his arms wide as if to envelop them all, “And we have a lot of catching up to do.”

His face suddenly became stern, looking from person to person. Slowly the Frog Dogs gave him their attention, turning away from their groups and watching the handsome man as he stood before them. His words had caused a few frowns to form, not necessarily of disagreement. There was a lot of work to do to make up for their first round, and they all knew it.

“I imagine,” Sanguinius continued, closing his eyes for a long moment before casting them down the tunnel, “That the Worms are feeling pretty cocky right about now. They think that they have this in the bag. They believe that we are going to roll over and play dead, like a sad pack of puppies. I am willing to bet 100 credits that Thran is over there right now, peacocking away like only he can, making fun of us and our gameplan”

Some of the Frog Dogs let out little chuckles. The Palatinae in the crowd knew all too well that Thran was prone to posturing and gloating in the face of a potential victory. They’d seen it before, on the battlefield. But now he was the enemy, the opponent, and victory here would be a matter of honor. They would also not hear the end of it.

“Now we need to prove them wrong. We are not a pack of puppies, destined for the pound. We are war dogs, angry, fierce, and unrelenting. When you get tired, fight on. When you get injured, soldier through it. If all hope is lost, and you feel like you have given you all, give me another ten percent. You are warriors of the Dark Brotherhood, you have fought on battlefields the length and breadth of our space. Now, you fight for honor. You fight for yourself. You fight… for the Frog Dogs!”

As Sanguinius yelled the last part, the Frog Dogs roared in response. The spirits, previously dampened and destitute, were now exploding out of them with rapturous fury. Suddenly, the shadows weren’t so long, the bright lights of the stadium not as daunting, and the jeers from the crowd had become battle hymns. Sanguiniusturned to the other captains and winked roguishly at them.

A little Battle Meditation didn’t hurt anyone. Well, except whoever got in Archangel’s way.