

Ewokalypse

Mauro Wynter looked in the mirror and was aghast to see his reflection depicted a meter tall Ewok wearing a Grand Admiral's distinct white uniform bedazzled with medals and rank insignia. He also had a curiously large backpack kited out with assorted demolition gear and heavy explosives. Clearly, something was not right as he looked around and saw the angry faces of his clan-mates. They had began to fan out to set up a defensive perimeter around him and seemed to be taking attack stances to incapacitate him. Clearly, Wynter needed time and distance to figure out what was happening and what could be done. Reaching into his backpack he found a thermal detonator which he quickly thumbed on and held at the ready as the circle retreated and gave him some space to run.

And run he did, as fast as his furry tiny legs would carry him. He knew he had only seconds to gain some distance as his taller assailants would make swift work of closing the distance and apprehending him. He tossed the thermal detonator behind him to sow chaos and carnage. The detonator exploded with ringing debris and concussive force. He continued to run hoping to make it towards an airlock where he could sneak his tiny body inside. He hoped to make it to the auxiliary hanger in order to escape – for who would imagine an Ewok knew how to operate a fighter craft?

He made it to the airlock and used a vibrodagger to pry the bars loose as he scurried inside. He knew the layout of the compound like the back of his hand – and he knew how to get to the hanger bay. He had a second thought of going to his quarters but knew that was likely the first location members of the clan would be staking out a guard for him. Being a meter tall truly did help in getting through the tiny airlock. But, if he knew this was the easiest egress it was likely his clan mates were following below.

Mauro made the long trek to the hanger bay from the airlock but he was rapidly tiring – such a long journey with such tiny legs took a great toll on the furry creatures physical frame. Heavily out of breathe and wheezing the again used the vibrodagger to pry open the bars. Luckily he had a thermal imploder and a remote detonator. He left the thermal imploder behind the bars and propped them back up – hoping to lead the clan mates to believe he was still inside the airlock. He also found a BB-8 droid and a droid caller. He left the droid at the entrance of the airlock and programmed it to move back and forth.

Finally, seeing that the path was clear he ran for the nearest craft and scurried into the cockpit and waited. He knew it would only take seconds. As if on cue a team of his clanmates neared the airlock with trained blasters. He did not want them to be injured so while there was still enough distance he flicked the remote detonator. The explosion forced the clanmates to hit the deck as Wynter's furry hands ignited the throttle and he took off.