

With the blackouts occurring all over the planet, folks needed a temporary solution to their power woes. Arcona was rife with technical savvy, and Mex was one of those that could help alleviate the pressure while problems were ongoing. Due to how thinly spread they were across the planet, Mex wasn't with their mentor Zig - instead they needed to find a solution by themselves. Arriving alone, Mex was instantly hard at work, they wouldn't be able to completely restore the grid but maybe they could work out a temporary solution with the limited resources presented to them.

What they needed now more than ever was a solution that didn't rely purely on the grid, and didn't require fuel they did not have time to procure. Mex knew just how to lend their own expertise. Having grown up as a nymph on Tatooine, they knew junk - and they knew how to make it work. Going to the nearest junkyard, Mex took every piece of scrap metal, partially drained power cell, motors, batteries you name it, the bug took it down to their little workshop just outside with only a moderate amount of stares from the local populace.

It was crude, but using a motor, some power cells for cycling and a battery for storing, you could turn a crank pump into a mobile battery for use for small tools like radios and flashlights, get enough and you've got yourself power tools. Get enough of that and you could work on more complex solutions - it was a real domino effect. Little steps as always, and Mex was more than happy to share in a time like this - during strife one must work together to overcome.

Distribution was simple enough, put up some signs and you didn't even need to be good with people, even with language barriers, a quick demonstration was all that was needed to see smiles and hope. There Mex worked tirelessly, building jury-rigged batteries for the local population to take and use at their discretion. Some of the people were so appreciative of the Verpine's work they even cooked up some home made meals, which the Verpine was quick to take them up on.

It became a routine for a few days, waking up, scavenging, building, distributing, sleeping and repeating. And Mex even saw some regulars that helped with the distribution, they even received a hug one day. Eventually the traffic started to slow down, and one day just stopped. Mex had done all they could for this area, most people who were interested in a portable solution for power had it. All they could hope was that they made a difference that could ripple out into waves.

Finally, seeing a day where nothing was taken, Mex was satisfied with their work. Packing up their station one last time, the Verpine left the last couple manually operated junk-generators behind as a final token of assistance. Things were still dire, and there was still a lot that needed to be done. But they'd done their small part and they knew based on the kindness that was shown to them that others would do the same.