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A Fury Little Thing Called Love

“Ah, Fark!” Raistline Taldrya Majere cried out in surprise as another small, fury paw ran across his wounded foot. The ewok’s claw dug into the gray Jedi’s torn boot; the boot was already mauled by numerous other clawed paws. Reacting instinctively, he smacked the ewok off of him with the back of his gloved right hand. The Royal Guard shock gloves activated on contact and sent the short creature screaming and scurrying off.

As if reacting to the commotion there was a loud groan of metal grinding against metal. The groan echoed in Raistline’s ears as he let his own groan of annoyance escape his mouth. As the dozen ewok’s around him paused in the maze of metal corridors, they watched together as yet another trap emerged from the slave-pens walls. A mounted Z-6 wall cannon slid from a floor panel. Before the cannon opened fire it exploded into flames, overcharged from a burst of electricity from the Augur’s fingertips.

A cheer rang out from the ewoks as they ran up patting Raistline’s cloak. He pushed them away in bitter annoyance. This was by far the worst mission he had been on in a long time.

To deter the chances of conflict from arising between Clans Scholae Palatinae and Taldryan, the Quaestor of House Thanatos volunteered his services to be an ambassador of Taldryan. Through diplomatic talks he hoped to prevent violence between the clans. But shortly after his arrival he found himself coming from a drugged sleep, surrounded in by prisoned ewoks in some sort of slave pens. The Taldrya was pissed. Scholae Palatinae didn't want him dead, just as long as he would not be publicly seen in peace talks and could be used as a political prisoner at a later time.

"Chiba chiba sohpa?" the gray ewok Raistline nicknamed Bright Eyes said, slamming one clawed fist into another. *(Hide and then come out chopping heads?)*

"Yeah, we should charge our way out of here if we get a chance," Raistline muttered, getting a feel for how messed up his boots were.

"Fraza koonatzgah!" Bright Eyes cried earnestly, trying to make the deepest contact with the Gray Jedi's eyes. *(I understand basic.)*

"I'm not gonna die with these primitive, ignorant rodents!" Raistline told himself defiantly, refusing to give this thing any rations he kept hidden in his robes. Obviously Bright Eyes was begging him for food. "How hard could it be to get myself and my small army out of here."

Bright Eyes' shoulders dropped in resignation as Raistline stepped past him, the rest of the ewoks slowly following. Shrugging, he started after the group.

The purple blade returned to its hilt as the circular slab of metal fell before the force user. Not turning back to see if the eleven ewoks followed, Raistline stepped through the new hole into the corridor beyond. As a leader of his new, tired army he did not want them to know how hopelessly lost they were. "*Freepalapala*" he could hear them saying to him in praise. (*Are we there yet?*)

Raistline couldn't let his new friends lose any faith in him. His foot ached and was beginning to swell. He wondered if he was allergic to something on their claws or their dandruff. Soon he would have to address the matter, but knew time was of the essence. Healing his foot would take precious time and energy.

The feeling of someone else's thoughts brought Raistline out of his reverie. He looked at the five ewoks around him. Their losses had been heavy, a burden he would carry, but would learn to live with. Their sacrifice for Taldrya was incredible. He wondered if the ewok songs they carried to their clansmen would include the two casualties in the elevator he did not know was broken. No one was perfect after all.

Throwing up a hand, Raistline called his small army to a halt. Up ahead, two guards carrying the Scholae Palatinae symbol upon their chest patrolled the walkway. Eying up how poorly the guards held their E-11's, Raistline smugly thought how easily they would be taken down. Quietly, he unfastened his cloak to move freer, and assumed the Soresu pose, pulling his lightsaber from his belt. As he raised the hilt before himself something struck behind his rear knee. Something else struck his back thigh. Small palls struck at him.

"Fraza koonatzgah!" Bright Eyes screamed as the guards ran towards the fallen Jedi, who scrambled to fight the paws that pulled him down from behind. *"Ringa data moshvee Jeedi Yub Nub."* (*I speak basic. We offer to trade the Jedi for freedom.*)

"I'm sure Nighthunter will have no problems with that!" The guards laughed as they shot the suprised Taldryan with stun blasts. His last thoughts as he fell to bliss was that his soldiers had failed to stop him from engaging, knowing of the trap he walked into.

"Coatee-cha tu yub nub!" He could hear them cry in despair for him over and over as he fell to unconsciousness. (*Celebrate the freedom.*)

Raistline Taldrya Majere