

AGAINST ALL ODDS - MEYRATH RIZARA

Of cargo ships and Bantha burgers

Snapshot: [Meyrath](#)

Space was... pretty. All those intermingling colours and lights reminded him of this dance club he went to once on Coruscant. Pretty twi'leks and prettier bottles of booze with the lights cascading down like a strobe light from the Gods, he only experienced it once, but it was once enough that he already missed it.

The explosions outside reminded him of those lights. Pretty yellows and reds and oranges, glowing and bathed in the light of stars. He could lay here forever and watch.

Of course, there was this annoying noise trying to draw him out of his awe. This chitter of a bug in his left ear. Weakly, he reached up to swat it away, but the thing went ahead and blocked his vision.

There was more chittering.

Meyrath blinked slowly, his eyes trying to focus on this... *insect* hovering overtop of him like an ugly angel.

And when did he even lay down?

“*Frkoff*,” he slurred, trying to swat the bug away again.

That annoying chittering slowly formed into something more discernible, as did the pain in his head and the ringing in his ears

“...th!”

“...ey...th!”

...

“Hi Meyrath! Wake up! We are being boarded!”

He groaned, but the bug persisted. Two chitinous hands wrapped around his biceps and gave him a good shake. It did wonders for that sharp pain making itself known in the back of his head.

“Meyrath wake up wake up wake up!”

“Ughhgodd, for the love of all that is holy, Mex... *What?*”

“WE ARE BEING BOARDED!”

His eyes cracked open again, though he didn't even realize he had closed them. Two red compound eyes stared back about an inch away from his nose, and he quickly shoved out a hand to try and get the critter off of him.

Fragments of the last hour were slowly coming back, accompanied by a ringing in his ears. He and Mex had been trying to create a barbecue in the cargo area after being banished from the kitchens by the platform's cook. An *actual* cook, as the guy had so proclaimed to be. *As if.*

It was going so well too. They had been roasting bantha patties overtop the engine and then... black.

He wasn't quite sure what happened next, but judging by his position on the ground and that throbbing pain in the back of his skull, it was safe to assume he smacked his head at some point. He reached up and prodded near his back horns, unsurprised when his hand came back slick with blood. “Owww...”

“Mortis's Children have boarded the ship!” Mex hissed to him, cautiously looking around. “Also our bantha patties have burned.”

Meyrath groaned again, rolling over onto his side to get a look at the damage done in the bay. “Do *not* mention the patties, I will puke on you.”

“Okay, I will not mention the burned bantha patties.”

Another groan.

He could see those Mortis idiots in the distance, but luckily they seemed preoccupied with something else. They were far enough away that the smoke should obscure them from any prying eyes.

Also the cargo bay was on fire.

“We should probably go,” Meyrath said, hauling himself up and staggering into the wall when the world did a full 360. “Ohhhh kriff that didn't feel good.”

“We can use the cargo ship to escape,” Mex said.

Meyrath looked around, squinting at the brightness of the fire. “Which one?”

“The one we cooked the bantha patties on.”

His stomach did a flip, and about two seconds later the Zabrak was keeled over part of a railing to dryly retch. “What,” he said between coughs, “*what* did I say... about the patties?”

“You said - do not mention the burned bantha patties.”

“And what did you do?”

“I mentioned the burned bantha patties.”

“Ughhh let's just get out of here.”

Quickly and quietly, they managed to make it aboard the cargo ship without anyone spotting them. It was a medium sized hauler, good for maybe six passengers and some cargo containers. While it had sustained some damage in the explosion, it did have an escape pod available on the off-chance they also caught on fire as the rest of the orbital platform had.

“Do you know how to fly a ship?” Meyrath asked when he had all but fallen into the co-pilot’s seat. Mex, having taken the pilot’s chair, slowly shook their head.

“Do you think you can learn on the job?” Meyrath asked again.

Mex considered it for a moment. “I can operate a speeder bike.”

The Zabrak nodded hesitantly. “Ooo-kay?”

“And I can operate a jetpack.”

“Riiight...?”

“And a cargo is just a really big speeder bike. That can fly... In space.”

There was a pause.

“Alright, yeah kriff it, that’s better than I can do. Let’s get the hell out of here.”

The Verpine pressed some buttons, and after a few slightly worrying clunking noises coming from the engine compartment, the thing began to take off. Sure, they may have bumped into a wall or three on their way out of the hangar, but the place was already on fire, it’s not like anyone was going to notice.

And then, they were free!

“Hah! Yes!” Meyrath pumped a fist into the air and regretted the movement almost instantly.

And, it only went downhill from there. Ahead of them, a massive ship loomed, and even from where they were, they could see from its hangar what looked to be crystalline meteors dropping to the planet below. The Zabrak sank back into his chair.

“Oh, don’t tell me that’s the reinforcement ship we’re looking at.”

“Okay, I will not tell you.”

Meyrath glared at Mex. The bug stared back, unblinking. “Okay, that appears to be Mortis’s Children’s reinforcement ship.”

“Of course...Of course it is. Well, looks like it’s up to us to save the world, huh Mex?”

“That ship is likely one of many, the Mortis Children have-”

The Zabrak cut them off. “Shh. Sh. It’s all up to us, Mex. The fate of Selen lies in our hands.”

...

“Okay Meyrath.”

“Does this thing have any guns? Can we shoot them down or something?” Meyrath turned to the control panel, suddenly interested.

The Verpine shook their head. “No. This is a cargo vessel. Its only feature is that of a large cargo area and one escape pod.”

There was a pause. Both occupants of the ship slowly turned towards one another.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Meyrath said.

“...No.”

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It turned out that, even though a cargo ship didn't have projectile weapons, it could certainly be used as one. An autopilot course charted directly for the hangar of an enemy ship added with a dose of full throttle and a hacked nav system resulted in a rather spectacular explosion.

Luckily, the cargo ship’s occupants were safely tucked away in a small pod slowly drifting towards an allied vessel.

“So long, Cargo-Hauler-Four. You were a good ship, and an even better bomb.” Meyrath waved to the distant explosion, giving a half-hearted salute.

“We saved Selen.” Mex said. “Do you think Kathka will promote us?”

“Oh, I’m *counting* on it.”