

Aru was dashing towards enemy lines with Liza, his Varactyl. She was going full speed, ignoring any runt that came her way, swiftly dodging every attack.

"I bet the Rum is inside that big tower." Aru thought, seeing a big defence tower, surrounded by crystalline monsters.

He prompted Liza to go in that direction.

"Yargh! Yargh! Let's get this war over with! Once I have my Rum, those karkers can return home empty handed and we'll party like GODS!"

Liza clicked and whistled an echoey response to Aru's warcry, as if she too was longing for some Rum.

As he arrived, the first line of enemies proved no challenge to his alcohol fed rage. Liza knocked two foes down and Aru sliced the head on another clean off.

"Strange. I was told they were stronger than this. Oh well."

They kept advancing towards the tower. The enemies were now firing blaster bolts at him.

But they were messing with the wrong foe.

"Please. I watched episode III countless times! I'm a full master of Soresu, using the moves of the infamous Obi-Juan Kanabbis! A measly volley of blaster bolts is nothing against me."

Aru waved his blade like it was an out of control fan, going crazy. All the bolts were being deflected back at their senders, with 100% accurate precision, piercing every single one in the centre of the head. His kill count was going up like bonkers.

Finally at the tower, Aru was stopped by a big foe, at the door. He was holding two logs as weapons and had a face so ugly a Rancor would seem pretty besides him.

"Did your mom let you fall on the ground when you were a baby?"

There was no response, only a guttural scream and a frenzied rage charge.

"Roll initiative!" Aru yelled.

Liza dodged to the right and went around the enormous foe, leaving his back wide open for Aru to slice. Which he did.

Bit by bit, Aru turned the big foe into minced meat with some crystal chunks for munchies. Liza took a taste of the treat and immediately spat it out. That man was nasty even for a lizard who eats almost everything.

The entrance to the tower was clear. Aru left Liza behind, for she was too large to fit inside.

The power was on emergency mode, to make it harder for him to reach the upper levels, so he took the stairs.

When he finally reached the top, there was a large control room. Inside, several brutes covered in crystals were going to town with some bottles. Rum bottles!

“Oh no you didn’t!” Aru charged blindly forth.

The Jedi mustered all his strength and channelled the Force to push his foes away from the stache of sweet brown Rum.

Then, placing himself between his prize and his foes, Aru took them down one by one. Revenge for every bottle of Rum they had wasted on their pitiful bellies and not his.

After the carnage was over, Law laid back and covered himself with all the bottles he could.

“My War is over,” he said. And started drinking.