

Kamjin strolled into the Master-At-Arms office and, despite never having been in this particular office before, immediately felt at home. The modest sized room was filled from floor to ceiling with folders of papers, datapads, filing cabinets, and the odd assortment of awards waiting to be shipped out and delivered to their recipients.

"Hello?" Kamjin called out tentatively. The sound of a crashing pile of papers answered him as Mune scrambled around a teetering pillar.

"Hi Kam, I'm glad you were able to make it down here," Mune said. Kamjin casually plucked a piece of paper that was stuck to the Shistavanen fur and let it flutter to the ground. "Oh, thanks. That happens more than you'd think." Kamjin looked at the tangled fur and thought it happened quite a bit.

"Is Howie in? I got an urgent request from Dacien to meet with him," Kamjin said, glancing around the office.

"Oh ya, he's in the back," Mune said, waving Kamjin deeper into the paper jungle. Kamjin, recalling his own brief tenure as MAA tried his best to step lightly through the weaving paper maze but was fairly certain that someone's promotion request got stamped with his footprint. Located deep within the cavernous recesses of the office sat Howie behind an impressive desk. *I bet the Bureau Bandits couldn't steal that desk*, Kamjin thought to himself with envy.

Howie, was a nondescript man. People often referred to him as an ursa. Kamjin didn't see it but, in all these decades, he never thought much about Howie's appearance. "Hello, Howie," Kamjin said, offering his hand in greeting.

"Denied!" Howie screamed, slamming his stamp down angrily on an innocent piece of paper. "Oh, hello Kamjin, what are you doing here? Didn't your time as my guard end?"

"Yes, just did. I left a stack of pies in front for you."

"Excellent," Howie said, shuffling through the next pile and beginning to stamp them.

"Dacien said you needed to see me," Kamjin offered by way of jogging his memory. Howie stopped stamping and looked up slowly.

"Mune, go take an early dinner," Howie said, his eyes narrowing on Kamjin. Mune, never one to pass up a break, grabbed his hat and hightailed it out of the office. "Look, here's the situation. Our spies within the Children of Mortis have gone silent and Evant has tasked me with infiltrating their facilities. They're not exactly being secretive about where they are but I haven't done this type of field work in," Howie motioned around the cave of paper and datapads. Kamjin took the hint.

"Alright, I've got a plan but...look, you're going to have to trust me on this one," Kamjin said, with a smirk.

"Why are you saying it that way?" Howie's eyes flashed with panic.

"Damn it, Kamjin, this isn't going to work," Howie moaned.

"Shut up, I told you it would work and it's going to work. You have to remember you're not supposed to talk," Kamjin said, as he activated the door buzzer on the massive hangar door that was hiding the Children of Mortis's operation. Either they were cocky or foolish but they opened the door to greet them. Kamjin twirled off his top hat with a flare. Spinning around the tails of his ruby red sparkling tux jacket blinded the guard as he caught the hat on his gem topped cane. "Greetings gentlemen, I am the magnificent, melodramatic, megalomaniac

Maverick and his performing bear!" Kamjin gestured towards Howie, who was crammed inside a massive, animatronic, white and black bear suit. Howie sighed as a piece of him died while he operated the internal controls and the bear suit sat back on its haunches and took a bow.

"You clearly have the wrong place," the guard gruffed as he went to close the door.

"No, no, I assure you we have the right place. We're here to cheer up Saira regarding her pregnancy. It says here that Avitus Oligard ordered it to ensure a positive mental health," Kamjin said, offering a scrawled piece of paper to the guard. The guard read it over, his browl furling.

"I'm going to need to clear this," he said and again went to close the hangar door.

"Hey, do you mind, it looks like it's going to rain out here and if you've never smelled wet bear fur," Maverick the Melodramatic made a foul gesture with his nose. The guard glanced at Howie. Howie was glad he was completely enclosed in the suit so the man didn't see his face contort in shame that an elder member of the Brotherhood was basically a glorified puppet to this buffoon of a Consul. "Look, help me out buddy and I'll let you ride the bear later," Kamjin gave a wink of his twinkling eye as he pressed the point.

The guard's eyes glazed over, "Ya, for a ride...that'd be okay." He gestured for them to enter into the hangar.

"There's a good chap," Maverick the Melodramatic said, returning to character. With a twirl of his cane the hat flew back up onto his head. As he tucked the cane under his armpit he snapped for Howie to follow him in.

"I'm still going to need to clear this with the boss," the guard said, regaining some of his composure.

"Oh, definitely, not a problem at all. Look, is there someplace we can rest? I don't want to spoil the show by people just casually coming up upon us," Maverick the Melodramatic said. Howie pressed the button inside the suit and the bear let out a growl. So far things were going according to plan and that really made him hate Kamjin all the more. He could see in the small visual displays that roughly made up where the eyes were within the suit that Kamjin was giving him the gesture.

"This is the absolutely, dumbest, plan I've ever executed in all my life," Howie muttered as he pulled the lever. The bear suit rumbled. Outside the guard turned and looked at the bear, his eyes going wide with fear.

"No, no, not here," Maverick the Melodramatic said, turning and partially blocking the view of the guard. The white and black bear lifted a leg and defecated on the hangar floor right outside the holding room they were being ushered towards. "Howie, how could you. Bad bear, bad," Maverick the Melodramatic said, making a play at thrashing the bear with his cane. "You cannot do that here. You're better than this."

Howie sighed, he was better than this. Yet here he was. "Look, my good guard...man...person," Maverick the Melodramatic started. "I'm so sorry for that. If you get some basic solvent it'll take it right up. But, give it a minute to harden otherwise it'll just ooze everywhere. Now then, is this the place we're to wait? Very good, come on Howie," Maverick the Melodramatic ushered Howie into the room. He smirked at the guard, the plan was going exactly as it should.

The guard closed the door behind the two most eccentric people he had ever met. Which was saying something given all the pageantry here with the Father and the expectant mother. He looked down at the pile of crap and decided that was best handled by someone else and left to inform his boss that she would need to screen these new arrivals.

If the guard had been a bit more attentive he would have noticed that the pile of crap had started to separate into two piles. In fact, the two piles were uncurling themselves into two tiny humanoid shapes. The little poop soldiers were Meepoo and Meeskat, Zilkin infiltrators hired by Kamjin for just such an occasion. The tiny creatures disentangled themselves from their exit device, confirmed that no one had noticed them, and signaled to Kamjin they were clear to proceed.

Silently they ran towards the ventilation shafts. No one prepares defenses for 0.33 meter tall walking shits and Kamjin's plan took advantage of this. Their tiny plasma torches quickly cut through the screws and allowed them access to the shaft. Trading out for their ascension guns they quickly scaled the vent. Their tiny scanners pinged that they were near the electronic cables. Their tiny feet made barely a noise in the metal shaft. The scanner let loose a hardly noticeable ping. Meepoo returned the scanner and pointed to the wall. Meeskat pulled back out his plasma torch and cut a hole into the shaft. Meepoo pulled out a metal spike and jabbed it through the plastic covering of the wires, Meepoo affixed a cable to the spike while Meeskat setup the tiny transmitter.

In a matter of moments it was done. Meepoo signaled to Kamjin they were ready for extraction.

"I don't care what you've been told. We were hired to do a job. Do you know how much it costs to feed a bear of this size?" Maverick the Melodramatic screamed, thumping the mechanical bear suit. The insides echoed as Howie covered his ears. *Geez, Kam, go easy on the suit*, Howie thought as he braced himself.

"Sir," the woman said, sarcasm dripping in her tone. "I assure you that this has been a mistake."

"And I keep telling you to get Avitus Oligard down here and he'll confirm it himself," Maverick the Melodramatic jabbed his walking cane into the chest of the female guard boss. She slapped it away, seething.

"You ill mannered crumb-bum. I have never been treated so poorly by the entertainment!" She screeched. Howie dug his fingers into his ears. They had been going at it for minutes. A green light blinked on his display board. Finally, the signal he had been waiting for. His fingers danced over the board as he pulled back on two of the levers. The bear suit roared as he lunged at the guard boss.

She screamed in panic as she leapt away from the beast. "That's it! You are both out of here, now. Get out of here now!"

"Fine, but this is the last time you'll ever see Maverick the Melodramatic! I'll be filing a formal complaint with the Entertainment Guild. You won't see so much as a balloon at an office party for this outrage!" Maverick the Melodramatic grandstanded as he allowed himself to be swept out of the room. Howie followed suit, taking a moment to rub the suit against the vent grate to hide any evidence of their tampering.

The guard boss followed behind and, seeing the dangling pieces of crap on the bears behind, thought to herself that never seeing these two again was a blessing.

Kamjin tossed his hat onto the copilot seat of the shuttle. Meepoo and Meeskat had stripped their suits down and had tied them off around their waste. Both were enjoying a tiny cup of stim while Howie extracted himself from the bear suit.

“Are we good?” Howie asked.

Kamjin flipped a switch on the cockpit control board as the sounds of a woman screaming played over the intercom. “It’s only been thre..three weeks!” the woman screeched in pain.

“Ya, we’re good,” Kamjin said, turning off the intercom as he slid into the pilot’s seat to take them back home