

Probowl VI
Week 3 Fiction

By Tuuka Vurr

Destruction from the mayhem had turned the Canto Casino into a warzone. The main elevator bank a smoking ruin that compromised the structural integrity of the building. Bodies of innocent patrons and rebellious Plaguians littered the gaming floor, gaming chips of all denominations strewn about as if they ceased to hold any value. Canto Bight emergency personnel scrambled to aid the wounded with most of them out of their depth to stabilize and treat such grievous injuries without a nearby field hospital. Some police officers were outside the hotel retrieving statements from gamblers and staff that were fortunate enough to only suffer superficial wounds.

“I know this is all very unsettling,” one of sergeant’s said, “but if you could start from the beginning I’d be very grateful.”

The human woman managed to stifle her sobbing for a moment with the soothing help of the officer. Scrapes covered her forearms and tattered her formerly white dress, her blonde hair disheveled and running mascara stained her ashen face.

“Well, I was at the craps table, this gorgeous man was on quite the winning streak when I overheard the orange painted Mandalorian say something about shooting her.” She paused for a moment to sniffle, causing the snot running out of her nose to suck back up into her head. “Before I knew it all hell broke loose, men drew their weapons and began shooting at some elegantly dressed woman. Her purple laser sword deflected many of the shots and it seemed the black armored soldiers came out of the crowd to defend her. She waved a hand and her assailants turned and began to fire into the crowd.” Her sobbing continued.

“Now now, I know what you saw was horrible,” the officer continued to sooth her as he said. “It’s over now. But I need your help identifying these terrorists.”

She nodded in understanding as she composed herself again. “I tried to duck for cover and that’s when I heard a series of explosions behind me, near the elevators. I tripped and fell, then was picked by someone. When I looked up to see who it was, it was another Mandalorian with black and red armor.” She recalled the series of events to her mind. “‘Stay down’, his mechanized voice said. Then he overturned the craps table I was standing by to shield me.”

The officer looked puzzled. “I haven’t heard about him yet. Did you happen to catch his name? What did he do?” He questioned as he pulled a notepad out of his breast pocket and scribbled notes into it, waiting for her to continue.

“Well, two other Mandalorians appeared from the chaos and I overheard them calling him ‘Tuuka’. I’m not sure if it was his name or a nickname. He drew both of his pistols and

unleashed a terrible salvo at the woman with the purple sword. She stopped the barrage with an invisible force field, I'm not sure what kind of technology it was but she seemed to be able to control it with her mind. I peaked over the table, frozen in terror and that's when she waved her hand again. My Mandalorian heroes paused, as if something had come over them. The terror had become an absolute nightmare when they also turned to fire into the crowd. They were armed to the teeth and used everything at their disposal to wreak as much death and destruction as they could. Tuuka turned his wrist over and fired a rocket from his gauntlet. He pulled various grenades from his bandolier and threw them. Three more explosions thudded in my chest from them going off. The Mandalorian next to me propped his rifle over the table to steady the weapon and tore into the fleeing crowd. I can still feel the warmth on my face from the exhaust, I had to cover my ears because it was so loud."

Her face dropped as she gathered herself once again, sniffing the mucus that refused to stay in her sinus cavity. "When the firing stopped I uncovered my ears and looked back up. They were gone. They used their jetpacks to launch themselves over the bodies and what remained of the crowd to delve deeper into the chaos. And as quickly as it started, it seemed to be over. Or at least they had moved to continue killing and fighting in another part of the casino. My heroes, turned villains, were gone. I waited for it to get quiet and ran as fast as I could to the exit." Her tears could be contained no longer as she wept uncontrollably.

"There now, Ms. Seinar, you did wonderfully. We have a makeshift infirmary nearby that will be able to bandage you up and get you accommodations. Let me show you the way." He said as he placed his hand on the small of her back and escorted her away from one of the worst days of her life.