

Note: This scene is based on the now-archived Taldryan Run-On from GJW XIV. Since it was one of Appius' proudest moments in a run-on, and genuinely both funny and perfectly embodying his character, I figured I'd resurrect it here for posterity.

Iron Legion Headquarters, Arx

39 ABY

The mood inside the emergency command centre was tense, sombre, even a little anxious. The Iron Legion forces had been none too pleased that they had been caught off-guard, even less so that they'd had to rely on the Clans for help, and were positively annoyed that this boisterous Mandalorian Jedi in bright red armour had been appointed their temporary commander.

They were in no position to complain, though. After all, beggars could hardly be choosers.

So, the lackadaisical Iron Legion forces hid their resigned sighs and got on with their jobs, while Savant Appius Wight—or “Commander”, as they called him—paced furiously around the room, as though building a pent-up rage to unleash on the Collective invaders.

If only they could hear his inner monologue.

Right, that's perfect, Appius thought, slamming his fist against his open palm. *All I have to do is leap over the balcony and deliver my famous line, and they'll all run away in fear!*

“Commander, the Collective forces are on scan.” Colonel Bodalla's report brought the Mandalorian Jedi out of his reverie. “Regiment-strength formation, primarily infantry with two artillery batteries in support. Intel says it's those Scargill bastards again,” the officer growled.

Appius clapped his hands together in anticipation. “Well, we'll give them what for for attacking the Caelus System, won't we? How are the rest of our forces getting on?”

“The hostile armour battalions have been neutralised, but the artillery batteries are still providing cover for their advance—”

Bodalla and Appius both staggered as the ground shook beneath them, thanks to a barrage of kiloton-yield plasma shells striking the shields around the Legion's headquarters. The defences had held so far, but they were just as effective at blocking the Iron Legion's return fire, leaving the fortress something of a turtle hiding inside its shell.

“—and we expect their sappers to arrive any minute,” Bodarra finished, as soon as the noise had died down enough to hear him.

“Splendid. Collapse the tunnels behind them like Erinyes ordered, and I'll meet them at the top of the inner fortifications.”

Bodalla's expression seemed carved from stone. “Alone, Commander?”

“There can't be that many of them without reinforcements, right? The burden will be on me not to destroy all the cyborgs until you arrive.” The Ektrosis Quaestor grinned beneath his helmet and turned to leave the command centre. Behind him, Bodalla sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, then began transmitting orders to the Taldryan units guarding the fortress.

The small contingent of Force-sensitive defenders might not have been able to hold off the entire Collective attack force, but sensing where those attackers would come from was a different matter. Bodalla's troops were well-positioned to funnel the attackers into choke points while the Taldryan forces outside chewed up any who tried to retreat.

Then, of course, there was Appius' plan.

It all went like clockwork. The Taldryan special forces had brought sappers of their own, and used their det-charges to turn the tunnels into a killing field. Only a few dozen of the Collective's Jedi-hunter cyborgs made it through to the inner walls of the citadel, and little did they know, there was a surprised waiting in store for them.

As the Collective troops climbed out of their tunnel, scuttling away from the explosions, they were met by the sight of a jetpack's contrails. On the wall above them, a lone figure in bright red Mandalorian armour landed on the ramparts. Their cybernetically-enhanced eyes saw a pair of green blades spring from the saberstaff in the figure's right hand, and sparks of Force energy cracking between the fingertips of his left.

Grinning to himself, Appius turned his helmet vocoder up to its maximum volume.

"Hello there!"