Valhavoc
Dossier 8650

The weeks leading up to the opening of the Brotherhood’s Celebration Store were a blur for the bounty hunter. It seemed as soon as one bounty was claimed he was setting off after the next, all in the interest of earning enough credits to spend them recklessly on a new piece of gear or two from the soon to be re-opened store. What would the store hold this year? It would be opening in just two days. The Mandalorian thought back fondly on some of his past purchases.

Surely the Mandalorian Beskar Armor had done the most work over the last three years, he could no longer count the number of times that the armor had saved his life. Life as a non-Force User within the Brotherhood could be rougher than outside of it. The amount of lightsaber wielding opponents was quite disproportional to the rest of the galaxy, but the pay was right. Pay he would undoubtably never would have lived to collect if not for this armor.

Similarly, the Imperial Super Commando Jetpack had gotten him out of a handful of tight situations. He had snagged that trinket five years ago now. The Jedi and Sith can definitely jump, but they can’t fly. With his improved Jetpack Valhavoc now had that advantage over them, one of only a handful. Of course the pack had also come in handy on a few snatch and grab bounties that offered an aerial escape route.

A light on his holo display lit up interrupting his rumination. Seems like some Senator’s kid had run off again, last known coordinates on Nar Shadda. A few swipes later and new target information came up. A teenage male stole his parents ship and took off a few weeks ago. This would be an easy bought, these kids never could manage their spending at least not on a planet like Nar Shadda. He probably already sold the ship, but starting the search at the ship’s tracker location was as good as spot as any. Might get lucky, and they pay was right.

Valhavoc closed down the display and reprogrammed the hyperspace path of his Kom’rk Fighter to Nar Shadda. Standing up from the pilot’s seat he began to walk back towards his ships armorly to select the equipment for this mission. As he reached up to key in the entry code for the armory the beskar alloy on his vambraces caught his eye.

Ah, those Mandalorian Vambraces. Another Celebration Store purchase, did he pick them up at roughly the same time as his Beskar Armor? It seemed like it. They still looked new though, and the amount of tricks they had was enough to keep even a force user on their toes. As the doors to the armory slid open Valhavoc changed out the darts in the vambraces to a less lethal variety. Senators generally don’t like when you bring their children home dead. They tend to get uppity if you even walk through the door with one still dazed from carbonite sickness. You’d think they’ve never even lived with their own offspring.

On the back wall of the cabinet hung an Amban Sniper Rifle, that definitely wouldn’t be making the trip for this run. Behind his helmet a small smile creeped onto his face. In the worst situations he could always count on that rifle to disintegrate a particularly annoying opponent. He still hadn’t fired the rifle at someone holding a lightsaber, and was curious if the round could be deflected off the blade like a standard blaster round. Shiver creeped down his spine, probably best not to find out the answer to that question until absolutely necessary.

About the time he started to reach over to grab an extra sonic grenade the entire ship began to shake, then suddenly lurched as it dropped out of hyperspace. Valhavoc was nearly knocked off his feet by the sudden change, and a second later a warning alarm began to sound. The Mandalorian turned and ran back to the cockpit and began checking over the ships instruments.

His fears were confirmed, a hyperdrive failure. The non-stop travel from bounty to bounty had taken it’s toll on his ship. At least the sublight engines had their fuel topped off. Pulling up his galaxy map Val began looking for a neutral location to get the drives repaired. More bad luck, the failure happened in the middle of no where. At least 4 days travel using sublight engines to the nearest settlement, built into a larger asteroid which had drifted away from a field. Surely there would be someone who could repair the drives on his ship, but would they be able to get the job done before the Celebration Store closed? That would be the biggest challenge.

… Two Weeks Later …

The Kom’rk Fighter lurched as it jumped back to hyperspace. It felt… wrong… slow. To be expected, the mechanics had to scavenge parts off three other ships to get it running again. Valhavoc let out a long exasperated breath. Once he was back on Zsoldos he could get the ship properly repaired. The credits he had saved for the Celebration Store… well… those would have to wait until another time.

*Author’s Note: I didn’t return to the Brotherhood until after the Celebration Store was closed, so it seemed appropriate that my character fictionally missed their opportunity to buy anything from the store as well. Hopefully this didn’t deviate too far from the competition prompt.*