A LIFE AT WAR: TWILIGHT

Chapter 9: A Captain and a Mayor walk into a Bar

After seven weeks of war, I had finally secured two days shore leave for myself on Mon Cala. They were sorely needed as I was driving myself crazy in planning a grand raid along Separatist shipping next month. I had given Luis command of the section for the two days I had off and placed Lieutenant Mi-Kus in command of the Little Revenge for that time as well.

I had decided to start my days off by visiting Nystullum. The underwater polar city had peaked my interest and I figured I would take a look around it before finding the scummiest dive bar in the area. I had secured civilian transport to the city via the shipyards and spent the way down putting on an insulating wet-suit. The ship lands and it only takes a bit shy of an hour for me to exit the ship and get into the city proper.

Entering the water made the wet-suit seal itself warm up a tad, the thing wasn't too bad comfort wise and the insulation was good enough to only make me feel mildly chilly when I was surrounded by ice covered water. I started swimming through the city enjoying the architecture a bit while looking for an appropriate bar to start the night at. Interesting thing I had found during my research on Dac and my current stay, was that a decent chunk of Mon

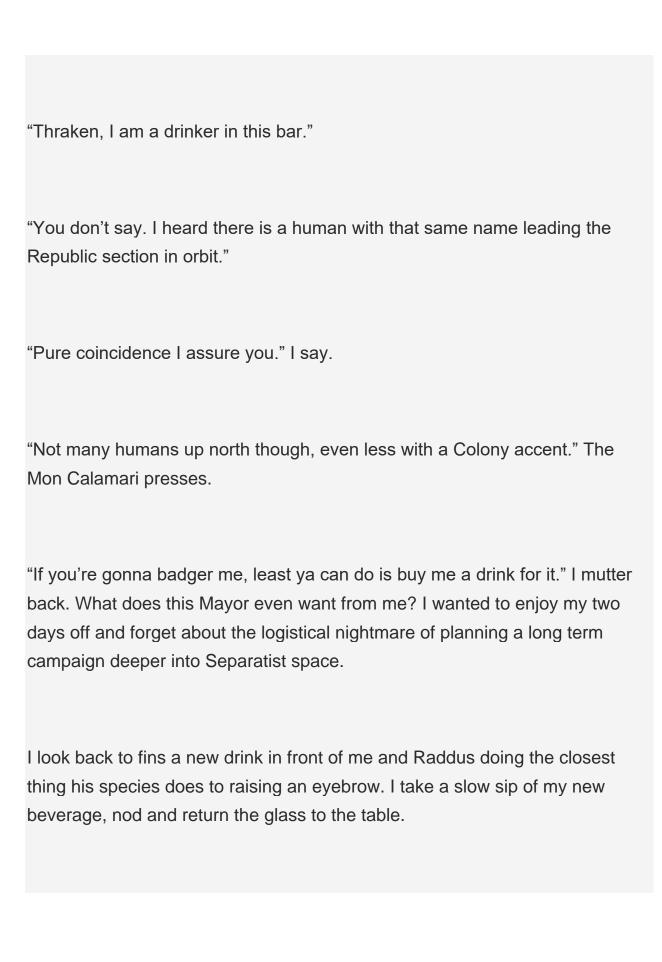
Calamari Cities were re-purposed deep sea exploration ships, that could, in a pinch, be refitted and turned into star ships. These sea-scrapers could go for a kilometer straight down and so a Mon Calamari city was quite three dimensional while being easy to access for anyone. Well ... anyone who could swim.

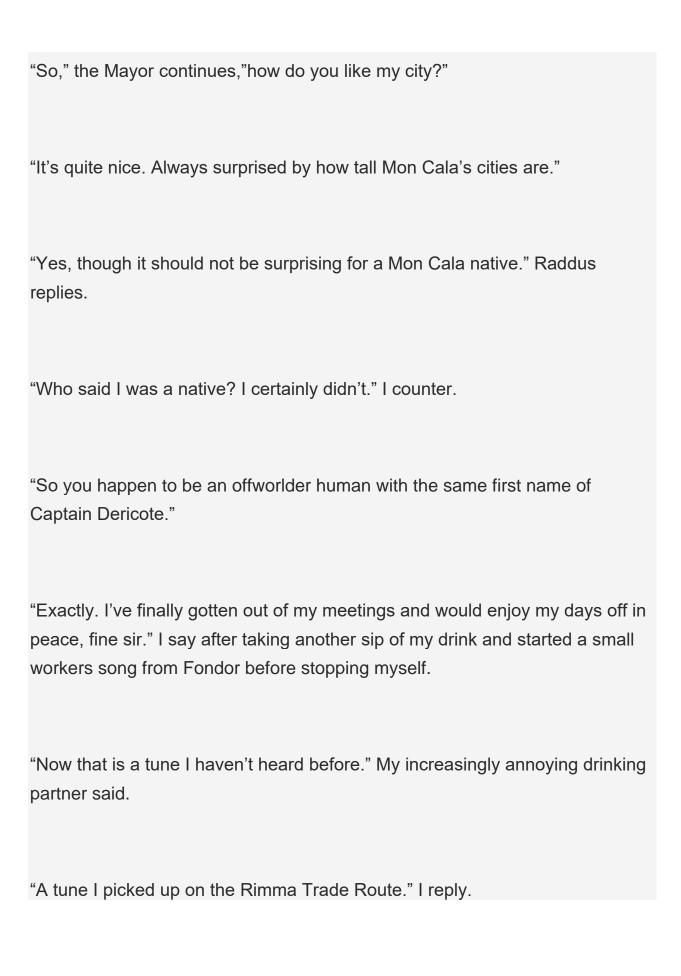
Eventually I found myself descending further down the city into the darker and both literally and figuratively shady parts of the city. The buildings of the city were tapering off by the time I had found a place I found scummy enough. I entered the establishment and watched as the airlock removed the surrounding water from around me. I walked into the bar while removing my helmet, holding it under my arm while I observe the surroundings. I ordered a glass of some whiskey from Dantooine I had had before and sat myself in a corner.

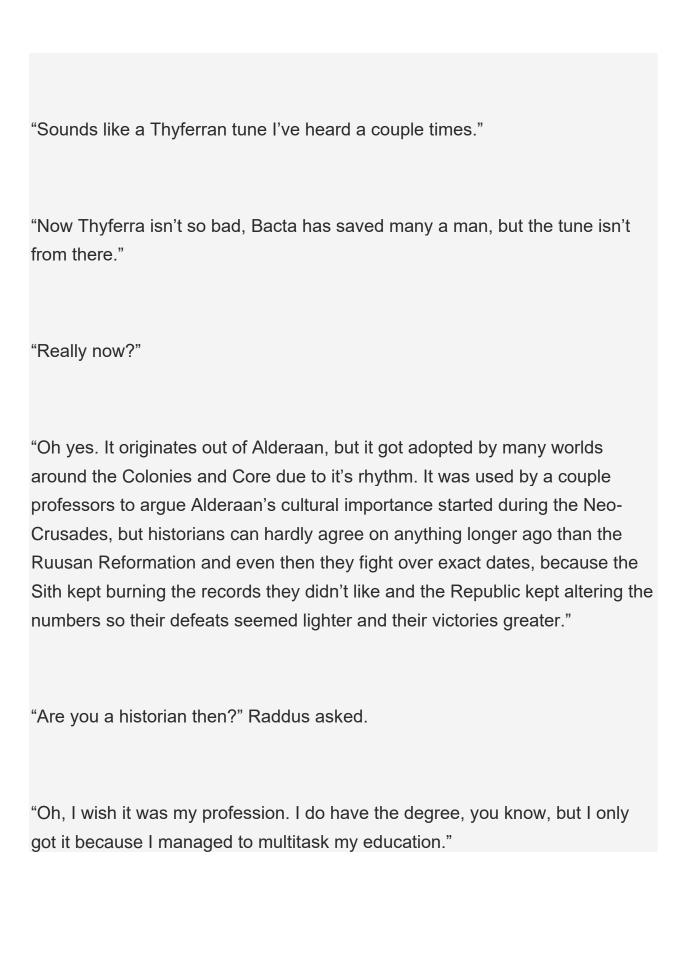
A few drinks later I saw a new face enter the fine establishment. Sentient watching can be quite fun even without inebriation, so I quickly looked at the new arrival. Mon Calamari, blue skin, gray tint, yellow from lower jaw downwards. Yellow eyes too. Fancy clothes, walks like he owns the place.

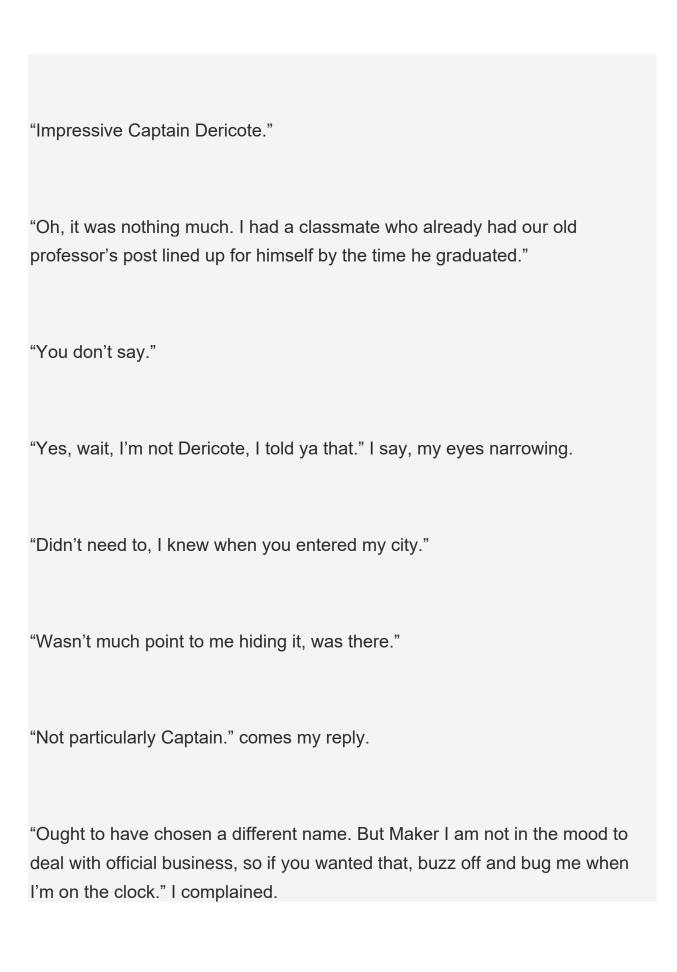
I continue to drink my booze of choice while starring at the wall. Honestly I was getting to the point where the booze made me question life's choices. Why didn't I just go for a desk job in the Fondiran Planetary Defense Force like my old man? Life would have been so much easier and I could've worked on other stuff on the side ... though knowing how stretched out the desk

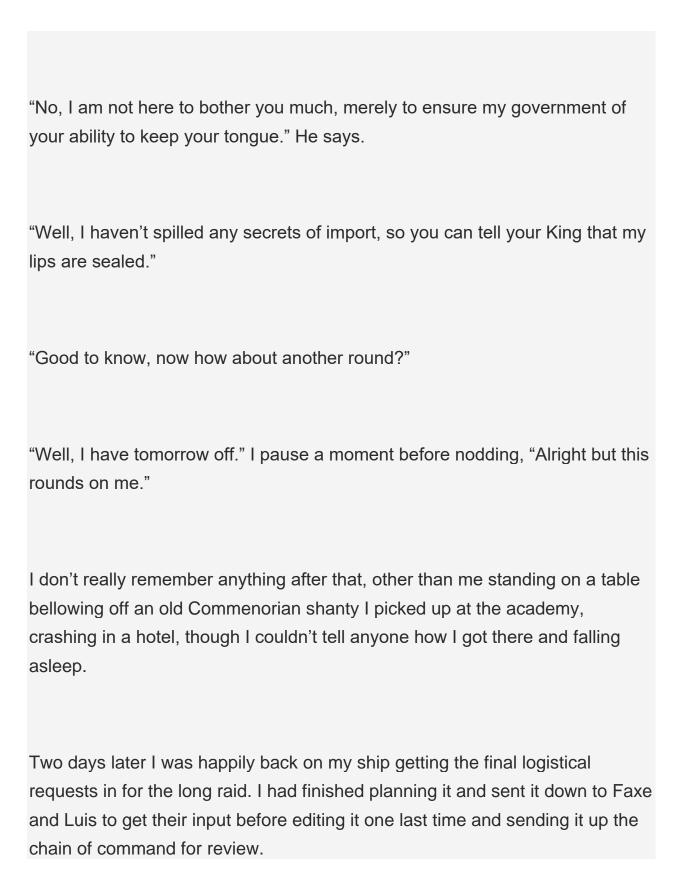
jockeys were I'd have had more luck arm wrestling a gundark and living to tell the tale.
I had just finished my latest drink when someone sat down across from me. It was that Mon Calamari I had seen enter a bit ago. I look at him slightly closer late middle age for his species, no second drink for me and a look of interest, no, curiosity.
"Can I help ya sir?" I ask, trying to pronounce everything correctly.
"Can't a sapient sit down for a drink?" The Mon Calamari asks back. His voice was rougher than I was expecting. Like he had a smoking problem or worked on the air scrubbers back on Fondor.
"Well, usually it isn't a problem at all. But I don't know your name." I reply.
Ensure your favorite authors get the support they deserve. Read this novel or the original website.
"Raddus, I am the Mayor of this town."











The plan was to head up to Munto Codru and attempt an orbital bombardment of an alleged droid factory far from any population centers. If the factory was shielded we would deploy Hope company to attempt to destroy the shield generator so we could continue with the bombardment.

Next we would move to Drongar, an isolated and rural world, to deploy sensor buoys and to jump to our next target from an unexpected vector. Said target would be Toola. Our objective to destroy a Separatist relay and sensor station. With them loosing contact from the station we would hopefully lure a couple cruisers to destroy there as well. Though if the enemy appears with more ships than standard we could very well be in a pickle.

Finally, if we still are able to we would destroy defensive installations at Quermia and Makem Te to allow easier transport between Bonadan and Mon Cala. Though I was doubtful we would successfully meet all targets it seemed feasible enough. Hopefully it would also not be too dangerous for the section and as long as no one leaked our route back we would be able to return safely. All I had to do is trust in Republic Intelligence, something which has not become easier.