

# 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-scrappers 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 starrng 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.

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"Raddus, I am the Mayor of this town."

“Thracken, I am a drinker in this bar.”

“You don’t say. I heard there is a human with that same name leading the Republic section in orbit.”

“Pure coincidence I assure you.” I say.

“Not many humans up north though, even less with a Colony accent.” The Mon Calamari presses.

“If you’re gonna badger me, least ya can do is buy me a drink for it.” I mutter back. What does this Mayor even want from me? I wanted to enjoy my two days off and forget about the logistical nightmare of planning a long term campaign deeper into Separatist space.

I look back to find a new drink in front of me and Raddus doing the closest thing his species does to raising an eyebrow. I take a slow sip of my new beverage, nod and return the glass to the table.

“So,” the Mayor continues, “how do you like my city?”

“It’s quite nice. Always surprised by how tall Mon Cala’s cities are.”

“Yes, though it should not be surprising for a Mon Cala native.” Raddus replies.

“Who said I was a native? I certainly didn’t.” I counter.

“So you happen to be an offworlder human with the same first name of Captain Dericote.”

“Exactly. I’ve finally gotten out of my meetings and would enjoy my days off in peace, fine sir.” I say after taking another sip of my drink and started a small workers song from Fondor before stopping myself.

“Now that is a tune I haven’t heard before.” My increasingly annoying drinking partner said.

“A tune I picked up on the Rimma Trade Route.” I reply.

“Sounds like a Thyferran tune I’ve heard a couple times.”

“Now Thyferra isn’t so bad, Bacta has saved many a man, but the tune isn’t from there.”

“Really now?”

“Oh yes. It originates out of Alderaan, but it got adopted by many worlds around the Colonies and Core due to it’s rhythm. It was used by a couple professors to argue Alderaan’s cultural importance started during the Neo-Crusades, but historians can hardly agree on anything longer ago than the Ruusan Reformation and even then they fight over exact dates, because the Sith kept burning the records they didn’t like and the Republic kept altering the numbers so their defeats seemed lighter and their victories greater.”

“Are you a historian then?” Raddus asked.

“Oh, I wish it was my profession. I do have the degree, you know, but I only got it because I managed to multitask my education.”

“Impressive Captain Dericote.”

“Oh, it was nothing much. I had a classmate who already had our old professor’s post lined up for himself by the time he graduated.”

“You don’t say.”

“Yes, wait, I’m not Dericote, I told ya that.” I say, my eyes narrowing.

“Didn’t need to, I knew when you entered my city.”

“Wasn’t much point to me hiding it, was there.”

“Not particularly Captain.” comes my reply.

“Ought to have chosen a different name. But Maker I am not in the mood to deal with official business, so if you wanted that, buzz off and bug me when I’m on the clock.” I complained.

“No, I am not here to bother you much, merely to ensure my government of your ability to keep your tongue.” He says.

“Well, I haven’t spilled any secrets of import, so you can tell your King that my lips are sealed.”

“Good to know, now how about another round?”

“Well, I have tomorrow off.” I pause a moment before nodding, “Alright but this rounds on me.”

I don’t really remember anything after that, other than me standing on a table bellowing off an old Commenorian shanty I picked up at the academy, crashing in a hotel, though I couldn’t tell anyone how I got there and falling asleep.

Two days later I was happily back on my ship getting the final logistical requests in for the long raid. I had finished planning it and sent it down to Faxe and Luis to get their input before editing it one last time and sending it up the chain of command for review.



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.