

Yellow and Green Aftermath

by COL Mordred

“Man, I’m bored...” Colonel Mordred sighted, adjusting himself in his pillow. Three seconds later a datapad hit the wall next to his head. “Oi!”

“Don’t get me started on boredom, Mord, this is all your fault!” Captain Jagged Fell III grunted in return from his bed.

“Of course not! It was a faulty reactor!” Mord replied, crossing his arms and pouting like a nine years old.

“It wasn’t faulty when you walked into that room.” Colonel Syllas Pitt joined the discussion in his usual dignified tone.

“*T’was!* I swear!”

A buzzer cut the air and the three silenced, turning to the figure behind the transparisteel window. Vice Admiral Locke Setzer was pinching the bridge of his nose, as he often did when dealing with Mordred.

“Alright, we got three pilots down, the entire quadrant 12 of the dorsal laser batteries is offline, a reactor is indeed broken, and the entire maintenance access is now off-limits until it’s cleanse from the radiation. The FX-7 droid on station tells me you’ll stay in decontamination for three more days.

“I’m going to ask because I need it on record, despite my strong suspicions. Whose fault is this?”

Fell and Pitt pointed at Mordred, who sighed again and raised his hand.

“Though so. Alright” Locke pushed a chair near the windows. “Let’s hear it...”

3 days ago...

Mordred had returned from the Green Planet with three bags filled to the brim with lightsaber components and was keen to start assembling his piece. However, he had neither the expertise nor the Force power to make it happen. Which means he decided to try it anyways.

His loyal droids, T5-D2 the shipping lane databank manager and his counterpart K9-i8, a slightly homicidal courier runner, were officially signed up to Engineering, but they loitered around the barracks anyways. Perhaps too much time with Mord made them as lazy as he was.

Mordred gathered his electronic tools and stashed them in T5 small compartments. K9 whistled on his side, and he slotted two hydrospanners into the droid’s body.

“There, can you move? You look like a Kushiban with those ears!” He smiled as the droid ran around a bit and whistled affirmatively. “Okay, Chief Filgs said I could use a maintenance closet down in the simulator room 17. Let’s go, try to act naturally.”

“*Naturally?*” the droid inquired in his monotonic voice.



“I don’t know, roll casually. Let’s go, these things are heavy.”

They left the room, and T5 started swaying like an uncontrolled speeder behind Mord. They barely moved about 30 meters when Captain Grendel walked out from a room.

“Ah, Mordred, I need to speak with you! It seems you forgot the cover on your TPS reports for this month... What’s all that?” Grendel paused pointing at the bags and the swaying droid behind Mord.

“Oh, I’m teaching him to clear a minefield. You know, don’t walk in straight lines. I’ll check the report at once, sir! Thanks for pointing it out for me!”

“Yes, but what’s in those bags?!? They look heavy!”

“These are... uh... spring cleaning leftovers! Taking to the trash compactor in level E30! Bye boss!” And he walked away before Grendel could inquire anymore.

“Mord? There’s a trash compactor right here! Mord?!? Crazy Chiss... Too many crashes...”

Mordred dropped the bags twice until he finally reached the turbolift. From there he would reach the simulators on the port side of the hangars and into the ghost town called Deck E-48, where the old simulator rooms 16 through 20 sit. They are now only used by the regular garrison pilots, the squadrons from Wing X solely use the simulators 1 through 15 as each pod is now configured to mimic the exact settings of each pilot’s starfighter. But first, the passcode for the maintenance door, so he had to find Chief Filgs.

The simulator briefing room A1 was right in front of the turbolift and empty, so he stashed the bags under the table and went looking for the Chief. It took him about 5 minutes to find the Chief, get the code for the doors and get back to his bags.

When he opened the room, he almost trampled over a pilot, looking under the table, with the distinct ‘clink clink’ of metal components being perused.

“Hello there? May I help you?”

“Oh? Who’s up there?” A Captain Jagged Fell III crawled out from under the table and got up. “Colonel Mordred, what a surprise!”

“Captain Jagged Fell, you’ve found my stash, have you? I left it there so I could talk to Chief Filgs, sorry to mess with your briefing room.”

“Oh, these are yours? Pray tell me what they are? I’ve found them fascinating!” He was holding an emitter matrix in his hand, examining it closely.

“Oh, there are just parts I’ve been gathering for an... uh... electronics project.”

“Really? What project?”

“Well, uh... When I got stuck down in the Yellow Planet I really felt the lack of a proper light... flare. So people can find me. Lightflare. Yeah, that sounds reasonable, right?”

“Are you good with electronic work? In depth? All I know is the TIE maintenance guide and some engine *how-to*’s. General Boliv decided to task the pilots with some IU courses, so I have



some free time, mind if I join you?” Captain Jagged Fell III smiled at Mordred, which was creepy, Jagged never smiled.

“Alright, I can’t deny a smiling face. Take one and let’s skedaddle.”

Jagged took one of the bags over his shoulder and followed Mordred.

“Skedaddle?”

“Yeah, as ‘in a hurry’.”

“I know what it means, it just seems... Out of place for you.”

“Hey, I know long words too.” They laughed and proceeded into the turbolift.

They emerged from the turbolift at floor E48, next to the briefing rooms for the simulators, followed close by Mord’s droids. Just as they are about to enter the simulator room 17, Colonel Sylas Pitt, the Professor, walks out of the next room, carrying his pet porg, Chip. He saw the two familiar faces, approached them and they greeted each other.

“Captain. Colonel.”

“Colonel.” Jagged and Mord answered at the same time.

“What brings you guys to the forgotten deck?”

“Mordred is going to teach me some electronics! Can’t wait, I never do stuff like that!”

“Interesting, I wasn’t aware you had such expertise, Mordred.” The professor didn’t sound much impressed.

“I’m a blue man of many faces. So, what is such a distinct gentleman as yourself doing in the ‘48?” Mord asked.

“Jamret from Gun Maintenance is trying to get his CORE certification and I promise to help him, but something went up in deck L83 and he just cancelled.”

“Great! You can join us, then!” Jagged passed his bag to Sylas, who struggled a bit with the bag and the porg.

“I guess, but I don’t know much about it... Down you go, Chip.”

“You’re the Professor! Your skills are legendary! Of course we need your help!” Mord sugarcoated it, taking Chip and putting it on top of K9. “Let’s?”

“I teach code of conduct, not electronics...”

“Nonsense, you’re quick to learn, I’m sure Mord can pass his knowledge to you!” Jagged led the way down the corridor, K9 with Chip zooming past them.

Sylas sighted and nodded to Mordred. “Do the honors, then.”

After searching for a while, they’ve found an unmarked room with some decaying computers.



“Perfect. Let’s get busy and setup a table and sort the pieces.”

All three dumped their bags into the table and started sorting the similar components, until Mord was satisfied. Then he uploaded the schematic to T5, who projected it on the wall. Sylas got pale instantly.

“Mord! Gosh darnit! That’s a Light—” he exclaimed.

“Flare! Yes, a light flare, for when you’re in deep into atmosphere and need to signal your presence, just like what happened to me!”

“Yeah, Professor, Mord told me about it and I’ve found it fascinating. I had no idea there were so many components to a lightflare.” Jagged was twitching from excitement to start soldering something. “I never do this kind of stuff, it’s fun!”

“Mordred, don’t this kind of *lightflares* require some special bond to *FORCE* it together?”

“Well, in theory, but electricity is electricity, soldering should do fine for some try-outs!”

“You do realize that Locke will skin you alive? Jagged help me here!”

“Nonsense Sylas, if this was in any way dangerous, I trust Mordred would take adequate precautions.” Jagged waved him off.

“You do realize he did not call for anyone in his squadron, right?” Sylas pleaded, but Jagged just ignored him

“Oh dear, you two are really going for it, aren’t you? Mord, how could you’ve dragged Jagged into this?!?”

“Nonsense Professor, you’re just as much as my AComplice, as he is.” Mord smiled like a hungry nexu.

“Ok, gimme the list, let’s try to minimize the fallout.” Sylas said, resigned to his fate.

They tinkered for about an hour, until suddenly K9 entered the room whistling like crazy, Chip doing cooing sounds.

“What is it, Kay? Why are you giving the secret “*the boss is coming signal*”? We’ve already given Grendel the slip...”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that...” Said Jagged softly while concentrating on the soldering.

“Professor, your turn! Cover for us!” Mordred grabbed the pilot by both shoulders and pushed him out of the room.

“Now wait a minute...” Pitt barely had time to complain before Mord closed the door behind him.

“Sylas? What are you doing here?” Vice Admiral Locke Seltzer asked him. The admiral was wearing all black, his assistant walking behind him with a datapad and holding some black robes.

“Oh Sir! Hi! How are you? You fine? Good you’re fine. We’re fine. I mean I’m fine. Yes. Hi.”

“Are you okay?”



“Yessir, perfect. Great. You?”

“So, what are you doing he—”

A zapping sound came from the room and the clanking sound of a pile of components crashing down. Seltzer rolled his eyes and moved to the door controls.

“Oh no sir, you better not, it’s very... uh...”

“Sylas, are you sure you don’t have something to tell me?”

“Oh dear. I... Oh well, so be it.” Sylas pushed the door controls and the door opened to Jagged and Mordred quietly reading in their seats.

“Ah Admiral!” Mordred said in his best intellectual voice. “Welcome! The Professor is helping us with IU stuff. We’re creating a course on plumbing! Would you like to join us? We’d love to have your input.”

“Hello Mordred, Jagged. As much as it pains me not to, studying in the bowels of engineering is not on my schedule. Why aren’t you in the study rooms upstairs?”

“We need to be able to test the stuff without compromising working facilities.”

Locke frowned and looked at the Professor and then Jagged, both smiling in return.

“Alright, just be careful. Good work on getting Mordred focused on something productive, Professor.” He said, patting Sylas on the shoulder and moving on down the corridor. Sylas closed the door behind him.

“For Palpatine’s fake beard, how can you come up with so much bullshit on the fly, Mord? No wonder they had to retire Colo.” Sylas let it go the breath he was holding.

“Well, I do have a plumbing course on the works if you must know.” Mord replied, removing the piece of metal they threw over the table to hide it.

“I really should press for us to return upstairs, but I admit I’m having lots of fun.” Jagged smiled. “Let’s continue.”

Mordred tapped T5, who obligingly displayed the schematic again.

“Oh hell, in for a nerf, in for a herd. Gimme that datapad, let’s do this.” Sylas took the datapad from Mord and sat next to Jagged, who smiled.

“That’s the spirit, buddy.”

They wasted some good hours playing with the components. Many of the looted hardware was broken, and precious few could be really used as Mord had planned. It was near the second dinner call when they finished the prototype. It was still without its cover and plugged directly into the outlet.

“This looks about right, but I’m in no way an expert.” Sylas warned.



“We did follow the instructions, I’m positive the soldering job is decent enough.” Jagged complimented himself. “I’m not sure about the power arrangement, it asked for diatium batteries.”

“I’ve searched everywhere for them, can’t find them so easily. But the main power of a Star Destroyer should be enough! Now we just need a ky- I mean, the laser crystal to make it glow.” Mord put a hand in his pocket and retrieved one of his Bondar crystals. “Place it in the middle and let’s power it on.”

Jagged carefully placed the crystal in the middle of the assembly and moved his chair away from the improvised bench.

“Are you sure about this?” Sylas asked, exchanging looks with Jagged.

“If I waited to be sure for something, my life would be very boring.” Mordred smiled and stretching his arms, he touched the power button.

Energy exploded from the prototype, send all three across the room. Sparks flew everywhere, and the lights flickered for a moment then died. White energy was still building up on the assembly, until the crystal cracked with a loud bang and the energy rose in form of a skull, only to be drained back into the power cords attached to the outlet, leaving them in dark.

T5 turned on his lantern, illuminating the three of them, still stunned. A couple of seconds passed and the emergency lights turned on, followed by the radiation warning sounded out in the corridor.

“Oh crap!” Mordred got up, extending a hand to his accomplices, and then tried the door, which was locked. Sylas picked up Chip on his arms and checked him for injuries.

“We’re locked in, radiation leak procedure!” Jagged checked the panel. “I’ll overwrite with my code, but if things are bad outside, it might not be a good idea...”

“Wait, don’t do it. T5 can call for help from this old scomp link. Go on.” Sylas instructed and the droid complied immediately. A minute or so passed while the droid remained connected, and finally he spoke in his usual monotone.

“Help incoming. Reactor breached. Radiation severe. Stay where you are.”

It took almost three hours for help to arrive, the corridor finally cleansed. The rescue team immediately undressed them and put them into medical garbs and took them to the nearest medbay.

“You do realize the entire Destroyer lost energy for two seconds?” Locke wasn’t happy after hearing the tale. “What was that about the crystal breaking?”

“I think it was a force ghost, sir. Bound to the—” Mordred started to explain.

“A FORCE GHOST?!? You let a Force Ghost loose in my flagship?!? Pray Canto orders you to remain in isolation until the next year or I’m going to make sure you need medical attention enough to do so!”



“It may have been neutralized, sir. There’s been no more events as the crew told us.” Sylas explained.

“Captain Fell, I suggest you forget everything that happened here, as it belongs to another jurisdiction. Colonels, I’ll handle you later.”

Captain Jagged Fell III was dismissed from the hospital and ordered to 20 hours of electronics training in the engineering bay.

Colonel Sylas Pitt received an undisclosed punishment by the Secret Order, the few that knew about it never broke the silence. All we know is that the Imperial University library reference was at last organized.

Colonel Mordred was sentenced to get rid of the Force Ghost, by all means necessary. He spent three months putting his other Nextor crystal in every single power outlet around the Challenge, being zapped every time, until finally the entity jumped back into the crystal at an outlet near the forbidden Chalquila distillery. Mordred is still trying to find his way back.

K9 and Chip formed an unlikely bond and can still be seen zooming down the corridors of the fabled deck E48.

Jamret from Gun Maintenance finally passed his CORE and was accepted into the academy.

No Force Ghosts were hurt during this production.

This simple and unassuming short story is the result of a single scene that jumped my mind: Mord trying to assemble a lightsaber before knowing how and being interrupted by others. I called for volunteers and the distinguished Captain Jagged Fell III and the honorable Colonel Sylas Pitt fell into my trap, being the perfect actors for this comedy of errors. Please don’t take it too seriously 😊

- Mord

