

Whoopee!

by GN Pickled Yoda

“Hurry up!” hissed the nervous lackey from EH Intel. Her nerves were frayed after a series of close calls with Rebel Squadrons sentries and what now seemed an interminable wait for her companion to finish his task.

Pickled Yoda - sometime General, sometime Admiral, full time smartarse - shimmied out from under the engine interface console, rolled his eyes and chided his companion. “Hurry up, *sir*.”

“Uh technically, as you’re assigned to this mission in your capacity as a registered slicer, third class, I do... um... out rank...” The lackey trailed off in the face of a piercing glare. Yoda paused for a moment, half nodded to himself and moved back to where he’d been working: under the main connection to the engines, deep in the bowels of the aft engine section of the MC-80B Calamari Cruiser *Ad Astra*.

He popped back out 2 galactic standard minutes later, wiped his brow theatrically and placed a heavily customised EH-IO datapad in a standard issue New Republic technician’s satchel. From the same satchel, he pulled out a detonator and armed it. It beeped with low-frequency menace as he lobbed it towards the agent, who fumbled the catch before recovering.

“Is there any chance of you taking this seriously? Can we please go now?”

“You’re no fun. Okay, we can go.”

The lackey sighed with relief as they left the engine room and stepped over a still-stunned guard’s body. “Okay, our escape route is from the logistical support hangar, there should be several Delta class transports there to choose from. Take the next left.”

Yoda turned right.

“Where are you going?”

He gave her a look.

“Where are you going, *sir*?”

“Ahh.. change of plans on that. I saw something better in the ship’s deep storage hangar when I was in the mainframe.” Yoda grinned at the hapless Intel Agent. “Don’t they teach you to think on your feet?”

The agent opened her mouth to retort but then thought better of it.

"I see you're learning already," smirked Yoda, metaphorically flying with a well-practiced balance on the vibroblade edge between cocky confidence and unmitigated arrogance.

They proceeded in silence for a few minutes, then reached a side entrance to the storage hangar. After Yoda tapped a code on the access panel, the small door snapped open with a hydraulic hiss.

Only one ship was visible, shoved into the far corner as if in shame. A decrepit looking JV-7 class Escort Shuttle, it caused the agent to remark with scorn, "What a piece of junk!"

"That's what you're supposed to think," muttered Yoda. "Come on."

The name plate "Idiot's Array" was visible as they boarded the entrance ramp. "Hmm... where have I seen that name before?" questioned the agent to herself. Aloud, she said: "How long will it take to hotwire this?"

"Old thing like this? Could be 15 minutes."

"What? We've only got a 5 minute window!"

Another smirk. "Good thing we're not going to hotwire it then." Yoda addressed the navicomp. "Full unlock. Access code: Pickled Onion."

"Access granted." chimed an electronic voice.

In response to a confused look from the agent, Yoda shrugged. "Lucky guess?"

Before the 5 minute window had passed, the Idiot's Array was rocketing away at sublight speed and calculating a hyperspace trajectory.

Abruptly, Yoda cut the engines and spun the ship around.

"Now what? Forget something?" asked the agent, resigned to being a passenger with very limited agency.

"Ooh, sarcasm." teased Yoda. "No, it's time to watch. Press the detonator."

The intel agent pressed firmly on the activation switch. Nothing happened.

"Oh no," she gasped. "What did we forget?"

"Nothing. It's not remote activated."

The agent slumped in her chair, frustrated at yet again not having any idea what was going on.
“Is this just a giant prank on me?”

“On you? No... now watch, it’ll happen as they try to jump.”

A chronometer on Yoda’s wrist beeped a 5 second warning.

4... 3... 2... 1...

In the distance, the *Ad Astra* seemed to shudder slightly.

“What? Where’s the explosion?”

“What explosion?”

“Weren’t we aiming for an explosion?”

“Not exactly.”

“But the secrecy, the danger...” the agent trailed off. A series of fact aligned in her head: Escort Shuttle Idiot’s Array: frequently cited in intelligence reports as a rogue operator causing equal parts mayhem and utility to the Emperor’s Hammer.

Last known owner: JoeyC, a previous holder of various offices within the fleet and erstwhile pilot on the ISD Grey Wolf. Current status: unknown.

Grey Wolf Secret Order of Monks: a not at all secret, secret society known for pranks, mischief, escapades, capers and general japery. Mentioned in no less than five ‘request for early retirement’ forms from the Aggressor Strike Force.

Their known leaders: four... three with files the agent had read, one with a classification well beyond her rank - codename *Gangrene*

The infuriating fellow sitting to her left, with a long and storied career that started on the ‘Wolf and ended at a position that would ensure Top Secret clearance on any intel files.

An enormous sound of flatulence reverberated through the ship as the sound wave reached them.

“This thing.” Her voice was stilted from shock and disbelief.

“Yes?”

“This... entire thing...”

“Yeess?”

“This was all just a prank.”

Yoda grinned. “A cunning hack of my own devising, leveraged with the power of Mon Calamari engineering to create...”

The agent sighed with disbelief. “The galaxy’s largest whoopee cushion.”