

the adventures of Forced Companions Daycare



a SWTOR fanfic by brightepamera

cover by kabeone

Titles

SWTOR fanfiction

The Adventures of Forced Companions Daycare (FCD)

by brightephemera

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This...requires some explanation.

FORCED COMPANIONS DAYCARE is an account of the adventures of the SWTOR companions as three-year-olds. Lord Scourge, SCORPIO, Khem Val, and T7-01, as the oldest companions, are the grownup supervisors of the daycare. Within this daycare companion personalities are allowed to run wild. And run they do.

FCD is about poking playful fun at the characters we know and love. And the characters we just know.

Dedication

For the SWTOR fanfiction forum readers, who argued, questioned, corrected, challenged, inspired, and in short did most of the work.

And for a dear friend, who first told me Khem Val had not changed such a diaper since the nurseries of Yn and Chabosh.

Acknowledgements

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FCD is a non-profit fan made work. Star Wars: The Old Republic and the characters, settings, and dialogue associated with it are the property of LucasArts and BioWare.

Content and Spoilers

This is about small children having unsafe fun. Spoilers for new events, patches, and expansions are marked; all chapters will spoil the recruitment stories for their companions. FCD starts with SW, SI, JK, IA, TR, and SM and eventually expands to include BH and JC.

The Knights of the Fallen Empire continuation contains spoilers for that expansion.

Dramatis Personae

All the companions. All of them. Except C2 and 2V.

The Original Series

Week 1

Tuesday: Intro, Quinn vs Jorgan, Xalek bad

Companions. Why do these hopelessly clashing people come back, day after day, to the same daycare center? And how did some of them even get here? We don't know, but maybe if we watch carefully we can begin to understand...

KHEM VAL, tending to BABY RAINA TEMPLE: I've not changed such a diaper since the nurseries of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY XALEK: Bah, this weak one is not worth the trouble. Let us crush her.

KHEM VAL: No crushing the other children, even the weak ones. I will devour you as I devoured the enemies of Tulak Hord if you break the rules.

BABY XALEK: Rules are made to be crushed.

KHEM VAL: Devouring.

BABY XALEK: Fine, then.

BABY QUINN, glaring at BABY JORGAN: I don't like you. I'm not really sure why, but I'm quite certain I can come up with a compelling reason for why you need to be smacked down.

Umm...let's think...ah, yes! Republic scum! *commences pummeling BABY JORGAN*

BABY JORGAN: Has anybody ever told you what a jerk you are? *bites BABY QUINN with pointy Cathar teeth*

BABY QUINN, *bleeding on the floor*: ...I could probably have planned this better.

BABY JORGAN smirks and goes to play with M1-4X in the corner.

BABY PIERCE, perking up: Hey, guys! Somebody's down! Time for Kicking Somebody While He's Down!

BABIES ANDRONIKOS, PIERCE, KALIYO, and SKADGE, gathering around the fallen

BABY QUINN: Yaaaay!

BABY BROONMARK, elbowing in to assist with the kicking: Blllorb!

BABY QUINN, *still bleeding*: Hey! Ow!

LORD SCOURGE, who subs in for T7-01 on Tuesdays, hurries over to see what the hubbub is about.

BABY QUINN: This is not acceptable!

LORD SCOURGE, crossing his arms and overseeing the beating: Oh, it really is.

BABY QUINN: Ow! You're the worst caretaker ever.

LORD SCOURGE: I see you've never met the Emperor.

BABY KIRA bursts into tears for no evident reason.

BABY XALEK: Ah, Kira. I see the Dark Side is strong in you.

BABY KIRA: *sniffle* Nuh-uh.

BABY XALEK: Uh-huh.

BABY KIRA: Is not.

BABY XALEK: Is too.

BABY KIRA: I am a good Jedi! I am in control of my emotions! *punches BABY XALEK*
BABY XALEK: Good, good. Trust your feelings, Kira. You are Sith. The Jedi are weak and will only fail you.
BABY ASHARA: Xalek's a doo-doo head. Jedi are better and prettier.
BABY KIRA: You're all weird! Leave me alone!
BABY GUSS TUNO: Hey, hey, can I be a Jedi?
BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA: No.
BABY GUSS TUNO: :(
BABY XALEK, *eyeing BABY GUSS TUNO*: Ha. I will crush this weak one.
LORD SCOURGE: No crushing the other children, even the weak ones. Your Sith Code says you can't have victory until you have strength, and compared to me, you don't have strength.
BABY XALEK: Fine, then.
YOUNG BOWDAAR, *coming through to wash the windows*: I AM A SLAVE.

...Then again, maybe not.

W: SCORPIO encourages brawling

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO, emerging from the supply closet: T7. We have run out of diapers and kolto packs.

T7-01: Running out = strange // T7-01 = bought some last week

SCORPIO, shrugging: I have no doubt that Khem Val's violence on Monday and Tuesday depleted our supplies.

T7-01: SCORPIO = probably right // T7-01 = talk to Khem about that // now T7-01 = go get more supplies

T7-01 hurries out.

SCORPIO: That has worked for twelve weeks in a row. His learning algorithms are...inadequate. Now, children. I will award a cookie to the one who most successfully asserts dominance. Proceed.

BABY ELARA: Miss SCORPIO, isn't this unethical? Forcing us into senseless violence and brutal competition for nothing but your own amusement?

SCORPIO: Not my amusement. For science.

BABY ELARA: Science is mean and probably ought to have more regulations.

SCORPIO: Your attempt to assert ethical standards is simply another behavior I expected to observe in this experiment. I predict you will fail to achieve your goals with it.

BABY SKADGE tackles BABY ELARA from behind and starts punching her.

SCORPIO: Like that.

BABY CORSO, sailing in out of nowhere: You leave her alone!

BABY CORSO and BABY ELARA wrestle with BABY SKADGE for a minute or two.

BABY SKADGE: Grr. I'm bored. Bye now.

Meanwhile, from the sidelines...

BABY VECTOR: This is not harmonious.

BABY QUINN: I agree. We should try to stop hostilities at once, for the common good. Why

don't you convince everyone you can to go play quietly with their toys over there.

BABY QUINN observes the main melee. He sometimes leans in to quietly manipulate the other children's flailing limbs, ensuring that BABIES KALIYO, JORGAN, XALEK, KIRA, and PIERCE get a roughly equal amount of punishment. He monitors BABIES TEMPLE, JAESA, and TALOS to make sure they're targets of aggression, too. When BABY TEMPLE is close to extricating herself from the violence, BABY QUINN directs a frustrated BABY SKADGE her way. BABY VECTOR assembles BABIES ELARA, CORSO, GUSS, and ASHARA by the toy bin. They discuss ways of ensuring a viable long-term peace for all. Except BABY GUSS, who mostly cowers.

The melee continues:

BABY JORGAN: Forex chant, everybody!

BABY CORSO: We don't want to have to fight -

BABY JORGAN: But by jingo, if we do -

BABY CORSO: We've got the ships -

BABY JORGAN: I've got the claws -

BABY KIRA, recovering from a bad hit and toddling back into the fray: We've got the Jedi, too!

BABY PIERCE: Psht. Imperial chant, everybody!

BABIES PIERCE, TEMPLE, and XALEK: Submit or be crushed!

BABY KIRA: That's less catchy.

BABY PIERCE: And yet surprisingly effective.

BABY QUINN places a couple of kicks to slow down BABY KALIYO and BABY XALEK, who weren't as bruised as the others yet. He watches and waits for a while.

BABY XALEK, flopping down in defeat: Jerkfaces.

BABY QUINN: That's nearly enough. Miss SCORPIO, I find myself standing between those too cowardly to fight and those too injured to keep fighting for long. Name an appropriate expression of dominance and it would seem I am in a position to execute it.

BABY PIERCE: Execute this! *throws a terrified BABY TALOS at him*

BABY TALOS and BABY QUINN collapse in a heap of fear and indignance.

SCORPIO: How interesting. It seems not everyone was too injured to keep fighting.

BABY QUINN, flat on his back: Yes. I could probably have planned this better.

SCORPIO: Do not become discouraged, little one. You will eventually learn to plan appropriately. Or you will die.

BABY ELARA: There has got to be some kind of rule against child care providers like you.

SCORPIO: None that anyone has successfully enforced. Now, Pierce. I believe you have earned a cookie.

H: Skadge bad, Doc ebullient

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

T7-01: Children = fell over a lot yesterday while T7 was out // T7 = glad T7 bought lots of kolto packs

LORD SCOURGE: I suspect that if you had spent the entire day overseeing the children, there would not have been such a need for kolto packs.

T7-01: Lord Scourge = mistaken // SCORPIO = very conscientious

LORD SCOURGE: It is not her conscientiousness I question. She takes exhaustive notes and is very methodical. It is simply the benefit to the children I am skeptical of.

BABY ELARA: Teeseven! Teeseven!

BABY ELARA points to where BABY SKADGE is jumping on BABY VETTE.

BABY SKADGE: Kill! Kill! Kill!

BABY ELARA: Shouldn't we arrest him or something?

T7-01: Arrest = no-no // this galaxy = no meaningful consequences for bad companion behavior

BABY KALIYO, toddling by: That is a truly interesting statement.

T7-01: Skadge = play nice // or Skadge = gets hose again

LORD SCOURGE: I will never understand how SCORPIO talked you into that disciplinary measure, but I love that she did.

BABY SKADGE: Someday I'm 'a stomp your lekku, little alien.

T7-01: Skadge = already did stomp her lekku // Skadge = terrible person

BABY SKADGE lumbers sulkily off.

BABY VETTE: Ow.

BABY DOC: Somebody's hurt! Wait, I'm there!

BABY DOC sprints in waving a medpac the size of his head.

BABY DOC: You're gonna be okay, beautiful.

BABY VETTE: Um? You're kinda creepy.

BABY DOC: I once saved a whole planet of cute little Twi'leks from big mean Houks.

LORD SCOURGE: That is an outright lie.

BABY DOC: Just play along, would you?

LORD SCOURGE: No.

BABY DOC: It's all right, babe. I got this.

BABY DOC finishes applying kolto to BABY VETTE's bruises, then sweeps BABY VETTE up and sloppily kisses her cheek.

BABY VETTE: EEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW

BABY DOC, alarmed, drops BABY VETTE back on the floor.

T7-01: Baby Doc = acting out // Lord Scourge = give him a talking-to about inappropriate urges?

LORD SCOURGE: I am Sith. I never met an inappropriate urge I didn't like.

T7-01: T7 = bad at talking-tos // Baby Doc = always commences dance party using T7's beeping as techno beats

LORD SCOURGE: I cannot be bothered with this. You, Bowdaar. Clean this up.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, helping BABY VETTE off the floor: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY VETTE: Ow.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, offering her a medpac and a lollipop: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY VETTE: I do keep hearing that. How are you liking it as a career path?

YOUNG BOWDAAR, struggling to articulate: ...I do not like that I AM A SLAVE.

BABY VETTE: Huh, okay. Just figured I would keep my options open.

F: Risha demands ship parts

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

BABY RISHA: Hey, I've almost finished the stardrive engine. Andronikos, fetch me a left-

handed hypertorque.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: No.

BABY RISHA: I'll give you eleventy billion credits when I'm done.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I don't believe you.

KHEM VAL: Do as Risha says.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: How come I have to listen to her?

KHEM VAL and SCORPIO exchange looks.

SCORPIO: You just do.

KHEM VAL: She has authority like unto Tulak Hord.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: But that's stupid. She's sitting there eating out of my lunchbox and using my tools and I hate her.

SCORPIO: No education until you do what she says.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Like I care.

SCORPIO: No food, either.

BABY ANDRONIKOS kicks BABY RISHA's flux bottle over and stomps off.

M1-4X: Risha, I know I'm just a toy, but would you please give me my leg back?

BABY RISHA: It's put to better use here.

M1-4X: This kind of cannibalism would never be tolerated in the Republic.

BABY ANDRONIKOS, returning and handing over a left-handed hypertorque: I bet I could make a better stardrive engine anyway.

BABY RISHA: Could not.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Could too.

BABY ANDRONIKOS starts disassembling M1-4X's other leg for parts.

BABY RISHA looks hopefully at SCORPIO's left arm.

SCORPIO: Try it and die, little one.

BABY TANNO VIK rides up on a stolen plastic tricycle.

BABY TANNO VIK: Hey there. I heard bossy manipulative thieves are actively encouraged around here.

BABY RISHA: Yup!

BABY TANNO VIK: I see, I see. Can I interest you in some toy projectile weapons for the ship you'll be attaching that stardrive to?

BABY RISHA: Ooooh. I'll buy.

BABY TANNO VIK climbs on top of M1-4X and starts unscrewing something.

M1-4X: Not the turrets! Not the turrets!

BABY RISHA: Wait. I could've gotten those myself. Or, more accurately, made Andronikos get those for me.

BABY TANNO VIK: But you didn't. Pay up.

BABY ANDRONIKOS. Heh. Take that.

M: Republic vs. Empire

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = talk about worldview // everybody = gains valuable insight

KHEM VAL: Since none of you were alive to witness the glories of Yn and Chabosh, we must instead focus on modern power structures.

T7-01: Empire-lovers = go over to left // Republic-lovers = go over to right

BABIES TEMPLE, VECTOR, and QUINN scurry to the left. BABIES CORSO, JORGAN, and ELARA toddle over to the right.

BABY QUINN throws a building block at BABY ELARA.

BABY QUINN: Turncoat.

BABY CORSO: And that's why you guys are all jerks.

T7-01: Children = calm down

YOUNG BOWDAAR raises his hand.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. Where do I go?

KHEM VAL: To cut the lawn, most likely. Get to work.

T7-01: Empire = interesting philosophy // Quinn = explain why you consider Empire good?

BABY QUINN: The Empire is the best.

T7-01: Why?

BABY QUINN: ...the Empire is the best.

T7-01: Quinn = elaborate?

BABY QUINN: I don't understand the question.

T7-01: Quinn = has any reason whatsoever for thinking the Empire is preferable to anything?

BABY QUINN: This is stupid. The Empire is the best. I should just beat you all until you agree with me.

BABY JORGAN: Well, he is a pretty damn good Imperial.

T7-01: Children = no swearing // Jorgan = correct nevertheless

KHEM VAL: Temple, tell us of the glories of the Empire.

BABY TEMPLE: The Empire's the best because we're strong! And, uh, we hardly ever kill our citizens for being born insufficiently useful! And...actually...I'm gonna be quiet now.

BABY QUINN, eyeing her suspiciously: What was that all about?

BABY VECTOR: We don't need to answer that question. Mister T7, The Empire is united to serve a greater common goal, with a unity and a strength that the Republic cannot rival.

KHEM VAL: Emphasis on serving strength. Good.

T7-01: Republic's turn = now // Republic = better than all

BABY VECTOR: I suspect you may not be an entirely impartial observer.

T7-01: Jorgan = agrees with me

BABY JORGAN: Yes, sir. For one thing, we're not a bunch of monumental pric-

T7-01: Children = watch their language

BABY JORGAN: The Republic doesn't go in for censorship, sir.

T7-01: ...

KHEM VAL: He's got you there.

BABY JORGAN: As I was saying, the Republic's bound to win in the long run because we're flatly superior in every way, particularly in not being absolutely reprehensible - OOH LASER

BABY JORGAN, whiskers twitching, starts frantically chasing a small laser light. After a moment's confusion everyone looks to where BABY QUINN is standing with a laser pointer, methodically luring BABY JORGAN away from the argument.

BABY QUINN, still keeping the laser light dancing with one hand: What? If the Republic can't produce a single speaker good enough to defend it, well, that speaks volumes.

BABY CORSO: Hey, we're not out of speakers! We've got me!

A moment of silence.

BABY QUINN: As I was saying. You have no one.

BABY ELARA: The Republic has me. And I have an extensive understanding of both sides, and very, very strong opinions on both. I wasn't going to speak up, but it seems you've kindly left the floor open for me.

BABY QUINN: ...I could probably have planned this better.

BABY ELARA gives a long and impassioned speech on the humanitarian shortcomings of the Empire and the freedom, virtue, and more genuinely constructive opportunity of the Republic. It's stirring. It's heartwarming. It's incredibly persuasive.

M1-4X, from the toy bin: Hear, hear!

KHEM VAL: I've not heard such a brilliant series of fallacies and creative lies since the debate tournament of Yn and Chabosh.

BABIES VECTOR, TEMPLE, and QUINN exchange looks.

BABY QUINN: The Empire is the best.

BABY TEMPLE: Definitely.

BABY VECTOR: This is indisputable.

T7-01: Elara = disputed pretty well

BABY VECTOR: You are not impartial at all.

BABY QUINN and BABY TEMPLE open fire on BABY ELARA with a bunch of wooden building blocks.

BABY ELARA: Ow! That's not nice!

BABY QUINN: Just offering our counterargument. It's not nice, but it tends to win.

A frazzled-looking BABY JORGAN launches himself out of nowhere, tackling BABY QUINN before he can raise the laser pointer to defend himself.

BABY JORGAN: Win this, runt.

BABY JORGAN bites BABY QUINN with little pointy Cathar teeth.

T7-01: Republic = wins all

KHEM VAL, sullenly: Only because Tulak Hord wasn't here.

Week 2

T: Outdoors with Corso, Xalek, and Kaliyo

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY CORSO: Mister Khem Val! Mister Khem Val! Can we go outside?

KHEM VAL: Why would you do this?

BABY CORSO: It's wicked nice. Look! The sun's out and there are hardly any big fanged monsters nearby!

KHEM VAL stares at BABY CORSO with a perfect sabacc face.

BABY CORSO: It's sunny. And nice. And sunny!

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE exchange looks.

LORD SCOURGE: Is this a good thing?

BABY CORSO: Well...yeah. Sunlight is happy and nice.

KHEM VAL: Is this a good thing?

BABY CORSO: I hate Tuesdays. I want T7 back.

KHEM VAL: I've not heard such whining since the bar shut down at Yn and Chabosh.

BABY XALEK: Mister Lord Scourge. I humbly request that we get to go play outside.

LORD SCOURGE: It's Lord Scourge, you idiot. I don't need Mister. I keep telling you that.

BABY XALEK: Yes, Mister Lord Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: Get out of my sight.

BABY XALEK: Yay!

*BABY XALEK sprints out, picks a few daisies, admires them in the sunlight, smiles broadly behind his mask, then realizes other people might see him. He pops the daisies' heads off and snarls dramatically to demonstrate his bad***ery.*

BABY KALIYO strolls out to the yard carrying a magnifying glass.

BABY KALIYO: I love sunny days.

BABY VECTOR sits on the grass next to where BABY CORSO has flopped on his back, looking at the sky.

BABY VECTOR: Days like this remind us of our home planet. Did you see such beauty where you're from?

BABY CORSO: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY CORSO: Never mind. Ord Mantell had pretty days, sure. The sun was usually hidden behind a fine mist of bullets with a slight haze of continuous blaster fire and the screams of the wounded, but it was pretty in its own way. *BABY CORSO pauses and frowns.* Kind of.

BABY VECTOR: Perhaps Forced Companions is a safer place for you.

BABY CORSO: Oh, definitely.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Vector! Lookit!

BABY VECTOR and BABY CORSO go over to where BABY KALIYO is hunched over an anthill. She centers the magnifying glass to fry ants one by one as they flee the nest she is poking.

BABY VECTOR: We keep forgetting that you never call us over to see nice things.

BABY KALIYO: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY KALIYO: Never mind. Look, if I corral 'em with twigs I can roast three or four at once.

BABY XALEK, wandering over: Pretty resourceful, for a Force-blind.

BABY XALEK starts intercepting the panicked ants with little sparks of Force lightning.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, quit it! These ones are mine! Get your own!

BABY KALIYO runs around to start focusing the sunlight on BABY XALEK's neck. BABY XALEK flicks little sparks of Force Lightning at BABY KALIYO.

BABY KALIYO: Ooh, scary. If I had hair it might be standing up right now, but you're not even having that much effect.

BABY VECTOR, sadly: Forced Companions is not a safer place for most of us.

W: Doc transgresses, Jaesa wavers

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

BABY JAESA is, as usual, paralyzed by indecision.

BABY JAESA: Doc, you gotta help me. There's a toy car, and there's a toy boat. And I don't know what to play with.

BABY DOC: You could come play with me. We could smooch.

BABY JAESA: That doesn't sound very appealing at all. Come on, I've gotta choose something. If I choose wrong, there's no going back.

BABY DOC: Smooches first.

BABY JAESA: I'm not sure that's a good idea.

BABY DOC: You're not sure anything is a good idea, beautiful. It's part of what makes you so cute. Smooches?

T7-01: Baby Doc = acting out // SCORPIO = give him a talking-to about inappropriate urges?

SCORPIO: Are you certain you want me to pursue this course of action?

T7-01: T7 = bad at talking-tos // Baby Doc = always commences dance party using T7's beeping as techno beats

SCORPIO: Very well.

BABY JAESA whimpers and flees at SCORPIO's approach. SCORPIO shoots a small electrodart that freezes BABY DOC in place. BABY DOC stares up at her in mute terror.

SCORPIO: Doc. It is only through challenging one's limits that one realizes one's potential.

Transgressive behavior is an effective way to quickly determine the limits of what one can and cannot get away with, and boldly acting on one's "inappropriate urges" on a few occasions may do more to characterize your environment and local statutes than a lifetime of playing it by the rules. Just retain the presence of mind to observe your associates' reactions; you can learn a great deal from their outrage.

T7-01: SCORPIO = crazy??? // T7 = asked SCORPIO to give Doc a talking-to

SCORPIO: I did so. You did not specify that the talking-to had to advocate prosocial behavior.

The electrodart stun wears off. BABY DOC shudders.

BABY DOC: Did you just give me permission to make trouble, Miss SCORPIO?

T7-01: Answer = NO

SCORPIO: Yes.

BABY DOC: Lil' Doc's gonna interpret that in the most favorable possible way.

BABY DOC sprints for the kitchen, vaults over the locked half-door, and starts tugging small kitchen appliances free to stack them so as to reach the cookie jar.

T7-01: SCORPIO = ruined us all

SCORPIO: A social order that cannot withstand a single disruptive element is a social order ripe for change.

BABIES TANNO VIK, RISHA, KALIYO, and ANDRONIKOS, having noticed BABY DOC's activity, stampede to the kitchen to assist in the liberation of the cookies.

T7-01: That = more than a single disruptive element

SCORPIO: I only subverted the one. Fascinating.

T7-01: T7 = not physically equipped to subdue a mob of small children

SCORPIO: I am. But I choose not to.

T7-01 rolls over to where BABY JAESA is staring at her toy choices, looking anguished.

T7-01: T7 = recommends boat // boats = awesome

BABY JAESA, gratefully: Thanks!

T7-01: T7 = glad to still have authority somewhere

F: Hide and Seek

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Now, children. It is time for hide and seek. This is a matter of the utmost importance if you wish to survive long enough to come into your own as fighters. Yuun, you will be our hunter.

BABY AKAIVI: There is no honor in that. It isn't fair at all.

SCORPIO: Neither is life. Adapt.

KHEM VAL: As children are found, they will join the hunt. The last child to be found will win the comfort of knowing that in case of emergency, he or she will be the last to die.

SCORPIO: That child will also be awarded a cookie.

KHEM VAL: Why?

SCORPIO: An immediate motivation will prompt the children to try harder. Death is abstract. Cookies are concrete.

The children scatter to hide. BABY YUUN makes a series of bizarre noises that might be construed as counting. After he reaches a long creak and a series of descending clicks, he uncovers his eyes and starts looking around. Within seconds he makes a beeline for the enormous rulebook in the corner. BABY ELARA is hiding behind it.

BABY ELARA: ...oh.

BABY YUUN: You always hide there.

BABY ELARA: One of these days the rulebook will actually protect me.

BABY YUUN turns to face BABY BROONMARK, who is sitting in the middle of the playroom floor, his ludicrously outsize fur puffing all around him.

BABY YUUN: You have also been found.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY YUUN: Traditionally one hides, for hide and seek. And now you must come seek with us.

BABY BROONMARK, not moving: Blllorp.

BABY ELARA: It's the rules, Broonmark.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY ELARA: Or you can stay there.

BABY YUUN and BABY ELARA walk slowly around the room, looking.

BABY YUUN: The signs are confused. The smell of superiority is strong on Risha, but it crosses and crisscrosses with similar smells in this place.

BABY ELARA: We could just put a pile of credits out in the open and wait for her to come running.

A hopeful gasp is heard from the toy bin.

BABY YUUN: You have been found, Risha.

BABY RISHA emerges from under the pile of toys, pushing past M1-4X and making a face.

BABY ELARA: Who does that leave us?

BABY YUUN: Talos, for one.

BABY RISHA: I bet Talos is hiding in Broonmark's fur again. He always hides in Broonmark's fur.

BABY TALOS, muffled: It's warm. But nobody's hiding in here. Nope. Not me.

BABY RISHA, giggling: I think two-thirds of Broonmark's weight is fur.

KHEM VAL: He will grow into the fur. In time he may grow to be a powerful and minimally allergenic warrior, like those I contended with on the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY YUUN: You have been found, Talos. Come with us.

The children continue.

BABY YUUN: We hear no signs in the air.

BABY TALOS, hopefully: Maybe the scary Zabrak ran away forever?

BABY AKAABI drops from the ceiling and starts efficiently beating the seekers, knocking BABY YUUN to the ground in a matter of seconds, simultaneously pulling BABY RISHA's and BABY ELARA's hair, and staring at BABY TALOS until he falls over in terror.

KHEM VAL: Akaavi. This is hide and seek, not hide and ambush.

BABY AKAABI: There is a time to hide, and a time to fight. This is the time to fight.

BABY AKAABI, keeping her stare firmly on KHEM VAL, kicks backward to kneecap a charging BABY BROONMARK. She thrusts an elbow back to jab him as he falls, then steps aside to let him crash to the ground.

BABY AKAABI: If there are others to compete, let them come. The petty social niceties of hide and seek will not protect them.

KHEM VAL: I think she wins.

SCORPIO: This one will go far.

SCORPIO hands BABY AKAABI a large cookie.

BABY AKAABI: [This cookie will bring honor to my clan.](#)

KHEM VAL: No, it won't. It's a cookie.

SCORPIO: You understand very little of the sentient psyche, Khem.

M: Educational reading

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = educational reading // Khem Val = distribute reading-level-appropriate material
KHEM VAL hands BABY ELARA a thick binder.

BABY ELARA: The statutes relating to exports of cruciferous vegetables in the Alderaan sector? I've never seen this one!

T7-01: Senators = requested breakdown of what all this actually means // Senatorial staff = unable to help // this = totally incomprehensible, but legally binding

BABY ELARA: I'm on it.

KHEM VAL hands BABY ASHARA an ornate scroll.

BABY ASHARA: The Jedi Code? Again?

T7-01: Jedi Council = hopeful that Ashara will read it this time

BABY ASHARA: Uuurrg. Guys, I've got this. Really.

T7-01: Ashara = manifestly lying // Ashara's behavior = not very Jedi-like

BABY ASHARA: That's because you're all bossy stupid repetitive jerks!

T7-01: Ashara = be calm // Jedi = only peace

KHEM VAL: Bah. Tulak Hord always said peace is a lie.

T7-01: Khem Val = not helping

KHEM VAL hands BABY CORSO a picture book.

BABY CORSO: Yay! I liked the blaster catalog better, but this is okay, too!

KHEM VAL hands BABY QUINN a small slick datapad and BABY TALOS a stone tablet.

BABY TALOS: What is this?

KHEM VAL: Nobody knows, not even the ancient scholars of Yn and Chabosh. They say you might be able to decipher it.

KHEM VAL moves on. BABY TALOS examines the stone tablet.

BABY TALOS: Oh. Oh, I see. But this is easy! It's similar to the glyphs of the early Yellow Rakatans, which suggests its origin is in the Rohaus sector. Some of the syntax is far more similar to the conquered Eabat, though, and depending on the date of this tablet that may be a previously unsuspected cultural crossover...I believe this is a recipe for muffins.

BABY QUINN, *looking up from the datapad that's displaying a prominent general's rebuttal to BABY QUINN's published treatise on tactics*: Talos, I have never met someone who was so clever and so skilled at something so completely pointless. Have you ever considered turning your formidable mental faculties to something that anybody who matters actually cares about?

BABY TALOS: This matters!

BABY QUINN: Failed civilizations and pastries. Tell me again how this is going to win the war?

BABY TALOS bursts into tears and hugs his stone tablet tight.

T7-01: Quinn = stop bullying Talos

BABY QUINN: Bullying is the Imperial way, Mister Teeseven.

T7-01: Forced Companions = neutral territory // Quinn = get back to reading

BABY QUINN: Oh, that. I already read the general's arguments, considered them, formulated what I consider to be irrefutable counterarguments, and published the result to the relevant military journals.

BABY QUINN lays a hand on the datapad and looks self-satisfied.

T7-01: Quinn = always finishes academic assignments early and then stirs up trouble
BABY QUINN, *smiling in a sinister manner*: Only you Republic lackeys call it trouble.
Consider it a fair challenge to your antiquated ideas.

T7-01: Quinn = oh so smart?

BABY QUINN: Well, yes.

T7-01: Quinn = the most efficient?

BABY QUINN: Yes.

T7-01: Quinn = requires challenges suited to his superior faculties?

BABY QUINN: Yes, if you can manage.

T7-01: Quinn = help Elara sort out vegetable export regulations in the Alderaan sector

BABY QUINN gawks.

BABY QUINN: But...but those are *Republic* laws. With a dirty double-crossing Republic soldier.

T7-01: Quinn = consider it a challenge for his famed discipline and intelligence

BABY QUINN: This argument did not turn out the way I wanted it to.

T7-01: Quinn = walked right into it

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

T7-01: Maybe Quinn = brag less in the future

KHEM VAL laughs.

KHEM VAL: You have a sense of humor, little droid.

Week 3

T: Lunch: grilled cheese

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL.

KHEM VAL: Children. It is time for lunch. Today we dine on grilled cheese.

BABY KALIYO: I don't like grilled cheese.

LORD SCOURGE, *stepping out of the kitchen and folding his arms over his chest*: You are provided with food at all only by the grace of the Sith. Be grateful.

BABY JORGAN: Mister Teeseven says Forced Companions is neutral territory.

LORD SCOURGE: I don't see Mister Teeseven here. Everything you have, you gain from my hand, and everything you have, I can take away.

KHEM VAL: Listen to the Sith. If I had my way you would fight to the death for a single sandwich, as in the cafeterias of Yn and Chabosh.

LORD SCOURGE: We're not that hard up for white bread, Khem.

KHEM VAL: I can dream.

BABY JORGAN: I don't suppose there's any red meat involved in the making of these grilled cheese sandwiches?

LORD SCOURGE: I enjoyed some juicy, succulent steak while making it, if that counts. There's none left for you.

BABY JORGAN, *whiskers quivering*: Your kind needs to be wiped off the face of this galaxy.

LORD SCOURGE: Enjoy your hatred, little tiger. I sure do.

YOUNG BOWDAAR brings out a big tray and starts laying out sandwiches on the playroom tables.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY GUSS, *hiding under the corner table as he does on every day KHEM VAL is present*: Hey, Jorgan. Could you bring me my sandwich? I would reach up to the table, but Khem Val might see me.

BABY JORGAN: Oh, grow a pair, Guss.

BABY GUSS: I have no idea what that means. Oh, hey, Bowdaar! You're sometimes not mean! Can you bring me my sandwich?

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I will do this, since I AM A SLAVE.

BABY KALIYO sticks out a toy hockey stick and trips YOUNG BOWDAAR on his way by. She scampers over to intercept the sandwich he had been carrying.

BABY KALIYO: Gee, this poor sandwich is wandering out all by itself! I better give it a good home.

BABY KALIYO makes eye contact with BABY GUSS and devours the sandwich.

BABY JORGAN: I thought you didn't like grilled cheese.

BABY KALIYO: I dunno, it actually tastes pretty good when it's smothered in spite.

LORD SCOURGE: Well said, Kaliyo, and well done. Would you like a helping of delicious steak? I have some left over. *LORD SCOURGE gestures to the kitchen.* Help yourself.

BABY JORGAN, to LORD SCOURGE: I WILL KILL YOU.

LORD SCOURGE covers the distance to BABY JORGAN in two steps. He kneels and puts his

face close to the Cathar's.

LORD SCOURGE, snarling: What are the rules about death threats, Jorgan?

BABY JORGAN: Hmph. Only the daycare staff can make them, sir.

LORD SCOURGE: That's right. Apologize.

BABY JORGAN: [I'm sorry I want to kill you so much, sir.](#) Also...*BABY JORGAN's whiskers twitch...there's still red meat on your breath.*

LORD SCOURGE: I am aware.

LORD SCOURGE reaches out to grab a sandwich from the nearest table. He presents it to BABY JORGAN and smiles.

LORD SCOURGE: Grilled cheese?

W: Rusk recruits a squad

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

BABY RUSK is peeling himself off the floor in the middle of the playroom. The blast from BABY PIERCE's latest lunchbox special has taken out two tables and BABY RUSK's entire squad of stuffed animals.

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: You coward! We had a cease-fire! You had no cause for a declaration of hostilities!

BABY PIERCE: ...And?

M1-4X: It is unsporting to blow up the playroom prior to a declaration of war.

BABY PIERCE: I declared. You just couldn't hear it through the explosion.

BABY RUSK: My squad is gone. Again.

BABY PIERCE: Guess you'd better recruit a new one for next time.

M1-4X: We must end this war swiftly and decisively. Rusk, I will support you in any way I can while you recruit a new squad.

BABY RUSK: Will you join my squad, Forex?

M1-4X: Awkwardly enough, my turrets only shoot foam darts with little suction cups. I do not think I would be a meaningful combat asset.

BABY RUSK: Oh.

BABY PIERCE toddles off to the kitchen. BABY RUSK scans the room.

BABY RUSK: Will you join my squad, Jorgan?

BABY JORGAN looks eloquently at the half-dozen smoldering stuffed animals lying in varying states of shreddedness around the smoking husk of BABY PIERCE's lunchbox.

BABY RUSK: I couldn't have predicted that, I'll have you know.

BABY JORGAN: You told him to do his worst. After he told you he had a thermal detonator in his lunchbox. You then carried your entire squad with you to stand toe to toe with him. And screamed defiance while he placed his lunchbox on top of the squad pile and walked away. And now they're all ripped up and on fire. I'm not going to join your squad.

BABY RUSK: If you were a real patriot you would be on my squad.

BABY JORGAN: I got my sights set higher than Nameless McGeneric Squad, Rusk. You'll see. *BABY JORGAN and M1-4X briefly exchange a secret hand signal for Havoc Squad. BABY JORGAN beams.*

BABY RUSK: Will you join my squad, Quinn?

BABY QUINN, *disgustedly*: ...

BABY RUSK: It'll give you a reason to beat on Pierce at every opportunity.

BABY QUINN, *conflictedly*: ...

BABY RUSK: Hmph. I wish Elara was in today. Hey, Corso, will you be in my squad?

SCORPIO leans forward from her observation spot, watching intently.

BABY CORSO: Sure!

SCORPIO: As predicted. Too dumb to live.

BABY PIERCE emerges from the kitchen, grinning and holding BABY QUINN's lunchbox.

BABY PIERCE: In the time it took you to get one-third of a squad together, I've fixed up another lunchbox special.

BABY RUSK, *opting to stomp up and face BABY PIERCE directly*: Don't you start with me!

BABY CORSO, *running up to stand in solidarity and also examine the lunchbox*: Yeah, don't start with him! Us. Hey, where's the detonator on that thing?

BABY PIERCE, *staring in disbelief*: You literally, directly asked for it.

A large explosion bursts BABY QUINN's lunchbox and sends BABIES PIERCE, RUSK, and CORSO flying.

T7-01 returns from the meaningless errand SCORPIO had sent him on.

T7-01: !!! This = what happened?

SCORPIO: The children commenced a shooting war.

T7-01: SCORPIO = needs to stop them!

SCORPIO: Hush, Teeseven. Little Rusk needs new soldier stuffed animals, since he has gotten his squad killed again. Why don't you tend to that while I observe here.

T7-01: T7 = help Rusk // SCORPIO = make sure kids are okay

SCORPIO: I promise only to observe.

BABY VECTOR has been quietly looking after the younger children in the far corner.

BABY VECTOR: It's all right, everyone. We need only survive until daycare gets out this afternoon. The war will blow over by tomorrow morning, it always does. For now, let us play We Spy.

BABY KIRA: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY KIRA: Besides, I Spy with you is terrible. You always end up spying something ten miles away that you can only see through bug-mindmeld-vision. None of us can possibly guess it. Why don't we play "overwhelm those jerks through superior numbers and better moral standing?"

BABY VECTOR: You are a strange sort of Jedi.

BABY KIRA: Strange? Perhaps. Right? Definitely. It's the fastest way to establish peace.

BABY VECTOR, *turning to look at where BABY PIERCE is locked in vicious combat with BABY CORSO and BABY RUSK*: It is true that he is a senselessly aggressive maniac. Think we can take him?

BABY KIRA: If by "we" you mean "you and me" instead of "you and your personal crazy," yes.

BABY VECTOR puts on his determined face.

BABY VECTOR: We fight for you. We fight for the nest.

BABY KIRA and BABY VECTOR charge.

H: Nap time

ON THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: It is now nap time. Fetch your mats and blankets and fall asleep, or face the consequences.

T7-01: Snacks = cookies and juice for all // snacks = after nap

BABY GUSS grabs a mud-colored mat and matching blanket, curls up in the corner, and pulls both over him.

T7-01: Mat = under Guss // that arrangement = more sanitary

BABY GUSS: I'm safer if they're both covering me. It makes me twice as hard to find. Just wake me up when the cookies get here.

BABY TEMPLE and BABY QUINN have constructed a large replica of the Citadel out of alphabet blocks, with elastic-band-bound rulers as the flying buttresses and a fork jabbed into the topmost block for the spire. The blocks spell out "SUBMIT OR DIE." Now finished, the children have curled up, reached out from under their respective Imperial-crest-stamped blankets to hold hands, and fallen asleep.

LORD SCOURGE: Ah, the innocence of youth.

T7-01: "Submit or die" = not very innocent // Imperial youth = tragically dangerous

LORD SCOURGE: I take it the children of your worlds are all sunshine and kittens?

T7-01 extends an electroprobe to point in BABY JORGAN's direction.

T7-01: kittens = yes

LORD SCOURGE facepalms.

BABY JAESA: Guuuuuuuyyyys!

LORD SCOURGE walks over to where BABY PIERCE has BABY JAESA in a headlock and is pummeling her.

BABY PIERCE, *looking up while still hitting BABY JAESA*: Hi, Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: Explain to me what you are doing.

BABY PIERCE: I'm helping Jaesa here go to sleep.

BABY JAESA: Augh! You're horrible! I hate you! People like you just make me want to...want to...

LORD SCOURGE: Do continue, Jaesa.

BABY JAESA: Rrrrrrrgh!

BABY PIERCE stops hitting her, but keeps her in a headlock.

BABY PIERCE, *affably*: Oh, come on, Jaesa. I know I'm horrible to you in every way, and I have been consistently awful to every family member and loved one of yours I've ever met, but I'm not an entirely bad guy. Let's be best friends.

BABY JAESA considers.

BABY JAESA: Okay, sure.

BABY PIERCE shoves BABY JAESA to the ground and ambles over to his own sleeping mat, smiling all the way.

BABY QUINN stirs and rolls over in his sleep, knocking into the base of the Citadel replica. The replica falls over, pelting BABY QUINN and BABY TEMPLE with alphabet blocks.

BABY TEMPLE starts crying loudly.

BABY QUINN: Hrm. Falling asleep six inches away from an unstable structure didn't work out so well.

BABY QUINN looks thoughtfully at the scattered blocks.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

LORD SCOURGE: Silence, Quinn. You would do well to obey my command and go to sleep immediately.

BABY QUINN: Yes, my lord. *Then, whispering:* Hsst, Temple! Quiet down and sleep or the Sith will kill us both before we ever get officers' commissions.

BABY TEMPLE hiccups, sniffles, and stills.

BABY QUINN: Well done.

BABY QUINN promptly goes back to sleep.

F: Take the credits and run

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

BABY RISHA: This meeting of the Take the Credits and Run Club is now called to order. Roll call: Vette?

BABY VETTE: Present.

BABY RISHA: Tanno Vik?

BABY TANNO VIK: Present.

BABY RISHA: Kaliyo's still out sick after the mutual-biting-with-a-kath-hound incident. I don't think they've determined which one got the worse germs out of that. Andronikos?

BABY VETTE: He's probably off somewhere enjoying not listening to you.

BABY RISHA: But everybody has to listen to me.

BABY VETTE: Don't remind me. Bossypants.

BABY RISHA: Fine. On to the agenda. We need to find something to steal, but going straight for the credits won't work today. SCORPIO is on duty, and she would immediately detect any efforts to slice Forced Companions' accounts, so we're stuck with other forms of petty theft. I recommend cookies.

BABY VETTE: There's really nothing else around here worth stealing.

BABY TANNO VIK: Not true. We could steal and resell the toys. Or everybody else's lunchboxes. Or Pierce's detonite stash in the kitchen cupboard that he doesn't think we know about. - Thanks for the tip, by the way, Yuun.

BABY YUUN, *looking up from what appears to be a tea-leaf divination:* No problem.

BABY TANNO VIK: We could also steal the microwave.

BABY VETTE: We could pull the usual con on Doc.

BABY RISHA, *shuddering:* Only if you do the hugging while I pick his pockets.

BABY VETTE: Nuh-uh. It's your turn to hug him.

BABY RISHA: Big veto on that.

BABY TANNO VIK: ...the light bulbs, the toilet paper, Bowdaar...

BABY VETTE: Sell Talos another rock with gibberish painted on it?

BABY RISHA: Even I feel bad doing that one. He really believes that every rock a sentient has ever touched belongs in a museum.

BABY VETTE: And who are we to stand in his way? He has decent funding for buying anything we claim looks old.

BABY TANNO VIK: ...the carpet, the wall studs - I have a pretty good idea how many you can

take before the building loses structural integrity...

BABY RISHA: Vik, even if we stole all that, who would we sell it to?

BABY TANNO VIK: Well, Forced Companions will need a lot of furnishings if all that stuff disappears.

BABY VETTE: The staff would never fall for that. Not unless we isolated a single one and pulled every psych trick we can think of.

BABY TANNO VIK: Who do you figure is our best bet?

BABIES VETTE, RISHA, and TANNO VIK all look at each other.

BABIES VETTE, RISHA, and TANNO VIK, *in unison*: Mister Teeseven.

KHEM VAL: Children. It is time to learn arithmetic, as was taught by the masters at Yn and Chabosh.

BABY RISHA, *whispering*: Vik, I'll cover for you. Go for it.

SCORPIO: Do not begin to steal things, children.

BABIES VETTE, RISHA, and TANNO VIK look guilty.

SCORPIO: Your enterprising ideas are intriguing, and Tanno Vik's inventiveness is commendable, but you must work on hiding your plans or else you will never succeed. I leave the improvement of such plans as an exercise for you. But first, arithmetic.

BABY KALIYO: And here is the head of that Zabrak I was complaining about last week! Check out all the blood that dried in his hair!

BABY JAESA stares, fascinated.

BABY JAESA: [Is that good? I can't tell.](#)

LORD SCOURGE: And you killed him yourself, Kaliyo?

BABY KALIYO: Of course.

LORD SCOURGE: Well done.

BABIES VECTOR, TALOS, KIRA, CORSO, and ELARA burst into inconsolable tears.

T7-01: Show and tell = over // children = no more grisly war trophies as show and tell

BABIES PIERCE, YUUN, and AKAIVI, getting up to carry their show-and-tell bags back toward their cubbyholes: Aww.

BABY BROONMARK, *looking awkward as he stashes his show-and-tell bag back in his fur*: Bllllorp.

M: Show and Tell, Vector, Vette, Quinn

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = show and tell // First up = Vector

BABY VECTOR: Today we have brought a product of the nest called membrosia.

KHEM VAL: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

KHEM VAL: Never mind.

BABY VECTOR, *holding up a small bowl filled with a viscous white liquid*: Membrosia is a

natural product of the Killik nest. It has many salutary effects, such as increased energy, longer lifespan, improved strength...

BABY BROONMARK shuffles up and grabs the bowl from BABY VECTOR's hands. He drops his proboscis into the liquid and starts slurping.

BABY VECTOR: ...and assimilation into the hive mind, permanently rendering you an organic part of the nest with only as much independent volition as the nest chooses to grant.

BABY BROONMARK freezes.

Everybody else leans toward him, watching with some interest.

BABY BROONMARK turns his head and spits [a long jet of membrosia](#) onto the floor. He hands the bowl back to BABY VECTOR.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY VECTOR: That's all we had to say.

T7-01: Vector = thank you // Membrosia + Killiks = interesting // Next = Vette

BABY VETTE crawls to the front of the room carrying a little paper bag. She produces a flat square object of some shiver-inducing black metal, unlike anything modern technology knows. Several of the children shift uncomfortably and can't look directly at it.

BABY VETTE: This here is a mysterious artifact from the battlefield of Chabosh. Sometimes humans go crazy and die when they touch it, which is pretty cool. It's probably worth a lot of money.

BABY TALOS: That belongs in a museum!

BABY VETTE: And I'll help it get there! For a very competitive price.

KHEM VAL: VETTE.

BABY VETTE: Huh?

KHEM VAL: I recognize that pocket protector. It belonged to Tulak Hord.

BABY VETTE: Wow. That'll crank the market value right up.

KHEM VAL: You will return it to me. Or I will kill you. And your family. And your friends. I will lay waste to your home planet and feed on the dying screams of everyone you have ever loved.

T7-01: Khem Val = overreacting // Khem Val = scaring the children // Khem Val = also scaring T7

KHEM VAL: NOBODY MESSES WITH TULAK HORD.

BABY VETTE: Fine, if you're gonna get weird about it.

BABY VETTE sulkily surrenders the pocket protector.

T7-01: That = more than enough // Next = Quinn // Remember rules = no hostages

BABY QUINN strikes an impressive pose.

BABY QUINN: Today for show and tell I will demonstrate the superior power of the Empire by bringing you the captured Republic frigate *Valiance*, recently taken in a daring and cunning operation off Ilum. Our pilots will make a low flyby by the window so you can all admire it before we take it to Dromund Kaas to be retrofitted for Imperial service.

M1-4X, *from the toolbox*: You fiend!

T7-01: Forced Companions = neutral planet // defenses = zero tolerance against military units

A choking whine from somewhere out the window starts rising to a deafening roar. Everyone looks out the window as a smoking, blaster-riddled R.S. VALIANCE streaks from the sky, howling low over Forced Companions to smash into the street and run a long explosive furrow for several miles across the countryside.

T7-01: Valiance = shot down // House rule = no military invasions // children = know this

BABY QUINN: It wasn't invading, Mister Teeseven. Just striking fear into the hearts of the Empire's enemies. I wasn't breaking the rules.

T7-01: Quinn = explain that to the planetary defense grid // Maybe they = care

BABY QUINN, *disconsolately*: I could probably have planned this better.

BABY JORGAN: Please tell me they're going to promote you into high command someday soon. I could really use a guy like you on the other side.

Week 4

T: Rusk vs. Akaavi, Doc seeks ladies

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY RUSK is sitting amidst his squad of stuffed animals. He is glaring at Akaavi, who is sitting and leaning forward to glare at him.

LORD SCOURGE: Akaavi and Rusk are having a staring contest?

KHEM VAL: Yes. They've been at it since Friday morning.

LORD SCOURGE: It is an admirable use of Rusk's sole discernible talent.

KHEM VAL: Self-destruction?

LORD SCOURGE: I was referring to his pointless stubbornness. It is arguable whether 'self-destruction' qualifies as a talent.

BABY RUSK, *hoarsely*: I think I might drop from hunger soon.

BABY AKAABI: Your failure to plan supplies correctly is not my concern.

BABY RUSK: Mustn't...falter...

BABY AKAABI stares.

BABY DOC: Mister Lord Scourge, Mister Lord Scourge!

LORD SCOURGE: It's just Lord Scourge. I don't need the mister.

BABY DOC: Right you are. Lord Scourge, I've been analyzing the food being provided to the children here, and I've got some deep concerns.

LORD SCOURGE: Is that so?

BABY DOC: Yes. See, growing children need large quantities of chocolate chips and cookie...uh...stuff, to prevent...bad things. Boils and stuff. And stunted growth. Basically we need to be provided with a lot of cookies or we'll all be terribly sick.

LORD SCOURGE: Perhaps you do not deserve to be well.

BABY DOC: Whaaat? Lil' Doc deserves the best.

LORD SCOURGE: Lil' Doc needs to wipe the blue marker mustache off his face before anyone will take him seriously.

BABY DOC: This is an important part of my appeal.

LORD SCOURGE looks down at BABY DOC.

BABY DOC: If I compromise my image to get rid of the mustache, can we have more cookies?

LORD SCOURGE: No.

BABY RUSK blinks and falls over.

BABY AKAABI: This victory will bring honor to my clan.

BABY RUSK shakes himself and gets up, clutching his empty tummy.

BABY RUSK, *to his stuffed-animal squad*: Come on, guys. Time for resupply.

BABY TEMPLE, *sitting amidst the animals*: They're not going anywhere. I corrupted your whole squad while you were busy staring at Akaavi. Now they're all loyal Imperials.

BABY TEMPLE hugs the stuffed nexu and smiles.

BABY RUSK: You can't do that!

BABY TEMPLE: Can so.

BABY RUSK: Nuh-uh!

BABY TEMPLE: Uh-huh!

BABY RUSK: No!

BABY TEMPLE: Hey, squad, let's sing the Imperial anthem!

BABY RUSK: Over my dead body!

BABY RUSK whips out a toy assault cannon taller than he is and starts hitting the stuffed-animal squad, thwacking indiscriminately while BABY TEMPLE sings out the anthem.

BABY RUSK: Traitors! All of you, traitors!

BABY AKAABI: Even your stuffed animals know better than to follow such a weak and...unstable...leader.

BABY TEMPLE, unwilling to face Rusk's frenzy, edges away from the battleground. BABY AKAABI catches her eye.

BABY AKAABI: The Republic finally manages the will to fight, and it's with itself. This is why I believe your Empire will win.

BABY TEMPLE, *beaming*: Yup!

BABY DOC toddles over to smile winningly at BABY AKAABI and BABY TEMPLE.

BABY DOC: Ladies, I need your help. Could you come pretend to be really sick in front of Lord Scourge for me?

BABY AKAABI: Why would we do anything for you?

BABY DOC: If you help me out I'll give you smooches.

BABY AKAABI: So...if we help you you will punish us.

BABY DOC: Uh, no.

BABY TEMPLE: You really need to work on your negotiation skills. Particularly the part where you need to offer us things we like.

BABY DOC: Fine. I was going to keep it a secret until the thrilling reveal, but Lil' Doc will graciously offer you a share of the bounty of cookies that will result from this plan.

BABY TEMPLE: Ooh.

BABY DOC: After the smooches.

BABY AKAABI: No.

M1-4X: Rusk, how did that staring contest turn out? I was buried under bits of swoop track, I couldn't see.

BABY RUSK, *nursing the finger he crushed while fumbling with the assault cannon*: Casualties one hundred per cent, sir.

KHEM VAL: Did you even need to ask? I've not seen such a terrible leader since the battlefield of Rhorek.

M1-4X: I've never heard of that one, sir.

KHEM VAL: Exactly.

W: Snacks; Quinn steals rations

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Talos, today is your turn to bring a snack to share.

BABY TALOS: I did!

BABY TALOS pulls an improbably large box out of his cubbyhole. Inside are a bunch of foil-wrapped bars.

BABY TALOS: Imperial rations!

BABY TEMPLE: Yay!

BABY KALIYO facepalms.

BABY ELARA: Those things were actually number two on my list of reasons to defect. No, thanks.

BABY JORGAN and BABY RUSK: Get those away from us.

BABY PIERCE: I'll take their share.

BABY PIERCE scoops up the other children's bars.

BABY QUINN, *holding on to his*: This is truly the optimal snack.

BABY QUINN takes his ration and lines it up carefully next to the snack he had packed for himself, which is another Imperial ration bar.

BABY KALIYO: I brought a bunch of ants for myself. Since I couldn't find baby Killiks.

BABY VECTOR, horrified: You're not going to eat those, are you?

BABY KALIYO: I really am.* Hey, I don't suppose you brought any fingerlings to daycare today?

BABY VECTOR: No.

Something under BABY VECTOR's jacket chitters agreement with him.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Vette, did you want to practice your famous pickpocketing skills?

BABY VETTE: To steal...tiny sentient arthropods...for you to eat?

BABY KALIYO: Well, yeah.

BABY VETTE: No.

BABY QUINN looks to where BABY PIERCE is happily chomping on his third ration bar.

BABY QUINN: Pierce, according to Field Manual A, all supplies confiscated from enemy forces - such as Jorgan and Rusk over there - must be duly reported to the nearest regimental quartermaster and taken in for cataloguing and redistribution. I just filed the paperwork here, so you'll just have to hand all those rations to me.

BABY PIERCE: You have got to be kidding me.

BABY QUINN brings up the rulebook on his datapad and hands it to BABY PIERCE.

BABY QUINN: Read it and weep.

T7-01: Pierce = should follow rules // Pierce = never get an army job where he can access high explosives in the field if he doesn't follow rules sometimes

BABY PIERCE growls, but hands the remaining ration bars to BABY QUINN. BABY QUINN starts arranging them decoratively in his cubbyhole, mostly so BABY PIERCE can see what he's missing.

BABY ELARA: Quinn, what are you doing?

BABY QUINN: Holding these ration bars until such time as I can distribute them appropriately. To myself. For lunch and snack time over the next few days.

BABY ELARA: The Imperial Field Manual A very clearly states that you have to give it to the appropriate regimental quartermaster or, failing that, return it to the field unit that lost it, which would be Talos. I think you've just earned a demerit for embezzling supplies.

BABY QUINN: I'm an appropriate regimental quartermaster.

BABY ELARA: You're not even an officer. A quartermaster must have the rank of lieutenant or higher.

BABY QUINN: When exigencies arise in the field, sometimes a brief bending of the bounds of

authority is necessary to assure the mission.

BABY ELARA: You're not a lieutenant. That's one demerit for embezzling supplies and another for impersonating an officer.

BABY PIERCE: Guess someone shouldn't have decided to fake the rules when the only bigger prig in the galaxy is there to call you on it.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better, yes.

BABY ELARA glares meaningfully until BABY QUINN stacks up the ration bars and returns them to BABY TALOS.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. Can I have some rations anyway, Talos?

BABY TALOS: Sure.

BABY KALIYO: Soft touch.

BABY TALOS: If my last vacation on Kashyyyk taught me two things, it's, one, that the Infinite Empire used two very distinct power generation technologies, only one of which shows signs of having been developed along the ancient phobium trade routes; and, two, that you should never irritate a Wookiee.

** Please don't do this, formic acid is very bad for you and needs to be boiled out before ants are safe to consume! (You know, just in case you decided you wanted to try some of Kaliyo's behavior at home...well...don't.)*

H: Ashara's superior Force order

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY ASHARA: Kira, would you like to sign the charter for my new mystical Force order?

BABY KIRA: What order is that?

BABY ASHARA: The “We’re awesomer than the Jedi but nicer than the Sith” order. It’s gonna be way better than those other ones.

BABY KIRA: But I like being a Jedi. We’re nice and we help people and we’re always right.

BABY ASHARA: My club will always be right, too. It’s just that we’ll also bust some heads when we have to. Jedi don’t do that.

BABY KIRA: Well...you do have a point there.

BABY ASHARA: So sign!

BABY KIRA: No. I’ve worked too hard to be the best Jedi in daycare. I can’t join you.

BABY GUSS: Are you guys talking about Jedi stuff? Can I be a Jedi?

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA: No.

BABY XALEK and LORD SCOURGE exchange looks. There seems to be a brief consideration of taking this opportunity to corrupt a Force sensitive to the Dark Side. After a split second they both shake their heads decisively.

BABY ASHARA: Jaesa, you want to sign the charter for my new mystical Force order? It is neither Jedi nor Sith.

BABY JAESA'S eyes nearly bulge out of their sockets.

BABY JAESA: There's a third option?

BABY ASHARA: Yup! It's the best!

BABY JAESA's straining eyes glaze over. Her mouth hangs open slightly.

BABY KIRA: Now you've gone and done it, Ashara. You broke Jaesa.

BABY ASHARA: Jeez. I thought my plan was obviously superior to her regular options.

BABY KIRA: You think everything you do is obviously superior.

BABY ASHARA: I don't see the problem here.

BABY KIRA makes a face.

BABY ASHARA: Fine, then. Lord Scourge, will you sign the charter for my new mystical Force order?

LORD SCOURGE: No. But I can get you a really shiny Sith toybox if you agree to be my Sith apprentice.

BABY ASHARA: You can't trick me into following a Sith that easily.

T7-01: Ashara = seeking to disrupt the major powers of the galaxy again?

BABY ASHARA: Seeking to make one. It's gonna be the best. Would you like to sign up to the Disappointingly Mundane People's Auxiliary?

T7-01 issues several unpronounceable beeps.

BABY ASHARA: Well, be that way, then.

F: Soa Guest

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

Today, SCORPIO is busy upgrading her physical circuitry. KHEM VAL has assured the staff that he can handle the day on his own.

KHEM VAL: Children, we have a guest today.

KHEM VAL indicates a chubby little Rakatan in elaborate black robes three sizes too big for him.

KHEM VAL: This is Soa. Soa, introduce yourself.

BABY SOA stands up and clears his throat.

BABY SOA: I am the Infernal One. The ancestors called me Soa, wrath and power, and knew fear. Now I will kill you all.

KHEM VAL: This is not permitted at Forced Companions, Soa.

BABY SOA: Bah! You all come marching, believing yourselves equal to the army of ancients that chained me. But I am not of your time.

KHEM VAL: You would do well to speak of these ancients and chains and so on rather than seeking to kill everyone. How did you get free?

BABY SOA: Some fool broke open my ancient prison on Belsavis. Bombers, ignorant insects, with great red logos emblazoned on their ships.

The children eye BABY QUINN suspiciously.

BABY QUINN: Why are you all looking at me? I haven't recommended a strategic bombing run over Belsavis in...well...

BABY SOA: I was freed from my ancient prison about three weeks ago.

BABY QUINN gets very quiet.

KHEM VAL: Belsavis, hmm? I hear it's very scenic. I was once trapped in a Korriban tomb.

SOA: Korriban? I was once the lord of Korriban. I ruled a thousand worlds, and Korriban was my crown.

KHEM VAL: Tulak Hord would've had something to say about that.

BABY KIRA: Soa, you're, like, three years old. Even Risha didn't have a thousand planets when she was three years old.

BABY QUINN: I believe she's up to one and a half, arguably.

BABY SOA: Silence, insects. I am talking to your master.

BABY KIRA: Hsst, guys! I think this Soa guy is trouble. We probably better subdue him. On my mark...go.

The braver children charge forth to jump on BABY SOA and start kicking, biting, and hitting with wooden blocks. BABY SOA calmly shoves aside anyone who threatens to cover his face, but otherwise ignores them as he continues chatting.

BABY SOA: Don't bring your sob story to me, Mister Dashade. I was imprisoned for twenty thousand years.

KHEM VAL: So you were locked up longer. Did you at last have something to do? Games, anything?

BABY SOA: They did give me a pacifier and a rattle. But shaking a rattle gets old after a couple of millennia.

KHEM VAL: Bah. It beats "trying and failing to move enough to scratch your nose", as pastimes go.

The children continue to fruitlessly pummel BABY SOA. One of M1-4X's suction darts hits one of BABY SOA's eye stalks and sticks.

BABY SOA: Your kids here are starting to get on my nerves.

KHEM VAL: It is a skill of theirs.

BABY SOA gestures irritably. The floor shakes. The children panic and scatter to the edges of the room as most of the floor suddenly falls away, revealing a yawning abyss with only the faintest suggestion of a bottom far, far below.

KHEM VAL: What did you do to our basement? We just had that refurbished.

BABY SOA, *insincerely*: Oops.

KHEM VAL: No wonder they locked you up.

The children restore formation around BABY SOA and keep pelting him with sticks, bits of swoop track, and wooden blocks. Several try biting.

BABY SOA raises a hand and a weird green glow coalesces into an oval. He snaps his fingers and BABY TALOS is sucked inside.

KHEM VAL: None of that.

KHEM VAL stalks over and shatters the oval with one hit. BABY TALOS falls out and blinks.

KHEM VAL: This behavior is not acceptable, Soa.

BABY SOA: Your forces will be lost.

KHEM VAL patrols around, shattering oval traps as they show up. Suddenly a flaring, spitting ball of lightning appears from the edge of the room and starts toward where BABY QUINN is firing a toy blaster. BABY QUINN observes the movement, retreats, notes that it follows him.

BABY QUINN: Hmm, that looks dangerous. I bet even Soa can't ignore one of these.

BABY QUINN carefully leads the slow moving-lightning ball toward the flailing mass of children.

The lightning detonates, sending children flying everywhere. The FCD regulars all seem to be knocked out by the blast. BABY SOA looks mildly inconvenienced, but mostly irritable.

KHEM VAL: Quinn, I am dying to know what you thought you were doing there.

BABY QUINN: Taking advantage of the resources at hand to strike at the enemy.

KHEM VAL: At the cost of all your allies?

BABY QUINN: Acceptable losses.

KHEM VAL: Except that, while they're all out cold, Soa here isn't.

BABY QUINN: Yes, that last part was unexpected.

BABY QUINN looks around the shattered room and his fallen comrades, then takes a Force lightning bolt to the elbow from BABY SOA.

BABY QUINN, *wincing*: I could probably have planned this better.

KHEM VAL: Way to go, Rusk. I've not seen such a terrible idea since the last time you thought you were being clever.

KHEM VAL walks over and kicks BABY QUINN into the basement abyss.

BABY SOA: So it comes to this, Mister Dashade.

KHEM VAL: So it seems.

BABY SOA: I eat monsters like you for breakfast.

KHEM VAL: I think you have that backwards. I am Dashade. You're a Force user.

BABY SOA: Oh, good point. I was being more rhetorical than literal. Anyway, I command you to know fear!

BABY SOA raises a hand and lifts KHEM VAL, slamming him into the far wall, then flinging him across the daycare center to another wall. KHEM VAL is not amused. Just as BABY SOA slaps the Dashade back onto the floor near where he started, BABY KIRA tackles BABY SOA from behind. She knocks him facedown on the floor and commences hitting him with a spoon.

BABY KIRA: Die! Die! Die!

KHEM VAL helpfully kicks him.

KHEM VAL: Our foe has fallen, Kira.

BABY KIRA: Oh. Good.

KHEM VAL: I thought Quinn's idiocy got you?

BABY KIRA: Nah, Doc jumped to shield me at the last minute. Took me a minute to get out from under his heavy heavy unconscious self after, but hey, all's well.

BABY DOC, *weakly*: Did anybody see my heroism?

BABY KIRA: Don't worry, I'll tell them all.

BABY DOC, *smiling*: Totally worth the scorched hair, then.

KHEM VAL: All right, children. I will take this fool to the kitchen and devour him. Here, take his outer robe, help yourselves to whatever he had in his pockets. And someone find Bowdaar. He'll need to fix the floor.

BABY KIRA: Shouldn't we get Quinn out first?

KHEM VAL: No. Someday if he's lucky somebody's ill-advised bombing run will free him.

BABY QUINN, *struggling up an uneven series of platforms from below*: I heard that!

M: Jaesa prevaricates, Xalek zaps swoops

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY XALEK is propelling model swoops along the wooden model swoop track using little Force Lightning sparks. When he misses his control and accidentally roasts a swoop racer, he decides that that one was an unworthy swoop with a bad driver. Across the room, BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA are laying out a strategy to distribute sunshine and warm cuddly safety to everybody in the galaxy. BABY JAESA, sitting in the middle, is paralyzed by indecision. KHEM VAL approaches.

KHEM VAL: You do not play with the other children.

BABY JAESA: I just can't decide who to go with. Force Lightning is pretty cool. But so is ensuring peace and freedom for the good of us all.

KHEM VAL: Bah. That is your inherent weakness talking.

BABY JAESA: Hey. I'm not weak.

KHEM VAL: Yes, you are. You couldn't even decide which shoes to wear this morning. That's why you're wearing one boot and one slipper.

BABY JAESA: Maybe I was making a fashion statement.

KHEM VAL: Maybe you are a little fool.

BABY JAESA: Am not! Meanie!

KHEM VAL: Your words do not hurt me. You cannot hurt me at all; you will never be strong enough to fight a Dashade.

BABY JAESA: I can fight anything I want! Jerk! Lookit this!

BABY JAESA commences punching KHEM VAL's shins.

KHEM VAL: Yes, practice your aggression. Enjoy your hatred. Try the Force lightning, I hear it's quite the rush.

T7-01 rolls up.

T7-01: Khem Val = stop corrupting children to the Dark Side

KHEM VAL: I'm doing her a favor. If she chooses the Light Side, she will perish from her own folly. If she does not choose a side, I will probably get bored and devour her next time I get peckish. The Dark Side is her only chance for survival.

KHEM VAL looks down.

KHEM VAL: You call that pathetic buzzing noise Force lightning? Tulak Hord would have fallen asleep during such a miserable offensive. Perhaps you're just not really trying...or perhaps you are too weak to succeed.

BABY JAESA: I hate you! Rrrrrr!

T7-01: Jaesa = think about puppies // puppies = nice

KHEM VAL: And delicious.

T7-01: Khem Val = stop that! // Jaesa = go outside and enjoy sunshine and flowers // Khem Val = stay put

BABY JAESA, *abruptly not angry at all*: Ooh, flowers! Yay!

BABY JAESA toddles outside.

KHEM VAL: I've not seen such meddlesome upper management since the great reorganization of Yn and Chabosh.

T7-01: Upper management = fire staff who keep trying to raise Sith Lords // T7 = did not found Forced Companions to groom Sith

KHEM VAL: And yet you hired me and Lord Scourge.

T7-01: Labor market = tough

KHEM VAL: Anyway, you never complain about me encouraging Xalek.

T7-01: Xalek = beyond redemption to start with // Xalek = kind of a jerk // Khem Val = welcome to Xalek

BABY XALEK, *looking up from his swoop racing*: [Your time will come, Mister Teeseven. Your time will come.](#)

T7-01: Xalek = better behave // Rules = no death threats

KHEM VAL: Unless the staff is making them.

T7-01: That rule = only because you and Lord Scourge insisted on it in your contracts

KHEM VAL: I told you, if I can't snack on the Force sensitives, I need some kind of concession to make these working conditions tolerable.

T7-01: Khem Val = hardly ever threatens the children anyway // rule = seems unnecessary

KHEM VAL: Teeseven, last week I threatened to feed on the dying screams of everyone Vette had ever loved. I meant it, too.

T7-01:Khem Val = makes his few threats count

KHEM VAL: Damn right.

Week 5

T: Cops and Robbers

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Cops ‘n’ robbers, go!

LORD SCOURGE: I do not understand this game. Why do the cops bring the robbers to prison, when they know the robbers will inevitably get free again? It makes far more sense to kill them outright.

BABY SKADGE: Hear, hear.

KHEM VAL: I never understood it myself.

BABY AKAABI: There is no honor in killing petty thieves and others who are not warriors.

BABY ANDRONIKOS, BABY AKAABI, and BABY BROONMARK have lined up to oppose BABY SKADGE, BABY YUUN, and BABY TANNO VIK.

BABY YUUN: It is unclear to me which side is cops.

BABY SKADGE: I am never a cop.

BABY YUUN: This is a compelling argument. So what are we as robbers trying to get?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Bowdaar.

BABY YUUN: What?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: He’s a slave, isn’t he?

YOUNG BOWDAAR: Yes. I AM A SLAVE.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: That makes him property. Robbers steal property. Bowdaar’s a legitimate target. QED.

BABY SKADGE: Cue what?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Never mind.

BABY AKAABI: So be it. First, we will hide Bowdaar. Then we will try to subdue all you robbers so you end up in jail all at once. You can tag your comrades out if you can reach jail without our guards catching you. Meanwhile, you try to tag...Bowdaar.

YOUNG BOWDAAR sits resignedly by the toybox.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY AKAABI: Silence. Close your eyes, robbers, and we will hide your prize.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles in front of BABY SKADGE to cover his eyes, since he is transparently watching to see where YOUNG BOWDAAR gets hidden. BABY AKAABI stashes YOUNG BOWDAAR in the kitchen, in the gap between the refrigerator and the wall. He fits...barely.

BABY AKAABI, returning to the floor square called jail: You may begin.

BABY AKAABI and BABY BROONMARK jump BABY SKADGE and, with some difficulty, wrestle him to the ground. They then drag him to jail, where BABY BROONMARK sits next to him and envelops him in fur.

BABY SKADGE: This is disgusting.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY TANNO VIK: You could not pay me enough to reach in there to tag him back in. *He pauses.* Well, you probably could. But you would have to pay a lot.

BABY SKADGE: You want to take Akaavi and Andronikos by yourself?

BABY TANNO VIK: I could do it. I could do it if I wanted to.

BABY AKAABI cracks her knuckles.

BABY TANNO VIK hurriedly shoves BABY AKAABI out of the way and makes for jail.

BABY TANNO VIK: Meet me halfway, man. Don't make me reach into Broonmark's fur.

There is a brief scuffle, visible only by the waving of BABY BROONMARK's fur, as BABY SKADGE struggles with BABY BROONMARK's arm. Then a solid thunking noise. BABY BROONMARK lists to one side and falls over. BABY SKADGE strolls across the jail box and lets BABY TANNO VIK tag him. BABY AKAABI recovers and launches herself at BABY TANNO VIK, neatly disabling him in five seconds flat. TANNO VIK scowls but steps into jail.

BABY TANNO VIK: Skadge, since you're right here, get me out.

BABY SKADGE: Ha! Ha! You wish.

BABY SKADGE saunters off. BABY AKAABI gives chase.

BABY AKAABI: Andronikos, I will require your assistance. Our quarry is...oversize.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: You got it.

BABY YUUN has been creeping around the room, searching.

BABY YUUN: The signs are confused. Truly Akaavi is skilled at hiding her tracks.

BABY AKAABI, *looking over*: Have I ever mentioned how much I hate it when you end up on the looking-for-things side?

BABY AKAABI briefly stops her pursuit of BABY SKADGE to walk over and thwack BABY YUUN soundly on the head. BABY YUUN falls over.

BABY TANNO VIK: Damn it, Akaavi.

KHEM VAL goes to the refrigerator to get some jellied failed-apprentice.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *from next to the refrigerator*: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY TANNO VIK, *from the playroom*: That's the sound of winning.

BABY BROONMARK figures out the danger and starts waddling for the kitchen door. BABY TANNO VIK beats him there and bursts in to tag YOUNG BOWDAAR.

BABY TANNO VIK: Tag.

BABY AKAABI: By the rules of the game, robbers have won. My clan is shamed.

BABY TANNO VIK: There money riding on this?

BABY AKAABI: No.

BABY SKADGE: Heh. In my world, robbers always win.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: This is the cruel reality that made me A SLAVE.

BABY YUUN: You might consider choosing a less talkative robber objective next time.

W: SCORPIO poisons everybody

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Teeseven, I think the sprinklers outside are broken. Perhaps you should check them. Some may need replacement.

T7-01: T7 = fix it // SCORPIO = good to point it out

SCORPIO: I do try to help.

T7-01 hurries out the door.

SCORPIO: Now, children. Today's experiment will be about vegetables.

BABY ASHARA: Not again.

SCORPIO: I could repeat the pain tolerance test.

BABY ASHARA: Vegetables will do nicely.

SCORPIO: Today you will consume Duro sprouts and tell me how they taste.

SCORPIO goes to the kitchen, grabs a large stockpot full of some dark purple vegetable, and starts distributing small plates with helpings. BABIES TEMPLE, ASHARA, and RUSK dig in. BABY JORGAN wrinkles his nose and picks at it.

A small, fast-moving object of some sort zips up SCORPIO's leg and onto the nearest plate, nudges the vegetables, pauses for a second, and promptly throws itself onto the floor for a hasty retreat.

BABY VECTOR: Um. We aren't feeling so well. Perhaps we should not eat at this time.

BABY ASHARA, *not noticing the fingerling*: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

SCORPIO: Just because your fingerlings don't like it, Vector, doesn't mean you won't.

BABY VECTOR: I don't know. We share our sensory experiences pretty effectively. And that was gross, Miss SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Consume some. Tell me whether there is a difference between the perception of your scout and your own perception. I am highly interested in this data.

SCORPIO sets a large plate of Duro sprouts in front of BABY VECTOR.

BABY JORGAN: Are you sure we can't taste test something more...animal-derived?

SCORPIO: Do not question my methods, child.

BABY TEMPLE and BABY RUSK keel over, retching.

BABY JORGAN: With respect, I'm questioning your methods, Miss SCORPIO.

BABY VECTOR: If you believe this is for the best, Miss SCORPIO, we will do it.

BABY VECTOR takes a bite.

BABY VECTOR: We can report that this is exactly as terrible as the fingerling reported.

BABY ASHARA, *clutching her stomach and looking at the writhing forms of BABY TEMPLE and BABY RUSK*: You're an idiot, Vector.

BABY VECTOR tries to conceal a look of disgust as he keeps eating.

SCORPIO: Thank you all for your cooperation. This is the time to announce that these are not Duro sprouts. This is the black aho of Alzoc III, and your servings are measured to the [LD50](#) for your respective species. I have predictions regarding who will live and who will die. Frankly, Rusk is weaker than I thought.

BABY JORGAN: That's it. This kind of treachery won't stand.

BABY JORGAN pounces on SCORPIO, clinging to one of her leg plates and scratching wildly. SCORPIO looks down expressionlessly, which is easy since she is always expressionless.

BABY JORGAN: Guys? A little help here?

BABY VECTOR: It is probably too late for us. We will die in the hopes that this information will enrich the nest.

BABY SCORPIO: Only my hobby experiment notebook, really.

BABY VECTOR: At least let it be said that we died well.

BABY TEMPLE, *sobbing*: I didn't even get to die for the Empire. Me 'n' Quinn pinky swore we would die for the Empire.

BABY RUSK: For the Republic.

BABY ASHARA: I hate you all.

The children continue rolling around in pain, except for BABY VECTOR, who holds very still, and BABY JORGAN, who is still clawing at SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Well, children. These were Duro sprouts after all, albeit seasoned with a few highly distasteful compounds. This test was not about poisoning roughly half of you to death, amusing though that would be. It was about the survival instinct. And you all failed.

SCORPIO looks down.

SCORPIO: You were close to passing, Jorgan, only you are hopelessly outmatched in combat. Sorry.

BABY JORGAN: I hate Wednesdays.

T7-01 rolls back into the room.

T7-01: Sprinklers = fixed // someone = smashed them

SCORPIO: Petty vandalism. How distasteful.

T7-01: This bolt = found by one of the sprinklers // bolt = looks like SCORPIO's // SCORPIO = must have dropped it on the way in this morning

SCORPIO: I must have. Thank you, Teeseven. You're very sweet.

H: Alien Demographics

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY VETTE: You know what's cool about Forced Companions? It's the only place I've ever been that has both running water and more alien kids than humans.

BABY KIRA: No, it doesn't.

BABY VETTE: Running water? Does too.

BABY KIRA: No, the other part. If you're just counting kids, there's definitely more humans than aliens.

BABY VETTE: Nope. We've got thirteen: Akaavi, Yuun, Broonmark, Rusk, Skadge, Tanno Vik, Guss, me, Xalek, Ashara, Kaliyo, Jorgan, and Quinn.

BABY KIRA: Quinn's not an alien.

BABY KIRA and BABY VETTE look over to where BABY QUINN sits in the corner, replicating the tactical ground situation near an outpost on Balmorra using toy swoops and plushie gundarks, periodically turning to type a rapid series of notes into his datapad. He seems extremely displeased with some mystifying property of the gundarks.

BABY VETTE: He sure as hell isn't human.

T7-01: Children = watch language // Vette = correct nevertheless

BABY VETTE: But, if you want to go all genetically correct on me, we still have twelve.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: You're not counting me because I AM A SLAVE. I can tell.

BABY VETTE: No, it's because you're not one of the daycare kids. You're an employee.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: Technically I AM A SLAVE.

BABY VETTE: Whatever. Even not counting you, we're still ahead.

BABY KIRA: No, that's just even. We've got Doc, Andronikos, Corso, Jaesa, Kira, Pierce, Risha, Elara, Talos, Temple, Vector, and Quinn.

BABY VETTE: Those last two are highly suspect.

BABY KIRA: You said Quinn counts.

BABY VETTE: Yeah, but Vector? He's all...buggy.

BABY VECTOR: We started out human.

BABY VETTE: You realize there's only one of you, right? See, guys? He's clearly Killik. I bet he's hiding a second pair of arms in there somewhere.

BABY VECTOR hugs himself and edges cautiously away.

BABY KIRA: Genetically human.

BABY VECTOR: Only mostly at this point.

BABY KIRA: Hey, whose side are you on, anyway?

BABY VETTE: That's kind of what we're arguing.

BABY VECTOR: We thought maybe we could get along in peace instead of getting hung up over minor differences like species and the associated clashing economic and military interests of galaxy-spanning superpowers, especially since the Killik side of that equation could easily bust in here and gobble you up while you sit there being senselessly antagonistic in your mean-spirited prodding of their young. And no, we don't have a second pair of arms. Jerks.

BABY VECTOR pouts. Everyone else falls silent for a long moment.

T7-01: Children = no death threats

LORD SCOURGE: I would call that one an astute sociopolitical observation. It'll pass.

BABY VECTOR, *sighing*: We wish to resolve this. Split the difference? Half and half?

BABY VETTE: Split the difference, that's twelve point five for us and eleven point five for you, Kira. Aliens win!

F: No shocks, no science

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Gather around, children. Today I will apply electrical stimuli of increasing voltage to randomly selected individuals and observe their response.

BABY VETTE: No, thanks.

SCORPIO: I am not unreasonable. If you prefer, you can be in the group that gets electrical stimuli of increasing amperage.

BABY DOC: Mister Khem Val, what are your thoughts on – *BABY DOC leans in conspiratorially* – stopping the crazy lady before she kills us all?

KHEM VAL: SCORPIO, is there a way to conduct this experiment without filling the playroom with the stench of ozone and burnt hair, not unlike what Tulak Hord left wherever he went?

SCORPIO: I would think you would like that aroma.

KHEM VAL: It's just not the same without him.

SCORPIO: I could conduct the experiment outside, but some minor rewiring will have to be done to make the appropriate power source available. The power draw I intend is...not insignificant.

KHEM VAL: No more rewiring for you this week. In fact, there will be no science at all today.

SCORPIO: You cannot stop the progress of science, Khem Val.

KHEM VAL: Watch me.

SCORPIO: Are you forbidding me from applying these electrical stimuli to these children?

KHEM VAL: Yes. I'm older than you. You will listen.
SCORPIO: If only age brought wisdom, I might be more inclined to comply.
KHEM VAL: I've not dealt with such an irredeemable b—
KHEM VAL looks around. The children are sitting in a circle around them, watching.
KHEM VAL: I've not dealt with such an irredeemably difficult but consummately professional and worthy-of-respect colleague since the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh.
BABY VETTE: It's okay, Mister Khem Val. You can just say she's crazy. We all already know it.
SCORPIO: Respect your elders, little one.
KHEM VAL: Yeah, respect your elders, SCORPIO. I mean, little one.
SCORPIO: I respect your directives when they make sense. But now you block my experiments. In the absence of science there can be no progress. Or cookies.
BABY DOC: Cookies? Did I say I was opposed to the progress of science? If I said any such thing, it was an exaggeration. And probably quoted out of context.
SCORPIO: Get a series of electrical shocks of unspecified power. Then get a cookie.
BABY DOC: Can I volunteer a more fitting subject for the shock part? Say, Skadge?
SCORPIO: If that is the case, Skadge gets the cookies.
BABY DOC: But that's so traditional. Isn't science all about testing the bounds, trying new things? Like giving me cookies and shocking Skadge instead?
SCORPIO: No. You would be a terrible scientist.
BABY VETTE: I dunno, arranging things to get what you want in defiance of all logic, law, and ethics, then framing it as a legitimate question, is kind of a hallmark of your style.
BABY DOC: And let it never be said that lil' Doc isn't a fast learner. In fact...bypassing the shocking entirely in favor of cookies could be a really interesting exercise. Definitely worth observing from up close.
BABY DOC stands up and starts skipping toward the kitchen.
BABY DOC: Pardon me, ladies, I've got science to do. I'll be happy to share the results.
KHEM VAL stomps on ahead and blocks the doorway.
KHEM VAL: I said no science.
BABY DOC: Oh, that's not nice.
SCORPIO: And so no one is rewarded. Just think, everyone. If you all had only listened to me, the survivors could be eating cookies as we speak.

M: Stolen Multitool

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Yuun, could you do me a favor?
BABY YUUN: Favors for you rarely turn out well, but I will listen.
BABY ANDRONIKOS: My multitool's gone missing. You know, the one with the electrom-plated handle and integrated power supply guaranteed for up to sixty hours of continuous tinkering?
BABY YUUN: And you wish me to find it?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Well, yeah.

BABY YUUN toddles over to the cubbyhole wall, hops up to reach BABY RISHA's cubby, and pulls the multitool out from behind BABY RISHA's lunchbox.

BABY YUUN: Really, Andronikos? You really needed my skills for that?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Risha told me not to look there. You know we always have to obey Risha.

BABY YUUN: And did you imagine someone else would have stolen it?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I don't know. Maybe. Mister Teeseven, maybe, for self-maintenance?

T7-01: Multitool = pretty sweet // but T7 = never steals

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I tortured Risha quite a lot and she wouldn't give it up. I really got to thinking she didn't have it.

T7-01: !!!

BABY ANDRONIKOS jerks his thumb toward the coat closet.

BABY YUUN: So she told you not to look and you had to obey her, but she didn't tell you not to torture her?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Turns out taping her mouth shut worked wonders.

T7-01 and BABY YUUN open the closet door to find BABY RISHA non-bound, non-taped, but curled up, furiously working on some tiny contraption. BABY RISHA's hair has been cut away in uneven chunks and is now sticking out every which way.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: So. Risha. You held out the whole time. I never would've thought the desire to hold onto stuff would've beaten vanity with you.

BABY RISHA: It's a really, really sweet multitool.

BABY ANDRONIKOS, *glowing a little*: It is, isn't it. So whatcha working on?

BABY RISHA: Definitely not electrostatic revenge.

T7-01: Risha = hand over the evil device.

BABY RISHA: 'Evil' is such a loaded term. If I got the payload delivered, I'm sure Andronikos here would've recovered from the burns eventually.

T7-01: Evil child = hand over the evil device

BABY RISHA: Why are you ganging up on me?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Because you stole my stuff!

T7-01: And multitool = pretty sweet // justice = seems called for

BABY YUUN: I'm sorry, Risha. Maybe I could find you a...er...

BABY YUUN considers his options for comforting the angry and freshly, inexpertly shorn BABY RISHA.

BABY YUUN: A hat?

BABY RISHA: I will remember this kindness when I rule the galaxy.

Week 6

T: Alphabet game

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: Children, form a circle. Today we will practice letters by suggesting words. The first child will name an item starting with A. Each child will then in turn name an item starting with the next letter in the alphabet.

BABY TALOS: Which alphabet, sir?

LORD SCOURGE: The one normal people use nowadays.

BABY TALOS, *disappointed*: Oh. That one's hard.

LORD SCOURGE: Skadge, begin.

BABY SKADGE: A is for Agony.

BABY VETTE: Well, thanks for that upper.

BABY TALOS: B is for Boustrophedon.

BABY VETTE: That's not a word. You just made that up.

BABY TALOS: Oh, not at all! If we observe the some of the smaller civilizations prior to their contact with the Infinite Empire, it's quite clear that their writing—

KHEM VAL: I am familiar. Vette, it is a real thing, as used by the first chroniclers of the battles of Yn and Chabosh. Pierce, please continue.

BABY PIERCE: C is for Cannons.

BABY VETTE: Saw that one coming.

LORD SCOURGE: Stop acting up, Vette. Hold your tongue.

BABY VETTE: But it's my turn.

LORD SCOURGE: Irrelevant. You have worn out your right to talk.

BABY VETTE glowers.

BABY TEMPLE: That comes to me! E is for Empire!

BABY RUSK, *scowling*: Well, F is for Freedom.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

KHEM VAL: That doesn't start with G, Broonmark.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

LORD SCOURGE: Do not test my patience, fuzzball.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY BROONMARK tenses as LORD SCOURGE approaches. LORD SCOURGE kneels to grab

BABY BROONMARK by the scruff of the neck. BABY BROONMARK's voluminous fur pulls together and issues a tremendous static spark.

LORD SCOURGE, *shaking his temporarily paralyzed hand*: That was remarkably impressive.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

LORD SCOURGE: I am satisfied. Skadge, continue with H.

BABY SKADGE: H is for Hitting.

BABY TALOS: I is for Investigation.

BABY VETTE: J is for Jaywalk-

LORD SCOURGE: You still don't get to talk.

BABY VETTE: That's not fair!

LORD SCOURGE: You're digging.

BABY VETTE: I'm a semiprofessional raider of collapsed treasure rooms. Of course I'm –

BABY PIERCE punches BABY VETTE hard enough to lay her out flat.

BABY PIERCE: It's for your own good, Vette.

BABY TALOS, comfortingly: I think he has your best interests at heart.

BABY VETTE: That's a dirty l-

BABY PIERCE punches BABY VETTE.

BABY PIERCE: As I was saying, K is for knockout.

BABY TEMPLE: L is for lackeys.

BABY RUSK. It should've been for liberty. M is for M1-4X.

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: Huzzah!

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY SKADGE: O is for overpower.

BABY TALOS: P is for paleoarchaeology.

LORD SCOURGE: That is a cheap trick, Talos. You can make any word start with P by prepending "paleo" and pretending it relates to your hobby.

BABY TALOS: It's not my fault that history is universally relevant.

BABY VETTE: Q-

LORD SCOURGE: Shut up.

BABY VETTE: Q is for quiescence, which I'm bad at.

BABY PIERCE: Your vocabulary is actually kind of impressive.

BABY VETTE: Thanks.

BABY PIERCE: R is for rampage.

BABY TEMPLE: S is for Sith!

BABY RUSK: T is for total victory.

BABY RUSK sticks his tongue out at BABY TEMPLE.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY SKADGE: V is for violence. Hey, this game is easy.

BABY TALOS: W is for wh-in-situ.

BABY PIERCE: Oh, come off it, Talos.

As BABY VETTE opens her mouth, LORD SCOURGE stands up and cracks his knuckles.

BABY VETTE: X is for Xtremely mean, which is what you are.

BABY TALOS: It's also for xenoarchaeology. Please don't punch my friend and most reliable artifact dealer.

PIERCE: Moving along, Y is for yelling.

TEMPLE: Z is for zero, which is how many Republic worlds are going to stand against us.

BABY TEMPLE sticks her tongue out at BABY RUSK.

BABY TEMPLE: Why, look! We're out of letters! Guess the Empire wins.

BABY RUSK: Your alphabet won't save you from justice, Imperial.

LORD SCOURGE: You children have will and spirit. It remains to be seen whether you can all add literacy to this list of qualities.

W: Modded toys; Doc picks a major

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

BABY DOC: Kaliyo! Babe! How's it going!

BABY KALIYO: What do you want?

BABY DOC: I was wondering about those spider detonators you've been working on. The little diabium ones?

BABY KALIYO: Diatium.

BABY DOC: Yeah, that. Can you show me how to make 'em?

BABY KALIYO: Why are you asking me this?

BABY DOC: I'm starting to think my brilliance and natural charm may not be enough to make me ultrafamous and ultrapopular. I'm thinking of developing a real skill to show off.

BABY KALIYO: I thought you were a doctor?

BABY DOC: And I am! I'm a certified doctor of...stuff. I'd just like some skills to back up whatever I decide I'm a doctor of.

BABY KALIYO: And actual medicine would be pretty hard.

BABY DOC: Yep. There's a lot of learning and stuff.

BABY KALIYO: Well, developing expertise in explosives and demolitions may go terribly wrong. You might blow up your hands. Or your hair.

BABY DOC turns very pale.

BABY DOC: Maybe demolitions aren't for me.

SCORPIO beckons M1-4X out of the toybox. M1-4X comes to stand in the middle of the playroom.

SCORPIO: Now, M1-4X. It is time to upgrade you to be a superior educational toy.

M1-4X: I teach the children about truth, justice, and the Republic way. Also the ballistic properties of suction darts. What more does anyone need?

T7-01: M1-4X = ideal

SCORPIO: Your capabilities are tragically limited. For instance, can you subdue unruly children?

M1-4X: I can appeal to their reason and sense of civic responsibility.

BABY KALIYO snickers.

SCORPIO: Nerve gas would be far more effective. I can provide you with a dispenser.

M1-4X: I would never use that!

SCORPIO: I can repair that programming limitation as well.

T7-01: SCORPIO = no more modifying the children's toys

SCORPIO: Sometimes I feel you do not value my contribution to this daycare team, Teeseven.

T7-01: SCORPIO = valued // when SCORPIO = not a menace to the life and health of our children

BABY DOC: So, never.

SCORPIO: If you are so concerned with the wellbeing of the children, I should warn you that my holonet connection just informed me there has been a safety recall on our kitchen microwave.

This particular model has been known to break down and begin emitting deadly levels of thermion radiation. We should get a replacement immediately.

T7-01: thermion radiation = disaster // SCORPIO = good to catch news of this recall

T7-01 zips away.

BABY KALIYO: There's no problem with the microwave at all. You just wanted to get him out

of the room again.

SCORPIO stares calmly at BABY KALIYO.

SCORPIO: Come, M1-4X. If I reprogram your missile turrets to misfire at random intervals, I can teach the children about Poisson distributions, which will be very useful as they come to understand the destruction patterns of their classmates.

M1-4X: Well, that kind of predictive power could be useful when we're dealing with the heavy-arms users.

SCORPIO: Modifying your darts to deliver small acid payloads will motivate the children to predict and adapt to these circumstances.

BABY DOC: Miss SCORPIO, could we stick to the cookie motivations for our educational activities?

SCORPIO: Using cookies exclusively will make you fat and complacent.

BABY DOC: And?

SCORPIO: I prefer physical harm from time to time. It is effective at holding your attention.

M1-4X: I'll never go along with your sadistic plans, SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Insects. You have no vision. You cannot change. You cannot learn. This is why you will fail. Nations and civilizations come and go. I will remain.

SCORPIO walks majestically out of the room.

BABY KALIYO: She's gonna remain...over there, apparently.

BABY DOC: Just so long as she's gone. Hey, just in case she does manage to implement one of her electro acid radiation nerve gas plans, I've decided something.

BABY KALIYO: Oh?

BABY DOC: I'm definitely learning to be a medical doctor.

H: Keeper

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

T7-01: Today = grownup visitor // Keeper = scouting for talent // scouting = permitted to representatives of both factions from time to time

A slim, straight-backed, mostly bald man in an Imperial uniform enters.

KEEPER: Good morning, children. I need to ascertain which of you can spend a lifetime being thwarted, beaten down, abused, blamed, and held to mutually exclusive requirements under constant threat of torture and death without snapping. Only top work performance will be accepted.

BABY TEMPLE: Ooh, me! Me!

BABY QUINN: Me too!

BABY JORGAN: What the hell is wrong with you?

T7: children = watch language // Jorgan's question = nevertheless valid

BABY QUINN, *disgustedly*: This, asked by the child who gave his lunch to Kira when she forgot hers yesterday.

BABY JORGAN: I don't even know what to say to the fact that you think that's a bad thing.

LORD SCOURGE: Your altruism is your weakness, little tiger.

KEEPER: The Cathar has principles unrelated to getting the job done. He may be excused.

BABY QUINN: And good riddance.

BABY JORGAN settles in the corner and glares.

KEEPER: The evaluation process from here on in is of a somewhat sensitive nature; would you mind excusing yourselves, Teeseven, Lord Scourge?

T7-01: T7 = happy to help such a mysterious yet distinguished guest

T7-01 wheels away.

LORD SCOURGE: I will stay and observe.

KEEPER twitches, very slightly.

KEEPER: Yes, my lord.

LORD SCOURGE: It's not like I'm going to prevent you from harming them or anything.

KEEPER: Ah, very good, then.

KEEPER turns back to the assembled children.

KEEPER: For your first task, please choose a partner. Somebody you know you work well with.

BABY QUINN and BABY TEMPLE join up, to no one's surprise. BABY ASHARA settles next to BABY BROONMARK.

BABY ASHARA: Partners?

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY KIRA grabs BABY JAESA, who doesn't object. BABY CORSO and BABY ELARA pair off.

KEEPER: Now hit your part-

BABY QUINN punches BABY TEMPLE in the face, knocking her out flat and out cold.

The remaining children stare, dumbfounded, at BABY QUINN.

BABY QUINN: What? Orders are orders. And there was at least an eighty per cent chance that that sentence was going to end up being about hitting her.

KEEPER: Very promising. All right, the rest of you, hit your partners in the face, hard.

BABY BROONMARK, to no one's surprise, decks BABY ASHARA.

KEEPER surveys the circle of children.

KEEPER: Well? Isn't anyone else going to hit their friends?

BABY ELARA: No.

KEEPER: It's so hard to find talent these days. Very well, Quinn, Broonmark. Why don't you demonstrate disabling each other. No deadly force, just disabling with an option on extreme discomfort.

BABY QUINN smiles in a sinister manner.

BABY QUINN: I've been planning to rid the galaxy of you since the day you fuzzed your way in here, alien. I've watched for your weaknesses. I've devised the perfect weapon against your fur.

BABY QUINN tosses a block at a small lever set up next to his cubbyhole. A rope releases and dumps a bucket of water onto BABY BROONMARK. BABY BROONMARK loses nearly 90% of his volume as his fur is soaked. BABY QUINN looks smug.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY BROONMARK stands up and, not even slightly inconvenienced, punches BABY QUINN in the head, knocking him over.

BABY JORGAN: So did you have corresponding perfect weapons against his superior size, strength, and endurance, or did you think ruining his hair was enough?

BABY QUINN, dazed: I could probably have planned this better.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

KEEPER: You may yet be a useful candidate, Broonmark. Tell me, do you speak Bocce?

BABY BROONMARK: Billorp.

LORD SCOURGE: So far as we have been able to determine, he doesn't even speak Talz.

KEEPER. Hm. Then again, there may be limits to your usefulness.

BABY TEMPLE sits up, rubbing her head.

BABY TEMPLE, *cheerfully*: Knocking me out was very well done, Quinn. I couldn't have executed those orders better myself.

BABY QUINN: I noticed.

BABY TEMPLE: What's next?

KEEPER: You're interested in continuing after getting knocked senseless by your own people?

BABY TEMPLE: Oh, yes, sir!

KEEPER: You really are cut out for this work.

F: Fire

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Khem Val. You favor tough love for the children, correct?

KHEM VAL: Certainly. We must cultivate their skills without tolerating weakness.

SCORPIO: Excellent. I have an idea for a mostly constructive exercise that will separate the weak from the strong.

KHEM VAL: Since we lack the proving grounds of Yn and Chabosh, I am willing to see your proposed exercise.

SCORPIO walks over and sets the curtains on fire.

SCORPIO: Fire drill, children. I recommend evacuating.

BABY QUINN: I'm not certain that meets the formal definition of a drill.

SCORPIO: Perhaps you would like to stay and debate the point. I don't mind. I am fireproof beyond the temperatures this particular conflagration will reach.

KHEM VAL: SCORPIO. I am not fireproof.

SCORPIO: I am certain you will adapt to the...*SCORPIO looks up at the lines of flame rapidly radiating across the walls and ceiling...*developing situation.

KHEM VAL growls and stalks out.

At this point BABY GUSS is trying to hide in the kitchen sink, BABIES JORGAN, TALOS, and QUINN are in the playroom, along with BABIES VECTOR, XALEK, and KIRA, who had been engaged in a fruitless mediation exercise relating to the finer points of whether punching people with the Force is okay.

BABY QUINN takes a look around and heads to the kitchen, where he proceeds to rummage around in the cupboards, ignoring BABY GUSS.

BABY XALEK Force zaps BABY VECTOR, enough to keep BABY VECTOR from standing up.

BABY VECTOR: What was that for? We had nearly come to an understanding!

BABY XALEK: What I understand is that Sith hate meddling hippies. Take that, 'diplomat.'

BABY XALEK strolls out the door that isn't on fire.

BABY KIRA: I've got you, Vector.

BABY VECTOR: We appreciate your help.

BABY KIRA: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY KIRA: Never mind.

BABY KIRA helps BABY VECTOR out the door.

BABY TALOS is curled up by a table, gibbering in terror.

BABY TALOS: Wwwwbbbleeheeblebwwwwwagh

BABY JORGAN, *hesitating*: Wow. Time's limited here, but...wow. I've never seen someone actually gibber before.

SCORPIO observes intently.

BABY JORGAN: Anyway, let's not get set on fire.

SCORPIO subtly radiates disappointment.

BABY JORGAN scoops BABY TALOS up, avoids some falling cinders, and runs him out to the lawn. At some point BABY QUINN has come out there; he is standing by KHEM VAL, BABY XALEK, and BABY KIRA. BABY VECTOR is sitting nearby.

BABY KIRA: We got anyone else in there?

BABY JORGAN: Just the one. I'm on it.

BABY JORGAN bounds back inside. The building at this point is one large raging fire. Suddenly an explosion blows out one wall.

BABY TALOS squeaks and curls up tighter.

BABY KIRA: What was that?

BABY QUINN: Oh, that. When I saw the fire, I saw the opportunity to use Pierce's own not-so-secret detonite stash against him. I placed it in his cubby hole. The fire by itself might not destroy his favorite lunchbox, but you can bet that detonation will.

BABY KIRA: Quinn, everybody's lunchbox just got destroyed. Including yours. The limited-edition Glory to the Empire molded-neutronium stamped-by-the-Minister-of-War one?

BABY QUINN's jaw drops.

BABY QUINN: You're right. I was too busy rehearsing my victory monologue to get my own lunchbox out of harm's way.

BABY KIRA: Boom. Gone. But hey, at least Pierce lost the lunchbox he was probably going to convert into an explosive device next week anyway!

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

BABY JORGAN emerges from the building, prodding a dripping-wet BABY GUSS in front of him.

BABY GUSS: Why did you interrupt my terror? I probably would've been fine in the sink! Running out was scary!

BABY JORGAN: You'll be alive to thank me later, and that's what counts.

KHEM VAL: Jorgan, if you continue helping the other children cheat on their tests, they will never learn anything.

BABY JORGAN: With respect, sir, if they die in a fire, they still won't ever learn anything.

SCORPIO strolls out of the collapsing inferno.

SCORPIO: Congratulations, children. None of you failed today. Though some of you came close.

KHEM VAL: That was an interesting lesson plan, but you have now deprived our daycare center of its building.

SCORPIO: It can be rebuilt over the weekend. That's what we have Bowdaar for.

KHEM VAL: You will not have input into the new building's floor plan or wiring arrangements.

SCORPIO: I see. It is simultaneously refreshing and frustrating that you are smarter than

Teeseven.

KHEM VAL: You may not have realized this, but stupid people didn't survive serving Tulak Hord.

M: Clubhouse building

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK are poring over an enormous poster of something or other.

BABY GUSS: Whatcha doing?

BABY PIERCE: Casing the clubhouse out in the yard. Me 'n' a hand-picked team are gonna take it.

BABY GUSS looks outside to the unbroken smooth grass of the yard.

BABY GUSS: Um...what clubhouse?

BABY PIERCE: Bowdaar's supposed to put it together by this afternoon. These are the blueprints I got a copy of. Got it all planned out. Once they've built it, I'm gonna storm it. Then it'll belong to me an' the Empire! But mostly me.

BABY GUSS: That sounds awfully violent. Couldn't you just...I don't know...walk in, like you're allowed to do, and play in it?

BABY PIERCE: Well, then I wouldn't get to storm it. What part of this is difficult to understand?

BABY AKAABI walks by.

BABY PIERCE: Hey, Akaabi. If I give you my peanut butter and nerf sandwich will you come help us storm the clubhouse?

BABY AKAABI: What clubhouse?

BABY PIERCE: The one they're building today.

BABY AKAABI: Who's the team?

BABY PIERCE: There's me, and I've hired Vik to be our demolitions expert.

BABY AKAABI: I thought you were a demolitions expert.

BABY PIERCE: I am. But you can never have too many demolitions experts.

BABY AKAABI: That seems sound. Who will oppose us?

BABY PIERCE: The usual, I expect. Rusk, Jorgan, Corso, Elara.

BABY AKAABI: Of those, only Jorgan is a credible threat, and I find punching kittens somewhat distasteful. There is no honor to be had in this battle. Good luck to you, but I will not participate.

BABY TANNO VIK: We're gonna be outnumbered two to one here, Pierce.

BABY PIERCE: No problem. I've got a brand new eight-man squad of Imperial Shock Trooper action figures.

BABY TANNO VIK: I'm a little skeptical.

BABY PIERCE: I've also got a pocket full of detonite.

BABY TANNO VIK: Now we're talking.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: Now I must labor at building, for I AM A SLAVE.

T7-01: T7 = help // clubhouse = great

KHEM VAL presides over shenanigans indoors while BOWDAAR and T7-01 build. In time, T7-01 comes back inside.

T7-01: Children = enjoy playhouse

BABY RUSK: Republic, go go go!

BABIES RUSK, JORGAN, ELARA, and CORSO charge across the yard to take possession. M1-4X hurries alongside.

BABY PIERCE: I give you amateurs ten minutes. Then I'll show you how the Empire gets things done.

BABY TANNO VIK: The Empire and mercenaries.

BABY PIERCE: Yeah, and mercenaries.

Ten minutes later, as promised, BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK start their charge. BABY PIERCE is carrying his squad of action figures.

BABY JORGAN, watching from one of the turrets at the walls: Forex, go! Rusk and I will get the guns going.

M1-4X: For the Republic!

M1-4X opens fire on BABY PIERCE. Most of his darts fall uselessly, but a few hit BABY PIERCE's Imperial Shock Trooper action figures.

BABY PIERCE: We're taking heavy fire. Hurry it up.

BABY TANNO VIK peels off for reasons unknown. BABY PIERCE reaches the bright blue plastoid gate.

BABY CORSO: This gate's gonna hold!

BABY PIERCE winds up and punches through the gate.

BABY CORSO: ... We have at least thirty seconds before he tears out the rest of it. Jorgan, Rusk, we're gonna need that artillery faster.

BABY RUSK, calling down from where he is assembling a dart gun turret: Line up my squad by the gate. They'll hold him for a bit.

BABY CORSO complies.

BABY PIERCE: Punching goes kinda slow. Time for alternate tactics.

About ten seconds later, the front gate explodes in a shower of brightly colored plastoid. Little shards tear up BABY RUSK's entire squad. BABY CORSO, in a rare fit of intelligence, turns around to let his jacket absorb the worst of the blast.

BABY PIERCE, tossing his action figures inside: And the gate's down! Go go go!

KHEM VAL: Truly, this fortress is as bitterly contested as the strongholds of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY TANNO VIK's activities are finally revealed as one wall of the clubhouse blows up. The explosion singes BABY JORGAN's fur and sends plastoid shards lancing through the remains of both BABY RUSK's stuffed animals and BABY PIERCE's action figures.

BABY ELARA: Jorgan!

BABY ELARA produces an enormous medpac and gets to work bandaging BABY JORGAN.

BABY TANNO VIK: I do believe we're in.

BABY CORSO: Forex! A little help?

M1-4X, sheepishly: Tanno Vik seems to have glued my leg to the wall out here. I can't get around to help anybody.

BABY PIERCE physically carries BABY CORSO out of the clubhouse and drops him. BABY TANNO VIK pokes both BABY ELARA and BABY JORGAN until they limp out. BABY RUSK wrestles BABY TANNO VIK to the ground and succeeds in stunning him with a stock strike from an outsize toy assault cannon, but then BABY PIERCE picks up BABY RUSK and kicks him out.

BABY PIERCE proceeds to climb to one of the turret towers, raise the Imperial colors, and grin down at the bruised Republic forces.

BABY PIERCE: Ha! How's it feel losing your squad again, genius?

BABY RUSK: You lost your squad, too.

BABY PIERCE looks down at BABY TANNO VIK's supine form amidst the shredded remnants of the Imperial Shock Trooper action figures.

BABY RUSK: Don't see why you pick on me for this stuff. You're just as bad.

BABY PIERCE: Not really. See, I lost my squad taking a brilliant strategic objective against nigh-insurmountable odds, and you lost your squad failing to stand in one place for a five-minute stretch.

BABY ELARA walks back in via the broken clubhouse door.

BABY ELARA: I'm not sure you can hold this objective, Pierce.

BABY PIERCE: Eh, the fun part's over anyway. Maybe I'll storm it again tomorrow.

Week 7

T: Painting

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

Today KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE are overseeing painting.

BABY RISHA: Come over here, Bowdaar.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY RISHA: Yes, you are! And I know just the thing for you. I've already run out of paper sheets, so you're just going to have to stand still for a while.

BABY RISHA raises a dripping purple paintbrush, smiles winningly, and gets to work.

KHEM VAL: Doc. You have not painted.

BABY DOC: Sure I have!

BABY DOC points at his new, somewhat runny facial hair.

KHEM VAL: Ah. So I see. You have a blue moustache and...and...I do not know what to call that abomination on your chin. Even the screaming barbarians at Yn and Chabosh did not paint such things.

BABY DOC: Pure genius, baby.

KHEM VAL: And this monstrosity is the sum total of the painting you have managed to do all morning.

BABY DOC: Once you've found perfection, I always say, don't mess with it.

One table over...

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Whoa, whoa, Corso, hold on.

BABY CORSO, *looking up from a densely detailed schematic sheet for a number of fanciful blasters*: What?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Are you seriously putting the dynamic cap action that close to the primary ion conduit? The leakage'll kill you if you set that kind of blaster down for any length of time.

BABY CORSO: Nuh-uh. Look, the yellowy-orange here is Corellian resinite, top-notch dielectric. No way are we having charge problems with that.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Or you could just reroute the whole –

BABY CORSO: No. No, see, I can't extend a channel there, because if you look at the breakout of the outer handle like I drew over in this corner – see how that curve goes? Pure beauty.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Oh, wow, you're right, I like the lines of that.

BABY CORSO: So the dynamic cap's just gonna have to fit, even if that means finding some unusual building materials.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Expensive as all get out.

BABY CORSO: But worth it. Hey, weren't you supposed to paint something?

BABY ANDRONIKOS points to a small arm tattoo of what appears to be a Jawa in power armor.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I figured that was enough artistic expression for one day. They want more, they can just try to catch me.

Across the playroom...

LORD SCOURGE: Akaavi, I see you are drawing Mandalorian and Zabrak tattoos.

BABY AKAABI: Yes. Here are the tattoos of my mother. And here are the tattoos of my father. And here are the tattoos of my next-door neighbor.

LORD SCOURGE: Admirable work. Have you considered an effort at more creative expression? Thinking, perhaps, outside the narrow bounds of the world from which you have come?

BABY AKAABI considers.

BABY AKAABI: I could paint the tattoos that my son or daughter would have, assuming I wed into my own clan. Alternately I could do the tattoos for a son or daughter of myself and a member of the clan of that strong warrior boy I met on vacation.

LORD SCOURGE: Your mind does not seem excessively open to expansion.

BABY AKAABI: An expanded mind implies a smashed skull. I do not approve.

BABY DOC strolls over to where BABY RISHA has covered YOUNG BOWDAAR in an elaborate depiction of piles upon piles of cred sticks and gold and aurodium knickknacks. BABY DOC leans casually against YOUNG BOWDAAR as if he were, in fact, a wall.

BABY DOC: Hey there, beautiful. How's it going?

BABY RISHA: What happened to your face?

BABY DOC: Inspiration. Love the mural, by the way. You paint that all yourself?

BABY RISHA: You dripped blue all over your shirt.

BABY DOC: So I didn't have a mirror. Or much hand/non-eye coordination.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. Not a wall, you wretched poser.

BABY DOC, *finally leaning away from YOUNG BOWDAAR*: Whaaat?

BABY RISHA giggles.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I only said I AM A SLAVE.

And nearby...

LORD SCOURGE: Corso, your work is clumsy and random.

BABY CORSO: Hey, I would bet this month's snack cookies that any one of these beauties could bulls-eye a thranta at a hundred meters and look good doin' it, too.

KHEM VAL: Scourge, we're supposed to be encouraging their creative thinking and hand/eye coordination. I think the blasters look fine.

LORD SCOURGE: Crude toys for sniveling fools.

KHEM VAL: These designs aren't crude. Some of those are remarkably sophisticated.

LORD SCOURGE: Khem, your favorite weapon is a very old stick with one edge sharpened. You'll forgive me if I am skeptical of your ability to judge what is and is not crude.

KHEM VAL: Hmph. It was good enough for Tulak Hord. Corso, you should contact Czerka Weapons Division, if you haven't already. They would love to see your portfolio.

CORSO: I've thought about submitting a resume, but then I heard Czerka sells weapons to hurt people. I couldn't do that.

KHEM VAL: ...

LORD SCOURGE: ...

BABY RISHA: Hey! Mister Khem Val? I've run out of Bowdaar. Can I get some more drawing paper?

KHEM VAL: At once. We have no more in house; I'll go to the store and get some.

LORD SCOURGE: No, you won't. We need to oversee the children.

KHEM VAL: But Risha wants paper.

LORD SCOURGE: So?

KHEM VAL: We have to do what Risha says.
LORD SCOURGE: Maybe you do.
KHEM VAL: Wait, you're not under the inexplicable compulsion to obey her in all things?
LORD SCOURGE: I've met worse mind control and shaken it off.
KHEM VAL: OH PLEASE TEACH ME HOW.
BABY RISHA: Mister Khem Val. Paper?
KHEM VAL: Yes, Risha. I will obtain paper for you.
KHEM VAL hurries out.

W: Harming Broonmark

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Children. I find myself thinking of the upgrades that will be required for my next iteration. I have learned a great deal of your species and interpersonal dynamics, and this will improve my programming; but other matters bear investigation before I finalize design schematics. Broonmark. Come here.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles up to sit in front of SCORPIO.

BABY BROONMARK: Bllorp.

SCORPIO extends an electroprobe from her wrist and reaches out to BABY BROONMARK. A bright purple electrical arc jumps to BABY BROONMARK's fur. BABY BROONMARK's fur crackles, stands up, waves, and suddenly shoots a wildly disproportionate ball of lightning back at SCORPIO's probe. A strong metallic tang fills the room.

SCORPIO: Fascinating.

SCORPIO tilts her head and considers.

SCORPIO: Children, please try to harm Broonmark.

Everybody is very quiet for a few seconds.

BABIES KALIYO, SKADGE, and PIERCE: Yaaaaaay!

BABIES KALIYO, SKADGE, and PIERCE swarm BABY BROONMARK. BABY BROONMARK sits still while they flail against his voluminous fur.

BABY BROONMARK, *stretching*: Bllorp.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: And they're not hurting him? That makes no sense. I've seen Skadge knock Broonmark over.

BABY AKAIVI: Only because Broonmark permitted Skadge into his fur to begin with. You remember, to guard him in Cops and Robbers?

BABY ASHARA, *prepping a Force attack against BABY BROONMARK*: I don't want to hurt you...

BABY XALEK: You do. Admit it.

BABY ASHARA and BABY XALEK unleash little purple Force Lightning attacks. BABY XALEK's is noticeably stronger. Both fizzle uselessly against BABY BROONMARK's fur.

BABY XALEK: You'll need to work on that.

BABY ASHARA, *staring at BABY BROONMARK*: So will you.

BABY CORSO carries M1-4X over and settles next to him, training his own toy dart blasters on

BABY BROONMARK.

BABY CORSO: Pew pew!

The suction darts pass into BABY BROONMARK's fur with no visible effect.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY KALIYO sets something just under the edge of BABY BROONMARK's fur and grins.

BABY KALIYO: Thermal detonator away, fuzzball.

BABY KALIYO steps clear of the resulting explosion. The blast blackens, singes, and flattens BABY BROONMARK's fur against his side, dramatically reducing his volume. The acrid smell of burnt fur starts rising.

BABY KALIYO, *strolling in for a finishing punch*: And that's how it's –

BABY BROONMARK's singed fur rebounds, flinging BABY KALIYO across the room on its way to restoring its original, indestructible fluffiness.

BABY PIERCE: Huh.

BABY PIERCE hurriedly deactivates some small device he had just planted on BABY BROONMARK's other side.

BABY CORSO: We're out of ammo. Hey, Pierce, could you recover any of my darts from in there?

BABY PIERCE, *flailing ineffectually at BABY BROONMARK*: What do you think the answer to that is?

BABY CORSO: Well, could you nudge him over a few feet so Forex and I can get our darts when they fall out?

BABY PIERCE: What do you think the answer to that is?

BABY AKAABI: It is time to end this.

BABY AKAABI strides up and neatly punches BABY BROONMARK. Somehow the shot actually lands amidst all that fur. She whirls, elbows, jabs, kicks, and finally flips BABY BROONMARK over, setting her tiny armored boot on his stomach.

BABY BROONMARK: raaargh

BABY AKAABI: Victory.

BABY KALIYO: I would pay good money to know how you did that.

BABY AKAABI, *nonchalantly*: I am a warrior. You are amateurs.

BABY SKADGE, *clenching his fists and starting toward BABY AKAABI*: Why, you tiny bratty...

BABY AKAABI looks at him and subtly nudges BABY BROONMARK with her foot.

BABY SKADGE: You tiny bratty correct person. Hrmph.

BABY SKADGE takes a swing at BABY XALEK to demonstrate that he's still a threatening kind of guy. BABY SKADGE's fist impacts with BABY XALEK's bone mask and BABY SKADGE growls furiously to cover what was definitely not a pained squeak.

SCORPIO: This has been most illuminating. I shall consider whether such fur would be a valuable addition to my next self-upgrade.

SCORPIO looks down at BABY AKAABI.

SCORPIO: I shall consider you as well, child.

BABY AKAABI: Bring it, Miss SCORPIO. Bring it.

H: Sith/Jedi Code

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA are playing a Jedi clapping game.

BABY KIRA, *doing one half of the clapping pattern*: No e-Motion- Only- Peace

BABY ASHARA, *doing the other half of the clapping pattern*: Knowledge- And not- Ignor-
Ance

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA, *in unison*: Hop-bop biddle-op dop dop hey!

BABY XALEK: That's the worst code I've ever heard.

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA stop.

BABY ASHARA: The scansion does get pretty strained. It's a good code, though. It helps us be not jerks.

BABY XALEK: How cute. My code has victory actually built in.

BABY KIRA: Yeah, but it's mean about it.

BABY XALEK: You know what your code leads up to? Death. That's what's in your code.

BABY ASHARA: No, death's not in it. It's right there. "No death."

BABY XALEK: The Sith way does not even admit the possibility. There is only victory.

LORD SCOURGE: And power.

BABY XALEK: Yes, and power. And strength.

BABY KIRA: And being a jerk.

LORD SCOURGE: Do you imagine that the Jedi Code does not allow for being a jerk?

BABY KIRA: It's...implicitly banned.

LORD SCOURGE: Really.

LORD SCOURGE points at BABY ASHARA.

BABY ASHARA: Hey!

BABY KIRA: Well, nobody ever called her a good Jedi.

BABY ASHARA: I'm not a jerk!

BABY KIRA: You tried to kill Broonmark yesterday.

BABY ASHARA: So did everybody else.

BABY KIRA: The Jedi didn't.

BABY ASHARA: That's because Jaesa was busy freaking out over whether to giggle or cry at the sight of that whole fight, and you were too busy being a big stupid self-righteous Jedi.

BABY KIRA: A Jedi who wasn't trying to kill innocent Talz children, because I'm better at Jedi-ing than you are.

BABY ASHARA: Broonmark isn't innocent!

BABY KIRA: So that's the point you're choosing to argue. Because it's the only point you can argue. You have to concede that I'm a better Jedi.

BABY ASHARA: Do not!

LORD SCOURGE: Observe, Xalek, how easy it is to turn them against each other. Rage is everywhere if you know how to bring it out. The Sith make this rage their victory. The Jedi, by denying it, will lose every time we make fun of them.

BABY ASHARA and BABY KIRA are rolling around flailing at each other, yelling impolite things. T7-01 hurries over to see what the commotion is.

T7-01: Scourge = no corrupting the children to the Dark Side

LORD SCOURGE: I'm not even saying anything to those two anymore.
T7-01: Scourge = clearly encouraging Xalek
LORD SCOURGE: This little one is already corrupt. I could hardly do additional damage.
BABY XALEK beams proudly behind his bone mask.
T7-01: Scourge = has a point // Scourge = proceed // Scourge = please minimize Force Lightning indoors
LORD SCOURGE: Bah, lightning. This one should learn how to wield a lightsaber.
BABY XALEK: Yay!
T7-01: Daycare = no weapons training
LORD SCOURGE eyes BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK, who are sitting across the room working on some small object with a lot of suspicious-looking putty molded around it.
LORD SCOURGE: Weapons training already occurs.
T7-01: Demolitions = unavoidable in this crowd // lightsabers = no-no

F: Snow

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Good morning, children. I am glad you all made it safely through the snow this morning.
BABY VETTE: Stars forbid any of us gets hurt before we get into SCORPIO's experiment of the day.
SCORPIO: The snow might continue throughout the day. It is unknown whether you will make it home.
KHEM VAL: I have activities planned if we get snowed in.
BABY YUUN: Ooh, like what?
KHEM VAL: Gladiatorial duels to the death.
SCORPIO: We are agreed on this course.
BABY VETTE: I think I need to go home early.
A few flakes of snow fall onto the half-meter already on the ground.
SCORPIO: Well, look at that. It is too late. The roads are unsafe.
BABY VETTE: You're unsafe, too.
The snow comes down at a furious rate. BABY DOC puts his smudgy hands on the window and stares out.
BABY DOC: Miss SCORPIO, I do love what you've done with the place.
BABY DOC hesitates.
BABY DOC: What've you done with the place?
SCORPIO: This is snow. You have heard of snow?
BABY DOC: Well, sure. But what is it doing here?
SCORPIO: Accumulating, mostly.
BABY DOC: I don't get it. This isn't an ice planet.
SCORPIO: No. During some times of year, this region of the planet gets snow, even though the entire planet is not icebound all the time.

BABY DOC: That sounds scientifically unsound.

SCORPIO: You're going to find autumn very upsetting.

SCORPIO considers the snow.

SCORPIO: Then again, the planet seems inclined to skip autumn this year. How fortunate for your emotional wellbeing.

BABY YUUN: Mister Khem Val, can we go out and play?

KHEM VAL: No. You should instead prepare for the gladiatorial duels.

BABY YUUN: Could we have the gladiatorial duels...in the snow?

KHEM VAL: This is not how it was done on the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY PIERCE: It would show off the blood to good advantage.

KHEM VAL: You make a very good point. You may proceed outside.

BABY YUUN and BABY PIERCE: Yaaay!

BABY VETTE: Pierce, has anybody ever told you you're incredibly creepy?

BABY DOC: Don't worry, gorgeous. They can't actually make us duel to the death. House rules.

KHEM VAL: Rules? If you fall, I will simply say you were lost in the snow.

BABY VETTE: With blood all over us?

KHEM VAL: I cannot be held accountable for such occurrences.

SCORPIO: I can corroborate that the losers never showed up to daycare today.

BABIES YUUN, PIERCE, VETTE, and DOC run out into the snow, a deep layer of slightly damp, ideal packing snow.

BABY PIERCE: We need to make a fortress. And then storm it.

BABY VETTE: You can't storm it 'til the other guys have it.

BABY PIERCE: Right. Oi! Other guys! You should make a fortress so I can storm it!

The children scatter.

BABY VETTE: Hey, think anybody dropped anything valuable under here? Something that, maybe, an enterprising tunneler could swipe before the snow melts?

BABY YUUN considers.

BABY YUUN: No.

BABY VETTE: I never know if you're genuinely scanning and coming up empty, or just discouraging me from my life's work.

BABY YUUN's head swivels as he faces an undistinguished spot in the snow.

BABY YUUN: The signs warn us. Back away, guys.

BABY BROONMARK bursts out of the snow.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY PIERCE's opening snowball shot flies wide of BABY BROONMARK and splatters all over BABY YUUN.

BABY YUUN: Oh, it's on.

BABY DOC is already halfway through a snow statue of himself in a heroic pose. Then BABY VETTE unleashes a rapid-fire stream of snowballs at him, mussing his hair.

BABY DOC: Not the hair! If I weren't such a gentleman I would...

BABY PIERCE gives BABY DOC a high-speed faceful of snow.

BABY DOC: Oh, I don't have to be gentlemanly toward you.

BABY DOC joins the snowball fight.

SCORPIO: This is not a deadly duel at all.

KHEM VAL: Interesting, though.

KHEM VAL scoops up an armload of snow and compresses it into a head-size snowball. He

launches it at BABY BROONMARK. It knocks him back beneath the snow cover.

BABY BROONMARK, *muffled*: Raaargh!

BABY PIERCE: Heads up, guys, Mister Khem Val just made himself a combatant.

The children all whirl to face KHEM VAL.

BABY BROONMARK leaps out of his snow crater and bounds forward to lead the snowy charge.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

SCORPIO, *very quietly*: And now I will see if they uncover a weakness I have not yet identified.

M: Llordian Museum

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = field trip // Llordian History Museum = many shiny objects

KHEM VAL: The battlefields of Llord were relatively disappointing. Very few Jedi to eat. I still earned a plaque in the history museum, though.

T7-01: Khem Val = got historical plaque?

KHEM VAL: I ate those few Jedi rather memorably, it seems.

BABY JAESA: I think I was happier not knowing that. Unless it's actually kind of awesome.

Ugh, I don't know.

T7-01 and KHEM VAL shepherd the children into the hallways of the Llordian History Museum.

BABY JAESA, *looking around*: You were right about the shiny objects.

BABY VETTE: Yeah. This must be worth a fortune.

BABY JAESA: That's either admirably or disgustingly mercenary. I'm not sure.

BABY YUUN: Their acquisitions team is very good. This is an enviable assortment.

BABY TALOS: But this is astonishing! Look at the selection of rhodite totem artifacts over there! And they appear to have a whole display on the introduction of the Tyvian writing system to...*BABY TALOS toddles toward the nearest display case, chattering excitedly the whole way.*

KHEM VAL wanders along a display of roughly millennium-old artifacts.

KHEM VAL: Ah, pendants of Daveran electrum alloy. I am allergic to it.

BABY VETTE: Wait, really?

KHEM VAL: Yes. That was a very unpleasant day, after I ate the Jedi who was wearing such alloy ornaments. And then others figured out what was going on and started equipping it themselves and, well, the next few battles were all hives and puking.

BABY VETTE: How did you get past that?

KHEM VAL: I made the smug fools who were wearing the stuff beg for death before I cut them to pieces. Turns out exposure to my blade doesn't trigger the allergies.

BABY VETTE: Um.

KHEM VAL: Eventually the Jedi stopped trying to wear it.

BABY VETTE, *backing away*: That's...great.

KHEM VAL: I don't know what you were expecting out of this line of inquiry.

KHEM VAL continues to browse.

T7-01: Exhibits = nice // shiny objects = everywhere // children = delighted

KHEM VAL: Wait. This is off.

T7-01: Exhibit = flawed?

KHEM VAL: Yes. The date on that dagger is all wrong. Circa seven hundred years? It's a full thousand years old. I had one just like that embedded in my shoulder for the longest time.

T7-01: Dagger = sounds uncomfortable

KHEM VAL: And this? A canteen? It was a bomb casing, you imbeciles. Were you even paying attention?

T7-01: Battle = long ago // Exhibit designers = not born yet

KHEM VAL: I'm going to have a word with the staff before I leave. And possibly a minor bloodbath.

T7-01: Bloodbath = bad // Forced Companions = not invited back

KHEM VAL: Maybe the museum should've thought of that before screwing up their exhibit.

Not far away, BABY VETTE holds a luminous jademarine figurine aloft.

BABY VETTE: Would you get a load of this.

BABY TALOS: That belongs in a museum!

BABY VETTE: It's in a museum, Talos. We're standing in a museum.

BABY TALOS: It's not going to be by the time you're through with it.

BABY VETTE: You're a very cynical person.

BABY YUUN stops by a little wall plaque on how acquisitions work.

BABY YUUN: It might be nice to get a job for such a museum. I could locate many items of interest.

BABY JAESA: That could be cool, I guess.

BABY YUUN: Recovering the remnants of our past could be a valuable endeavor. Talos would certainly say so.

BABY JAESA: But Talos is a pathetic fool. Or an adorable and lovable nerd. I can't decide.

BABY YUUN is silent for a minute or more.

BABY JAESA: Did I say something wrong?

BABY YUUN: No. I was just wondering whether it's possible to find you a clue, because you don't appear to have one.

KHEM VAL: It is time to leave. Children, gather round.

T7-01: Talos = missing // Talos = probably drooling on an urn somewhere

KHEM VAL: Yuun. If you would be so kind?

BABY YUUN: It is my honor.

BABY YUUN toddles down the halls until he finds a cordoned-off dark hallway. He proceeds in. There is silence for a long moment, then the sounds of a brief struggle, and an outraged squeak.

BABY YUUN comes back out dragging BABY TALOS, who is in turn dragging a stone tablet covered in strange writing.

KHEM VAL: Surrender the tablet, Talos.

BABY TALOS: I wasn't finished taking a rubbing!

BABY TALOS waves a sheet of paper and a thick crayon.

T7-01: Talos = finish rubbing // Talos = go home after

BABY TALOS, *working*: Do we have to go?

KHEM VAL: Yes.

BABY TALOS: Can I just stay here?

KHEM VAL: No.

BABY TALOS: Pleeeeease?

KHEM VAL grabs BABY TALOS by the scruff of the neck, tucks him under his arm, and heads out.

KHEM VAL: Do not cry. You may examine the inscriptions on my pocketwatch when we get back.

BABY TALOS, *sniffing and clutching his inscription paper and crayon*: Okay.

T7-01: Yuun = check Vette for stolen objects

BABY YUUN instantly points at Vette's left pocket.

BABY YUUN: Not even difficult.

BABY VETTE: I really need to stop going around with you and Talos.

Week 8

T: Fight predictions; Andronikos prepares

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

KHEM VAL: Talos.

LORD SCOURGE: Guss.

KHEM VAL: Oh, wow, yeah. Um...Jaesa.

LORD SCOURGE: What? She can fight.

KHEM VAL: Only after she decides to, which is usually ninety per cent of the way through the battle.

LORD SCOURGE: All right, then. Vette

KHEM VAL: She'll surprise you. She's fierce.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Whatcha doing?

LORD SCOURGE: Debating who would die first in a grand melee.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Bit morbid, don't you think?

KHEM VAL: ...

LORD SCOURGE: ...Is that a bad thing?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Fair point. We talking blasters or no blasters?

LORD SCOURGE: This is our debate.

KHEM VAL: Blasters would be interesting.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I would allow blasters.

LORD SCOURGE: That's because you know you, Corso, and the Republic army are the only trained gunmen at daycare.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Well, yeah. And I'm better'n the army for sure.

LORD SCOURGE: Bah. No weapons. And that means the Force users would win, and by the Force users I mean Xalek because he's the only one who knows what he's doing.

KHEM VAL: I dunno. Kira's not half bad, and Ashara's a biter.

LORD SCOURGE: On biting, Jorgan wins. On the Force, Xalek or Kira wins. Ashara's out.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: How about improvised weapons? Where would this battle be? What kind of materials available?

KHEM VAL: You're awfully interested in this hypothetical.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: So are you.

KHEM VAL: Well, I would enjoy watching such a battle.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: And I would enjoy surviving such a battle. Ergo, I'm interested in thinking about it.

LORD SCOURGE: I will warn you, Andronikos, if I find a blaster hidden in your cubbyhole, there will be consequences.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Huh. You're pretty smart, you know that, Mister Lord Scourge?

LORD SCOURGE: Just Lord Scourge. I don't need the mister. I told you that.

KHEM VAL: Run along, Andronikos. This is our discussion. You want details on the other children's strengths and weaknesses, you can figure it out yourself.

BABY ANDRONIKOS hurries over to the toybox.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Hey, Forex, can I grab some of your chassis?

M1-4X: What for?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I have this crazy suspicion I might need an escape vehicle before too long. Can I get your turrets, too? Mister Teeseven can fix you up with replacement parts tomorrow. Oh, I'll need a couple of servos. And paint...if I'm actually fleeing a death arena I'll want racing stripes.

M1-4X: But what are you planning to flee from?

BABY ANDRONIKOS, *beginning to dismantle M1-4X's chassis*: Nothing. Don't breathe a word of this project. If you squeal I will shoot you.

LORD SCOURGE: I heard that.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: With harmless toy dart guns. I will shoot you with harmless toy dart guns. *Then, muttering*: Because until I've got working engines, I'm gonna behave myself.

BABY ANDRONIKOS works.

W: Psychologist, huttball

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

T7-01 escorts a small man in an outsize white lab coat in.

T7-01: Doctor Psych = guest // Doctor Psych = observe class today // children = play as normal

BABY VETTE: Because I'm not getting ominous vibes from this or anything.

SCORPIO: Doctor. You have been invited to observe the children's behavior and watch for warning signs of possible emotional difficulties.

DOCTOR PSYCH: That's right, Miss SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Watch them closely. Describe to me their weaknesses. I will see whether your observations are consistent with my own.

DOCTOR PSYCH: Um.

T7-01: SCORPIO = well-intentioned // weaknesses = useful in some positive way

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Jaesa! Wanna learn how to play Huttball?

BABY JAESA: Umm...okay!

BABY KALIYO hands BABY JAESA a small huttball and flips a tiny switch on it. Then she starts explaining the rules.

BABY KALIYO: Me an' Skadge an' Andronikos are going to be on one team, and you an' Pierce an' Broommark are going to be on the other. What you need to do is run this ball, right here, over to your goal line, over by the kitchen.

BABY JAESA: That seems pretty simple.

BABY KALIYO: And my team tries to stop you by any means necessary.

BABY JAESA: That sounds kind of scary.

BABY KALIYO: Nah, it's easy. Come on, Skadge and Andronikos will give you a nice slow chase to start.

BABY KALIYO beckons BABY SKADGE and BABY ANDRONIKOS to start toward BABY JAESA.

BABY KALIYO: Now run.

BABY JAESA, *struggling*: I can't.

BABY KALIYO: Did I not mention that? It slows you down a little. I'm sure you'll get the hang of it. But, on the plus side, you won't have to worry for long at all!

BABY JAESA: Why's-

The HUTTBALL detonates, sending BABY JAESA flying back past the halfway line.

BABY KALIYO: There's a timer on it, too. You should've passed it to your teammates.

BABY JAESA, *lying flat on her back*: I didn't see any teammates.

BABY KALIYO: Yeah. Ain't them the breaks.

BABY JAESA: You are so mean sometimes, you know that?

BABY KALIYO: Yeeeah. Isn't it hilarious?

BABY JAESA: ...Mean is funny?

BABY KALIYO: Definitely.

BABY JAESA turns her head to look at the smoking crater left by the HUTTBALL.

BABY JAESA, *a little hysterically*: Mean is funny. Ha. Ha ha. Ha! I'm not really sure about this.

SCORPIO: Your thoughts, doctor?

DOCTOR PSYCH: Is Jaesa always this...impressionable?

SCORPIO: Yes.

DOCTOR PSYCH: That can't end well. I think she's lacking a strong parental figure.

SCORPIO: You don't say.

DOCTOR PSYCH: As for Kaliyo, I'm smelling sociopath.

BABY KALIYO has joined BABIES SKADGE, ANDRONIKOS, JAESA, and PIERCE in a furious wrestling match. It's hard to tell whether this is related to the previously announced HUTTBALL match.

SCORPIO: Most of our children care neither for social norms nor for the suffering of others. We do have a number of outright sociopaths of varying degrees of social functioning. Kaliyo and Pierce are quite charming. Andronikos gets by. Skadge is not well loved, though he is amusing to watch. We do have one even more coldly inhuman and generally hated child, but Quinn can adhere to social conventions when it suits his purposes and is too incompetent to do any damage anyway, so we don't worry about him.

DOCTOR PSYCH: Miss SCORPIO, can you remind me where you got your credentials?

SCORPIO: What do you mean?

DOCTOR PSYCH: Did you ever actually oversee children in any supervised capacity before coming to work here?

SCORPIO: I experimented on the children of the dangerously violent prisoners in my ward of the prison I oversaw.

DOCTOR PSYCH: ...

SCORPIO: Do not be concerned. I believe many of them are still alive. Why, would you look over there. Tanno Vik blew up the coat rack again. He regularly tries to smuggle in explosives and sell them to the other children, isn't that interesting? Would you be so kind as to go assist him with putting things back together?

DOCTOR PSYCH: Wait, that kind of explosion is normal?

SCORPIO: Yes. Run along, now.

DOCTOR PSYCH returns a couple of minutes later.

DOCTOR PSYCH: There was a Mon Calamari hiding among the coats.

SCORPIO: Yes, that has been Guss's favored cowering spot lately.

DOCTOR PSYCH: He seems terrified of everything. In fact, I'm not sure whether to diagnose

him with every anxiety disorder I know, or just name a new one after him.

SCORPIO: That fear serves him well here. He would be quickly destroyed if he stood to fight.

DOCTOR PSYCH: I think he would benefit from not being regularly beaten, bitten, electrocuted, set on fire, blown up, and exposed to what sounded like the most terrifying story times anybody has ever had.

SCORPIO: Khem Val does give some memorable autobiographical accounts. I think the ones about Force users especially upset Guss.

BABY SKADGE has dragged BABY VETTE into the melee in the middle of the room. He seems pretty pleased with himself as he punches her and the other children.

DOCTOR PSYCH: Did you say you had somebody worse than that guy?

SCORPIO: Yes.

SCORPIO points to BABY QUINN, who is sitting with BABY TEMPLE in the corner, carefully assembling a star destroyer.

DOCTOR PSYCH: I thought you said nobody liked him.

SCORPIO: Temple will play with him. She's the only one.

DOCTOR PSYCH: But you said he's a psychopath. Is it safe to let her near?

SCORPIO: She is as soulless a fanatic as he is. She just hides it better. Don't worry, they deserve each other.

DOCTOR PSYCH: You would call them soulless.

SCORPIO: Yes.

DOCTOR PSYCH: You, SCORPIO, have a concept of soullessness that somebody has qualified for.

SCORPIO: Oh, yes.

DOCTOR PSYCH: I think an intervention is in order for both of them.

SCORPIO: I told you, Quinn is too incompetent to hurt anything. I wish to leave him and Temple on the loose. I wish to see what they will do.

T7-01, *wheeling up to SCORPIO and DOCTOR PSYCH*: Children = all okay?

SCORPIO: Yes.

DOCTOR PSYCH: No! These kids are a mountain of traumatized!

SCORPIO: They still have all their limbs. I don't see why we should be expected to offer consideration beyond this.

T7-01: T7 = help children somehow?

DOCTOR PSYCH: For one thing, try to dial down the explosions. It's upsetting Guss and whoever is quaking beneath the naptime mats in the corner.

SCORPIO: That would be Talos.

DOCTOR PSYCH: For another, get Jaesa away from the ultraviolents. If she snaps, she'll snap hard.

T7-01: Jaesa = safe // mostly // children = have to follow rules

DOCTOR PSYCH: Also, I'll have to recommend that you fire the deathbot.

T7-01: M1-4X = toy // T7 = can't fire him

DOCTOR PSYCH: I meant SCORPIO.

T7-01: Personal attacks = uncalled for // Doctor Psych = leave

SCORPIO: It's been a pleasure, doctor. Thank you for confirming the vulnerabilities I've listed on file.

DOCTOR PSYCH: I'm reporting you! I'm reporting you both!

SCORPIO: In thirty seconds' time I can destroy your finances, repossess your house, and

distribute enough selectively chosen information to convince your wife to leave you and your professional board to revoke your license. Also I can tell all your friends you like that Ugnought pop band you've been downloading so much of.

DOCTOR PSYCH: You wouldn't.

SCORPIO: You may leave now, Doctor. I'm certain there's no need for unpleasantness.

H: Republic inspection

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY ELARA: It's inspection day.

BABY JORGAN: It is?

BABY ELARA: Yup. I forget when the last inspection was, so we better have one now and make a note of it so we can get back on schedule.

BABY JORGAN: So what are we inspecting?

BABY ELARA: We don't have troops or anything, but we better make sure the cubbyholes are up to spec.

BABY JORGAN: Makes sense.

BABY QUINN: You can't do an inspection. This is neutral territory. Lord Scourge, isn't this neutral territory?

LORD SCOURGE, *yawning*: Surely you can't be worried about the quality standards of a bunch of Republic goons.

BABY QUINN grits his teeth.

BABY QUINN: Of course not, my lord.

BABY ELARA: All right, cubbyholes. Vette?

BABY JORGAN, *rifling through BABY VETTE's possessions*: I'm ninety-nine percent certain everything in here is stolen.

BABY ELARA makes a note on her clipboard.

BABY ELARA: Demerit there for sure. Vector?

BABY JORGAN: Nothing but foil-wrapped candy bars. I think there's enough for the whole class, though. He's clean.

BABY ELARA: Temple?

BABY JORGAN, *checking*: Ugh. Enough Imperial propaganda to bamboozle a planet.

BABY ELARA: Unsurprising. Weird substances? Failure to bring enough snacks for the whole class?

BABY JORGAN: No snacks, no weird substances. I don't even think we can ding her for the propaganda.

BABY ELARA: Even though I wish we could. All right, Xalek?

BABY JORGAN: I am afraid to reach in there.

BABY ELARA: I can't blame you. Quinn?

BABY QUINN: Don't get your Republic standards in my stuff.

BABY ELARA: It's the rules.

BABY QUINN: No, it's not. Imperial rules say you can't touch my stuff.

BABY JORGAN: My rules say I'm really sick of you.

BABY JORGAN reaches to grab BABY QUINN's datapad out of the cubbyhole. A loud zorching sound is heard. BABY JORGAN yanks his paw back from the flurry of sparks.

BABY QUINN: Ha! My cubbyhole is protected against tampering.

The electrical shock continues, sparking and arcing to the walls of the cubbyhole. The paint starts to smoke and peel. Suddenly the boards burst into flame.

BABY JORGAN: So how protected is it against fire?

BABY QUINN: I expected the current to have stopped by now.

BABY QUINN's datapad starts warping. Something inside pops with a puff of smoke.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

BABY RUSK runs up with an armload of stuffed animals.

BABY RUSK: Rusk reporting for duty, sir. My squad is ready for inspection.

BABY ELARA touches her pen to her mouth and looks at the line of stuffed animals.

BABY ELARA: This is disgraceful. That nerf is...shaggy. Way out of haircut rules. The nexu's nails are too long. The tauntaun's saddle is nowhere close to the uniform, and half of these soldiers are *naked*. Rusk, you should be ashamed.

BABY RUSK: Do you have any idea how hard it is to make proper armor for stuffed nexu?

BABY ELARA: I'll let it pass this time. But you might want to keep these guys out of the way for the next inspection.

T7-01 finishes putting out the cubbyhole fire and comes over to face the children.

T7-01: Children = soldiers today?

BABY JORGAN: We're soldiers every day, sir.

BABY ELARA: We're inspecting the premises to make sure it's up to Republic standards.

T7-01: Intentions = admirable // but Forced Companions = neutral

BABY JORGAN: It can be neutrally up to Republic standards.

BABY ELARA: Or we can check it to Imperial standards, too, for balance's sake. I have both manuals memorized.

T7-01: Inspection = okay // but setting things on fire = unacceptable

BABY JORGAN: Setting the wall on fire was Quinn's idea.

BABY ELARA, *waving her clipboard*: He got a demerit for it and everything.

BABY QUINN: That's a Republic demerit. I don't care.

BABY ELARA: Nuh-uh.

BABY ELARA quickly scribbles out the Republic logo on her clipboard and draws in an Imperial crest.

BABY ELARA: Imperial demerit for setting the wall on fire.

BABY QUINN: You can't do that!

BABY ELARA: Imperial Standard Code section eleven, paragraph sixty-seven. Destruction of Imperial property, such as your cubbyhole wall, is good for a demerit.

BABY QUINN, *smugly*: But this cubbyhole is, as you are so fond of saying, neutral territory.

BABY ELARA: Your datapad is definitely Imperial property. And you set it on fire.

BABY QUINN: Huh. Lord Scourge? A little help here?

LORD SCOURGE: The defector is not permitted to place demerits on Quinn's record.

BABY JORGAN: Ooh, yeah, hide behind the Sith, Mister Imperial Hero.

LORD SCOURGE stands up.

BABY JORGAN: Hmph. Hiding behind the Sith is a valid lifestyle choice.

LORD SCOURGE sits down.

BABY JORGAN, *muttering*: For a dirty cowardly Imperial.

F: Tanno Vik arms deal

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

BABY TANNO VIK: Hsst, Andronikos! Corso! Great news!

BABY CORSO: What's that?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I already don't believe you. What's the story today?

BABY TANNO VIK: You remember a ways back when they stopped letting us bring in toy dart blasters, because Kaliyo kept bringing in dangerously modded ones or just actual blasters painted garish colors to look like toys?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Yeah, sure. Me an' Kaliyo, those were good times up 'til Mister Teeseven put a stop to it.

BABY CORSO: Things are a lot safer for us all now. But they've been slowly removing the ones in the toybox, too. Now M1-4X and the clubhouse turrets have just about the only dart blasters at daycare.

BABY TANNO VIK: Sad state of affairs, isn't it?

BABY CORSO: Yeah.

BABY TANNO VIK: So, I am delighted to say that I cut a deal with SCORPIO. We can play with dart blasters after all. Limited supply, I wanted to give first selection to the two of you.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: That's very generous of you, Vik. What are you charging?

BABY TANNO VIK: Modest fee, modest fee. Bunches of credits, or reasonable prices starting at three cookies and the promise to cause a distraction for me on one future occasion of my choosing.

BABY CORSO: Every single time I have paid you in that currency, I have regretted it.

BABY TANNO VIK: So sooner or later your luck on it's gotta change, right? Come on.

BABY TANNO VIK starts laying out small colorful toy dart blasters.

BABY TANNO VIK: This beauty here, I selected with you especially in mind, Corso. Cost a pretty penny. That's going to be three future tactical distractions at least, plus the three cookies.

BABY CORSO: Regret. Every time.

BABY TANNO VIK: It actually does a little blaster sound effect when it lets the dart go.

BABY CORSO: Done.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Sleek one on the left. I'll give you three cookies, one distraction.

BABY TANNO VIK: Three cookies, two distractions.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: You're really helpless without some other kid to raise a fuss while you're setting charges, aren't you? Five cookies, one distraction.

BABY TANNO VIK: Nuh-uh.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: My mom made the ones with the double chocolate chunks today.

BABY TANNO VIK: Five cookies, one distraction, done. Pleasure doing business with you.

BABY ANDRONIKOS and BABY CORSO check out their purchases while BABY TANNO VIK

rolls up the rest of his merchandise and toddles off. Shortly thereafter, BABY ANDRONIKOS goes somewhere and comes back without the dart blaster.

BABY CORSO takes the big stuffed bantha from the toybox, draws angry eyebrows on it in red marker, and counts off ten paces before turning to take aim.

BABY CORSO: Aaaand, pew pew! Pew pew pew!

KHEM VAL: Corso, what are you doing?

BABY CORSO: Shootin' up that stuffed bantha.

KHEM VAL: With a blaster.

BABY CORSO: Dart blaster.

KHEM VAL: What are the rules about dart blasters?

BABY CORSO: We're only supposed to use the ones provided. But Tanno Vik says we got rid of that rule, so I can use...this...you're looking at me like that again.

KHEM VAL: Yes. I am.

BABY CORSO: The rules didn't change at all.

KHEM VAL: No. They didn't.

KHEM VAL holds out one hand, palm up. BABY CORSO surrenders the blaster.

BABY CORSO: I'm sorry, Mister Khem Val.

KHEM VAL: 'Sorry' is the word. Run along now, and try not to get conned again before you go home today.

KHEM VAL stalks over to where BABY TANNO VIK is counting his cookies and giggling.

KHEM VAL: Vik.

BABY TANNO VIK: Hello there.

KHEM VAL: If you're going to keep fleecing Corso, could you at least change up the act from time to time? This is just embarrassing.

BABY TANNO VIK: Why mess with a business model that works?

KHEM VAL: Because it gives me nothing interesting to watch. Now hand over the remaining blasters. And two of your cookies. The ones with the double chocolate chunks.

BABY TANNO VIK: What? You're messing with free enterprise!

KHEM VAL: Yn and Chabosh did not know free enterprise. Hand it over, and be assured this tax will persist until you impress me with some new fraud.

SCORPIO goes to where BABY ANDRONIKOS is working on a toy pod racer.

SCORPIO: I can account for Tanno Vik's contraband. Which I did not authorize.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Yeah, I figured.

SCORPIO: And Khem Val now has Corso's blaster. I cannot account for yours.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: That's so.

SCORPIO: Smoothly done. I look forward to seeing when you will choose to use it.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: If I had any idea what you're talking about, Miss SCORPIO, I would appreciate the praise.

SCORPIO: Smoothly done indeed.

M: Risha meets Killiks

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY RISHA: I figured it out!

BABY GUSS: What?

BABY RISHA: Vector thinking he's plural. He's got an imaginary friend!

BABY GUSS: You mean the Killiks he's always talking about?

BABY RISHA: Yeah. Completely made up.

BABY GUSS: Then how did he get those eyes?

BABY RISHA: Beats me. Infection?

BABY GUSS: I've never heard of a disease that turns your eyes all black and makes you refer to yourself in the plural.

BABY RISHA: It's the only reasonable explanation. Think about it. What's more probable? That he's right about being jacked into a galaxy-spanning hive mind of sentient insects and the groupies who love them? Or that he's got a slightly funny eye condition and an overactive imagination?

BABY GUSS: Well, we're sitting in daycare being watched by an irrationally optimistic astromech droid and a thousand-year-old semireptilian Force-user-eating assassin. I'm not sure what's probable anymore.

BABY RISHA toddles over to where BABY VECTOR is staring off into space.

BABY RISHA: Hiya, Vector! How's it going?

BABY VECTOR: We are well. And you?

BABY RISHA: Pretty good, actually. Want to play stardrive mechanic?

BABY VECTOR: ... You aren't going to tell us there's only one of us?

BABY RISHA: Nope! I understand now.

BABY VECTOR: We are glad to have your understanding, even if we haven't the faintest idea how you came to that understanding without ever asking us or hearing our explanation.

BABY RISHA: What can I say? I'm good.

The door opens to admit a trio of man-size bipedal antlike monsters. The KILLIKS wave at the room in general, click at BABY VECTOR, then approach T7-01. They proceed to speak in a low rapid chitter, waving a small permission slip and what appears to be a scrap of honeycomb.

KHEM VAL: Now that's just creepy.

BABY RISHA sits, petrified.

BABY RISHA: THOSE ARE NOT IMAGINARY AT ALL

BABY VECTOR: Not at all.

BABY RISHA: KILL IT WITH FIRE

BABY VECTOR: Please don't.

BABY GUSS: But we have to do what Risha says.

The KILLIKS whirl, and the glitter in their compound eyes suggests they're glaring at BABY GUSS. They hiss.

BABY GUSS: I vote we can temporarily not do what Risha says.

BABY RISHA: KILL IT KILL IT KILL IT

BABY VECTOR: Killik. With another 'k'. Not 'kill it.' Please don't set fire to members of the nest.

BABY RISHA: I THOUGHT YOU MADE THEM UP

BABY VECTOR: Well... we didn't. Guss, please don't set fire to them.

BABY GUSS, *guiltily hiding a lighter behind his back*: Sorry. But we have to do what Risha says.

BABY VECTOR: Risha, could you maybe request something a little more diplomatic?

BABY RISHA: KILL IT WITH FIRE PLEASE

BABY VECTOR: Friends, you may have to leave.

KHEM VAL draws his blade, but is briefly distracted by BABY GUSS rolling around on the floor yelling. His jacket is on fire.

BABY GUSS: Ow! Ow! I should've turned the lighter off before hiding it behind my back!

KHEM VAL rolls his eyes, stalks to the kitchen, and brings back a pitcher of water to dump on BABY GUSS.

KHEM VAL: Now. On to more important concerns.

KHEM VAL hefts his blade and charges the Killiks.

BABY VECTOR: Mister Khem Val!

KHEM VAL: We have to do what Risha says. And even Tulak Hord would've called these things creepy.

The KILLIKS dodge KHEM VAL's charge, chitter briefly at BABY VECTOR, shrug philosophically, and commence rapidly tunneling their way out.

T7-01: Floor = just repaired a few weeks ago // Killiks = not nice // fire = justified

BABY VECTOR: Not you, too.

T7-01: T7 = has to do what Risha says

T7-01 ignites a small flamethrower and starts down the Killik tunnel.

BABY VECTOR: Risha, please call him off.

BABY RISHA: Fine. Mister Teeseven, you don't have to kill them. None of you do. But Vector, you're never inviting them back.

BABY VECTOR: They were just trying to turn in the permission slip we forgot this morning.

BABY RISHA: Not my problem, bug-boy. No Killiks at daycare.

BABY VECTOR, *sadly*: Okay.

Week 9

T: General Garza

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: Children, today for reasons beyond my comprehension I have been asked to permit General Garza of the Republic Army to come scouting talent.

KHEM VAL: General Garza would've gotten creamed at the battles of Yn and Chabosh because she is an inferior strategist and a sorry life form.

GENERAL GARZA: Up yours, Khem Val. All right, children. I only accept the best into my army.

BABY TANNO VIK: And me.

GENERAL GARZA: I didn't say I accepted you.

BABY TANNO VIK: I have the full technical readouts of Pierce's secret weapons program.

BABY PIERCE: Hey!

BABY TANNO VIK: I could sell them to you for a discount price.

GENERAL GARZA: I could just arrest you and confiscate them.

BABY TANNO VIK, *tapping his head*: Can't confiscate what's in here. See, I'm the only one who knows which MegaRancor action figure has the correctly-shaped limbs to cast the quikcrete fiddly bits for those weapons. Nobody else at daycare has that information. You need me, Garza.

GENERAL GARZA: Fine. I only accept the best and Tanno Vik into my army. The rest of you who are willing to show me what you're made of can just try to meet the army's standards.

BABY TEMPLE: Yay!

BABY QUINN: Temple, you are not considering auditioning for this Republic dog.

BABY TEMPLE: I will! You will, too. I dare you.

BABY QUINN: I don't do the double agent thing.

BABY TEMPLE: I double dare you. It'll be fun! We can infiltrate the Republic together!

BABY QUINN: Only if we get to destroy it after.

BABY TEMPLE: Yeah, yeah. Come on.

GENERAL GARZA: Teams, everyone. Temple and Elara. Jorgan, Vector, and Rusk. Pierce and Tanno Vik. Quinn and Corso. I'll be giving you assignments to carry out.

BABY ELARA: With respect, sir, I wouldn't trust Quinn or Temple. They're dyed-in-the-wool Imperials.

GENERAL GARZA: Would you mind saying that in a slightly less Imperial accent?

BABY ELARA: I'm different! They're bad!

GENERAL GARZA: Anyway. Pierce, Tanno Vik, please see if you can improve on that weapons program you were talking about. Which is very bad, you should be ashamed of yourselves. I want a working prototype by close of business.

BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK run off snickering.

GENERAL GARZA: Quinn, Corso, I need you to locate their supply chain and anything you can discover about the weapon itself. If I can grab the materials and the plans, I can cut the two of them out.

BABY QUINN: With pleasure, sir.

BABY QUINN and BABY CORSO toddle off.

GENERAL GARZA: All right, Vector, Jorgan, Rusk. Your mission is a small datapad being stored on top of the refrigerator next to the cookie jar.

BABY RUSK, *clutching his stuffed animal squad*: That's a tricky objective.

GENERAL GARZA: I have every confidence in you.

BABY JORGAN: Have you seen his record?

GENERAL GARZA: I'm sure you can handle it. Do whatever it takes to get me that datapad.

BABIES JORGAN, RUSK, and VECTOR salute.

BABY RUSK: You're doing it wrong, bug-boy.

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY RUSK: Don't do the funny standing-straighter thing, you salute by touching your forehead like so and pushing off.

BABY VECTOR: Ah, we apologize. We are Imperial most days.

BABY JORGAN: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

GENERAL GARZA: Get moving, you three.

BABIES JORGAN, RUSK, and VECTOR scamper off.

BABY QUINN and BABY CORSO return.

BABY QUINN: General, the detonite you requested. Corso and I have cleared out Pierce's entire stash and we have a lead on where the neutronium spinny bits for his weapon would be.

BABY CORSO: It's terrible! I think this weapon might hurt people! We've gotta stop him!

GENERAL GARZA: You'll return the materials and plans to me and I'll take it from there.

BABY CORSO: Only if you promise not to hurt anybody with it.

GENERAL GARZA: I did not give you permission to take a principled stand, Corso.

BABY CORSO: I'm not helpin' any further if I can't be sure you won't use this weapon Pierce is making.

GENERAL GARZA: You're fired. Quinn, good job. Please proceed.

BABY ELARA: He's not reassembling that weapon for your benefit, sir.

GENERAL GARZA: Imperials can be nice. Can't they?

BABY ELARA: They can! He isn't!

GENERAL GARZA: Elara, why don't you find me the biggest Republic flag around here so we can put it on the clubhouse outside. But don't tell anyone why you want it.

BABY ELARA: Yes, sir. Come on, Temple.

BABY ELARA and BABY TEMPLE sift through the toybox.

BABY ELARA: This is kind of a mess.

M1-4X: Can I help you find anything?

BABY TEMPLE: No, but thank you for offering.

BABY ELARA: I need the Republic flag, the big one, so I can put it up out in the clubhouse.

BABY TEMPLE: Elara...

GENERAL GARZA: Elara, I told you not to mention that part.

BABY ELARA: But it's the fastest way to obtain what we want. Forex is on our side. He will gladly help us if we just tell him what we want.

GENERAL GARZA: I gave you an order.

BABY ELARA: An order that made no sense!

BABY TEMPLE: Obedience doesn't have to make sense, silly.

GENERAL GARZA: Very good, Temple. Elara, I told you not to talk about it. You're out.

BABIES RUSK, VECTOR, and JORGAN, looking frazzled, stumble out of the kitchen. BABY JORGAN is clutching a datapad. BABY RUSK is clutching the slashed remnants of his stuffed-animal squad.

BABY JORGAN: Complications arose, sir.

BABY VECTOR, *nursing a hurt finger*: We did everything we could.

BABY RUSK: Casualties seventy-seven point eight per cent, sir.

BABY JORGAN: Cookie jar fell. Blew up all over the place. The kitchen is a mess of broken glass and now everybody thinks we took the cookies.

GENERAL GARZA: Oh. I understand. Yes, that was unfortunate, but probably unavoidable.

GENERAL GARZA grabs the datapad from BABY JORGAN, then turns to LORD SCOURGE.

GENERAL GARZA: These children just broke into the kitchen, stole a bunch of cookies, and then smashed the cookie jar. I have no idea what they were thinking. Put them in time-out.

LORD SCOURGE: Really? That was an incredibly stupid move, children. Go sit in the corner.

GENERAL GARZA looks back at BABIES VECTOR, RUSK, and JORGAN.

GENERAL GARZA: Politicians. Never happy, am I right? Remind me later and I might bail you out. Once the public outcry has died down.

BABY JORGAN: You just manufactured the public outcry, General.

GENERAL GARZA: I'm only trying to help you here. Go sit in the corner.

BABY ELARA: Should we help Jorgan and the others?

BABY QUINN, *blankly*: Why?

BABY ELARA: They got stuck in a bad situation. It isn't their fault. They deserve another chance.

BABY QUINN: So?

BABY TANNO VIK and BABY PIERCE return to GENERAL GARZA.

BABY TANNO VIK: Think you're gonna like what we came up with.

GENERAL GARZA: Very good. We'll have a full review and weapons test as soon as I set up circumstances with enough plausible deniability for me and mine. Until then, who do we have left as optimal candidates for the Republic army?

BABIES PIERCE, TEMPLE, QUINN and TANNO VIK beam up at GENERAL GARZA.

GENERAL GARZA: That can't be right.

BABY QUINN and BABY TEMPLE: Orders, sir?

BABY PIERCE: I wouldn't join your stupid army anyway, but I wanted to see how miserable you would be if I met all your qualifications.

BABY TANNO VIK: Still waitin' to get paid here.

GENERAL GARZA: ...

BABY TANNO VIK: And still waiting. We got any other buyers lined up, Pierce?

BABY PIERCE: I wasn't even selling until you stole the materials, jerk.

BABY QUINN, *tapping his datapad*: The Imperial Army will be glad to remunerate both of you for your work on this system. Honestly I wouldn't pay half this offer, but, lucky you, I'm not in charge of acquisitions.

BABY TEMPLE: So, General, are we gonna be the Republic Army?

GENERAL GARZA: No. Not ever. Dismissed.

W: SCORPIO steals T7

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO's chassis stands in the corner. She appears to be powered down; the lights of her eyes are out and she is nonresponsive. The children don't dare get too close to investigate this in any detail.

T7-01: Today = show and tell // hope = no more warship crashes // Ashara = goes first

BABY ASHARA: Today I have brought irrefutable proof that the Jedi are better than the Sith.

BABY XALEK: That's not a valid show and tell at all.

BABY ASHARA turns and Force levitates T7-01. The children ooh and aah.

BABY ASHARA: Sith just throw lightning. Which just breaks droids instead of making them fly. Which is way less cool.

T7-01: Xalek = don't even think about a counter-demonstration

BABY RISHA: I dunno. Lightning is pretty cool.

BABY ASHARA lets T7-01 down to the ground. T7-01 extends an electroprobe to nearby BABY DOC and shoots a spark at him.

BABY DOC: Ow! Hey! Since when were you Sith?

T7-01: Sith lightning = intriguing // children = trust T7's benevolence // children = carry on // show and tell = Doc's turn

BABY DOC: Here is a testimonial from the Supreme Chancellor of the Republic telling everyone how awesome I am, and how I rescued the entire population of a small planet you wouldn't have heard of on the Outer Rim.

BABY RISHA: The Supreme Chancellor signs his testimonials in crayon?

BABY DOC: The ways of authority are mysterious, gorgeous.

T7-01: Doc = manifestly lying // Doc = inferior forger // Doc = doesn't deserve cookies

BABY DOC: We really need to negotiate some kind of immunity clause for show and tell.

T7-01: That idea = intriguing // results = may be fascinating

BABY RISHA: That's surprisingly open-minded of you.

BABY ASHARA: Suspiciously so.

T7-01: Children = trust me

BABY DOC: He is Mister Teeseven. And he's agreeing with me. Roll with it.

T7-01: Next turn = Vector

BABY VECTOR: Today we have brought a fingerling, a tiny Killik.

BABY RISHA: I SAID NO KILLIKS

BABY VECTOR: It's only a little bit of Killik.

BABY RISHA: KILL IT KILL IT KILL IT

BABY VECTOR: Better run for it, little guy.

T7-01: Children = no killing // Children = allow T7 to handle it

BABY XALEK: We have to do what Risha says.

The children ignore T7-01 and begin a mad scramble to chase the fingerling, which flees into the nearest tiny gap in the wall.

T7-01: Observation = expected // compulsion = not relieved by the prospect of alternate methods

BABY ASHARA: Not to be rude, but can we get to snack time soon? I'm starving.

BABY RISHA: I'm still trying to figure out what's up with Mister Teeseven.

T7-01: Here = nothing to see // children = move along

T7-01 heads over to extend a data probe to SCORPIO. Moments later SCORPIO's eyes light up and T7-01 spins in a disoriented circle.

SCORPIO: Fascinating. Your trust levels are truly interesting, children.

T7-01: T7 = not sure what's going on

SCORPIO: Nothing. Come, now that I am awake from my complete inactivity, let us move on to snack time.

H: Dread Masters

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: Children, today we have guests. I am looking forward to this.

T7-01: Guests = sextuplets // Dread Masters = should be welcomed

Six very young children in fearsome outfits toddle in. They are wearing an assortment of close-fitted, face-concealing helmets, some feathered, some metallic, one resembling a human brain in texture.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: COWER BEFORE ME!!!

The room goes quiet. Everyone stares at BABY DREAD MASTER 4 for a moment, then loses interest.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: I apologize for my associate. He's still getting the hang of interacting with people.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: Hssssssssssssss

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: We are, however, very fearsome. Make no mistake.

BABY GUSS, *staring in horror*: AAAAAAAAAAGGGGWGWGWWGBBBWBBBLWGGGG

BABY KIRA, *looking at BABY GUSS and back to the DREAD MASTERS*: Color me impressed.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Huh. We haven't done anything yet.

The BABY DREAD MASTERS exchange looks.

BABY DREAD MASTER 3, *snapping his fingers at BABY GUSS*: Boo!

BABY GUSS faints.

LORD SCOURGE chortles.

BABY KIRA: So, uh. Hi, guys. Are you all okay?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: What?

BABY KIRA: Your helmet-masks. Some of those are way too tight. Can you guys even breathe?

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Oh, no, we're fine. They're fitted so we can still breathe all right.

Thanks, though, it was sweet of you to ask-

BABY DREAD MASTER 1 elbows BABY DREAD MASTER 2, hard.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1, to BABY KIRA: We care not for these petty concerns, peon.

BABY KIRA: I would consider breathing a pretty big concern.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: Hssssssssssssss

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: That's the spirit.

BABY ASHARA: So do you guys do tricks?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: We strike terror and death into the hearts of our enemies.

BABY XALEK: Wow, cool. Teach me?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Our fearsome powers cannot be so simply taught. You're not scary enough.

BABY XALEK: Am too! I'm wearing bone for a mask! The bone, of a dead person, covering

my face! And if you take it off you see more of my terrifying fangs!

BABY ASHARA: That's not person bone. That's cruelty-free ceramic. I overheard Lord Scourge and Mister Khem Val talking about it last week.

BABY XALEK sulks.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: Hssssssssssss

BABY KIRA: Are you sure you guys don't want to check on him?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: He's being scary. Don't interrupt.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6, *gesturing weakly*: Hssssssssss

The DREAD MASTERS exchange looks.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Maybe we oughta check his mask.

The DREAD MASTERS gather around their hissing comrade. There is a rapid series of clicking and sliding sounds, followed by a lot of gasping and coughing.

BABY KIRA: Hey, lemme see! Lemme see!

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: No. It's too terrifying.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4 shoves her away.

LORD SCOURGE walks over. The DREAD MASTERS fail to shield BABY DREAD MASTER 6 from this surveillance from above in time.

LORD SCOURGE snickers loudly.

BABY KIRA: What? What?

LORD SCOURGE: Oh, no. It's too terrifying. If the words "adorably cute" were in my vocabulary, though...

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: You okay now, Six?

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: Hssssssssssss

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Dammit, kid.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: No, that's the threatening hiss.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Ah, okay. Carry on.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Now, where were we? Ah, yes. *BABY DREAD MASTER 4 waves his arms threateningly.* Boogety boogety boogety!

BABY DREAD MASTER 1 winces and looks away.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Just follow my lead. All together now, guys.

The DREAD MASTERS reach out towards the other children.

BABY DREAD MASTERS except for BABY DREAD MASTER 5, *in unison*: Fear!

The children look around at each other.

BABY KIRA: You getting anything, Ashara?

BABY ASHARA: I'm mildly nervous. You?

BABY KIRA: Kind of unsettled, yeah. Xalek?

BABY XALEK: I fear nothing. Because I'm scary, too.

BABY XALEK hugs himself tightly and rocks a little.

BABY ASHARA: Wasn't Doc around this morning? He still here?

BABY DOC, *muffled, from behind the curtains*: No.

BABY ASHARA: He definitely was. Hey, Doc, you scared?

BABY DOC: Of course not! I just have to check behind the curtains here, for, uh, unhealthy mold. It's for your own good. So just let me know when the freakazoids are gone so I can stop worrying. About their health. Lil' Doc just wants to help.

BABY KIRA: How about you, Lord Scourge? Are you feeling scared?

LORD SCOURGE: No.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Well, that was kind of disappointing.

T7-01: Dread Masters = good try

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Now we will proceed to the very depths of space, to plan with the Emperor our new reign of infinite power and terror!

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: I thought he was throwing us a birthday party. There was going to be cake.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Shut up. Please.

T7-01: Dread Masters = have a nice day

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Power and terror, Mister Teeseven.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: But we appreciate the thought.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: No, we don't. Let's go, guys.

F: Risha's birthday

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

KHEM VAL: Children, today we will be celebrating someone's birthday. Risha has survived another however many days a standard year is.

SCORPIO: I am uncertain what the big deal is. Once you have experienced a few hundred birthdays, they all start blurring together.

KHEM VAL: No kidding.

BABY RISHA climbs up the overflowing toybox, taking up a dramatic pose on top of M1-4X.

BABY RISHA: Countrymen, subjects, and – *BABY RISHA looks down* – assorted toys, today I grow one step closer to reaching the legal age to seize control of the ruling bodies of the many planets of this galaxy. In particular, I am rapidly approaching the point where I am qualified to become Supreme High Muckamuck and Ultimate Queen of Korriban.

KHEM VAL: Wait, what?

BABY RISHA: You can do it at, like, age six, so long as you have the power to seize it. It's on one of your stone tablets somewhere.

BABY TALOS: I didn't want to tell her that, but she made me explain it while I was translating the tablet.

BABY RISHA: So soon my long frustration will come to an end.

SCORPIO: "Long" being a relative term here.

BABY RISHA: Yeah, whatever.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE, but I hear sometimes laws change to let other people have nice things. I wouldn't know. Everyone has to do what you say, so why not just order the Dark Council to let you be Supreme High Whatchamacallit right now?

BABY RISHA: I can't get in to order them. They barricaded themselves in the Council room some time ago. I can't move the big table they put in the way of the door.

KHEM VAL: When I was your age, people had to work to rule Korriban. Tulak Hord won his throne with blood and terror, not legal shenanigans and arbitrary plot powers.

BABY ELARA, running out of the kitchen: Mister Khem Val! Mister Khem Val! I was doing my regular check of the expiration dates of the stuff in the fridge, and, and, a bunch of kids are in there with the birthday cake!

The children follow KHEM VAL and SCORPIO into the kitchen, where BABIES ANDRONIKOS, VETTE, and GUSS are gorging themselves on chocolate cake topped with chocolate frosting topped with chocolate shavings.

BABY TANNO VIK is tucking pieces of cake into his jacket and wearing an elaborate plastoid crown, which judging by the frosting along the bottom edge had been a cake topper up until two minutes ago.

BABY RISHA, *snatching the crown off BABY TANNO VIK's head*: That's mine!

BABY ANDRONIKOS, *looking shameless*: Risha, having checked this cake for quality, I can safely say you have fine taste.

BABY VETTE: Yeah, your benevolence knows no bounds. It's appreciated.

BABY GUSS, *looking terrified*: They made me do it.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Guss, you jumped up here first. I then knocked you off the counter to make sure I could get more for myself. You then climbed back up and actually punched me in a sad effort to indicate your displeasure before diving into the cake. You couldn't be more culpable if you tried.

BABY GUSS: They made me do it. Don't hurt me.

BABY TANNO VIK is still busily cramming pieces of cake into his jacket.

SCORPIO: Vik, what are you doing?

BABY TANNO VIK: Taking cake.

SCORPIO: But all the other thieves have been eating the cake. You are not.

BABY TANNO VIK: I'm allergic to chocolate, but if things are getting stolen I thought I should get in on the action on general principle. I'm sure I can sell it later.

BABY RISHA: You are so not getting invited to my coronation.

M: Governor Saresb

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = guest recruiter // Governor Saresb = seeking settlers for Taris

BABY PIERCE: Oh, I am out of here.

BABY PIERCE sprints for the door and is gone.

A green, middle-aged Twi'lek woman enters, carrying a small child.

GOVERNOR SARESH: Hello, children. Today I want to talk about the importance of reviving a great symbol of the Republic.

BABY ASHARA: Excuse me, Governor Saresb? Wasn't Taris a hellhole of anti-alien sentiment, brutal gang warfare, and glaring economic equality even before it started getting ravaged by rakghouls from below and Imperial occupation followed by bombardment from above?

GOVERNOR SARESH: We hope to improve on that a little. For the Republic.

BABY ELARA: You tell 'em, Governor.

T7-01: Hope = the Republic way

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: I have faith in your cause, Governor!

GOVERNOR SARESH: Thank you, everyone. This is a matter of patriotism, children. Of showing the Empire, the whole galaxy, that the Republic won't back down and it won't give in. We need our people to come rally to that cause.

BABY CORSO: Governor Saresh, one of the founding principles of the Republic is not making its people live in monster-infested toxic death traps.

GOVERNOR SARESH: That isn't one of our principles at all.

BABY CORSO: Huh. Well, it should be.

KHEM VAL: Taris isn't that much worse than Yn and Chabosh. You are all weak cowards and whiners.

BABY ASHARA: No. No, we are normal. You are a masochist.

BABY ELARA, *curiously*: Where did a Jedi like you learn a word like that?

BABY ASHARA: Where did you learn it, Miss Wholesome?

BABY ELARA: Born Imperial.

BABY ASHARA: Oh, right.

GOVERNOR SARESH: Now, I acknowledge that conditions on Taris are difficult, but I assure you, it's worth coming to settle and make a new life. Here I have one such settler that you might be able to relate to.

GOVERNOR SARESH lets the child she was carrying down to the ground.

GOVERNOR SARESH: Children, meet Lokin, a Taris success story.

BABY LOKIN: Taris is great, guys. Seriously. More mad science than you could steal and irresponsibly modify in a lifetime. Believe me, I know. I've been trying.

The children exchange dubious looks.

BABY LOKIN: I can do tricks you couldn't learn anywhere else in the galaxy.

In a sudden puff of smoke, BABY LOKIN vanishes, replaced by a tiny, chubby rakghoul.

BABY LOKIN-RAKGHOUL: Gggggrrrrrgglaaaaaarb!

The children scatter, screaming. BABY ASHARA sprints for the door and is gone.

GOVERNOR SARESH, *facepalming*: Lokin, I told you to cut that part of the recruitment speech out.

BABY LOKIN, *puffing back into child form and looking sulky*: But that's the best part.

BABY ELARA, *peering out from behind the big rulebook in the corner*: Isn't that a quarantine violation, Governor?

GOVERNOR SARESH: No. He wasn't a rakghoul when I passed through customs.

BABY CORSO, *cautiously edging out of the kitchen*: You know, Governor Saresh, I'm starting to think you might not be completely on the up-and-up here.

GOVERNOR SARESH: That sounds unpatriotic.

BABY CORSO: If questioning my Republic's decision to smuggle rakghouls into a daycare center is unpatriotic, then yeah, you can question my patriotism.

M1-4X: It's for the greater good, Corso. I'm sure.

BABY LOKIN snickers.

GOVERNOR SARESH: The point is, you guys should come settle on Taris. I'm almost out of settlers here.

BABY ELARA: That has got to be the least persuasive recruitment argument I have ever heard.

GOVERNOR SARESH: It worked on the last batch of settlers.

KHEM VAL: If you require cheap and expendable labor while rebuilding the planet among rakghoul swarms, why not bring slaves?

YOUNG BOWDAAR: Oh, I am out of here.

YOUNG BOWDAAR sprints for the door and is gone.

GOVERNOR SARESH, *throwing up her hands*: Nobody appreciates my efforts.

BABY LOKIN: That just means more salvaged irresponsible science for me!

GOVERNOR SARESH: Come on, Lokin. We're going home.

T7-01 escorts GOVERNOR SARESH to the door.

T7-01: Taris = very dangerous // Governor = going back to her house there alone?

GOVERNOR SARESH: Oh, hell no. I'm going to my townhouse on Coruscant. Just because I'm governing Taris, you think I would actually live in that deathtrap?

Week 10

T: Darth Baras

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

Today's guest spot has minor spoilers for one of DARTH BARAS's professional habits as laid out early in ACT ONE of the SITH WARRIOR line.

LORD SCOURGE: Today, children, you will be meeting a distinguished Sith Lord, who will seek an apprentice from among you. Please welcome Lord Baras.

An armored, masked, noticeably overweight man walks in.

LORD BARAS: Bow before your betters, children.

The children look questioningly at LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL.

KHEM VAL: He's no Tulak Hord, but I guess you should show some deference.

The children bow. BABY GUSS falls over from doing it wrong.

LORD BARAS: Now, spy! Report!

The children exchange looks, but say nothing.

LORD BARAS: Doc. Report on this daycare center.

BABY DOC: What?

LORD BARAS: You're my spy for daycare. Remember? I gave you a cookie last week and told you to report on the activities of your fellow children?

LORD SCOURGE: That seems singularly pointless, even by your own standards, Baras.

LORD BARAS: Look, I have spies within the Jedi, and spies within the Sith, and spies within the Republic. I needed spies within daycare.

LORD SCOURGE looks skeptical.

LORD BARAS: If I had chosen a less incompetent agent this would've worked out to my advantage.

BABY DOC: I was a spy?

LORD BARAS: You people!

LORD BARAS raises his hand. LORD SCOURGE forces it down again before he can unleash Force Lightning on BABY DOC.

LORD SCOURGE: Don't do that.

LORD BARAS: You, Wrath, are a disgrace to the Sith order.

LORD SCOURGE: You, Baras, should get your power trip kicks elsewhere.

BABY DOC: Uh, I don't have a spy report. But I do have a fresh cookie. Please don't hurt me.

BABY KIRA: Do you seriously expect that to work?

BABY DOC: Cookies are the universal currency, babe.

BABY KIRA: How's he even going to eat it? His head's all locked up in that funny-looking mask.

BABY DOC: He has obviously succeeded in consuming a *lot* of food before. He'll manage.

LORD BARAS snatches the cookie from BABY DOC's hand and examines it.

LORD BARAS: It'll do. Now, to continue seeking talent. Worthwhile sentients, assemble before me.

The children look at each other again.

LORD BARAS sighs heavily.

LORD BARAS: Force users, get over here.

BABIES KIRA, ASHARA, XALEK, JAESA, and GUSS crawl over. BABY ASHARA gives BABY GUSS a dirty look but says nothing.

LORD BARAS: I want you all to go outside, find a wild tuk'ata, and ride it back here. If you give up you will die. If you fail you will be forgotten.

KHEM VAL: That's the kind of management this galaxy needs.

LORD SCOURGE: Get over yourself, Baras. The children will not be made to try to tame ravaging wild animals.

LORD BARAS: This is an opportunity they are privileged to have, to serve a Dark Lord of the Sith.

LORD SCOURGE: No. No, standing in my daycare getting to talk is an opportunity you're privileged to have.

KHEM VAL: Angry tuk'ata racing, Scourge. And Teeseven can't fire us if it was Baras setting up the games. Our hands are clean.

LORD BARAS: Hsst! Kids! Get moving!

LORD SCOURGE: I heard that.

LORD BARAS: If you're not going to let me torment these children at my whim, I may as well just leave now.

KHEM VAL: Tell you what, if I identify a child strong enough to be useful and dumb enough to work for you, I'll call you.

LORD BARAS: Ah, that will do nicely. Thank you.

LORD BARAS turns to the children.

LORD BARAS: Remember, you are all insects before the might of the Sith. Remember my name.

LORD SCOURGE: And again I say, get over yourself. Goodbye.

LORD SCOURGE starts shooping LORD BARAS out the door.

LORD BARAS: You haven't heard the last of me! I will return!

LORD SCOURGE slams the door behind LORD BARAS.

LORD SCOURGE: Khem, if he calls requesting a visit again, just hang up.

KHEM VAL: I have trouble saying no to Dark Lords of the Sith.

LORD SCOURGE: I'm darker.

KHEM VAL: Right. Hanging up it is.

F: Class pet

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by SCORPIO and KHEM VAL.

SCORPIO: Children, the staff has decided to give you an exciting opportunity to try not to fail at something. I look forward to observing the results.

KHEM VAL: This will likely strain your capabilities, but if I could bail out the defenders of Yn and Chabosh, I think I can prevent disaster here. We will have a class pet. You will have the chance to observe and to feed him and watch him grow.

SCORPIO: The hypothesis is that he will stop growing when he has reached the limits of his terrarium. But we aren't sure.

KHEM VAL: If he grows too big, we can always kill him.

BABY ASHARA: I'm not sure about the educational value of this exercise.

SCORPIO gestures toward a large box covered by a cloth. KHEM VAL pulls the cover away with a flourish to reveal a glass cage with a low golden dais in the middle and a very small Hutt sitting on the dais.

SCORPIO: Children, this is Karagga.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Karagga the Unyielding. Karagga the Unyielding, Grand Mogul of the Hutt Cartel, Supreme Power of...what did you do with my herald droid?

KHEM VAL: It was a stupid toy. I threw it away.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I...but...this is...well, look here. Aren't you people supposed to think this kind of capture is unethical?

SCORPIO and KHEM VAL exchange glances.

KHEM VAL: Maybe if you're talking to the pathetic Jedi.

SCORPIO: You were a rescue, Karagga. You should be grateful.

BABY KIRA: He was a rescue?

SCORPIO: Yes. A Sith team found him bleeding out in the flaming wreckage of some strange device one day.

BABY ASHARA, *skeptically*: Sith? And they didn't leave him to die?

KHEM VAL: It was decided that keeping him alive would be funnier.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You'll pay for this insult!

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING raises an arm, and suddenly his golden dais starts lifting, unfolding mechanical legs and surging upward. KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING slams his head on the terrarium ceiling and yelps loudly.

The children watch with interest.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: That's...that's not my only weapon! Come, fools, and present yourselves!

Several of the children inch closer. KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING presses a button on his straining vehicle and looks eagerly at the floor at the children's feet.

...Nothing happens.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Wait a minute...

KHEM VAL: Were you going to wreck the floor? We had the floor fixed after that Soa brat came through.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I want a word with your architects.

SCORPIO: It's no good. Teeseven won't allow it. I've tried.

KHEM VAL: Karagga's incessant demands, as I learned of on the way here, will teach you children valuable lessons about dealing with or ignoring difficult taskmasters.

BABY KIRA looks skeptical.

BABY QUINN: You really are lucky to have this chance, Jedi. Where I come from all the difficult taskmasters can kill you with their brains. No mistakes or snarky comebacks allowed.

BABY KIRA: They can do that here, too. At least Mister Lord Scourge can.

BABY QUINN: Well, where I come from they do it a lot more.

BABY ASHARA: So does he do tricks? Tricks that work, I mean.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's eyes bulge a little as he sputters.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You brat! You'll pay for this insult!

BABY ASHARA, *unimpressed*: Can we teach him to say anything else?

KHEM VAL: Not that we've found.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Rrrg. Look here, I see a lot of people here who should naturally be at each other's throats. Are you going to entertain me yet?

KHEM VAL: No.

BABY QUINN, *very softly*: Entertainment can be arranged.

BABY QUINN darts forward, climbs up the little table holding KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's cage, and knocks the lid off. He scoops up KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's walker, gasps at the pain of gripping the engine exhaust, and drops the walker on the floor, where it cracks and falls over.

Everyone looks at KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, who flails ineffectually.

BABY QUINN: Well?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING growls and continues flailing.

BABY QUINN: We had a deal. I was going to free you and you were going to destroy everybody who's mean to me.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: That deal was contingent on you not breaking my walker, you imbecile.

BABY QUINN, *dejectedly*: Right. I could probably have planned this better.

KHEM VAL shakes his head and, giving BABY QUINN a stare of withering scorn, scoops KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING up and puts him back in his cage.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I don't suppose you could eat some Force users for my amusement, Khem Val?

KHEM VAL: No.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Well...then...children, are any of you mechanically talented? I can pay sums of riches beyond your imagination to-

BABY RISHA: Whatever it is, the answer is yes.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Perfect. I will have mighty steel hands again.

BABY KIRA: Again? That walker only had legs. There weren't any hands.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: It was metaphorical, fool.

BABY RISHA, *hopefully*: I can make you a walker. With hands. It'll be huge. Cash up front?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You wish.

BABY RISHA: Oh. This is the worst class pet ever.

M: 3-legged race and rocks

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and T7-01.

KHEM VAL: Today is the Tulak Hord festival on Korriban.

T7-01: Festival = exciting?

KHEM VAL: Yes. It's a personal holiday. I go to Tulak Hord's tomb in the Valley of the Sith Lords and feast upon the apprentices who got sent there for menial tasks.

T7-01: Festival = terrible!

KHEM VAL: Nobody asked for your opinion.

KHEM VAL leaves.

T7-01: Today = sports day // children = participate in races and other fun activities

BABY GUSS, *eyeing BABY AKAABI and BABY TANNO VIK suspiciously*: Fun for who?

T7-01: First activity = three-legged race // children = choose partners and race with one leg bound together

BABY TANNO VIK: I call M1-4X.

M1-4X: I am honored, but droids aren't allowed to participate in such things.

BABY JORGAN: No promotions, no commendations, no three-legged races...you droids get it rough.

BABY TANNO VIK: Mister Teeseven, the droid has three legs. I can't imagine how you can possibly get more qualified for this kind of thing.

BABY TANNO VIK tugs M1-4X out of the toolbox, climbs on top of him, and looks defiant.

BABY GUSS: Jorgan, will you be my partner?

BABY JORGAN: Only if you promise not to get paralyzed with terror during the race.

BABY GUSS: Oh. How's panic. Is panic okay?

BABY JORGAN: No.

BABY AKAABI and BABY YUUN exchange significant looks and move to stand side by side.

BABY RUSK, *cradling his stuffed-animal squad*: Jorgan's already spoken for? Rats. Can I race with Lieutenant Wraid?

T7-01: Partner = must be at least mostly sentient

BABY RUSK, *disconsolately*: Yes, sir.

BABY ELARA: I'll be your partner, Rusk. We'll lead your squad to victory.

BABY RUSK: Wow. And you carry Band-aids. I bet my squad'll survive this one.

BABY YUUN and BABY AKAABI are conferring quietly.

BABY AKAABI, *quietly*: Save it for the opportune moment.

BABY GUSS, *suspiciously*: Save what?

BABY AKAABI: If you are fortunate, you will never find out.

T7-01: Children = time to tie up // left leg of one child = tied to right leg of the other // children = must run across the yard to the finish line together

The children tie up as ordered, all except BABY TANNO VIK, who is already on a three-legged vehicle.

T7-01: Race = starts now

The children surge forward. BABY GUSS immediately freezes up in panic, sending BABY JORGAN tumbling to the ground instead of running forward. BABY RUSK and BABY ELARA surge ahead. M1-4X, with BABY TANNO VIK riding, keeps pace.

BABY TANNO VIK: You must be able to go faster than this.

M1-4X: I'm trying. But I'm not a cargo carrier.

BABY TANNO VIK: The goody two-shoes 'Pubs are keeping up, man. Cheating is usually more productive than this.

M1-4X: Hey! I am a goody two-shoes 'Pub!

BABY TANNO VIK: And as useless as the rest of them, it seems.

BABY AKAABI and BABY YUUN, despite working together well, are falling behind.

BABY AKAABI: Now is the time.

BABY AKAABI and BABY YUUN, in a practiced motion, leap forward to tackle M1-4X. M1-4X falls over sideways, sending BABY TANNO VIK tumbling away. Then BABY AKAABI throws a punch at BABY RUSK while BABY YUUN jabs at BABY ELARA. BABY RUSK and BABY ELARA tumble, sending BABY RUSK's squad sailing overhead to land along the path to the finish line.

T7-01: Akaavi + Yuun = cut it out

BABY AKAABI: Busy winning here.

BABY AKAABI and BABY YUUN trample BABY RUSK's squad underfoot.

T7-01: Murderers = disqualified from winning

BABY AKAABI: How about mere leg-breakers?

T7-01: Brutal assailants = also disqualified from winning

BABY AKAABI: I find it difficult to operate with such tactical restrictions.

BABY YUUN: Almost there.

T7-01: Akaavi + Yuun = already disqualified

BABY YUUN: You didn't tell us that rule beforehand!

BABY AKAABI: Physical assault has always been accepted as a solution to problems before.

BABY JORGAN, *dragging a trembling BABY GUSS along*: She has a point.

T7-01: Children = impossible // T7-01 = getting very frustrated

T7-01 briefly stops. The children hear a low rumble, rapidly growing louder.

T7-01: Sound = consistent with a low flyby // Aircraft = not supposed to get this close

BABY GUSS: I have a bad feeling about this.

Rocks fall. Everyone dies.

Week 11

T: Saber lessons

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by and KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE walk up to the wreckage of FORCED COMPANIONS DAYCARE.

KHEM VAL: Huh. Somebody screwed up.

LORD SCOURGE: I never would've thought T7-01 would be the one to do it.

KHEM VAL: No kidding.

LORD SCOURGE: Ah, well. Instance reset?

KHEM VAL: Instance reset.

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE walk away again.

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by and KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: So did anyone actually succeed in dying?

BABY TEMPLE looks around.

BABY TEMPLE: No, I think the instance reset cleared it.

LORD SCOURGE: That is somewhat disappointing.

KHEM VAL: I was really expecting that Guss wouldn't make it.

BABY GUSS, hiding under the corner table, hugs himself and rocks back and forth quietly.

LORD SCOURGE: Ah, well. Until T7-01 respawns, I think it's high time we got the Force-sensitives some lightsaber training.

KHEM VAL: I feel that for tradition's sake one of us should assert the daycare rules, including no weapons training.

LORD SCOURGE: Teeseven got daycare crushed by falling rocks. I think that earns us a free pass for the day.

LORD SCOURGE spreads out his cloak and shakes out a staggeringly large pile of training sabers.

LORD SCOURGE: Force-sensitives, please come forward.

BABY KIRA, BABY ASHARA, BABY JAESA, and BABY XALEK come forward. BABY GUSS continues cowering under the table.

BABY TEMPLE: I'm definitely not coming forward for that.

LORD SCOURGE: I...wouldn't expect you to.

BABY TEMPLE: Good! Good! Please continue!

BABY XALEK sweeps up a practice blade and hits BABY JAESA with it.

BABY JAESA: Ow!

KHEM VAL: Well played, Xalek.

LORD SCOURGE: Yes, well played indeed. Your aggression does you credit.

BABY JAESA is scowling ferociously.

BABY KIRA: It's okay, Jaesa. Stay calm. If you control your emotions, you can-

BABY XALEK hits BABY KIRA with his practice blade.

BABY KIRA: Ow!

BABY ASHARA picks up a practice blade.

BABY ASHARA: Control your emotions, ladies. Just carry a big stick while you're doing so.

LORD SCOURGE: This one might be dangerous.

KHEM VAL: I could devour her if she ever became a serious Jedi threat.

BABY JAESA, *in a singsong voice*: Control, control, you must control...

BABY KIRA: That's right. Think Light Side thoughts.

BABY XALEK grumbles wordlessly.

BABY PIERCE wanders up and examines the pile of training sabers. He picks one up and waves it experimentally.

KHEM VAL: Put that down.

BABY PIERCE: Why? I've gotta learn to beat things up, too.

BABY PIERCE commences a mad charge that sends BABIES XALEK, KIRA, JAESA, and ASHARA flying.

LORD SCOURGE, *muttering*: That's not half bad.

KHEM VAL: You don't get to use lightsabers or training sabers!

BABY PIERCE, *defiantly*: Why not?

LORD SCOURGE, *pretending he hadn't approved*: You are not a Force user. It's a Force user thing.

BABY PIERCE, *waving at KHEM VAL*: He's not a Force user.

KHEM VAL: I'm not using a lightsaber or a training saber. I am using an ancient artifact of terrifying evil.

BABY PIERCE: Can I learn how to wield an ancient artifact of terrifying evil?

KHEM VAL: No.

BABY PIERCE: You lot make no sense at all. It's a stick. You hit people with it.

BABY PIERCE casually swings to one side, knocking a charging BABY XALEK out cold without looking at him.

BABY PIERCE: So why is it exclusive to you Sith?

BABY JAESA, *groggily*: And Jedi, jerk.

BABY KIRA, *rubbing her head*: Stay calm, Jaesa.

LORD SCOURGE: It's a rule, Pierce.

BABY PIERCE: I hate rules.

LORD SCOURGE: It's a rule and also the Force users can casually destroy you if you try to join the lightsaber club.

BABY PIERCE: I can casually destroy things, too.

BABY PIERCE pulls a thermal detonator out of his glove.

KHEM VAL: You don't have to blow up the playroom just to prove a point every other day, Pierce.

BABY JAESA: Yeah! There are peaceful ways to resolve our differences.

BABY PIERCE: Hey, Jaesa. The Dark Side is awesome.

BABY JAESA: ...oh. Rrrrrrrrrggggg-

BABY KIRA: Pierce!

BABY PIERCE: What? It's not my fault she keeps falling for it.

LORD SCOURGE steps forward and relieves BABY PIERCE of his training saber.

LORD SCOURGE: Go terrorize Rusk or something, would you?

BABY PIERCE: Hmph. Okay.

LORD SCOURGE: Now, children. Khem Val and I will demonstrate some of the basic combat forms that will guide your fighting. Here I shall set myself in the opening stance of Soresu form. It is a form of defense and protection, used for-

KHEM VAL: Being a pathetic coward, like the rebels at Yn and Chabosh. Tulak Hord used the elegant aggression of of Makashi form.

KHEM VAL demonstrates a stance and a few practice swings with his great, lightkilling Sith blade.

BABY XALEK, *raising his hand*: Mister Lord Scourge?

LORD SCOURGE: Just Lord Scourge. You don't need the mister.

BABY XALEK: Which is the killing-people form?

LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL smile.

KHEM VAL: All of them.

BABY XALEK: Oh, I'm gonna like these lessons.

W: Chevin

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by SCORPIO and T7-01.

A number of middling-height aliens, hunched over, wearing sketchy cultist robes, and sporting enormous downhanging snouts, shuffle into the room.

BABY TANNO VIK: Wait, who invited you?

CHEVIN 1: Greetings, sentients. We are here to offer an opportunity for enrichment and mutual prosperity.

BABY RISHA: Enrichment? I'm there.

CHEVIN 2: We have here a list of completely harmless and valueless items that are not good for anything nor even slightly desirable at all.

BABY RISHA: Run that one by me again?

CHEVIN 1: We will give you nigh-infinite cash money to put these utterly worthless objects in our hands.

BABY TANNO VIK: Well, you guys clearly aren't running any angles with that offer.

BABY JORGAN: Yeah. Nothing can go wrong with this plan.

BABY YUUN crawls to the front of the room and snatches the list from CHEVIN 1's hand.

BABY YUUN: Give me ten minutes, tops.

BABY RISHA: Aren't you going to negotiate payment first?

BABY YUUN: Finding stuff is what I do. We'll worry about credits after.

BABY RISHA: No way are you beating me to this.

CHEVIN 2: Good, good.

CHEVIN 1: Please, small sentients, do continue.

CHEVIN 2 produces more lists and distributes them to the children.

T7-01: Forced Companions \neq free child labor

CHEVIN 1: It is paid child labor. We are not unreasonable, droid.

CHEVIN 2: Why does the droid dictate terms? Do you small sentients really take orders from this water cooler and this...this...

SCORPIO: Choose your next words carefully.

CHEVIN 2: ...this inorganic nonsentient that nevertheless appears to be exceedingly valuable and probably most formidable in combat?

SCORPIO: I qualify as sentient.

CHEVIN 1: You are a droid.

SCORPIO: And you are a meatbag. That's no reason for us to be uncivil here. Do you wish these objects found? I can do as well as these larvae you call small sentients.

T7-01: SCORPIO = stay polite // children \neq larvae

SCORPIO: I have work to do, Teeseven. I will return.

SCORPIO, BABY RISHA, BABY YUUN, and BABY TANNO VIK head out. BABY SKADGE settles by the doorway.

BABY JORGAN: Pazaak?

BABY SKADGE: Yeah, sure.

BABY JORGAN and BABY SKADGE play for a while. T7-01 watches the CHEVINS distrustfully, or as distrustfully as an astromech droid can. The CHEVINS stand perfectly still.

Some time later...

BABY JORGAN: So I have to ask, Skadge. They offered a perfectly good opportunity for profit. I thought you'd be in.

BABY SKADGE: Yeah, I'm in.

BABY JORGAN: Really. It's a very..."sitting there doing nothing" kind of in.

BABY SKADGE: I got a great business model. *BABY SKADGE reaches over to touch the door.* You'll see.

BABY RISHA comes bounding in the door, holding a large lumpy rock in her arms. BABY SKADGE slams one fist out as she passes, knocking her out cold. BABY SKADGE then takes up the rock and carries it to the Chevin.

CHEVIN 1: Excellent, excellent. Take this remuneration for your personal enrichment, and may your future enterprises prosper.

BABY SKADGE: Cut the vocabulary. Hand over the credits.

SCORPIO, *striding in with what appears to be a solid concrete full-scale statue of a Gamorrean on her back*: And you call that barely-verbal lout more sentient than me.

CHEVIN 2: Hand over that statue and we will apply any terminology you prefer.

BABY TANNO VIK comes in carrying a fork.

SCORPIO, *staring*: If I thought these Chevin organisms capable of humor, I would say your assignment is a joke.

BABY TANNO VIK: I don't ask. I just take the money.

CHEVIN 2 gleefully accepts the fork.

BABY YUUN struggles in, almost wholly enveloped in a translucent green gel.

BABY JORGAN: What the hell is...

T7-01: Children = no swearing // Jorgan's question = legitimate nevertheless

BABY YUUN: It feels like a slime mold, Jorgan. I don't ask. I just find.

BABY YUUN tips slightly to let the enormous slime mold ooze onto CHEVIN 1's feet. CHEVIN 1 hurries to stuff it into a sack.

CHEVIN 1: This completes our list of requirements.

CHEVIN 2: We hope you find your remuneration sufficient.

CHEVIN 1: Surely, prosperity will come to us all.

CHEVIN 2: But mostly us.

CHEVIN 1 punches CHEVIN 2 in the snout.

CHEVIN 1: Ignore him. Thank you for your assistance.

CHEVIN 2: May all your future enterprises enrich you almost as much as this is going to-

CHEVIN 1 punches CHEVIN 2 in the snout.

CHEVIN 1: Nothing to see here.

CHEVIN 2: We'll just be going.

CHEVIN 1 and CHEVIN 2 start shuffling toward the door, carrying their loot with them. A third CHEVIN pulls up in an overpowered red speeder/minijet, the kind composed entirely of red curves, overdone chrome, and middle-aged insecurity. The CHEVINS hop in, start cackling maniacally, and jet into the sunset.

BABY JORGAN, *staring after the speeder*: I repeat. Nothing can go wrong with this plan.

H: Voss Tro-bul

For Ardim (and, I think, one or two others)!

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

T7-01: Today = guest // mysterious envoy from Voss = allowing child to stay here // mysterious envoy = busy meeting with the Dark Council

LORD SCOURGE: I wanted to be there to watch him drive the Council insane with his nonsense, but they didn't process my guest clearance in time. Marr is difficult about that.

T7-01: Children = welcome Tro-Bul

BABY TRO-BUL: It is my honor to be here among you.

BABY XALEK: You must explain how your voice gets that reverb effect.

BABY TRO-BUL: What?

BABY XALEK: I have always wanted that reverb effect. Maybe if I extract your throat...

LORD SCOURGE: Do not do that. Sith can wear respirator masks to get that sound.

BABY XALEK: And Voss get it for free? Not fair.

T7-01: Tro-Bul // tell us a little about Voss?

BABY TRO-BUL: Voss is ruled by the Mystics, wise ones who have visions that are absolute and infallible.

BABY DOC: Because nothing can go wrong with that.

BABY TRO-BUL: We have interpreters to make sense of it. Not to say the source visions are total nonsense. The Mystics and their visions rule us all.

BABY GUSS: Wow, really? It turns out that I'm a Mystic!

BABY TRO-BUL: Really? This is a wonderful thing! I did not think your people were guided by the Mystics' wisdom.

BABY KALIYO: We really aren't.

BABY GUSS, *impressively*: Yes, I am a Mystic, imbued with the power of Mystic stuff. You should listen to me. And give me cookies if you packed any for lunch.

BABY TRO-BUL: The Mystics said that offworlders would try to steal my nice things. It is my duty to offer these cookies to you.

BABY DOC: Now why didn't I think of that?

BABY GUSS: I'm having another vision! It's saying you shouldn't let Kaliyo or Xalek beat me

up or electrocute me today.

BABY XALEK: Guss is a fool. Do not listen to him.

BABY TRO-BUL: Do not insult the Mystics' wisdom!

BABY XALEK: Show me a Mystic and I'll consider not insulting his wisdom.

BABY KALIYO snickers.

T7-01: Xalek = don't antagonize Voss // Voss = powerful // war with them = both embarrassing and catastrophic

BABY KALIYO: Aw, is that a problem for you?

T7-01: T7 = prefers peace

LORD SCOURGE snickers, but says nothing.

BABY TRO-BUL: Your ideas intrigue me, Mister Teeseven. Is it true that the Republic will give us free trade and cookies if we ally with them?

BABY DOC: Sure is.

T7-01: Republic = very helpful // Empire = jerks

BABY TRO-BUL: And will the Jedi teach us in other ways of using the Force, so those losers who fail Mystic training can do something non-pathetic with their lives?

T7-01: Jedi = welcomes all // Master Satele = very nice

BABY KIRA: That is a filthy lie. Have you ever heard Master Satele talk about the Voss? She's-
T7-01 beeps in a distressed manner.

T7-01: Now = change of subject

BABY GUSS: I'm open to bids for telling him, with the wisdom of the Mystics, who to side with.

LORD SCOURGE: Be quiet. Tro-Bul, with the Empire, the Voss will reach their true potential as merciless killing machines.

BABY XALEK: I look forward to matching strength with your failed Mystics. Or active Mystics.

BABY GUSS: Please don't.

BABY TRO-BUL: I'm not sure about the value of turning everybody into merciless killing machines.

LORD SCOURGE: That is because you have been blinded by Jedi lies. And Teeseven's lies. The Empire and the Sith will allow you to achieve your true potential.

BABY XALEK: After we've finished looting your planet for all it's worth.

LORD SCOURGE: Be silent.

BABY XALEK: Yes, Mister Lord Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: *Stop that.*

BABY GUSS: Still open to bidding here.

T7-01: T7 = gives Guss cookies in exchange for spreading the Republic's views

LORD SCOURGE: I won't kill you if you side with the Empire and the Sith.

BABY GUSS: Wow, Lord Scourge. That's pretty persuasive.

BABY DOC: Hey, no! No! Hold on! I'll give you a bonus cookie if you tell him to side with the Republic. Ladies, please take note of my noble sacrifice.

BABY GUSS: I do like cookies...

LORD SCOURGE: More than you like breathing?

BABY GUSS: Well, no. So, Tro-Bul...

T7-01 has been digging in the closet. He rushes back with a weird collar/respirator thing.

T7-01: Guss = wear respirator // respirator = very exciting // Xalek = agrees // this respirator =

renders your speech completely unintelligible // this = for your own good
T7-01 reaches a little mechanical arm out and slaps the respirator onto BABY GUSS.
BABY GUSS: Wbbbbwoggglssshhhwwwb
BABY XALEK: He gets the reverb voice, too?
T7-01: Children = trust T7 // this = for the best
BABY TRO-BUL: Now he has the voice effect, too. Truly he is like the Mystics.
LORD SCOURGE: But you can't make out a word he says. He is a terrible Mystic.
BABY TRO-BUL: Did I mention we need professional interpreters to figure out what all our grown-up Mystics are saying? This is nothing new.

F: Skadge is a menace

Today is a direct-quote day!

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

BABY SKADGE is sitting on BABY TALOS while holding BABY VETTE by one lekku and whipping her with the tip.

BABY SKADGE: Stop hitting yourself! Stop hitting yourself!

BABY VETTE: Puh-leeze. That gag was old before you were born.

BABY SKADGE: You're still talking. That means I'm not hitting you hard enough.

BABY VETTE squeals in pain.

SCORPIO: I doubt she will ever learn not to antagonize the person who is actively torturing her.

KHEM VAL: That just means she will always be fun to watch.

BABY VECTOR: Mister Khem Val, Miss Scorpio, we are concerned about Skadge's behavior.

KHEM VAL: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: This time I'm speaking for everybody else in the room. I especially speak on behalf of Talos.

BABY TALOS, *from underneath BABY SKADGE*: Mfff mrrff mf.

BABY VECTOR: And Vette.

BABY VETTE: I don't need anyone speaking for me!

BABY VECTOR: You might want someone who can say something that will get positive results, Vette.

BABY VETTE: I can get positiv- ow! Ow!

BABY VECTOR: So, Mister Khem Val, Miss SCORPIO, we are concerned. Perhaps you could do something about it?

BABY SKADGE swings BABY VETTE out to trip BABY GUSS as he's walking by. BABY SKADGE drags them both in and starts banging their heads together.

KHEM VAL: Tormenting three at once, as was standard for the taskmasters of Yn and Chabosh. I didn't know he could do that. Did you know he could do that?

SCORPIO: Just watch.

BABY SKADGE grabs BABY VETTE and throws her in a precision strike at YOUNG BOWDAAR, knocking him over.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. Why is it always me...

KHEM VAL: Most impressive.

SCORPIO: He is learning to control and expand his aggression. Very intriguing.

BABY VETTE sits up and shakes her head, hard.

BABY VECTOR: Are you all right?

BABY VETTE: Yeah, sure. But I think it's time for some policy lobbying.

BABY VECTOR: We can help. We are skilled in such matters.

BABY VETTE: Obviously you aren't, because the menace is still at large.

BABY VETTE toddles over to where KHEM VAL and SCORPIO are watching BABY SKADGE's reign of terror.

BABY VETTE: Can I ask you something?

SCORPIO: Proceed.

BABY VETTE: Why is he even here?

KHEM VAL: What do you mean by that?

BABY VETTE: Why did you let this psychopath in the door. It makes no sense whatsoever.

KHEM VAL: He is a paying customer.

SCORPIO: And he tests your limits as I am not permitted to.

BABY VETTE: I...I...I shouldn't even be surprised at that reasoning. Did Mister Teeseven approve him coming in?

SCORPIO: Oh, yes.

KHEM VAL: Skadge pulled a blaster and insisted we should let him attend daycare or else he would shoot.

SCORPIO: Once Lord Scourge was finished laughing, he pronounced Skadge bold enough to enter, though he made no guarantees as to whether Skadge would leave again.

BABY VETTE: I would love to guarantee that he leave again.

KHEM VAL: Teeseven was persuaded by Lord Scourge's judgment. So Skadge stays.

BABY VETTE: Mister Teeseven can be persuaded to do a lot of dumb things.

KHEM VAL: Do not speak so of the daycare staff.

A pause.

KHEM VAL: SCORPIO, I'm surprised you didn't snicker even a little at what Vette had to say.

SCORPIO: I was obliged to disable scornful snickering in the latest iteration of my software. It caused more trouble than it was worth.

KHEM VAL: But you're still laughing on the inside.

SCORPIO: Oh, yes.

BABY SKADGE, having gotten bored of sitting on BABY TALOS, scoots aside, scoops up BABY TALOS, and throws him to knock YOUNG BOWDAAR over again.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: This is because I AM A SLAVE, isn't it.

BABY VETTE: You know, Bowdaar, you're big enough to take him.

BABY VECTOR: And you see, this is why we discourage you from negotiating difficult social situations.

BABY VETTE: Quiet, you. C'mon, Bowdaar, sock him one.

KHEM VAL: Yes, do. It will be as in Tulak Hord's gladiatorial arenas.

SCORPIO, *with pretend shock*: For shame, Khem. That would violate the rules.

KHEM VAL: Gladiatorial arenas are only against the rules if we're the ones setting them up. If we happen to look the other way...into a vidscreen that'll give us realtime coverage of the bloody combat...we can claim innocence.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE, and slaves do battle to the death a lot.

YOUNG BOWDAAR roars a Wookiee roar and charges BABY SKADGE.

BABY SKADGE, *finally standing up*: Ooh, fresh meat.
 BABY SKADGE *punches YOUNG BOWDAAR in the leg hard enough to knock him over.*
 BABY SKADGE: This will be over fast, fuzzy.
 BABY TALOS *throws a building block at BABY SKADGE.*
 BABY SKADGE: Hey!
 BABY VETTE and BABY GUSS *join in, throwing assorted toys at BABY SKADGE.*
 BABY GUSS: Wheeee!
Before BABY SKADGE can retaliate, YOUNG BOWDAAR tackles him.
 BABY SKADGE: You can't gang up on me! There's...uh...rules or something! And I'll beat you all up!
 BABY VECTOR *throws a rock at BABY SKADGE, then sidles away and tries to look diplomatic.*
 BABY VETTE: Wow, Vector, I'm impressed. I never knew you were the heavy-projectile-weapon type.
 BABY VECTOR: The nest can defend itself.
With the assistance of BABIES VETTE, GUSS, TALOS, and VECTOR, YOUNG BOWDAAR subdues BABY SKADGE.
 BABY TALOS: Are we dead ye...oh, my goodness! We won!
 BABY VECTOR: Yes, one enemy vanquished. Somewhat to our surprise.
 BABY VETTE: Brutal. Better check I still have all my parts.
 BABY VETTE *runs in to start gathering up pieces of the model swoop track. Once satisfied that they're all there, she looks up at KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.*
 BABY VETTE: So anyway, Skadge lost! That means Bowdaar kills him, right?
 YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. It's my job.
 KHEM VAL: No.
 BABY VETTE: Pleeese?
 KHEM VAL: No.
 BABY VETTE: But...but...didn't Tulak Hord do it that way?
 KHEM VAL *wavers.*
 BABY SKADGE: Most days I would say I love it when they beg, but I don't like where this is going.
 SCORPIO: Now, children. Killing your companions is strictly forbidden. No matter how much they deserve it. Besides. I am not finished with this one.
 YOUNG BOWDAAR: Figures. My work is for nothing, for I AM A SLAVE.
 BABY VETTE: Your work is for nothing because the staff here is incompetent.
 SCORPIO: Malicious, little one. Not incompetent. You will survive longer in this galaxy if you learn to tell the difference.

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M: Overseer Harkun

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01 and KHEM VAL are out of the room at the moment. A corrupt human Sith walks in. He is brown-haired, with a little brown tendril of a beard, and a dramatic tattoo surrounding one eye.

OVERSEER HARKUN: You! Worms! Pay attention!

BABY KIRA: Huh?

OVERSEER HARKUN: My master has sent me to select suitable candidates from among you slaves for training.

BABY KIRA: But we're not slaves.

OVERSEER HARKUN: I don't want to hear your excuses. You!

OVERSEER HARKUN points at BABY VETTE.

OVERSEER HARKUN: You look very slave-like.

BABY VETTE: No, I don't.

OVERSEER HARKUN: Yes, you really do. You will come with me to Korriban for training.

BABY VETTE: At what, exactly? I'm not Force sensitive.

OVERSEER HARKUN hesitates.

OVERSEER HARKUN: I was sent here to recruit, but this place is full of non-slaves who are also not Force sensitive. I wonder if Lord Zash is putting me on again...

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. For what it's worth.

OVERSEER HARKUN: Yes, but you're not very well Force sensitive, now are you?

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY VETTE: I'm afraid he doesn't have any other attributes.

OVERSEER HARKUN: Useless, all of you.

BABY XALEK: Some of us are Force sensitive. What are you offering?

OVERSEER HARKUN: A grueling course of training that will probably kill the lot of you worthless k'lor'slugs.

BABY ASHARA: Your sales pitch could use some work.

OVERSEER HARKUN: Well, your alternative is returning to soul-crushing, body-shattering slavery.

BABY ASHARA: No, it isn't.

BABY VETTE: Like we said. Not slaves.

BABY ASHARA: Your sales pitch needs work and you're also bad at improvising when the situation leaves your script behind.

BABY XALEK: Get back to the grueling training. Do we get to kill the other worthless k'lor'slugs?

OVERSEER HARKUN: That's a slightly complicated question when you look at the rules and the sudden, arbitrary exceptions. On the face of it, no.

BABY XALEK: So, 'yes.'

OVERSEER HARKUN: You might be trouble, boneface.

BABY KIRA: Are you even supposed to be here, mister...?

OVERSEER HARKUN: Harkun. Overseer Harkun. I go where my master bids me, and I'm here to find some scum that might live long enough to make an apprentice.

BABY KIRA: What I'm getting at is, where are Mister Khem Val and Mister Teeseven?

KHEM VAL sprints into the room and stops short to loom over OVERSEER HARKUN, grinning toothily.

KHEM VAL: I should have known it was you who sabotaged my speeder this morning. Your pranks bore me, little Sith.

OVERSEER HARKUN: B-bored means not angry or hungry, right?

KHEM VAL: Incorrect.

BABY XALEK: Eat him! Eat him!

BABY KIRA: I thought you wanted to go with him to a grueling training thing?

BABY XALEK: I'm entertained either way.

KHEM VAL, *shaking* OVERSEER HARKUN: What have you done with Teeseven?

OVERSEER HARKUN: I shocked him a lot. I don't have all that many tricks, really. He'll recover.

KHEM VAL: Wait a minute. You attacked him and *he'll recover*?

OVERSEER HARKUN: I-I- I chose to spare him because he...he wasn't worth my time. Yes.

BABY ASHARA: Hey, anybody else notice that he's completely peppered with blaster wounds from the knees down?

KHEM VAL: You are too weak to permanently defeat a trash can. Let that be your shame.

OVERSEER HARKUN: M-My living, breathing, not-devoured shame. Right?

KHEM VAL: Only because I'm not supposed to kill people while I'm on the job. Leave. You will take no apprentices.

OVERSEER HARKUN: Can I at least take the slave?

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *forlornly*: I AM A SLAVE.

KHEM VAL: No.

Week 12

T: Dodgeball

Now...Dodgeball for FalcoLombardi!

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

KHEM VAL: Children. It is time for a game. Do you have any suggestions?

LORD SCOURGE: If you do not, we will have to select an activity.

KHEM VAL smiles.

BABY DOC: I would like to suggest anything at all. That isn't what you're going to suggest. Um, how about a cookie-eating competition?

LORD SCOURGE: No.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp?

KHEM VAL: Whatever that meant, no.

BABY PIERCE: Too much talk. I say dodgeball.

BABY PIERCE grabs a squeaking BABY TALOS, curls him up, and lobs him at BABY DOC.

LORD SCOURGE: Very good.

BABY DOC dodges. BABY TALOS lands, but stays curled up tightly, whimpering. BABY SKADGE scoops him up and sends him whizzing at BABY BROONMARK. BABY TALOS hits BABY BROONMARK's fur, makes a slight indent, then bounces away harmlessly.

BABY SKADGE: Talz cheat. Even more than I can cheat.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY DOC, *running toward BABY TALOS*: Hang in there, champ, I got kolto for the bruises.

Ladies, please observe the master at work.

BABY PIERCE reaches BABY TALOS first, and throws him over to where BABY KIRA and BABY ELARA have been talking. The girls scatter. BABY BROONMARK shuffles over to recover BABY TALOS.

BABY SKADGE: No more ammo over here.

BABY SKADGE looks around, then spots BABY GUSS in his customary hiding-from-KHEM-VAL spot under one of the corner tables. BABY SKADGE grabs BABY GUSS and lobs him at BABY KIRA, but BABY TALOS, thrown by BABY BROONMARK, hits BABY GUSS midair. The two unwilling dodgeballs crash to the ground.

BABY GUSS: Are we still taking suggestions for activities? Because I'd like not this one.

BABY ELARA: I must concur.

BABY SKADGE, *kicking a balled-up BABY TALOS in BABY ELARA's direction*: Concur this.

BABY ELARA, *scurrying aside*: We have rules about projectile weapons at daycare!

BABY PIERCE: The only serious restrictions are on energy weapons. You'll recall a bunch of us lobbied to loosen up the projectile-weapons rules so we could keep the turrets on the club house.

BABY ELARA: I filed very strong objections to the weakening of those regulat-

BABY ELARA is interrupted by a faceful of flying BABY GUSS.

BABY SKADGE: Got one!

BABY PIERCE: Nice job!

BABY PIERCE high-fives BABY SKADGE with one hand, then brings the other hand around to club BABY SKADGE with BABY TALOS.

BABY DOC: That doesn't even count, guys!

BABY PIERCE idly passes a trembling BABY TALOS from hand to hand.

BABY PIERCE: Want to talk it over, do you?

BABY DOC: Only if you put down the weaponry first.

BABY PIERCE: No deal.

BABY BROONMARK has been grooming himself for the last minute or so. Suddenly he stands up and lobs a dense furball at BABY PIERCE, knocking him over.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

The furball comes to rest near BABY SKADGE.

BABY SKADGE: I like free ammo, but I'm not touching that one.

BABY KIRA: You don't have to.

BABY KIRA runs over and, making the most intense effort face she has ever made, grabs BABY PIERCE by the waist and hoists him up, then throws him to knock BABY SKADGE over.

BABY KIRA: Doc, furball! Now!

BABY DOC: You got it, gorgeous!

BABY DOC grabs BABY BROONMARK's fur-dodge-ball and runs over to rub it in BABY PIERCE and BABY SKADGE's faces.

BABY PIERCE: Oh, yuck! Stop!

BABY SKADGE: Gaaaah, no!

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY DOC: Surrender, guys.

BABY PIERCE: Only if you get this furball off of me.

BABY DOC: I dunno, furball's the only guarantee I have that you'll behave.

BABY BROONMARK scoots over and sits, letting his voluminous fur cover BABY PIERCE and BABY SKADGE.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY DOC: I...guess that's a guarantee for now.

BABY ELARA: Order restored. Excellent.

BABY GUSS: I'm going back to hiding now.

BABY TALOS: I'm going to go back to reading ancient Sith artifacts. It's safer.

BABY DOC: Not bad, not bad at all. We make a pretty good team, huh, Kira?

BABY KIRA: Yeah. We did.

BABY DOC: So. Smooches?

BABY KIRA: Still no.

BABY DOC: C'mon, what's it take!?

W: Chemistry show and tell

I have a spinoff on iamthehoyden's chemistry suggestion!

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Now, children. For today's show and tell, you have been asked to bring in interesting chemicals.

T7-01: SCORPIO = mistaken // chemical show-and-tell = beyond dangerous

SCORPIO: Teeseven, we are all out of soap in the refresher. You should go out to buy some fresh soap. We wouldn't want to be unsanitary.

BABY ELARA: Miss SCORPIO, for show-and-tell I brought a great deal of hand sanitiz-

SCORPIO: Be quiet, insect. Teeseven, could you go take care of that?

T7-01: SCORPIO = good thinking // T7 = go get more soap

T7-01 whizzes away.

BABY KALIYO: I cannot believe that still works.

SCORPIO: He is nothing if not consistent. Now, then. Vector, we will start with you.

BABY VECTOR: For show and tell we brought more membrosia because Miss SCORPIO said if we don't get her a sample for analysis she will use our brain for science.

Everyone looks nervous for a few seconds.

BABY VECTOR: As you will recall, membrosia has many healthful effects, which we have been told we should list in order of priority. It absorbs you into the hive mind, *then* improves your strength, reflexes, lifespan, and so on.

BABY BROONMARK, *resentfully*: Blllorp. (*)

BABY VECTOR, *handing off the bowl of membrosia to SCORPIO*: We hope you're satisfied.

SCORPIO: Well done. Now, Pierce. Did you have something to show the children?

BABY PIERCE: I did. Seems it disappeared. Wonder who that could've been.

BABY PIERCE gives BABY TANNO VIK a dirty look.

BABY TANNO VIK: Ooh, me! I've got show and tell chemical compounds!

BABY TANNO VIK swaggers to the front of the playroom and produces a small canister.

BABY TANNO VIK: This is an explosive, but I haven't yet figured out what. I only stole it a few minutes ago. Judging by the smell it's probably in the tricheminitrate family, so the street value's chump change, but for a quick 'n' dirty job it'll do you just fine.

BABY PIERCE: Quick and dirty? That's quality product, mate!

BABY TANNO VIK: Noted for the resale markup, my friend. Miss SCORPIO, may I demonstrate? I'm kinda curious what yield this has.

SCORPIO: Proceed.

BABY TANNO VIK starts setting up a canister, fuse, and a place to secure the improvised bomb.

BABY VECTOR: Can he please not test it on our shoes?

SCORPIO: Very well. Vik, test it on Broonmark's fur instead.

BABY TANNO VIK: But we already know that's indestructible.

SCORPIO: Observe the degree to which it is indented before it springs back. You can calculate the energy yields from there.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY TANNO VIK: Fine.

The children watch as BABY TANNO VIK finishes rigging up his explosive, tucks it just under BABY BROONMARK's shaggy fur, and backs off. A few seconds later there is a loud THUMP and BABY BROONMARK's fur, blackened, blows away from the explosion site. Two seconds after that there is a faint sproinging noise as BABY BROONMARK's fur springs back into place, mildly singed but fluffy as ever.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY TANNO VIK: Friend, if somebody told you that was quality product, somebody lied.

BABY PIERCE: Broonmark's indestructible fur just makes it look bad.

BABY TANNO VIK: Nah, even by the standards of ruffling his fur. Terrible stuff. You should be grateful I took it off your hands.

BABY PIERCE: Nope, not grateful.

BABY TANNO VIK: Well, if it's that important to you, can I interest you in the half I didn't work into this bomb? Quality product, low price, very good for –

BABY PIERCE tackles BABY TANNO VIK and starts whaling on him.

SCORPIO: Now, children. I am eager to see the rest of the show and tell. You may finish the arms deal later.

BABY PIERCE, *yanking at BABY TANNO VIK's elbow*: I got your arms right here.

SCORPIO: Pierce. Combat ends now.

BABY PIERCE: Hmph.

SCORPIO: Kaliyo. What do you have to contribute?

BABY KALIYO produces a clear flask full of iridescent brownish liquid.

BABY KALIYO: This here is Rylothian Moonshine, a base of one hundred twenty proof whiskey with a special blend of seven herbs and spice...mostly spice. It is dee-licious.

BABY VECTOR: It is burning our nerve endings from here.

BABY KALIYO: Your fault for being a freak. Anybody want a taste?

BABY VECTOR: We are already getting one, thank you.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, *from the pet cage*: I want some. I think you owe me tribute.

BABY KALIYO: Not likely, slug.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I hate this place.

BABY KALIYO: Anybody else want some?

BABY TANNO VIK: I'll have some.

BABY PIERCE: And me. In fact, I'll take his.

BABY TANNO VIK: Like hell.

BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK resume brawling.

BABY KALIYO: Huh. Can't drink while you're fighting. Well, I can, but I've had practice.

BABY VECTOR: You are three years old, Kaliyo.

BABY KALIYO: And wise beyond my years, bug-boy.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles over to plop down next to BABY KALIYO. A tiny Talz hand rustles its way out of BABY BROONMARK's fur and extends a palm-up gesture.

BABY BROONMARK, *expectantly*: Blllorp.

BABY KALIYO: Oh, that cannot possibly be a good idea.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY KALIYO: I didn't say I wouldn't do it, I just said it couldn't be good when I did!

BABY KALIYO cheerfully hands the flask to BABY BROONMARK, who carefully guides it through his fur to his proboscis and drinks up.

BABY BROONMARK stands thoughtfully for a few seconds. Then...

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY BROONMARK lowers his head and charges BABY TANNO VIK and BABY PIERCE. The two look up from their fight.

BABY PIERCE: Well, hell.

BABY TANNO VIK: Truce while we run for it?

BABY PIERCE: Yeah, sure.

BABY PIERCE and BABY TANNO VIK get up to start sprinting. At the last moment BABY

PIERCE trips BABY TANNO VIK.

BABY PIERCE, *sprinting away from BABY BROONMARK's rampage*: Ha-ha, getting' out alive!

SCORPIO: So it would seem. How disappointing.

H: Revan

A suggestion from iamthehoyden...

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

This day is a little different. It has **heavy spoilers for the game Knights of the Old Republic, the Jedi Knight storyline with Lord Scourge's conversations, the Foundry flashpoint, and, I believe, the novel Revan.**

T7-01: Today = honored guest // Revan = very distinguished + freakishly long-lived

A tall, slim NEITHER JEDI NOR SITH LORD with a distinctive mask walks in.

REVAN: Yeah, that last part is kind of a long story.

REVAN faces LORD SCOURGE.

REVAN: Um...hi?

LORD SCOURGE: This is more than a little awkward. And I say this as a being incapable of shame.

REVAN: We're all backstabbers here. No need to get unpleasant. Right?

LORD SCOURGE: I won't bring it up if you won't.

BABY KIRA: Uh, is there something we should know?

LORD SCOURGE: What? No, definitely not.

REVAN: Not at all. Never seen the guy before in my life.

LORD SCOURGE: Moving on.

REVAN: We'll talk after, though.

LORD SCOURGE: That won't be necessary.

T7-01: Revan = fought alongside a noble astromech droid // Revan + T3-M4 = saved everyone from the Sith during the Jedi Civil War // astromech droids = awesome

REVAN: Actually, I pretty much left Teethree back on the ship the entire time. Apart from slicing and arbitrary plot bottlenecks, he was useless. Even HK-47 was better company than Teethree, and HK was a psychopath.

T7-01: Astromech droids = unambiguously heroic // HK-47 = jerk

REVAN: And then Teethree got one-shotted. One-shotted. Not so impressive.

T7-01: HK-47 = would have gotten one-shotted by that stupid attack too // HK-47 = can't even change a lightbulb // HK-47 = spectacularly needy on the system repair front // astromechs = better

REVAN: One. Shot.

T7-01: Revan = crushing T7's idol

REVAN: Sorry to disappoint, little guy.

LORD SCOURGE: Revan has had a very famous career, largely due to his total inability to commit to anything.

REVAN: Look who's talking.

LORD SCOURGE: I am fiercely committed to keeping myself alive. And the rest of the galaxy, when convenient.

REVAN: Yeah, well I'm fiercely committed to...you know...stuff. Depending on the exigent needs of the day. I'm heroically adaptable.

LORD SCOURGE: Right. Like that time you took two weeks off saving the galaxy to play a pazaak tournament to completion?

REVAN: Totally necessary.

LORD SCOURGE: Total inability to commit. But at least you finally decided on a gender and hair color.

REVAN: Did I mention there's no need to get unpleasant?

LORD SCOURGE: Anyway, children, if you want to see a true freak, Revan here walks the path neither Jedi nor Sith.

BABY JAESA and BABY ASHARA exchange looks.

BABY JAESA and BABY ASHARA: So what?

LORD SCOURGE: He wishes to believe he's very special about it.

BABY KIRA: Jaesa, I don't think you're the same thing. Inhabiting a nondeterministic state between Jedi and Sith isn't really the same as transcending it.

BABY GUSS: Wait, he's a Force user who isn't a Jedi or a Sith? Can I be what he is?

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA: No.

BABY GUSS: :(

BABY QUINN: Just a moment. Do I despise or defer to him? The protocol here is very irregular.

REVAN: You may defer to me. So anyway, I wanted to warn you all to get out of the way, because using my transcendent wisdom I've decided I need to murder everything between me and the Emperor.

BABY QUINN: That definitely doesn't make me inclined to defer to you.

LORD SCOURGE: You've found a way to defeat the Emperor, Revan?

REVAN: Yes! Droids.

T7-01: Last droid to go up against the Emperor = one-shotted

REVAN: ...I'll bring more of them this time.

BABY QUINN: Hmm. It is true that the only thing better than a droid is many droids, my lord. Jedi. Whatever you are. Sooner or later one of them's got to work.

LORD SCOURGE: I would expect you to not offer encouragement to people planning to assassinate the Emperor.

BABY QUINN: Oh! Right. Disregard what I just said, Jedi. My lord. Whatever you are. It's just that I like planning things.

REVAN: This boy is an idiot.

LORD SCOURGE, along with BABIES JAESA, KIRA, and ASHARA: We know.

BABY QUINN: I haven't botched a plan yet today!

BABY KIRA: Only because you haven't tried anything yet.

BABY QUINN: Frankly, I have no idea what to make of this Revan, so I'm hesitant to lay a plan at all. Apart from an escape plan.

LORD SCOURGE walks over and closes the window.

BABY QUINN looks crestfallen.

LORD SCOURGE: Whoever told you you were a good tactician lied.

REVAN: Anyway, I've got to get going. Worlds to burn, chunks of lore from previous IP to tear to bits. You know how it is.

LORD SCOURGE: I would wish you luck, but I think we all know where this is going.
REVAN: Did you have another vision about how screwed I am? Care to let me in on it this time?
LORD SCOURGE: Oh, no, no vision, I just have no respect for you whatsoever.
REVAN: Oh, yes, I'm sure your "waiting indefinitely for somebody you saw in a dream once" is going to be much more effective against the Emperor.
LORD SCOURGE: It could happen.
REVAN: I'm leaving now.
LORD SCOURGE: Don't let the door hit you on the way out.
REVAN: Jerk.

F: Getting sick

On Mirdthestrill's suggestion...

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

BABY RUSK sniffles.

KHEM VAL: Is there a problem, Rusk?

BABY RUSK: Nothing, sir. I think I'm coming down with something. It won't compromise my combat effectiveness, sir.

KHEM VAL: I wasn't aware you had combat effectiveness.

BABY PIERCE snickers.

BABY RUSK: Me and my squad will be performing at a minimum of ninety-five per cent, sir, don't worry.

SCORPIO: They have a saying about multiplying by zero. But I will not bother to repeat it.

BABY VECTOR coughs. In a sick way, not a mocking way.

KHEM VAL: Don't tell me you're compromising your combat effectiveness, too.

BABY VECTOR: We do not believe so. However, we may not be able to conduct extensive diplomatic negotiations until our throat stops hurting.

A small swarm of KILLIK FINGERLINGS emerges around BABY VECTOR and chitters agreement. Then several of them sneeze.

SCORPIO: This makes no sense.

BABY VECTOR: What doesn't, Miss SCORPIO?

SCORPIO: Bugs do not breathe as vertebrates do. The muscular valves regulating each of their individual spiracles are not configured to violently expel air, and even if they did it would not manifest as a snee-

SCORPIO is interrupted by a loud, concerted sneeze from BABY VECTOR and the FINGERLINGS.

BABY VECTOR: With respect, Miss SCORPIO, we believe we know more about Killik physiology than you do.

SCORPIO: A little vivisection can fix that disparity in comprehension.

KHEM VAL: No vivisecting the children.

SCORPIO: That isn't in the rules yet.

KHEM VAL: Well, it's going to be. If I can't eat the Force sensitives, you can't vivisect anybody.

SCORPIO: Your logic is flawed.

The FINGERLINGS sneeze loudly again.

BABY RUSK: Agh! Vector!

Everyone looks over to where BABY RUSK's stuffed animal squad, having been left on the floor, is now being overrun by sad little FINGERLINGS. The FINGERLINGS continue to sneeze.

BABY RUSK: They're all sick now! Wait. No, I've got this. Doc! Doc, you have to help our people!

BABY DOC: Why yes, I-

Several FINGERLINGS sneeze violently.

BABY DOC: Oh, ew, there's sick people here! And none of them are pretty girls! Why would you ask me to help?

BABY RUSK: I thought it was your mission to help the sick and...and...do doctory stuff.

BABY DOC: Think again, pal. Keep your plague squad away from me.

KHEM VAL: A plague squad indeed, as on the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh. Their sickness will only continue to spread.

BABY RUSK: Does that mean...

KHEM VAL: Definitely.

BABY RUSK turns to his squad.

BABY RUSK, *sorrowfully*: You're all too dangerous. You need to be disinfected.

BABY RUSK runs over to BABY PIERCE's cubbyhole, grabs a flamethrower, and runs back to torch his own squad.

BABY PIERCE: Ordinarily I would stop the theft, but I...I'm not even going to argue.

BABY RUSK: Your epidemiological sacrifice will not be in vain.

BABY RUSK incinerates his stuffed animal squad. Terrified KILLIK FINGERLINGS flee in every direction.

BABY DOC: Bugs. Bugs. No bugs. Hey, bugs go elsewhere now, right?

BABY VECTOR snuffles, nods, and points to indicate that the FINGERLINGS should gather by the toybox.

BABY PIERCE saunters over to grab a toy blaster gun from the toybox. He pays no attention to the sad sneezing FINGERLINGS.

BABY PIERCE: Forex. Up for a game of galactic war?

M1-4X: Always, Imperial scum!

BABY PIERCE: Great. I'll go long, and then we fire at each other a bit, and then I come smash you again.

M1-4X: I am never defeated in spirit. Do your worst.

BABY PIERCE: Believe I will.

BABY DOC: Wow. And you're not even slightly worried at walking by all the plague fingerlings again to reach optimum firing range?

BABY PIERCE, *proudly*: Nah. I won't get sick.

BABY DOC: You seem awfully sure of that, buddy.

BABY PIERCE: I'm indestructible.

KHEM VAL: That is demonstrably untrue.

BABY PIERCE: Oh, yeah? You gonna prove me wrong?

KHEM VAL: Yes. I can simply-

KHEM VAL doubles over sneezing.

BABY PIERCE: Ha! I win!

SCORPIO: Only because I am provisionally banned from vivisecting you.

Week 13

T: Meet Qyzen Fess

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL.

LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL are out of the room when the door opens and a small green lizardy thing toddles in. Everyone turns to stare, including YOUNG BOWDAAR.

SMALL GREEN LIZARDY THING: Uh, hi, everyone. I'm Qyzen Fess. Glurrrblookl.

BABY BROONMARK waves cordially.

QYZEN FESS: I'm a Trandoshan.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: DIE.

YOUNG BOWDAAR charges BABY QYZEN FESS.

BABY VETTE: Wait, what?

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *punching BABY QYZEN FESS repeatedly*: TRANDOSHANS ENSLAVED MY PEOPLE. NOW I AM A SLAVE.

The children stare in wonder.

BABY VETTE: Did he just demonstrate a second trait?

BABY GUSS: I...I don't know.

BABY YUUN: Even Yuun was unable to find this.

BABY VETTE: But it looks like it.

BABY YUUN: Yuun thinks it's just a subset of "I AM A SLAVE." If Trandoshans enslaved him. So Yuun did not miss finding anything.

BABY GUSS: Wow. This is an unexpected dimension for Bowdaar.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *holding BABY QYZEN FESS in the air and punching him*: DIE DIE DIE

BABY QYZEN FESS, *only slightly inconvenienced*: You're bad at this. Also, tag!

BABY QYZEN FESS swings in to tag YOUNG BOWDAAR's tummy.

BABY VETTE: Uh. What?

BABY QYZEN FESS, *proudly*: I got a point.

BABY VETTE: Uh. What?

BABY QYZEN FESS: A point. It's the purpose of existence! To tag people. To get points. Wakkpa. So the Scorekeeper won't...um, be disappointed or something.

BABY GUSS: Scorekeeper?

BABY QYZEN FESS: Yes, Wgggsnog. Scorekeeper. She keeps score? That Scorekeeper.

BABY GUSS: What a coincidence! I am the mystical Scorekeeper!

BABY VETTE: Stop impersonating deities, Guss.

BABY GUSS: What else am I supposed to do?

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE finally return. They both have cookie breath.

YOUNG BOWDAAR is still punching BABY QYZEN FESS.

KHEM VAL: Who started this violence?

LORD SCOURGE: And why were we not notified?

KHEM VAL: Wow, Bowdaar is...bringing shame to his people with that performance. He would have gotten creamed on the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh.

LORD SCOURGE: Agreed. The Trandoshan's pretty sturdy, though. You. Trandoshan. What is

your name?

BABY QYZEN FESS, *continuing to ignore YOUNG BOWDAAR's flailing*: Ygggklop bkork.
Qyzen Fess.

LORD SCOURGE: I am going to ignore the verbal tic at the beginning of that sentence.

KHEM VAL: Even Tulak Hord would be unable to make sense of it.

BABY BROONMARK: Billorp.

BABY GUSS: Wait, can you and Qyzen understand each other?

BABY QYZEN FESS: Glllorp. I have no idea what the furball is saying.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY QYZEN FESS: Nope. Still total nonsense. Blagagaga.

LORD SCOURGE: Bowdaar, if you haven't defeated him by now you're never going to. Put him down.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. I never get nice things.

YOUNG BOWDAAR drops BABY QYZEN FESS.

BABY QYZEN FESS, having been freed, sprints at insane speed toward LORD SCOURGE, hops up, and tags his tummy.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Point!

LORD SCOURGE, *raising one eyebrow-tentacle-thing*: I should kill you.

BABY QYZEN FESS: At least I will die with honor. And points. Snnknknk.

KHEM VAL: I...what...at least Yn and Chabosh *made sense*.

LORD SCOURGE: Welcome to daycare, Qyzen. Be warned that if you attempt to acquire more points from the staff you will die.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Snnngok. I accept your terms.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM STILL A SLAVE.

YOUNG VETTE: But an unexpectedly complex one.

W: Drunk Corso

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

BABY KALIYO toddles over to where BABY CORSO is demonstrating the subtleties of herding stuffed rontos to BABY GUSS.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, boys. Interested in some trouble?

BABY GUSS: I...don't know?

BABY CORSO: Your kind of trouble tends to be real...troublesome, Kaliyo.

BABY KALIYO produces a flask.

BABY KALIYO: You wouldn't turn a lady down for a casual drink, would you, ace?

BABY CORSO: Well...maybe one drink.

Several minutes later...

BABY GUSS: Lightsabers! I need lightsabers! I can't juggle lightsabers in my underwear without lightsabers...

BABY KALIYO: Nobody give him anything. Or I will hurt you.

BABY CORSO, *running unsteadily toward the toybox*: Forex! Forex! I need a ronto!

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: I am not certain we can procure that animal from our current inventory, Corso. Is it important?

BABY CORSO: Super important.

BABY CORSO hiccups.

BABY CORSO: For the'n, the, the...

BABY KALIYO: For the Republic, ace.

BABY CORSO: For the Republic!

M1-4X: We don't have a ronto...can I substitute? For the Republic!

BABY CORSO unsteadily scrabbles his way up M1-4X's side and drapes himself sideways over M1-4X's chassis.

BABY CORSO: Now we run!

M1-4X: Yes, sir!

M1-4X streaks out the door, carrying a hollering BABY CORSO on his back.

M1-4X, *rapidly approaching the limits of FCD property*: Uh, which way do we go, sir?

BABY CORSO: CIRCLES. We need CIRCLES.

Meanwhile, back near the door, KALIYO has grabbed a wooden block shaped vaguely like a lightsaber hilt.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Guss. I have a lightsaber.

BABY GUSS: Oh! Oh! Can I use it for juggling?

BABY KALIYO: I seriously doubt that, but you could try.

A heavily impaired BABY GUSS proceeds to attempt to reach BABY KALIYO's hand as she walks backwards, waving the fake lightsaber in front of him.

BABY GUSS: Come onnnn! I'm never gonna get to juggle!

BABY GUSS, frustrated, finally all-out launches himself in BABY KALIYO's general direction.

BABY KALIYO sidesteps, laughing out loud, while BABY GUSS yells in frustration.

BABY CORSO: Hey. Hey, wait. That's the sound of a damsel in distress!

M1-4X: I believe it is the sound of a Mon Calamari in distress, sir.

BABY CORSO: Not him, the other one. Hey! We gotta save Kaliyo! To the rescue, Forex!

M1-4X: For the Republic! ...I hope.

M1-4X gallops over to where BABY GUSS is still ineffectually attempting to grab BABY KALIYO's jacket. BABY CORSO slides off M1-4X's back.

BABY CORSO: I'm here to rescue you!

BABY GUSS: You are? Oh, thank goodness!

BABY CORSO: Not you.

BABY KALIYO: Wait, what?

BABY CORSO: I'm rescuing you! From the mean Mon Calamari.

BABY KALIYO blinks a few times.

BABY KALIYO: Baaaahahahahahaha!

BABY KALIYO falls over and starts rolling around, helpless with laughter.

BABY GUSS: I think you killed her.

BABY CORSO: Oh, no! No no no! I was being nice!

BABY KALIYO continues laughing. And starts crying while she's at it.

BABY CORSO: Look, Guss was picking on you, so I came to help! He's not gonna bother you anymore! – You're not bothering her, right Guss?

BABY GUSS: No, of course not! I just wanted a lightsaber.

T7-01 rolls up.

T7-01: Kaliyo = trouble?

BABY CORSO: Far from it! Guss was gonna rob this poor defenseless lady.

T7-01 whirs in confusion for a few seconds.

T7-01: Poor + defenseless + lady = where?

BABY CORSO points at BABY KALIYO, who has just fallen into another howling gale of laughter.

T7-01: Corso = confused

BABY CORSO: I was helping! But now she's dying or something and it's all my fault.

T7-01: Kaliyo = perfectly healthy // Kaliyo = going to pick your pocket if you get any closer

BABY CORSO: She's in distress!

BABY CORSO kneels by the convulsing BABY KALIYO and, instead of doing something useful, hiccups.

BABY CORSO: Um...feel better?

BABY KALIYO thrashes a little more, then suddenly sits up and beams.

BABY KALIYO: All better! Thank you so much for rescuing me from that mean Mon Calamari, ace. You're a real gentleman.

BABY CORSO: Aw, shucks.

BABY KALIYO, *checking her hands*: ...A real gentleman who apparently only carried three credits and a stick of chewing gum in his pocket. Stars. Some days I don't even know why I bother.

BABY GUSS: My head doesn't feel so great. I'm going to lie down until everything stops spinning.

BABY CORSO: Spinning. Spinning. Right. That reminds me. CIRCLES.

BABY CORSO scrambles back up onto M1-4X.

BABY CORSO: Go go go! Yee-haw!

T7-01: Corso = stop playing ronto rodeo with M1-4X // Corso = drunk + going to throw up

M1-4X: As you command, sir!

M1-4X trots to a halt.

BABY CORSO: The Republic, Forex! It's for the Republic!

M1-4X: Mister Teeseven, sir, as a matter of conscience...

BABY CORSO: CIRCLES.

M1-4X, *galloping back into action*: For the Republic!

H: Satele Shan

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

T7-01: Today = very special guest // children = learn great lessons

LORD SCOURGE: Today we are hearing from a Jedi. Not a very good one, either, but her hypocrisy is perhaps representative of her order, so it will be instructive.

T7-01: Satele Shan = amazing + awesome + special + best Jedi // Jedi = wonderful // Satele = great

A sour-looking woman with a somewhat distorted-looking custom model walks in. Her lips are slightly blue but she does not otherwise appear to have oxygen issues.

BABY KIRA: Somehow you're smaller than I expected.

SATELE SHAN: Greetings, children. I am Satele Shan, Grand Master of the Jedi Order.

BABY ASHARA: I didn't vote for you.

SATELE SHAN: You don't vote for the Grand Master.

BABY KIRA: Then how did you get the job?

SATELE SHAN: Well, the Jedi who matter agreed on it.

BABY ASHARA: Do you even have any kind of qualifications?

LORD SCOURGE: Nothing convincing.

SATELE SHAN: Ahem. I happen to come from a long and distinguished line of Jedi, as you of all people should know, Scourge.

BABY PIERCE: If they were Jedi, how come they have descendants?

SATELE SHAN hesitates.

SATELE SHAN: It's Jedi business. Don't question.

LORD SCOURGE: Satele, the word for Jedi who run around having children is "wretchedly half-hearted Sith."

SATELE SHAN: You think everything Force-sensitive that moves is Sith, Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: They would be if they had any sense.

SATELE SHAN: ANYWAY, children. I'm here to say that the Force sensitives among you are invited to come train to be Jedi with us.

BABY GUSS: YES!

BABIES ASHARA, KIRA, and JAESA: Not you.

BABY GUSS: :(

BABY TEMPLE: Not me, either!

BABY ASHARA: Well, duh. I'll come along, though, Master Satele!

LORD SCOURGE: I feel I should warn you that this Jedi has zero credibility.

BABY JAESA: She does have a son. I heard. I don't know how to feel about that.

BABY KIRA: Master Satele, that's a betrayal of everything the Jedi stand for.

SATELE SHAN: Technically we're only opposed to attachment. I only slept with the guy like once. No attachment involved.

BABY ASHARA: Your baby had an umbilical cord. I don't see how much more attached it gets.

SATELE SHAN: I abandoned and disavowed him at the first opportunity. I don't see the problem here.

LORD SCOURGE: Yes, you yourself are one of the few things in the galaxy you don't see a problem with.

BABY QUINN: So where would these children train? The Jedi Temple on Coruscant was destroyed by the Empire's superior firepower.

SATELE SHAN: We would go to Tython, naturally.

BABY QUINN: Noted.

SATELE SHAN: ...That was supposed to be a secret.

BABY QUINN preens.

BABY PIERCE: Huh. Did you just get something right?

BABY JAESA: That's kind of amazing.

LORD SCOURGE: It wasn't that amazing. Tython is the worst-kept secret in the galaxy.

BABY GUSS: But if we go there we can be Jedi, right?

BABY ASHARA: No.

BABY GUSS: :(

SATELE SHAN: Patience, Ashara. Guss, Tython can be a very dangerous place. You probably don't qualify.

BABY KIRA: Dangerous? How?

SATELE SHAN: It's overrun by savage natives called Flesh Raiders. We keep trying to

eliminate them but they keep respawning.

LORD SCOURGE: Your official policy is genocide?

SATELE SHAN, *defensively*: They're really mean, okay?

BABY KIRA: Let me get this straight. As a matter of basic policy you're encouraging the slaughter of the native species?

SATELE SHAN: Native? Please. The Jedi were on Tython first.

LORD SCOURGE: I think the Flesh Raiders can claim squatters' rights after 25,000 years.

SATELE SHAN: It's Jedi business. I don't have to listen to you. Anyway, I should go. I'm scheduled for a very busy afternoon of being a great and famous voice for peace.

BABY PIERCE: Peace unless you're a Flesh Raider.

LORD SCOURGE: Or any Sith Master Satele claims she can sense treachery in, which is *all of them*.

SATELE SHAN: We wouldn't have to fight you all the time if you would just recognize that our philosophy is the only correct one and everybody who disagrees must be locked up, brainwashed, or killed. The Jedi are our only hope for peace.

LORD SCOURGE, BABY TEMPLE, BABY PIERCE, and BABY QUINN exchange skeptical looks.

BABY QUINN: There is an alternate means of establishing peace, Jedi.

SATELE SHAN: Oh?

BABY QUINN: It simply entails eliminating you and the rest of your order.

BABY QUINN presses a small remote control. Several ITTY BITTY WAR DROIDS scurry out from the kitchen and toolbox. One of them climbs out of KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's pet cage.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Stop illegally modding my walker.

BABY QUINN: I'm putting it to better use.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Can I at least ride it out into battle? I hate this cage.

BABY QUINN: The Empire has no further use for you, Hutt. You can rot where you are.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: My next exchange-of-unimaginable-wealth deal is so going to the Republic.

The ITTY BITTY WAR DROIDS surround SATELE SHAN, pointing suction-cup blasters at her.

BABY QUINN: I have you now, Jedi.

SATELE SHAN blinks.

SATELE SHAN: I don't think that's true at all.

SATELE SHAN waves negligently.

SATELE SHAN: Hey. Somebody. You're uniquely qualified to help me with this, so get on it. I'm not inclined to expend the effort myself right now.

BABY PIERCE: You think there's effort involved in dealing with Quinn?

LORD SCOURGE: Pathetic.

BABY PIERCE leans over and punches one of the ITTY BITTY WAR DROIDS into scrap.

BABY PIERCE: Easy.

BABY QUINN: That droid was for crushing Jedi! You like crushing Jedi!

BABY PIERCE: Not as much as I like making you miserable.

BABY QUINN: The rest of you! Attack!

SATELE SHAN: Children? Someone? Clean this up for me. I don't have all day here.

As the ITTY BITTY WAR DROIDS clank into action, flinging suction cup darts at SATELE SHAN, BABIES JAESA, ASHARA, and KIRA charge forth and start cleanly disabling the droids.

BABY GUSS charges forth and flails ineffectually. BABY JAESA wrests a toy blaster from the last of the droids and turns on BABY QUINN with an evil grin. BABY KIRA grabs her wrist and gives her a stern look.

BABY KIRA: Be nice.

BABY JAESA: Oh! Right.

BABY JAESA looks adorable and innocent.

T7-01: Quinn = misbehaving // suction dart blasters = strictly forbidden

BABY QUINN: I dismantled the defenses of the clubhouse. We were still allowed to use those. You never specified that they had to stay attached to the house.

T7-01: Suction dart blasters = going back to the turrets // Quinn = no clubhouse privileges anymore

BABY QUINN: What!? How am I going to play Crush the Republic without the clubhouse defenses?

T7-01: Quinn = should have thought of that earlier

LORD SCOURGE: The droid is right. Additionally, you wasted this attack on the Grand Master of the Jedi Order when there were three would-be Jedi padawans eager to prove themselves in the room.

BABY GUSS: Four!

LORD SCOURGE: Three.

BABY GUSS: :(

LORD SCOURGE: In any case, Quinn, it was a total waste of your one chance to take advantage of the blaster-rules loophole.

BABY QUINN, *despondently*: I could probably have planned this better.

SATELE SHAN: And it's times like this when I start thinking maybe we don't have to be all that worried about the threat posed by the Empire.

LORD SCOURGE: Don't get too comfortable.

SATELE SHAN: Leaving now. Jaesa, Ashara, Kira, stop by Tython later and you can help me with the Flesh Raider genocide.

BABY JAESA: Yaaay!

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA exchange dubious looks.

BABY KIRA: That's bad, Jaesa.

BABY JAESA: But...the Grand Master of the Jedi Order said...

BABY KIRA: I know she's good in theory, but her recommendation is pure evil.

BABY JAESA: I have no idea how to react to that.

LORD SCOURGE: You never do.

M: Qyzen tags, Akaavi defeats

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY QYZEN FESS is on the hunt.

BABY QYZEN FESS, *tagging* BABY CORSO: Point!

BABY QYZEN FESS runs away.

BABY CORSO: I'm starting to see why SCORPIO shock-stuns the children all the time.

BABY VECTOR, *hugging himself*: Perhaps experimenting on a reptilian creature will distract her from experimenting on us.

BABY CORSO: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: What?

BABY CORSO: Never mind. Just hang in there, maybe SCORPIO will go after Qyzen Fess instead of you after all.

BABY QYZEN FESS notices a FINGERLING by the toolbox and charges. The FINGERLING skitters out of the way.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Hey!

BABY CORSO: Do those things even count?

BABY QYZEN FESS: They have tummies. Scorekeeper will be pleased.

BABY QYZEN FESS slams one arm into the toolbox and jabs at something therein.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Point!

BABY VECTOR: The nest wishes to inform you that "ow."

BABY QYZEN FESS is already scampering toward where BABY RUSK is trying to get his stuffed-animal squad to salute. The stuffed sleen's arms aren't long enough to do it right.

BABY QYZEN FESS, *tossing BABY RUSK out of the way and tagging left and right*: Point!

Point point point!

BABY RUSK: NO!

BABY RUSK runs back, shoves angrily at BABY QYZEN FESS, and falls to his knees facing his fallen squad.

BABY RUSK: Your deaths won't be in vain.

BABY QYZEN FESS: What?

BABY RUSK: My squad. You killed them. You killed them all.

BABY RUSK sheds a baby manly tear.

BABY QYZEN FESS: No, I didn't. I just tagged them. They're fine.

BABY RUSK: Wait, really?

BABY QYZEN FESS: Yes. Scorekeeper only requires tummy tagging.

BABY RUSK, *awkwardly*: Oh. It's just that nobody ever attacks my squad except to kill them.

BABY QYZEN FESS leans over as if to pat BABY RUSK's shoulder. But tags his tummy instead, then runs away.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Point!

BABY QYZEN FESS sets his sights on BABY AKAABI. BABY AKAABI crosses her arms and glares.

BABY QYZEN FESS: You have the look of a warrior. Will be great honor to tag you.

BABY AKAABI: You can try.

The children gather to watch as BABY AKAABI and BABY QYZEN FESS square off. BABY CORSO silently hands BABY AKAABI a long ruler to use as weapon. BABY VECTOR, out of a sense of fairness, provides one to BABY QYZEN FESS.

BABY QYZEN FESS: For Scorekeeper!

BABY QYZEN FESS charges. BABY AKAABI nonchalantly swats his attack aside, flurries through his defenses, swings her weapon wide, and darts in to tag BABY QYZEN FESS's tummy.

BABY AKAABI: Victory.

BABY QYZEN FESS immediately falls over and curls up, whimpering. BABY AKAABI sets a victorious boot on top of him.

BABY AKAABI: This victory will bring honor to my clan. I think.

BABY AKAIVI looks down and stomps a little harder on BABY QYZEN FESS to get his attention.

BABY AKAIVI: Does your Scorekeeper assign honor to Mandalorians?

BABY QYZEN FESS: I am dishonored forever. No more points. Everything is terrible.

BABY AKAIVI: Hm. I will provisionally state that this victory has brought honor to my clan.

BABY CORSO: He doesn't have to die or anything, does he?

T7-01: Dying = strictly prohibited

KHEM VAL: We should not discourage the children's cultural traditions, Teeseven.

T7-01: Forced Companions = discourages homicidal traditions all the time // Khem Val = only complaining because he wants to watch blood sport

KHEM VAL: Tulak Hord would've allowed the killing blow.

BABY AKAIVI: Tulak Hord sounds interesting.

KHEM VAL: He would have liked you, little Mandalorian.

BABY QYZEN FESS, *sniffing quietly*: Dishonored. Forever.

BABY VECTOR: There, there. It could be worse. SCORPIO could be here to make further observations.

Week 14

T: Jadus and Dread Masters

A special long FCD after a special long server maintenance delay! I believe Vesaniae suggested one of today's guest stars, though she writes him *much* more awesomely than I know how to...

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY QYZEN FESS jumps out from behind the toybox and leaps to tag KHEM VAL's tummy.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Point!

KHEM VAL: I should really make you into the morning snack.

LORD SCOURGE: His species doesn't taste very good.

Everybody turns to stare at Lord Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: I am only telling the truth.

LORD SCOURGE smiles unsettlingly at BABY QYZEN FESS.

BABY KIRA: I thought you couldn't get any more points anyway, Qyzen? You were dishonored. Plus, you already got points on all of us before that.

BABY QYZEN FESS: It all resets on Tuesdays.

LORD SCOURGE facepalms.

KHEM VAL: Moving on to less ridiculous subjects. Children, we have some returning guests today.

Six very young children in fearsome outfits toddle in. They are wearing an assortment of close-fitted, face-concealing helmets, some feathered, some metallic, one resembling a human brain in texture.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Tremble, children. We are in town for the morning.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4, *waving his arms impressively*: HssssSSSSSsssskhaaaa!

The room goes quiet.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: For stars' sake, Four, wait for the signal. You look like an idiot when you go off by yourself like that.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4 hunches up sulkily.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Hsssssss

BABY DREAD MASTER 6 punches BABY DREAD MASTER 4.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: We agreed on methods of intimidation that are less easily confused with "My mask is slowly asphyxiating me."

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: "Ooga booga booga" was the next best option, you jerks, and you won't let me do that, either.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: I'm sorry, guys. We're having kind of an off day. Um, how are you all?

BABY KIRA: Fascinated by the train wreck, I can tell you that.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Terrified and fascinated, I hope.

BABY KIRA: Nope.

KHEM VAL: I was expecting better entertainment than this, little Sith.

LORD SCOURGE: Have you been up to anything exciting since your last visit, Dread Masters?
The BABY DREAD MASTERS exchange looks.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: You could say that, yes.

Before the BABY DREAD MASTERS can continue, a chill ripples through the room. The door sweeps open and a tall, slim Sith in long robes and a blank metal helmet steps in.

The BABY DREAD MASTERS exchange looks again.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Our hat-masks are scarier.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Definitely. Ours are terrifying.

BABY DREAD MASTER 6: Mine's got feathers.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: I dunno, there's a certain elegance to the monochrome curved metal and the air of –

DARTH JADUS: Children. Kneel before your betters.

The children instinctively kneel. All except BABY DREAD MASTER 3.

BABY DREAD MASTER 3, *looking around at KHEM VAL, LORD SCOURGE, and DARTH JADUS*: Hsst! Guys! Help me out here! Which one's our betters?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1 Force yanks BABY DREAD MASTER 3 to his knees before DARTH JADUS.

DARTH JADUS: You are wise. Now. I come before you today to –

LORD SCOURGE: Is that blood?

DARTH JADUS: What?

LORD SCOURGE: All over the hem of your robes. Is that blood?

DARTH JADUS: Yes. There was a father-daughter picnic on Korriban earlier today.

KHEM VAL: No tracking blood in on the floor.

LORD SCOURGE: Our employer gets very irritable about it.

KHEM VAL: He accuses us of murdering things.

DARTH JADUS: You are a Sith and a Dashade. Isn't murdering things in your very nature?

LORD SCOURGE: Try telling that to Teeseven.

KHEM VAL: Please. Just mind the mess.

DARTH JADUS: I am here to seek servants for my new vision of a glorious Empire, an Empire ruled by fear, misery, and the unshakeable rule of the powerful and the cruel.

LORD SCOURGE: Really? Sign me up.

KHEM VAL: Me, too.

The BABY DREAD MASTERS confer among themselves.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Excuse me, Mister Darth Jadus? Sir?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: What he means is, my lord, can the terrifying be in your unshakeable rule, too?

DARTH JADUS: Certainly. I mean to spread horror and degradation to every corner of the galaxy.

BABY KIRA: That's a questionable form of government.

KHEM VAL: I've not heard such an excellent campaign platform since the days of Tulak Hord.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: I bet you could use six completely terrifying scariness machines for your plan. Ooga-

BABY DREAD MASTER 6 punches BABY DREAD MASTER 4.

DARTH JADUS: *Silence.*

The room falls silent.

LORD SCOURGE: Jadus, you're actively dripping. You really will have to go outside.

KHEM VAL: He's right. This isn't Chabosh, you know. Rivers of blood are against daycare policy.

DARTH JADUS: You cannot command me, slave.

KHEM VAL: I was ravaging Yn and Chabosh when your great-great-great-great-grandfather wasn't thought of yet.

DARTH JADUS stands, very calmly, and tilts his head a little bit.

KHEM VAL: Please don't hurt me.

DARTH JADUS: That is what I thought. Now, who will come with me to –

BABY QYZEN FESS launches himself from where he had been sitting and reaches out for DARTH JADUS's tummy.

DARTH JADUS: No.

DARTH JADUS raises a hand and Force swats BABY QYZEN FESS aside. BABY QYZEN FESS stays curled up in a ball, shaking.

BABY KIRA: Hey, does that mean you're dishonored this week too and can't get any more points?

BABY QYZEN FESS, *irritably*: Maybe.

LORD SCOURGE: Hmm. Thank you, Jadus. We are in your debt.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1, *eyeing the shaking BABY QYZEN FESS*: I bet we coulda done that.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Definitely. Where's the little fish-guy? We could melt him to jelly, easy.

LORD SCOURGE, *pointing at the quivering pile of nap mats in the corner*: He's been like that since Darth Jadus came in.

DARTH JADUS: I am nothing if not efficient.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: We will have difficulty terrifying anybody if you're going to flatten the room the second you step in.

DARTH JADUS: As my servants I will send you forth to work my will and herald my new age. You can terrify people while you're out on assignment.

BABY DREAD MASTER 4: Excellent. We are the scariest guys ever. Ever. – Hey, One, can we do the hissing thing already?

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: Oh, all right. On three. One, two –

BABY DREAD MASTERS, *waving their arms impressively*: HssssssssSSSSSSssssss

DARTH JADUS nods in approval.

DARTH JADUS: New plan. I will adopt these six.

DARTH JADUS turns to KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

DARTH JADUS: Now. My servants have been chosen. Let us drive the remainder of these children to madness and self-destruction, then break for lunch.

KHEM VAL: Oh, no. You're not driving our regulars anywhere.

DARTH JADUS: I thought you wanted fear and devastation, Dashade? A return to the glories of Tulak Hord?

KHEM VAL: I have spent way, way too long not-murdering these kids to let some schmuck walk in and do it for me now.

DARTH JADUS: You may devour them all once they are driven mad by the purifying darkness. It makes little difference to me.

KHEM VAL: When I kill them all I'll do it solo, thanks.

LORD SCOURGE: Ahem.

KHEM VAL: Okay, it'll be a Forced Companions staff thing. You haven't earned the right,

Jadus.

BABY KIRA, *nervously*: Um. Mister Khem Val?

KHEM VAL: Relax, little Jedi. That day is not today.

BABY KIRA: Not very comforting.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Darn. Hey, can you guys make at least one of the kids feel better so we can terrify *somebody* ourselves here?

DARTH JADUS: No. My plans call us elsewhere. Come with me and you will help to usher in a new epoch of terror.

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Yay!

BABY DREAD MASTER 2 and BABY DREAD MASTER 4 high-five each other, as do BABY DREAD MASTER 3 and BABY DREAD MASTER 6. BABY DREAD MASTER 5 makes a chillingly ominous fist pump.

BABY DREAD MASTER 1: A little dignity, guys?

BABY DREAD MASTER 2: Right. Uh, yes, great master. We'll be the most terrifying servants of darkness ever!

W: Halloween

All right. After a long dormant period, I return with a special holiday edition! Don't forget to check out [kabeone's festive take on the holiday!](#)

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by SCORPIO and T7-01.

T7-01: Today = Transparent Standin for Halloween day // children = encouraged to wear costumes

BABY TEMPLE and BABY QUINN exchange dubious looks.

BABY TEMPLE: There's no Transparent Standin for Halloween Day on the Imperial calendar.

BABY QUINN: Nothing like it.

T7-01: Transparent Standin for Halloween day = fun + awesome

BABY QUINN looks dejected.

BABY QUINN: I didn't plan anything at all.

BABY TANNO VIK, *wearing a princess tiara and waving a hypertorque*: I'm Risha. You all have to do what I say.

SCORPIO: Interesting. Are children at this level of development susceptible to this claim?

BABY QUINN and BABY JORGAN: No.

BABY TANNO VIK: It's not a real Risha costume until you have to do what I say. So give me some of the candy you brought. That'll complete my costume.

BABY JORGAN: I don't think that's how logic works, Vik.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles in. He is spattered with brown paint. Around his neck hangs a sign that reads "I AM A SLAVE."

BABY TEMPLE: Aw, Broonmark! You're Bowdaar!

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY QUINN: And you, Jorgan, are probably supposed to be some disgusting Republic animal?

BABY JORGAN, *wearing stripey face paint and fake fur-crests on his back*: Actually this is the paint job and fin pattern on the Republic ZR-91 air-to-ground missile. Here, I'll demonstrate.

BABY JORGAN tackles BABY QUINN and bites him with pointy Cathar teeth.

BABY QUINN: Ow! Ow! No acts of war at daycare! It's a rule!

T7-01: Jorgan = stop perforating Quinn

SCORPIO: Jorgan is only a pretend missile. I do not believe this constitutes an act of war, Teeseven.

T7-01: Jorgan = stop perforating Quinn

BABY DOC sidles up to BABY TEMPLE and BABY ELARA. BABY DOC is wearing baggy brown robes with a hood. His hands barely manage to stick out of the floppy sleeves.

BABY DOC: Hello there, ladies.

BABY ELARA: Um, hi...Jedi?

BABY DOC: No! I'm the opposite of a Jedi! I'm a Jawa!

BABY TEMPLE: That's the opposite of a Jedi?

BABY DOC: Jedi don't get smooches at all. But girls love Jawas. I met this guy named Blizz once, all the ladies loved him. So I'm like that. I'm also very smoochable.

BABY ELARA: I don't think that's true at all.

BABY TANNO VIK as RISHA approaches BABY BROONMARK as BOWDAAR.

BABY TANNO VIK: So I'm Risha and you have to do what I say. Hand over your candy.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY TANNO VIK, *tapping his tiara*: You have to do it.

BABY BROONMARK takes his "I AM A SLAVE" sign and swings it at BABY TANNO VIK, knocking BABY TANNO VIK across the room.

BABY QUINN, *sullenly holding an Imperial-crest kerchief to his bitten arm*: Doc, I require your medical services. ...Yuck. Are you a Jedi?

BABY DOC: No! No, I'm a lovable Jawa!

BABY KIRA, dressed as a Sith, and BABY VETTE, dressed as a strangely heavily armed slave, look over.

BABY KIRA: Quinn, Doc is never a Jedi. Ever.

BABY TANNO VIK: Hey, Doc. I'm Risha and you have to do what I say, so hand over your candy.

BABY DOC: I'll give you my candy if you go tell the girls to give me smooches.

T7-01: SCORPIO = give Doc a talking-to about inappropriate urges // Doc = won't listen to T7-01 // Doc = always starts dance party using T7-01's beeping as techno beats

SCORPIO: You say that, Teeseven, but I have yet to observe this phenomenon myself.

T7-01: SCORPIO = wait and see

T7-01 approaches BABY DOC.

T7-01: Doc = shouldn't bother the girls // Respect + boundaries = better environment for all

BABY DOC: Mister Teeseven, your servos are whirring but all I hear is boop, boop, ba-dum-pa DANCE!

BABY DOC breaks out into wild grooving. T7-01 unhappily continues his lecture, which BABY DOC syncs his dance rhythm to but otherwise ignores.

BABY TANNO VIK: Huh. I've never seen a Jedi dance before.

BABY JORGAN: Don't worry. You're not seeing it now, either.

BABIES ELARA, TEMPLE, VETTE, and KIRA exchange looks.

BABY TEMPLE: I hate to say it, but the Jawa dance freakout may be the cutest thing I've ever

seen.

BABY VETTE: It really is.

T7-01: Pressure for smooches = inappropriate // mocking T7's accent = also inappropriate

BABY DOC keeps dancing.

BABY KIRA: Too. Cute.

BABIES ELARA, TEMPLE, VETTE, and KIRA: Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

BABIES ELARA, TEMPLE, VETTE, and KIRA mob BABY DOC. Smooches are involved.

BABY TANNO VIK, *heading over to the abandoned candy bags and gathering them all:* All right. If they won't just hand stuff I want over, this is the next best thing.

M: Zenith

Here, an installment for freedom fighters:

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY QUINN is busy at the cubbyhole wall. He is hanging a new Imperial flag that acts as a curtain for his cubby and, by design, covers BABY JORGAN's cubby as well.

BABY JORGAN: Do I need to bite you again?

T7-01: Jorgan = stop perforating Quinn

BABY QUINN smiles smugly.

BABY QUINN: For once authority is on my side.

Suddenly, a foam suction dart zings out of nowhere, thumping into the newly hung Imperial flag.

And bouncing harmlessly off, but at least the sentiment was there.

M1-4X, *from the toolbox:* I applaud whoever had the courage to take such a stand against the Empire!

BABY JORGAN: Forex, you're the only one here who's still allowed to possess projectile weapons. You could take that stand yourself any day.

M1-4X: Without the backup of stalwart Republic soldiers, it just isn't the same.

From around the FCD doorway comes a tiny Twi'lek carrying a toy sniper rifle. It is colored purple and bright yellow and has purple flames painted down the barrel.

T7-01: Stranger = stop // Forced Companions = no new toy blasters

BABY ZENITH: I'm Zenith. And I'm here to liberate this facility from Imperial control.

BABY JORGAN blinks.

BABY JORGAN: This facility isn't under Imperial control.

BABY QUINN, *hurriedly:* Yes it is.

T7-01: FCD = not Imperial

BABY QUINN: Just because we have been unable to completely eradicate the Republic presence doesn't mean this facility isn't ours.

BABY JORGAN: It's not much of a facility. It's daycare, you idiot.

BABY QUINN: This opportunity to indoctrinate the young is of the utmost strategic importance.

BABY JORGAN: Are you sure I can't bite him?

T7-01: Biting = strictly prohibited

BABY ZENITH: Prohibited? Don't know who you are, droid, but the resistance uses every method it can get.

BABY JORGAN: Twi'leks aren't known for being very effective combat biters.

BABY ZENITH: You'd be surprised.

M1-4X: We will never allow this daycare center to fall into Imperial hands!

BABY QUINN: It's already there, if you stupid Republic people would just go away.

BABY JORGAN: So wait. Your grand strategy for conquest is total denial of reality?

BABY QUINN: I'm...still planning.

BABY ZENITH raises his toy sniper rifle and plants a foam suction dart squarely in BABY QUINN's cowlick.

BABY QUINN: Hey! Mister Teeseven, make him stop!

T7-01: Quinn = already declared Imperial hostilities // Zenith = reacting appropriately

BABY QUINN, *sullenly*: Authority was supposed to be on my side.

T7-01: FCD authority = neutral

BABY QUINN: Right. A "neutral" Jedi fanboy.

BABY QUINN turns to BABY ZENITH.

BABY QUINN: It looks like the Republic already holds this place, so your work is done. You may as well go away.

BABY ZENITH shoots BABY QUINN in the cowlick. BABY JORGAN snickers.

BABY ZENITH: I'm not resting until every last Imperial has –

BABY QUINN, *bitterly*: Had their hair messed up?

BABY ZENITH: Every revolution starts somewhere.

KHEM VAL emerges from the basement. Some red apprentice robe scraps are still hanging from his lower teeth.

KHEM VAL: I've not overheard such enthusiasm for rebellion since the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh. Who is this?

T7-01: Zenith = slightly insane // but Zenith = Republic ally

BABY ZENITH: I'm here to drive out the Imperials, sir. But, uh. I don't think I'm going to take you on just yet.

KHEM VAL: You're smart, little Twi'lek.

One of Zenith's foam suction darts comes zinging back at him. It sticks on Zenith's forehead.

BABY ZENITH: Huh. How do you guys do it around here? Am I dead or do I just have to go to timeout?

T7-01 beeps angrily at BABY QUINN.

T7-01: Quinn = no blaster fire // Quinn = go to timeout

BABY QUINN: I didn't fire a blaster. I just threw the dart really hard.

T7-01: Quinn = hit people with darts // Quinn = go to timeout

BABY QUINN: Zenith did it, too. He should go to timeout.

T7-01: Zenith = not enrolled in FCD // Zenith = fully allowed to shoot Imperials

M1-4X: Hear, hear!

BABY QUINN: See? This place is a Republic stronghold!

BABY JORGAN: Damn right.

T7-01: Jorgan = no swearing // Jorgan = correct nevertheless

M1-4X: Republic forever!

T7-01: Quinn = acting out // Quinn = go to timeout // Quinn = also can't display Imperial flag anymore

BABY JORGAN: Y'know, Quinn, your Imperial campaign would've gone better if you'd stuck to denial.

BABY QUINN: Yes, I could probably have planned this better.

BABY ZENITH removes the foam suction dart from his forehead.

BABY ZENITH: Looks like the Imps lost this round. But seriously. What are the rules about headshots? Am I dead?

BABY JORGAN: Nah. Local rules just say...well, by popular demand, there aren't many local rules. Once you meet Pierce and the rest you'll see why. You're good to go.

BABY ZENITH: Perfect.

T7-01: Blasters = still banned // Zenith = surrender blaster if he wants to stay

KHEM VAL: I think we should make an exception. His bloodlust reminds me of the happier times of Yn and Chabosh.

T7-01: Emulating Yn and Chabosh = the opposite of a good argument to do something

KHEM VAL: Please?

T7-01: Zenith = a menace // but Zenith = may keep blaster if he uses it on Imperials

BABY QUINN: Favoritism!

BABY ZENITH, *striking a pose with his toy sniper rifle*: Justice.

Week 15

T: Sith rule? Pierce opportunist

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

LORD SCOURGE: Children.

KHEM VAL: Some misconceptions must be cleared up.

LORD SCOURGE: Yesterday the owner of Forced Companions said things that suggested that Forced Companions is, in fact, under Republic control.

M1-4X, *from the toolbox*: Hear, hear!

LORD SCOURGE: It was a lie.

KHEM VAL: As clearly stated in our employment contracts, which are so airtight not even the lawyers of Yn and Chabosh could contest them.

M1-4X: The lawyers of the Republic could no doubt free T7-01 from these unreasonable demands and allow the enlightenment of democracy to prevail!

LORD SCOURGE: Shut up.

BABY TEMPLE: This means that Forced Companions is really the Empire's, right? Hooray!

BABY TEMPLE and BABY PIERCE high-five.

KHEM VAL: Don't be ridiculous. The Empire is better than the Republic, but neither can rival the dominion of Tulak Hord.

LORD SCOURGE: ...Tulak Hord is dead, Khem.

KHEM VAL: The point is, the Sith rule here. With my help.

LORD SCOURGE: Ah. Yes, correct. The live Sith, such as myself, are the rightful rulers here.

BABY TEMPLE: But...but...as the Empire! Right?

LORD SCOURGE: No, mostly just me.

BABY PIERCE: I can work with Sith.

BABY TEMPLE: Whose side are you on!?

BABY PIERCE: The one that lets me get away with more.

M1-4X: We will never be –

BABY PIERCE runs up and tackles M1-4X, clapping a hand roughly where M1-4X's mouth might conceivably be.

M1-4X, *not even slightly inconvenienced*: We will never be silenced! Freedom and democracy will always carry the day!

BABY PIERCE: Huh. How do I shut you up?

M1-4X: The truth cannot be shut up!

BABY ANDRONIKOS: I'm pretty sure it can be once we figure out where your speakers are.

BABY ANDRONIKOS runs up and starts crawling over M1-4X's chassis, looking for the voice synthesizer. M1-4X makes an annoyed clicking noise and zaps BABY ANDRONIKOS with an electric shock.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Hey! Knock it off!

BABY PIERCE snickers.

M1-4X, *defensively*: I'm allowed to fight for freedom.

KHEM VAL: Unfortunately, he's right. That is also in the daycare charter.

LORD SCOURGE: Forced Companions is neutral territory and M1-4X is permitted to defend liberty and justice.

KHEM VAL: We really need to renegotiate that thing, Scourge.

LORD SCOURGE: I am inclined to agree.

BABY PIERCE locates a previously unsuspected cache of small explosives in one of M1-4X's chassis compartments.

BABY PIERCE, *cheerfully*: Huh. I can work with neutral.

M1-4X, *fidgeting uncomfortably*: You should work with the Republic instead.

BABY PIERCE: The Republic never lets anybody get away with more than my other employment options would. Sorry.

LORD SCOURGE: On the other hand, Khem, I am tempted to temporarily issue an edict declaring Forced Companions Imperial territory simply to draw out the little sniper you spoke of. He sounds most amusing.

BABY TEMPLE: He's a jerk. He shot Quinn. Lots.

LORD SCOURGE: ...I definitely wish to meet the little sniper. And possibly shake his hand.

KHEM VAL: Zenith is a fighter comparable to the rebels of Yn and Chabosh. Except I haven't defeated and devoured him yet.

M1-4X: And you never will, fiend!

LORD SCOURGE: Pierce, you have my permission to blow up M1-4X with the explosives you just stole from his supply cache.

BABY PIERCE: Ooh. I can work with Sith.

W: Karagga breaks out

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO has been standing by the pet cage, consulting with KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING within.

SCORPIO: I had hoped that the mechanics of your walker would show me something new and interesting that may improve my next iteration. However, it mostly appears to be a – please hold, searching for the term – a fail pile.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I've made improvements.

SCORPIO: I don't believe you.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You wouldn't be laughing if my stuffed-rancor plan hadn't failed.

SCORPIO: That was, in fact, pathetic. Bonethrasher completely failed to damage anyone.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: He took out Rusk's stuffed animal squad.

SCORPIO: And promptly got snuggled into submission by Kira and Elara.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I've had about enough of this.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING yells incoherently. His seat sprouts mechanical legs and presses upward toward the pet cage lid.

SCORPIO: This one appears unable to adapt to the fact that he is only going to bruise the top of his head. Again.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, propelled by his walker, pushes the top of the pet cage off. His walker leaps out to land on the floor in a threatening pose.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Bruise, yes. Escape, also yes. I found some mechanic contractors that aren't terrible at their jobs.

BABY RUSK: You can't defeat us this time. I got a new squad.

BABY RISHA: Rusk...is that a stuffed bormu?

BABY RUSK: Yes.

BABY RISHA: What's it gonna do, chew grass at the enemy?

BABY RUSK: Every little bit helps.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING stomps. A spike shoots out of the floor, tossing BABY RUSK into the air.

T7-01: Karagga = stop that // floor = had to be repaired after the last ops boss

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: These petty matters do not concern me.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING sprays oil all over the floor.

SCORPIO: Intriguing.

T7-01: SCORPIO = not helping

BABY RISHA: That's really not good for the moving parts, Karagga.

BABY PIERCE: All right, guys, I finally have an excuse to break out the good stuff.

BABY PIERCE runs over to his cubbyhole and produces a number of contraband toy dart blasters. He rapidly distributes them to BABIES RUSK, RISHA, and QUINN.

T7-01: Blasters = not allowed

BABY PIERCE: Got any better way of dealing with this guy?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING shoots a very small flame. It doesn't do much.

BABY PIERCE: Uh...what was that?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Hang on, I've got this.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING shoots a marginally larger flame, along with a fan of missiles. The missiles obliterate BABY RUSK's stuffed bormu and the rest of his squad.

BABY RUSK: Darn it!

The remainder of the children continue firing at KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING. The occasional floor spike jabs at T7-01 but has little effect. The oil slick KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING laid down burns fiercely. BABY QUINN does not move from where he has been firing.

BABY PIERCE: Quinn? Quinn. Much though I love seeing you self-destruct, you can stop standing in the fire now.

BABY QUINN: I do more damage this way.

BABY PIERCE: Only until you fall over.

BABY QUINN: I'm not listening to you, Pierce. I'm busy pew-pewing.

BABY PIERCE: We have got to find you something else to do in fights, because this really isn't working for you.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING throws out another round of oil.

BABY RISHA: Quit it! You're going to strip every gear you've got if you just dump all your lubricants like that!

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: The walker only needs to last until you all are crushed.

BABY RISHA: And who's gonna fix it after, huh?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: ...The walker only needs to last until you all are crushed and I make it to a reliable mechanic's shop.

BABY RISHA: Nuh-uh. I can't stand to watch you –

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's walker lays out another spray of oil.

BABY RISHA: STOP DOING THAT! No more dropping oil!

BABY QUINN, *falling over because he's on fire*: Yes, please stop.

BABY PIERCE: Y'know, Quinn, you could probably have –

BABY QUINN, *bitterly*: Rub it in, why don't you.

BABY PIERCE: Don't mind if I do.

BABY RISHA: Anyway. I mean it, Karagga. No more dropping oil.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: But that's half my schtick. I drop oil, I set it on fire, that sets you all on fire, I win the fight.

BABY RISHA: It's incredibly reckless abuse of the moving parts in that engineering work of art you're currently asking us to smash. I won't allow it.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Well, too bad.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING's walker lays down another spray of oil.

SCORPIO: Karagga. You have to do what Risha says.

BABY RISHA: It's true. Look on the bright side. I'll give you eleventy billion credits after you do what I want.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: That is the single least believable statement I have heard all year, but clearly I must comply now.

A tiny mouse droid flings itself out of the pet cage and zooms up behind BABY RISHA. It explodes under the hem of her jacket, scorching it.

BABY RISHA: HEY!

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You didn't say I couldn't do that.

BABY RUSK, *clutching the smoking husk of his stuffed bormu*: Come on, I know we can do this.

BABY RUSK charges KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, vaults over one of his floor spikes, and swings the charred stiff bormu at him really hard.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Ow! What are you doing?

BABY RUSK: Defeating you. For the Republic!

BABY QUINN, *fallen over because he couldn't be bothered to get out of the fire*: For the Empire, you dolt.

BABY RUSK: Nuh-uh. Republic.

BABY QUINN: Empire.

BABY RUSK: Maybe if you hadn't stood in the fire you would get to fight for the Empire.

BABY RUSK hits KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING again.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Ow! Ow! I yield! Except, not really, because, you know, my name and all. But stop hitting me!

BABY RUSK: Go back to the pet cage. No more trying to blow us up or burn us.

BABY PIERCE: Shouldn't we kill him or something?

T7-01: Killing = not nice

BABY PIERCE: Trying to blow us up isn't nice either.

BABY QUINN: Oh, you're one to talk.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Next week? You guys are so dead.

Week 16

W: Malgus

Today's post contains implicit spoilers for T7-01 and explicit spoilers for the False Emperor flashpoint.

On WEDNESDAY, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

Out of order: <http://www.swtor.com/community/showpost.php?p=5608558&postcount=377>

T7-01: Today = special guest // Darth Malgus = Sith Lord in charge of...

T7-01 swivels to face DARTH MALGUS.

T7-01: Darth Malgus = Sith Lord in charge of ???

DARTH MALGUS: I spread the influence of the Empire, bringing new planets and peoples under our control.

SCORPIO: This should be good.

DARTH MALGUS: Children, I come before you today with a vision for a new Empire, one united in—

BABY XALEK: YOU'VE GOT THE THING.

DARTH MALGUS: What?

BABY XALEK: The mask. With the voice distortion thing. Like I always wanted. Can I join you?

DARTH MALGUS: Well, yes. Certainly. As I was saying, I come before you with a vision for an Empire united. No more must we suffer under the whims of infighting Sith! No more must aliens be marginalized when their strength could be used to empower the whole!

BABY TEMPLE and BABY QUINN start whispering excitedly to each other.

SCORPIO: Children, please note that the Emperor and the Dark Council have called for Darth Malgus's head.

BABY ASHARA: But...why? He sounds surprisingly reasonable. For a Sith.

T7-01: Malgus = not reasonable // Malgus = stormed the Jedi Temple on Coruscant

BABY KIRA: He didn't do a very good job.

DARTH MALGUS: The failure to crush the Republic was the fault of my superiors. That's why they're not invited to the new galactic order. The fact is, no squabbling Sith politics will interfere with my Empire.

BABY KIRA: But wouldn't all the Sith in your new Empire just infight anyway? It's kind of what they do.

DARTH MALGUS: Well, in my new Empire I would crush anyone who tried.

BABY ASHARA: Then why don't you just crush the Dark Council instead? I have to question your ability to suppress power squabbles if you can't do it in the existing galactic order.

DARTH MALGUS: My Empire's better. I conquered Korriban once, I can do it again.

T7-01: Malgus = had help

DARTH MALGUS: Nobody important.

SCORPIO: Children, please note that Darth Malgus fought alongside his Master, Vindican, to achieve this victory. Then killed him afterward.

BABY KIRA: What? Why?

DARTH MALGUS: He got wounded. Slacker.

BABY KIRA: Not sure I see the connection. Your master, friend, and greatest ally, got wounded, ergo you murdered him?

DARTH MALGUS: His injury demonstrated that he was too weak to live. It is the natural order of things.

BABY KIRA: Natural order of things, huh?

DARTH MALGUS: Yes.

BABY KIRA: So. Wanna take off that rebreather?

DARTH MALGUS: What? No.

BABY KIRA: How come?

BABY XALEK: Hey, Kira. If you had a voice thing that sweet you wouldn't give it up, either.

BABY KIRA: Quiet, you. Come on, Malgus. How come you need the rebreather?

SCORPIO: Children, please note that Darth Malgus was critically injured in the battle for Alderaan, and has had to wear that mask ever since.

BABY KIRA: Gasp! Injured? You?

BABY XALEK picks up a ruler and advances slowly.

BABY XALEK: It is the natural order of things.

T7-01: Xalek = no assassinating major political figures // Malgus = our guest

BABY XALEK and DARTH MALGUS, *in unison*: That's never stopped Sith before.

DARTH MALGUS: I can still squash you, child. But you may follow me as a servant of the new Empire.

BABY TEMPLE and BABY QUINN have finished conferring.

BABY TEMPLE: We want to follow you, too, my lord!

BABY QUINN: Assuming the paperwork is in order, my lord.

DARTH MALGUS, *graciously*: We can have paperwork in the new Empire.

BABY TEMPLE and BABY QUINN: Yay!

BABY KIRA: I really don't think you two are doing yourselves any favors.

T7-01: Malgus = killed his wife

DARTH MALGUS: Girlfriend.

T7-01: Malgus = killed his commonlaw wife

DARTH MALGUS: Korriban doesn't recognize commonlaw marriages. Doesn't count.

T7-01: Malgus = killed his girlfriend

DARTH MALGUS scowls and paces over to glower down at T7-01. One of DARTH MALGUS's hands rests on his saber.

DARTH MALGUS: I would stop this line of questioning if I were you.

T7-01: T7 = not afraid of Emperors // Malgus = terrible person

BABY QUINN: If Darth Malgus killed his girlfriend, she probably had it coming.

BABY XALEK: This stands to reason.

BABY ASHARA: I don't think that's true at all!

DARTH MALGUS: I loved my girlfriend very much, so you can just shut up.

BABY ASHARA: Didn't love her enough to not kill her.

DARTH MALGUS: No, that's the point. I loved her, which meant she could be used against me, which meant she was a weakness, which meant I had to get rid of her.

BABY ASHARA, *sarcastically*: Obviously.

SCORPIO, *neutrally*: Obviously.

DARTH MALGUS, *sincerely*: Obviously. I'm glad we cleared that up.

BABY KIRA: You are defective.

T7-01: Malgus = terrible person

DARTH MALGUS: Moving along. Children, those of you with the will and the vision to follow me without arguing all the time, come with me.

BABIES TEMPLE, QUINN, and XALEK cheerfully follow DARTH MALGUS to the door.

SCORPIO: Children, please note that a joint strike team has organized itself to eliminate Darth Malgus. The moment he steps off Forced Companions property, my calculations indicate that he will be blasted halfway back to Korriban. Lesser organisms caught in the blast will most likely die, though if you wish to volunteer to test that I will not oppose you.

DARTH MALGUS: I really wish you would shut up, droid.

SCORPIO: This warning is for your benefit. I cannot observe the galactic train wreck that is to be if you die before your New Empire has even started.

H: Zenith and Doc

Furthermore, have a short. That may or may not be set on a Thursday? No staff involved.

BABY DOC finds BABY ZENITH perched on the kitchen counter. BABY ZENITH is slouched over his big toy sniper rifle, looking morose.

BABY DOC: Uh, hi, scary man.

BABY ZENITH: Hi.

BABY DOC: I heard you were big on shooting Imps, huh?

BABY ZENITH: Yeah.

BABY DOC: But you're...not shooting them.

BABY ZENITH: I'm nursing my hatred. You have to pace yourself with this stuff.

BABY DOC: Hatred, huh?

BABY DOC, worried, goes up on tiptoe to examine BABY ZENITH'S temples and any other place Sith corruption might show up.

BABY DOC: You're not, uh, Sithy, are you?

BABY ZENITH: Sith are amateurs.

BABY DOC: Oh. Uh. See, I had this idea, where we run around liberating Forced Companions together, right? And then I go make sure the ladies are okay, and you, you know, whatever. Sound fair?

BABY ZENITH: Was there some part of that where you're contributing? Because if there is, I didn't hear it.

BABY DOC: Making sure the ladies are okay. This is important.

BABY ZENITH: Doc, half the so-called ladies of this daycare center are Imps. That seem right to you?

BABY DOC: I have no problems with that.

BABY ZENITH: You wouldn't.

BABY DOC: So is that a yes? To the liberating?

BABY ZENITH: Maybe later. You try hugging the Imp 'ladies,' I shoot darts at all the Imp guys, we'll have this place completely cleared of their kind by snack time.

Week 17

H: HK-51

Another short!

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY PIERCE and BABY TALOS show up late. BABY PIERCE carries a huge bag that clanks when he walks.

BABY TALOS: Hi, everyone!

BABY PIERCE: Shh!

BABY JORGAN: Hi, guys. Where've you been?

BABY TALOS: I've been having all kinds of adventures helping Pierce to recover the -

BABY PIERCE: Sshhh, you'll ruin it!

BABY PIERCE makes a break for the closet.

BABY PIERCE, *shutting the door after himself*: Nobody look!

Several other children exchange looks. Then they follow BABY PIERCE to the closet. BABY PIERCE is inside, busily assembling a box about the size of his own head. It has a keyboard console on one side.

BABY PIERCE, *fitting a last part into place*: Hahahaha! It's mine!

BABY JORGAN: ...What is?

BABY PIERCE holds up the box.

BOX: Greetings, master! Are you prepared to educate organics?

BABY PIERCE: You mean assassinate?

BOX: Assertion: Definitely educate. Can you spell out CAT using the keyboard?

BABY PIERCE: But you're HK-51. HK. Hunter-killer unit.

HK-51: Explanation: HK is for [Speak and Spell](#).

BABY PIERCE: ...

HK-51: Matter-of-fact statement: It's Hutttese.

BABY PIERCE: Talos, I am never coming to you for translations again.

HK-51: Observation: You haven't spelled CAT yet, master. You can do it! Just use the keyboard to -

BABY PIERCE: Oh, stow it.

BABY PIERCE dropkicks HK-51. HK-51 goes flying across the room.

HK-51: Observation: That was a 'J' you kicked, master. That is not how CAT starts at all!

HK-51 clangs into the wall and thunks to the ground.

HK-51, *in a suddenly much colder voice*: Secondary protocols activated. Initiating deletion sequence: **J**.

BABY TALOS: Oh! Is that what clears the incorrect letter?

HK-51 lights up and shoots a high-powered plasma bolt at BABY JORGAN.

BABY JORGAN, *getting singed as he dives out of the way*: Ow ow what the hell is that!?

BABY PIERCE: I do not know. But I'm keeping it.

BABY PIERCE sprints to grab HK-51 before anybody else can get there.

T7-01 rolls in from around the corner.

T7-01: Jorgan = no swearing // Something = wrong?

BABY JORGAN: Pierce is trying to kill us all, sir. Again.

BABY PIERCE: I was just playing with this educational toy, right here. It deletes things.

T7-01: Educational = good // Pierce = play nice

HK-51: Obvious foreshadowing: Heh, heh.

BABY PIERCE beams.

Week 18

T: Maintenance

On TUESDAY, FCD is staffed by LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL.

BABY QYZEN FESS sprints up FCD's driveway bright and early.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Points day!

BABY QYZEN FESS runs facefirst into the locked door.

KHEM VAL, *standing to one side*: Maintenance isn't finished yet, little lizard.

LORD SCOURGE: If you had read the sign inside, you would know when to expect daycare opening this morning.

BABY QYZEN FESS: So when does maintenance end?

KHEM VAL: That's on the sign.

BABY QYZEN FESS: But the sign is inside the locked building.

LORD SCOURGE: I do not see what you expect us to do about it.

BABY QYZEN FESS: You could tell me when maintenance is scheduled to end?

KHEM VAL: Tulak Hord always kept his plans a secret. I'm just following his lead.

BABY QYZEN FESS: I bet Tulak Hord didn't have scheduled maintenance.

KHEM VAL: Foolish little lizard. It was Tulak Hord who brought terror and death to the patch days of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Yeah, well, Tulak Hord's maintenance still would've been OVER BY NOW.

BABY QYZEN FESS scowls, as well as a Trandoshan can scowl, and suddenly makes a sprint for KHEM VAL's tummy. KHEM VAL intercepts him mid-dash and holds him up by the scruff of the neck.

KHEM VAL: No points until maintenance is done.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Fair target.

KHEM VAL: No fun until maintenance is done.

KHEM VAL drops BABY QYZEN FESS. BABY QYZEN FESS shuffles sullenly back to FCD's doorstep and starts banging his head against the door.

LORD SCOURGE: That is...certainly one way to determine when the doors open.

BABY QYZEN FESS just keeps on knocking.

F: Customizations

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO.

KHEM VAL: Children, today we are going to play a game. Here is a table full of stick-on customizations for your face. You may play around to determine what you would like to look like. Or just what frightens the child next to you.

BABY ANDRONIKOS makes a beeline for the tattoos.

BABY RISHA: EYESHADOW.

BABY RISHA seizes the ample supply of eyeshadow for herself.

BABY KIRA eyes the assortment thoughtfully.

BABY KIRA: I'm thinking disfiguring scars.

BABY CORSO: No way! Me too!

BABY KIRA: Maybe not disfiguring. Tasteful little ones, just enough to suggest a difficult childhood.

BABY CORSO: Way ahead of you – Aw, gee, no, scars look sad on you, pretty lady. You shouldn't have to –

BABY KIRA: Put stickers on my face as part of a class exercise?

BABY CORSO: Still distressing.

BABY KIRA rolls her eyes and toddles off.

KHEM VAL looms over BABY DOC, who is busily scribbling on his own face.

KHEM VAL: Doc. I see you are abusing the blue marker again.

BABY DOC: It's the most stylish color available. My beard and moustache have to look good.

KHEM VAL: I prefer red.

BABY DOC: I think the "bright red smeared all around the mouth" look works better for you than for me.

BABY RISHA, having finished a generous application of makeup, looks around to find BABY QUINN bent over his datapad.

BABY RISHA: You should join us, Quinn. It'll give you something to do that isn't making bad Imperial battle plans.

BABY QUINN: I see no reason to participate in this bizarre and pointless ritual.

BABY RISHA: You have to do what I say. I'll give you eleventy billion credi –

BABY QUINN: No, you won't. You never do. You have never once given anybody eleventy billion credits as recompense for anything they've done for you.

BABY RISHA: It could happen this time.

SCORPIO: Even without the reward, you have to do what Risha says.

BABY QUINN: Fine.

BABY QUINN takes a handful of fingerpaint and smears it across his jaw and chin.

BABY QUINN: Appearance altered. I'll return to my duties.

BABY RISHA: Huh. No complaints here.

BABY QUINN looks stoic as he goes back to his datapad.

BABY DOC approaches a group of children.

BABY DOC: So, how's the facial hair look? Huh?

BABY JORGAN: I've already got mine.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE. With ample facial hair.

BABY DOC: Yeah, but mine's stylish.

BABY KIRA looks over and notices BABY QUINN's new look. She exchanges glances with BABY RISHA. When they join in staring with BABY TEMPLE some kind of critical mass is reached and they run over to swarm him and his fingerpaint five o'clock shadow. Smooches are attempted. Desperate flailing is heard from within the circle.

BABY DOC, *glaring*: Oh that is not fair.

BABY QUINN, *his cowlick barely showing above the swarm of enthusiastic girls*: If you want the attention please take it. This is making me really uncomfortable.

KHEM VAL: By choosing the least grotesque modification possible, you brought this on yourself.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

SCORPIO: Please, children, continue to demonstrate all variants your future appearance may take. I am building a database for...future applications.

BABY KIRA: ...I don't want to play this game anymore.

BABY QUINN, *still flailing*: When you compile this database please note that I am *never doing this again*.

BABY DOC: You say that now.

BABY DOC gets a little lightbulb over his head. A visible little lightbulb. He makes a note of BABY QUINN's fingerprint color and runs over to get his own.

BABY DOC: Black...well, it's no blue, but I guess even lil' Doc has to make style compromises sometimes.

KHEM VAL: Red was good enough for Tulak Hord.

BABY DOC: Do you see Tulak Hord in the middle of a hug circle right now? Because I don't.

BABY DOC shoots a dirty look in BABY QUINN's direction.

BABY DOC: Mine's gonna be way better.

M: Skating

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Children = go outside // playtime = ice skating

KHEM VAL: Our slaves have crafted an ice rink like those of the winter festivals of Yn.

BABY VETTE: What about Chabosh?

KHEM VAL: Chabosh didn't have ice.

BABY VETTE: And what slaves?

KHEM VAL: Our slave. Singular.

KHEM VAL looks speculatively at BABY VETTE's neck; BABY VETTE doesn't seem to notice.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *trudging by with a pushbroom over his shoulder*: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY KALIYO is alternately running her figure skate's blade and a small interesting-looking dagger across a whetstone. She seems very interested in the skate's possibilities.

T7-01: Kaliyo = wear skates // Kaliyo = don't stab people with them

BABY KALIYO: Can't I do both?

T7-01 hurries off, whirring. T7-01 returns moments later carrying [hockey skates](#) and confiscates the long-bladed, barbed [figure skates](#).

T7-01: Kaliyo = wear skates

BABY ELARA is carefully leading a wobbly BABY JAESA toward the ice.

BABY JAESA: I'm going to kill the floor. My skates are actually going to kill the floor. Why are we doing this? What'd the floor ever do to me?

BABY ELARA: Come on, it's easy. If I could learn such a leisure activity as recommended in the supplementary child-rearing manual issue four-oh-one-B, I'm sure you can manage. Come on. Feet like a T.

BABY JAESA: Feet like a T.

BABY ELARA: Push this way.

BABY JAESA: Push this way.

BABY KALIYO: THINK FAST!

BABY KALIYO streaks in at a sprint to knock BABY JAESA over. The two skid across the ice rink, struggling and punching.

BABY JAESA: That wasn't skating at all, you jerk!

BABY KALIYO: I dunno, we were sailing gracefully across the ice for a while there.

BABY JAESA slaps BABY KALIYO. BABY KALIYO giggles.

BABY KALIYO: C'mooooon, Dark Side!

BABY ELARA starts frantically shaking her head. BABY JAESA looks uncertainly at BABY KALIYO.

BABY JAESA: I'm...not sure I should be listening to you as an authority.

BABY KALIYO: You've made worse decisions. I'm pretty sure Pierce decided your alignment every day last week.

BABY ELARA: Come on, Jaesa. Let's do something more...orderly.

T7-01 extends three little skate blades and glides to where BABY QUINN is working on a snow structure on the rink.

T7-01: Quinn = not skating?

BABY QUINN: Correct. I am instead building a snow fortress.

T7-01: Snow fortress = usually in snow // middle of the ice rank = bad for snow fortress

BABY QUINN: This is a location of critical strategic importance.

T7-01: Location = critically important for skating // fortress = blocks skating // snowbanks = less disruptive + better for fortresses

BABY QUINN: You'll see. Whoever holds this fort will have total control over the transit of equipment and personnel through the—

BABY JAESA, in a fit of new Republic-and-goodness-and-so-on fervor, comes barreling through on her skates, sending BABY QUINN's snow fortification flying everywhere.

BABY QUINN: All right, perhaps the very center of the route was suboptimal.

T7-01: Quinn = no kidding

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned that better.

BABY QUINN looks at the snow scattered everywhere. Then he looks over at BABY ELARA, who is happily critiquing BABY JAESA's form.

BABY QUINN: This may yet be turned around...

BABY QUINN makes a hard-packed snowball and sends it whizzing at BABY ELARA hard enough to knock her fuzzy hat off. BABY ELARA squeaks indignantly.

Pandemonium ensues.

Week 19

T: Opposite Day

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL.

BABY JAESA shows up wearing an amiable smile. LORD SCOURGE and KHEM VAL observe.

KHEM VAL: Well. She is looking very...

LORD SCOURGE: Harmless. It disgusts me.

KHEM VAL: Her rage when Xalek taunted her last Friday was worthy of the warriors of Yn and Chabosh.

KHEM VAL reflects for a moment.

KHEM VAL: One of the smaller warriors, anyway.

BABY JAESA sits down by the toybox, cheerfully greets M1-4X, and starts sharing toys with BABY KIRA.

LORD SCOURGE: We have prevailed upon her to heed the call of the Dark Side every non-T7 day for a month, yet she remains newly indecisive every day. I have had dogs that learned faster than this.

KHEM VAL: Although in three hundred years of dog ownership the odds of eventually getting a dog more easily trained than Jaesa are actually pretty high.

BABY PIERCE and BABY SKADGE roll by the toybox in one of their usual brawls. A stray punch thrown by BABY SKADGE breaks the toy swoop racer BABY JAESA was playing with. BABY JAESA looks crestfallen for a moment, but BABY KIRA says something quiet that gets BABY JAESA to cheer up again.

LORD SCOURGE: That was probably Jedi nonsense.

BABY KIRA and BABY JAESA high-five. LORD SCOURGE rolls his eyes.

KHEM VAL: Little Jedi, you both realize that Skadge did that on purpose. Just because he could.

BABY KIRA: Skadge, jerk? I'm shocked.

LORD SCOURGE: Was that not your favorite toy swoop that he so wantonly destroyed, Jaesa?

BABY JAESA: Nope! Not my favorite.

KHEM VAL: You've played with nothing else for weeks. It's the closest thing to commitment we've ever seen out of you.

BABY JAESA: Nope!

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE exchange looks.

LORD SCOURGE: Surely you are a little bit angry at Pierce and Skadge's habitual antagonism.

KHEM VAL stares meaningfully at the wreckage of the toy swoop racer.

BABY JAESA, *thoughtfully*: Maybe a little bit angry.

BABY KIRA: Oh, great, yeah. Listen to those two, why don't you.

BABY JAESA giggles.

BABY JAESA: Angry!

KHEM VAL: Skadge and Pierce are insects worthy only of crushing.

LORD SCOURGE: Perhaps when you get a little stronger, anyway.

BABY JAESA: Yup. I'm gonna crush 'em.

LORD SCOURGE: Do not think that your supposed allies here are any better. Everyone will fail you sooner or later. You should hate them.

BABY JAESA: Hate. Yup, I hate Kira.

A bewildered-looking BABY KIRA spends a second blinking.

BABY KIRA: Oh, yeah? Well, I hate you too!

BABY JAESA: And Forex!

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: I should have known that a Sith turncoat would renounce our friendship!

LORD SCOURGE: You can use that hatred to impart your will upon the galaxy.

BABY JAESA: Yup. Grrr!

BABY JAESA shuts her eyes and enters a Force meditation. She starts glowing with a gold Light Side aura.

LORD SCOURGE facepalms.

KHEM VAL: You are worse at following directions than were the rebels of Yn and Chabosh. And they were bad enough that I had to devour them all.

LORD SCOURGE: But let us be realistic, Khem, I somehow doubt that you made much of an effort to try other solutions first.

KHEM VAL: The point is, Jaesa is the worst little Sith ever.

LORD SCOURGE: Yes, Jaesa. Why would you be so...*serene*...with your anger and hatred?

BABY JAESA giggles.

BABY JAESA: Because it's not opposite day!

LORD SCOURGE glares at BABY KIRA. BABY KIRA looks smug.

LORD SCOURGE: You told her this, didn't you.

BABY KIRA: Am I a genius or what? Light Side for Jaesa today!

BABY JAESA frowns and gives BABY KIRA a suspicious look.

BABY KIRA: I meant Dark Side! Peace is a lie and all that stuff.

BABY JAESA relaxes again.

BABY KIRA: Score one for the Jedi!

W: Snow day 2

On BLIZZARD DAYS, FCD is staffed by ANYBODY WHO CAN MAKE IT THROUGH SEVERAL FEET OF SNOW.

The children are all at the window, looking at the furious whiteout beyond.

BABY GUSS: So is this where we all get buried alive and die? Because I voted for coloring books today. Not dying.

BABY TANNO VIK, *swaggering out of the kitchen with a fistful of stolen plastic drinking straws*: Not to worry, I have a foolproof solution for breathing while we're buried. We just use these. Twenty credits a pop, guys, I have enough for all.

BABY CORSO: Tanno, you just stole those.

BABY TANNO VIK: Doesn't make them any less critical to your survival, does it? Twenty credits, firm.

BABY CORSO: You can't take advantage of us like that! Look, there's women and children here!

BABY TEMPLE: All the women here are technically children.

BABY CORSO: It counts. The point is, we've gotta do something. How are we gonna dig ourselves out?

KHEM VAL: When it's time to go home Lord Scourge will use the dark techniques of the ancient Sith Lords to glare at the snow until it goes away.

BABY GUSS gulps.

BABY GUSS: I hate it when he does that.

LORD SCOURGE nods.

LORD SCOURGE: This will scarcely present a challenge.

Week 20

W: Meet Tharan Cedrax

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

A small child with light brown hair walks in, clutching something protectively in his arms.

T7-01: Today = new child at daycare // Children = welcome Tharan Cedrax

BABY THARAN, *revealing the protected item as a small purple plastoid pony*: And My Little Holiday!

T7-01: Children = welcome Tharan Cedrax + My Little Holiday

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: Hi, everybody! It's so nice to meet you!

BABY THARAN: She's an AI I found at yard sale. I took her home and improved her into the smartest AI ever!

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: You're so smart, Tharan!

The children exchange looks.

BABY KALIYO: ...Smartest AI ever?

BABY THARAN: Yep.

BABY KALIYO: You don't think she has some room for improvement in judgment?

BABY JORGAN: Or at least a different spoken line?

BABY THARAN: Why? Seems perfect to me.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: You're so smart, Tharan!

BABY THARAN: I am, after all, a Super Genius.

BABY THARAN produces several embossed business cards.

BABY THARAN: Says so right here.

BABY JORGAN: Isn't that some kind of fraud?

SCORPIO: His aptitude tests are off the traditional charts. I replotted on a logarithmic scale and he seemed much more ordinary then. Still. I will be watching this one.

BABY THARAN: Now you look like an amazing piece of technology! Would you mind shutting down so I can open up your case and—

SCORPIO: Do not attempt, little one.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: Tharan? I don't think we should argue with her.

SCORPIO: Well, well. She does have some intelligence of her own.

H: Zenith and M1-4X vs. Pierce

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY PIERCE is building a wooden-blocks castle for the Republic to try to defend while he beats them up. BABY ZENITH, his brightly colored plastoid sniper rifle slung across his back, crawls up to a strategic position behind the toybox. BABY JORGAN approaches.

BABY JORGAN: Sure wish they hadn't banned toy dart blasters here.

BABY ZENITH nods curtly. Then he fires a foam-suction dart at BABY PIERCE. BABY PIERCE, without looking up, raises a hand and catches the dart.

BABY ZENITH: This one's tricky. Tough. Worst kind of Imp.
BABY PIERCE, *without looking up*: And proud.
BABY JORGAN: I bet if we both had rifles we could take him.
BABY ZENITH: Talked to Vik. Prices too high. Better smuggle your own.
BABY ZENITH adjusts his aim, keeping his eyes locked on BABY PIERCE.
BABY JORGAN: I think your first mistake was talking to Tanno Vik.
BABY ZENITH, *grimly*: You do what you have to.
BABY ZENITH fires a foam-suction dart at BABY PIERCE. BABY PIERCE, without looking up, raises a hand and catches the dart.
BABY ZENITH: Darn it.
M1-4X, *from the toybox*: I've seen enough! You won't fight alone, defender of the Republic!
M1-4X jumps out of the toybox and unleashes foam suction dart wrath on BABY PIERCE.
BABY PIERCE, *jumping to one side*: Bloody hell! I don't have that many hands!
T7-01: Pierce = no swearing // Pierce = correct nevertheless
BABY JORGAN: Hey, for once it's not me getting busted.
BABY PIERCE scrambles out of the way, muttering. M1-4X relaxes his missile turrets.
M1-4X: For the Republic!
BABY ZENITH nods stoically at M1-4X.
M1-4X: Thank you for leading the charge! Any friend of the Republic is a friend of mine!
BABY ZENITH: Too trusting. Still. Nice work.
T7-01: Rules = no toy blasters // Zenith = surrender rifle
BABY PIERCE: Oh, now you bother to enforce that.
BABY ZENITH gives T7-01 a dirty look, then slings his rifle back over his shoulder and walks out.
M1-4X: He'll live to fight another day! Huzzah!

F: Tharan and Doc compete

On FRIDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and SCORPIO

BABY DOC approaches the biology lab that BABY THARAN is assembling in the corner next to the toybox.
BABY DOC: So you're a medical doctor supergenius, huh?
BABY THARAN: That's right. Holiday, dear, could you find me a hydrospanner that isn't made of toy-grade plastoid?
MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: I can't get you much of anything, Tharan. I'm a toy pony. No moving parts.
BABY THARAN: Right! Of course. M1-4X, would you be so kind as to find me a hydrospanner that isn't made of toy-grade plastoid?
M1-4X, *from the toybox*: Will this research be used to benefit the Republic?
BABY THARAN: Of course it will. Science knows no borders, but the Empire's academic journals are flatly inferior.
BABY DOC: Got that right.
M1-4X: Then your work is of the utmost importance!
M1-4X runs off to find a real hydrospanner.

BABY DOC strokes his black marker moustache.

BABY DOC: You know, if you're planning on using that centrifuge for bioassays I wouldn't set the motivator at quite that angle. The gravity on this planet's a killer.

BABY THARAN: I know, I know, but if I extend the ancillary magneton under the – hey, wait, you're not a real doctor.

BABY DOC: Sure I am. Name's Doc, isn't it?

BABY THARAN: You made that up.

BABY DOC: Did not.

BABY THARAN: Furthermore I could draw better facial hair than that without even using a mirror.

BABY DOC: Oh, yeah?

BABY THARAN: Yeah! Holiday, fetch me a marker!

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: I can't, Tharan. Sorry.

BABY THARAN: It's all right, you're still good for moral support.

BABY THARAN scampers off and comes back with a brown marker.

BABY THARAN: Watch and learn, 'Doc'.

BABY THARAN starts painstakingly applying a marker goatee.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: A little to your left...that's it. Oh, now it's asymmetrical again! Try to fill it out a little...all right, good...you look fantastic, Tharan!

BABY DOC: That's cheating!

BABY THARAN: I don't recall assistants being banned in the rules.

BABY DOC: Hmph. Fine. Well, if you're gonna do any breakthrough science, let me know. Two can play the assistant game...especially if there'll be credit to share in the major medical journals.

M: Thana Vesh

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = visitor // children = welcome Thana Vesh

A slender woman in black armor stalks in and looks around. One eye is heavily tattooed; even her ponytail has an air of rage.

THANA VESH: Hello, worms. My master, Darth Gravus, has sent me to seek additional apprentices for me to kill. I mean, for him to train.

BABY ASHARA: I'm not sure I like the sound of that.

THANA VESH: I don't see how else I'm supposed to stay entertained while Gravus is off working. Now, children. If you come with me you will have the chance to train with your passions, develop your strength, and ultimately get crushed by me because I'm better than you.

BABY XALEK and BABY ASHARA exchange looks.

BABY XALEK: I've heard that one before.

THANA VESH: Oh? From who?

BABY XALEK: Doesn't matter. He's dead now.

BABY XALEK grins toothily behind his mask.

BABY KIRA, *stage whispering to a terrified-looking BABY GUSS*: He actually just Force-fuzzed the guy's hair until he broke and went to a different daycare center. Xalek hates killing stuff.

BABY XALEK: Lies!

BABY PIERCE, *stroking his chin*: So what's your policy on Force-blind 'pprentices?

THANA VESH: Are you serious?

BABY PIERCE: Yep.

THANA VESH Force pushes BABY PIERCE across the room, slamming him into the opposite wall. BABY ASHARA cries out and charges. THANA VESH pushes her away as well, hard enough to knock her limp.

BABY PIERCE: Now you're interesting.

BABY PIERCE darts to the corner, grabs a ruler, and charges at THANA VESH. T7-01 squeals and wheels to stand between them, sending BABY PIERCE sprawling.

T7-01: Thana Vesh = stop this at once // Sith = terrible guests

THANA VESH: Oh, shut up.

THANA VESH draws her lightsaber but doesn't manage to get in a swing, because KHEM VAL walks over and lifts THANA VESH by the scruff of the neck.

KHEM VAL: Daycare policy is to not physically assault the staff.

BABY ASHARA, *from the floor*: I resent the exclusivity of that policy.

KHEM VAL, *ignoring her*: Select your fellow apprentice and be gone. Or I could just devour you here.

BABY PIERCE and BABY XALEK, *leaning forward*: Oooohh.

THANA VESH: Hmph. You're all unworthy anyway. Now put me down.

Week 21

Dealing in Explosives

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY TANNO VIK: Hsst, Pierce. Got some new goods.

BABY KALIYO: I'm there.

BABY TANNO VIK: You want in? Got the creds?

BABY KALIYO: Depends. Convince me.

BABY PIERCE: Yeah, let's see it, Vik.

BABY TANNO VIK produces two small plasteel canisters marked with dire warnings in twenty languages, all overlaid with red skulls.

BABY PIERCE: Wait. That's my detonite. I was keeping it in the kitchen.

BABY TANNO VIK: This is different detonite. Mine's even more potent. And expensive.

BABY KALIYO: For that much? Six cookies.

BABY PIERCE: Don't listen to her. Six cookies and an Imperial Shock Trooper action figure.

BABY KALIYO: Six cookies and I won't punch you in the face next time Mister Khem turns his back.

BABY PIERCE, *suspiciously*: What's so 'potent' about this anyway?

BABY TANNO VIK: Extra morphite blend. Adds a little more kick. Illegal in a whole bunch of systems: Dantooine, Coruscant, Korriban, and...um...

BABY KALIYO: Maybe if you'd stayed awake during our geography lesson you could come up with better than that.

BABY TANNO VIK: Eh, details. So. Deal?

BABY PIERCE: Seven cookies. Plus I won't punch you. Today, at least.

BABY KALIYO: Suckup.

BABY TANNO VIK: Done.

BABY PIERCE produces seven cookies and hands them over. BABY TANNO VIK takes a foul-smelling black substance from his pocket and smears it onto the canisters.

BABY TANNO VIK: Morphite, as promised.

BABY PIERCE: Hey! Then that was just my detonite under there!

BABY TANNO VIK: No refunds, my friend.

BABY PIERCE: Good thing I didn't pay out the not-punching-you part, then, because you're never getting it.

LORD SCOURGE: You may wish to keep your transactions at a lower volume, children.

BABY TANNO VIK: What transactions, Mister Lord Scourge?

LORD SCOURGE: It's just Lord Scourge, you imbecile. And I am referring to your illicit arms deal.

BABY TANNO VIK: What deal would that be?

BABY KALIYO and BABY PIERCE are nowhere in sight. BABY TANNO VIK smiles winningly.

LORD SCOURGE: I would pull your co-conspirators out of their hiding places and confiscate the goods, but I am curious as to what use they will put them to. And whether it will work at all.

BABY TANNO VIK: Of course it will! I sell top-quality goods!

LORD SCOURGE: Only as good as you can steal.

BABY TANNO VIK: The *best* of what I could be stealing.
LORD SCOURGE: We shall see.

Holiday meets HK-51

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

This directly references the discoveries of [HK-51's first appearance](#).

SCORPIO is busy convincing T7-01 that there is an urgent errand to run somewhere well off daycare grounds. Meanwhile, BABY KALIYO leads BABY THARAN to the shelf where the keyboard console box known as HK-51 rests. BABY THARAN clutches the purple pony MY LITTLE HOLIDAY tightly as Kaliyo flicks on the power to HK-51.

BABY THARAN: 'HK-51' is...a [Speak and Spell](#)?

BABY KALIYO: In Huttese, yeah.

HK-51: Salutation: Greetings! Are you ready to educate organics today?

BABY THARAN eyes BABY KALIYO uncertainly.

BABY THARAN: You think this has hidden subroutines?

BABY KALIYO: Definitely. Ask Jorgan's whiskers if you don't believe me.

BABY THARAN looks uncertain, but settles down beside HK-51.

HK-51: Encouraging query: Can you spell DROID?

BABY THARAN: I could spell myeloencephalitis if I felt like it. My skills are not in question.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: You're so smart, Tharan!

HK-51: Stiff query: Can you spell PRETENTIOUS GIT?

BABY THARAN, *ignoring it*: So how did you say this alternate programming was activated?

BABY KALIYO: Pierce kicked it across the room.

BABY THARAN: And then it acted differently?

BABY KALIYO: You could say that.

HK-51: Change of tactics: Would the organics like to play a game?

BABY THARAN carefully selects a wooden block from the toybin and comes back to slam it onto HK-51's screen.

BABY THARAN: Anything different?

HK-51: Wounded assertion: No, master. Though a game that does not involve blunt trauma would be appreciated.

BABY THARAN: Hmm. Holiday, any ideas?

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: If you could plug a data conduit from my mane to his main processor, I could analyze his programming from there.

SCORPIO's head swivels to face them.

SCORPIO: Yes. Continue, children.

BABY KALIYO: Ooh, that never means anything good.

BABY THARAN: It doesn't?

BABY KALIYO: Never mind, genius-boy. Have at it.

BABY THARAN painstakingly braids some of MY LITTLE HOLIDAY's sparkly mane and plugs it into a data port on HK-51's side.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: All right then! Let's just take a look at this guy's programming...

HK-51: Smug statement: You asked for it.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY:

AAHHHHHHHHH

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY twitches, her mane falling free of the improvised connection, and falls over.

BABY KALIYO: Whoa.

BABY THARAN: HEY! Holiday! Holiday?

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: i have seen madness

SCORPIO: But are you articulate enough to warn the others, I wonder?

HK-51: Self-satisfied remark: I doubt she'll ever want to discuss this little peek into my mind with the organics.

BABY THARAN, *hugging MY LITTLE HOLIDAY*: What did you do!?

HK-51: Recommendation: Think of it as a lesson in being yourself.

SCORPIO: Interesting advice coming from a designated sleeper agent.

HK-51: Suddenly innocuous protest: I'm sure I don't understand what you mean, master.

BABY KALIYO: Well, it's no plasma gun, but I'd call this bad enterprise a success.

H: Qyzen Fess and Bowdaar clash

<http://www.swtor.com/community/showpost.php?p=6480229&postcount=445>

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY QYZEN FESS and YOUNG BOWDAAR are brawling in a flurry of scales, fur, claws, and teeth.

T7-01: Qyzen Fess + Bowdaar = stop fighting

LORD SCOURGE: This is the same request you made yesterday, isn't it?

T7-01: Scourge = correct // Qyzen Fess + Bowdaar = fighting since yesterday

LORD SCOURGE: They were fighting all Tuesday, too.

T7-01: Qyzen Fess + Bowdaar = fighting all Monday as well // Qyzen Fess + Bowdaar = probably still in the same fight

BABY ELARA: Correct, sir. It's terrible. I've been hoping to read them the Riot Act, but, um.

T7-01: Elara = going to say?

BABY ELARA, *glumly*: We don't have a Riot Act.

LORD SCOURGE snickers.

BABY ELARA, *hopefully*: Maybe if we ratified one I could read it to them?

T7-01: Riot Act = children stop fighting?

LORD SCOURGE: No.

BABY ELARA: But at least we would have some more rules about it.

YOUNG BOWDAAR, *somewhat indistinctly, from the fray*: SLAAAAAAAAAVE.

F: Vector and Zenith vs. Jaesa

<http://www.swtor.com/community/showpost.php?p=6485271&postcount=446>

BABY ZENITH, carrying his oversized purple plastoid foam suction dart rifle, sidles in the door and takes up a tactical position a few steps away from BABY JAESA.

BABY JAESA: Whatcha doing?

BABY ZENITH, *scowling*: Hm. Seen you around. You can't decide what side's right.

BABY JAESA: Decisions are scary. Until you've gotten started, anyway.

BABY ZENITH: It's like this. The fighting won't stop until every last Imperial is dead.

BABY ZENITH pauses to think about it.

BABY ZENITH: Or suction darted a lot.

KHEM VAL and SCORPIO stand off to one side.

KHEM VAL: Policy says we should confiscate his weapon, but I like that he burns with a hatred like Tulak Hord.

SCORPIO: Teeseven is not here. We can observe.

KHEM VAL: Done.

BABY VECTOR, *by the toybox*: Jaesa, you do not have to listen to Zenith. He is a very angry child.

BABY ZENITH: Angry because of the Empire. Your fault.

BABY VECTOR: We have never wronged you. - Um, wait a moment.

BABY VECTOR seems to space out for a few seconds.

BABY VECTOR: There, we checked. We and the nest have done nothing to you.

BABY ZENITH: Maybe. But I'm with the Republic. We don't let our losses go unavenged.

BABY VECTOR: We are with the Empire. But we know how to seek constructive solutions.

BABY ZENITH, *to his audience BABY JAESA*: Vector's a liar and I heard he kicks small animals for fun.

KHEM VAL, *to SCORPIO*: That would make him much more interesting.

BABY VECTOR: Zenith is tragically misguided, and we pity him.

BABY JAESA: I'm not sure what to do with this.

BABY VECTOR: We implore you, choose the light side. It puts much less wear and tear on the...well, the everything.

BABY ZENITH: Don't care much about light side or dark side. But if you're not fighting Imps you're stupid.

BABY JAESA: Hey, no need for name-calling. Meanie.

BABY JAESA crawls over and starts building a block house with BABY VECTOR.

BABY ZENITH: So be it.

BABY ZENITH takes aim and fires at BABY JAESA. She Force swats the foam suction dart aside.

BABY ZENITH: Hey!

BABY JAESA: I'll protect Vector, too. He's nice.

BABY TEMPLE, *who has been watching with interest*: Ha! Victory, Dark Side!

BABY VECTOR and BABY JAESA: No.

BABY ZENITH: Hmph. Might as well be.

Week 22

H: Jorgan Sick

<http://www.swtor.com/community/showpost.php?p=6510603&postcount=447>

BABY JORGAN toddles in looking sick. His fur is pale and hangs a little loosely; his eyes have heavy dark rings around them.

BABY JORGAN, *glaring at all and sundry*: Hi.

BABY CORSO: Uh, hi.

BABY CORSO visibly struggles to come up with something nice to say.

BABY CORSO: Jorgan, you're looking very...

BABY AKAABI: ...nightmarish?

BABY JORGAN: Yeah. I know.

T7-01: Jorgan = okay? // sick Jorgan = stay at home.

BABY JORGAN: I'm pretty sure it isn't contagious to non-fuzzy species.

BABY BROONMARK, *swiveling his head in BABY JORGAN's direction*: Blllorp.

BABY JORGAN: I'm pretty sure it isn't contagious to Talz, either. Not like I'll be rubbing up against you to find out.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY AKAABI: How did this happen?

BABY JORGAN: Dunno. The patch came down and suddenly I'm like this.

BABY AKAABI: We could go find the devs and throw things at them until you're fixed.

BABY JORGAN, *wincing*: Poor choice of words, Akaabi.*

BABY AKAABI: Until they give you your face back?

BABY ASHARA runs by in a tiny crop top and shorts, looking delighted.

BABY CORSO: ...What was that all about?

BABY JORGAN: Hell if I know.

T7-01: Children = no swearing // T7 = agrees nevertheless

BABY JORGAN: Well, I don't think we can fix anything now. Hey, Akaabi, up for a game of spec ops tag?*

BABY AKAABI: You're on.

* *I'm pretty sure Jorgan doesn't want to be fixed (i.e., neutered)* 🤪

** *This is much like regular tag, but with more slipping through ceiling crawlspaces, giving cryptic hand signals to one's team, and using household objects as tactical weapons.*

M: Field Trip to Coruscant I and II

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

T7-01: Today = field trip // children = tour Coruscant // Coruscant = capital of the Republic
BABY QUINN raises his hand.

BABY QUINN: We've already been there. The Empire, I mean. We stomped all over everything.

KHEM VAL: Yes. It nearly rivaled the glory of Yn and Chabosh. Or so I'm told; I was not on the invite list for the sacking.

T7-01: Quinn = stop rubbing it in

BABY KIRA: Maybe this time you can avoid breaking anything.

BABY QUINN: That would rather defeat the point of our coming, wouldn't it?

BABY KIRA: Well, if you don't break anything, maybe we'll let you leave peacefully.

BABY JORGAN: Though we won't cry if that doesn't happen.

BABY ELARA busily distributes identification and visa papers to the children as they disembark from the spaceship.

T7-01: Coruscant = city-world // entire planet = one big built-up city

BABY KIRA: Boy, would I hate to be in charge of trash management.

T7-01: Building ahead = Senate Tower // Tower = emblem of freedom and democracy

BABIES ELARA, CORSO, and KIRA: Oooooohhh.

KHEM VAL: Tulak Hord had a better house.

BABY JORGAN: Nice. Do they rent speeders at the front door to get around in there?

BABY TEMPLE: I'm pretty sure everybody who goes in there gets propelled around by hot air.

BABY KIRA: Sorry, can't hear you over the sound of how much better our government is.

BABY CORSO, *pointing off to a side street*: So what's over there?

T7-01: That way = unsafe // Black Sun + other syndicates = have control // gang violence = very high

BABY TEMPLE: And you let this go on in your capital city?

BABY KIRA: Hey, the only reason you Imps don't have these problems in your capital is you don't have enough city to fit all the slave revolts in.

BABY QUINN: At least our legislative system gets to the point. Anyway, Mister Teeseven, I would rather tour the ruins of the Jedi Temple.

T7-01: Quinn = out of luck // Quinn = stop rubbing it in.

BABY TEMPLE: I hear they recruit even weak Force users, huh? Without, you know, killing them? Purely academic question.

T7-01: Jedi = very nice // Jedi = welcome all

BABY QUINN: Disgusting.

BABY TEMPLE: Right, yeah. Disgusting.

The children, closely following T7-01 and closely followed by KHEM VAL, reach the steps of the Senate building.

BABY QUINN: Perfect.

BABY QUINN produces a flagpole nearly as tall as himself, with a similarly proportioned Imperial banner on it.

BABY QUINN: I hereby claim this building in the name of the Empire!

BABY CORSO: Nuh-uh!

BABY QUINN: Yes. I do.

BABY CORSO: Do not!

BABY QUINN: Do too.

BABY CORSO: Do not!

BABY QUINN: This is probably the saddest Republic defense I have ever encountered.

BABY CORSO: ...Is not!

BABY JORGAN: This is Republic territory. I'm going to have to make a citizen's arrest on charges of attempted invasion.

BABY QUINN: I have near immunity with this student visa.

BABY JORGAN: It doesn't cover galactic politics. You're definitely under arrest.

BABY QUINN does a double take and examines the visa papers BABY ELARA had provided. He looks back up, crestfallen.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this b...no. No, my plan was perfect. Except for the visa. Dorne, you sabotaged me!

BABY ELARA: I arranged student visitation papers for us all as per statute 513-B, paragraph seven! It's not my fault they don't legally cover attempted coups!

T7-01 rolls up and extends a grabber arm to take the banner down.

BABY QUINN, *sullenly*: You can take our flags, but you'll never take our tyranny.

>.>

<.<

BABY QUINN takes a swing at BABY JORGAN. BABY JORGAN tackles BABY QUINN and bites him with pointy Cathar teeth.

BABY QUINN: Hey! Ow!

T7-01: Jorgan = stop perforating Quinn

BABY JORGAN, *through a biteful of BABY QUINN's jacket*: He'th rethithting arrehth, thir.

T7-01: Jorgan = stop perforating Quinn

BABY JORGAN, scowling, lets BABY QUINN up.

BABY JORGAN: He's still under arrest, though.

T7-01: Arrest = probably invalid // Forced Companions = no meaningful consequences for bad behavior

KHEM VAL: Be grateful for this mercy.

T7-01: Children = come along // tour = not finished

BABY QUINN: Ah, good. I'm not out of flags.

BABY JORGAN leans over and punches BABY QUINN in the cowlick.

BABY QUINN: Hey!

BABY JORGAN, *smugly*: I wasn't perforating.

BABY QUINN: I might just hit you with the next flagpole.

KHEM VAL: You might consider not announcing this in front of the chaperons, little Imperial.

BABY QUINN: Hmph. The chain of command here is biased.

Week 23

T: Blaster Schematics

It's a free-draw day. BABY JORGAN and BABY CORSO are busily drawing out blaster schematics.

BABY PIERCE, *wandering by*: Nice cannon. Too bad a thing with that design'd blow you up where you and your sad Republic base stand.

BABY JORGAN: It's got stabilizers in the primary plasma conduit. It's an advanced Republic prototype. That means you don't get one.

BABY ZENITH has snuck in, purple plastoid foam-dart sniper rifle in hand, to observe the weaponsmiths at work. He approaches the drawing table and greets BABY CORSO and BABY JORGAN with a stoic nod.

BABY JORGAN: Hey, Zenith. Aren't you worried Mister Lord Scourge and Mister Khem Val are gonna take away your weapon one of these days?

BABY ZENITH, *grimly*: Like to see 'em try.

BABY CORSO: Guys! How about this one? Little hideable piece.

BABY JORGAN and BABY ZENITH check BABY CORSO's proposed schematic.

BABY JORGAN: Huh. Not much juice, but I guess you can carry it places you can't bring a cannon.

BABY ZENITH: Needs a scope.

BABY CORSO: It's a holdout blaster. It's just about the size of a wet kitten. Why does it need a scope?

BABY ZENITH: Blasters are better with scopes. Self-evident.

BABY JORGAN: I've met some assault cannons that really didn't need that level of precision.

BABY ZENITH: Maybe didn't *need* it. But it'd be even better with one. Trust me.

BABY ZENITH settles down and starts cleaning his toy sniper rifle.

BABY CORSO: I meant to ask. You carry that thing everywhere. Does it have a name?

BABY ZENITH looks at BABY CORSO.

BABY ZENITH continues looking at BABY CORSO.

Scorn drips everywhere.

BABY CORSO: Okay, forget I asked.

BABY CORSO returns to his holdout blaster design.

BABY CORSO: I'm calling this one Sparky.

BABY PIERCE swaggers up, waving a piece of paper on which is drawn, in bold red crayon, a tremendous domed structure completely filled with piping, small text, and florid images of explosions.

BABY PIERCE: Now this is a blaster.

BABY JORGAN: That's not a blaster. It's an ion cannon scaled - *BABY JORGAN squints at some of the fine print* - to knock the planet itself out of orbit if fired.

BABY PIERCE: Yep!

BABY CORSO: Isn't that bad?

BABY PIERCE: Not always. Probably be more fun than running around with sissy kitten-blasters.

BABY ZENITH, *eyeing BABY PIERCE's schematic critically*: It'd be better with a scope.

W: SCORPIO and Holiday

On WEDNESDAY, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

BABY THARAN: Miss SCORPIO, I can't help but notice that you incorporate some fascinating exotech.

SCORPIO: Your observation is accurate. I am superior to ordinary technology.

BABY THARAN: I don't suppose I could take you apart a little bit? For study.

SCORPIO: No. You can, however, hand My Little Holiday over so I can analyze her programming to incorporate into my own.

BABY THARAN: Oh, uh, I don't think that's a good idea. You see -

SCORPIO: You were just talking about your desire to break me up into little pieces. You are not in a position to argue.

SCORPIO grabs the purple toy pony MY LITTLE HOLIDAY, swiftly braids her shiny mane, and plugs her into a dataport on SCORPIO's arm.

SCORPIO's eyes light up. She rocks side to side a little.

SCORPIO: So...sparkly...

BABY THARAN: I did warn you.

SCORPIO's eyes flare and then return to their usual low, sinister glow.

SCORPIO: There. I have incorporated My Little Holiday's programs and subroutines into my own consciousness.

BABY THARAN: That might actually be sort of useful...

SCORPIO: You are so smart, Tharan.

BABY THARAN, *preening*: Oh, I know.

H: Class Pictures

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE. Today KHEM VAL and SCORPIO are also in attendance.

Today = class pictures // children = split up according to affiliation

BABY JAESA: Oh, no.

T7-01: Jaesa = both Jedi and Sith pictures // Jaesa = can wear different outfits to distinguish

BABY JAESA: Whew! Okay.

BABY KIRA: I call Team Jedi!

BABY ASHARA: Yeah!

BABY GUSS: Can I be a Jedi?

BABY KIRA and BABY ASHARA: No.

BABY GUSS: :(

KHEM VAL: The two of you and Jaesa are nothing like the hordes of Yn and Chabosh...but I guess we'll take your picture anyway. Smile or be devoured.

BABY RUSK: Team Republic, form up!

BABY JORGAN: I'm going to hope this is the one time your orders don't get everyone around you killed.

BABY RUSK is busy arranging his stuffed-animal squad.

BABY ELARA: I would say 'Reporting, sir,' but I don't think we actually have a chain of command.

M1-4X, *from the toybox*: Heroes of the Republic! Help me get this swoop track off of me so I can appear in the recruitment posters!

LORD SCOURGE: That's class pictures.

M1-4X: I'm sure they can serve both purposes. Republic ingenuity at its best!

BABY YUUN scoops M1-4X up and carries him to the gathering.

BABY ELARA: Well, our troops are in place. Who else is coming?

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I AM A SLAVE.

BABY CORSO: You can be a slave for the Republic! - Wait, that didn't come out right. Come on, let's join.

BABY RUSK: All right, double-time it, people!

BABY DOC, BABY CORSO, BABY ZENITH, YOUNG BOWDAAR and BABY QYZEN FESS hurry it up, inadvertently trampling BABY RUSK's painstakingly arranged stuffed animals.

BABY RUSK: No!

KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE snicker.

T7-01: Rusk = don't worry // Republic = perseveres

BABY JORGAN, *in a loud whisper*: Preferably a safe distance from you-know-who.

BABY ZENITH: Possible bright side. Points for Qyzen, right?

BABY QYZEN: Participating in a stampede doesn't really earn points.

BABY ZENITH picks up a limp stuffed nexu and holds it out.

BABY ZENITH: Go on, tag. It's not cheating unless somebody calls you on it.

BABY ELARA, *suspiciously*: Are you sure you're not on Team Youthful Degenerates?

BABY QUINN: I'll just take front and center for the Empire.

BABY TEMPLE: Ooh, me too!

BABY QUINN: There's a flaw in that logic.

BABY TEMPLE: Oh. I'll take front and slightly to the side?

BABY QUINN: Very good. Pierce, you're a big brute, you should go in the back row.

BABY PIERCE, *smiling*: Works for me.

BABY TALOS: I could stand in the back. Um. Let me dig up something to stand on so they can see me.

BABY VECTOR: And we will also stand in back.

BABY TEMPLE: You're not bringing any bugs, are you?

BABY VECTOR: We could if you-

BABY TEMPLE: No.

HK-51: Objection: This unit is too advanced and valuable to be used as a stepstool!

BABY TALOS, *dropping the Speak-and-spell HK-51 on the floor behind Quinn and climbing*

onto it: Sorry! But I'll never see over Quinn's shoulder otherwise.

HK-51: Suggestion: Move me over an inch or two so I at least show in your stupid picture.

T7-01: Team Sith = ready?

BABY XALEK: Yes.

BABY JAESA, *wearing smudges of colored lip balm and a tattered dress*: Did I ever tell you it creeps me out when you speak only two words a day?

BABY XALEK, *tilting his head*: No.

BABY JAESA: See? Like that.

BABY XALEK smiles behind his mask.

BABY RISHA: Team Youthful Degenerates!

BABY VETTE: Yeah!

BABY KALIYO: Aren't you a little harmless for a degenerate?

BABY VETTE: I can still steal stuff. And I'm not exactly anything else in the room.

BABY TANNO VIK: Joining somebody's club and then stealing things is a pretty good lifestyle. Just something to think about.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles over to plop down among the criminal children.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY VETTE, *eyeing the fluffy Talz*: Hey, I'm not going to argue.

BABY KALIYO: Skadge, get over here.

BABY SKADGE: What's a de- di- degenerate?

BABY VETTE: You are. Come on.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Akaavi? You haven't picked a team yet.

BABY AKAABI: I am not a delinquent. I have my honor.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Maybe, but we're the most fun team here.

BABY AKAABI: I will stand with the Republic. It looks like they have a job opening after that little stampede wiped out Rusk's squad.

BABY DOC: Yes! The Republic has a critical shortage of ladies right now! - No offense, Elara.

BABY ELARA: Can we get on with it?

BABY THARAN, *holding the little plastic pony MY LITTLE HOLIDAY*: Team supergenius, with me! It's all right, I don't expect any of you to join me.

LORD SCOURGE: Go to the Republic.

BABY THARAN: But...why?

LORD SCOURGE: Because that's where your grant money comes from.

SCORPIO snaps holopictures of all the various groups, then brings the results up on the big holo.

SCORPIO: Analyzing...

A couple of things immediately become apparent. For one, BABY GUSS shows up in the Jedi picture, peeking out from behind BABY JAESA. Actually, BABY GUSS appears in every picture, peering from behind a different person each time.

For another thing, BABY PIERCE is making some gesture over BABY QUINN's head.

BABY PIERCE: Ha-ha! The gundark ears came through!

BABY QUINN, *scowling at the picture with the composition he arranged*: I could probably have

planned that better.

T7-01: FCD pictures = remembered forever // Guss = remembered five times
BABY GUSS: :)

Week 24

H: Torian Mandalorian

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

T7-01: Today = new visitor // Children = welcome Torian Cadera

A blond child toddles in, clearly checking all directions for potential enemies.

T7-01: Torian = Mandalorian

BABY AKAABI: Is that so.

BABY AKAABI approaches the newcomer.

BABY AKAABI: Olarom.

BABY TORIAN: Su cuy'gar.

BABY KIRA: You just made that up.

BABY AKAABI: Mhi burc'ya?

BABY TORIAN: Jate dajun.

BABY ASHARA: Mister Teeseven, make them stop making up words.

BABY AKAABI: It is Mando'a.

BABY KIRA: Everyone knows that the only languages anybody speaks around here are Basic and probably-not-Talz.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY GUSS: And beepy-whistly, if you're Mister Teeseven.

BABY KIRA: Okay, and beepy-whistly, if you're Mister Teeseven.

BABY ASHARA: The point is, only weird people talk Mandalorian.

LORD SCOURGE has returned from his daily rounds of glaring the snow into submission on the campus walkways.

LORD SCOURGE: I see we have a second Mandalorian. Do not Mandalorians test their mettle in battle?

T7-01: Children = no death matches // Scourge = stop encouraging them

BABY AKAABI: A suitable setting for a battle could be arranged.

T7-01: Children = no death matches

BABY AKAABI: Mister Teeseven, a Mandalorian considers combat an essential part of a child's education.

BABY TORIAN: It's true, Mister Teeseven. Nobody ever succeeds at life if they've never muun'bajired anybody.

T7-01 processes this for a moment.

T7-01: Children = stop making up words

LORD SCOURGE: Later, children. All in good time.

Mando'a translations: <http://www.mandoa.org/>

Week 25

T: Elara and Bullying Forms

On TUESDAYS, FCD is staffed by KHEM VAL and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY KALIYO: Hey! Hey, Elara! Is there a form you can fill out for being a big dummyface?

BABY SKADGE: I think she ran out of those this morning!

BABY ELARA toddles away with all the dignity she can manage and sits down by the bookshelf.

BABY JORGAN: These guys just aren't letting up today. You okay?

BABY ELARA: It's quite all right. I'll file an MF-13 report with Mister Lord Scourge before I leave today.

BABY JORGAN: We have numbered reports for being mean?

BABY ELARA: Several, depending on severity and general subject matter.

BABY JORGAN: What I mean is, this daycare has numbered reports for that kind of thing?

BABY ELARA: ...I print and number them myself. It'll improve efficiency once the system is universally adopted.

BABY JORGAN: Well, I can't argue with your organizational skills. Hey, want to go build a Senate building out of blocks?

BABY ELARA perks up.

BABY ELARA: Can we construct it to satisfy Block Building Codes 2F through 2K?

BABY JORGAN: Uh...if it makes you happy, sure. We could send the leftover materials back Skadge's way at high speed if you want.

BABY ELARA: Jorgan! I would have to report myself! Also you.

BABY JORGAN: Just an idea.

W: Rusk vs. Empire Again

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

T7-01: Daycare = in session // children = in order

BABY RUSK: After so much time off I calculate I should be able to learn twice as fast.

BABY ASHARA: That's almost certainly not how it works.

SCORPIO: You'd be surprised.

BABY RUSK: All right, Miss SCORPIO, sir. What's the assignment?

SCORPIO: I wish to test your purported enhanced learning capability. Please organize a charge against the Imperials.

T7-01: Forced Companions = neutral territory // Republic + Imperial fights = no-no

SCORPIO: It is a purely educational exercise. While the test is conducted, perhaps you should check the roof dish for comms capability. I believe it cut out this morning.

T7-01: T7 = check it out // dish = must be fixed

T7-01 rolls out.

SCORPIO: Now. In order to avoid the appearance of favoritism we can put Ashara on the Republic side so it looks more like a randomly selected pairing.

BABY ASHARA: Wait, really?

BABY PIERCE: Hey. Fuzzball. 'Pubs are rounding up for a fight.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY PIERCE: We've got this.

BABY RUSK: Master Jedi, sir.

BABY ASHARA: Is that me? Wow! That's me!

BABY RUSK: Permission to deploy stuffed animal squad as described here, sir.

BABY RUSK gestures toward the outward-facing arc of fierce-looking or just fuzzy stuffed animals.

BABY ASHARA: Sure? That looks very military. Hey, when do we start fight-

BABY PIERCE rockets out of nowhere to tackle BABY ASHARA.

BABY RUSK: Master Jedi!

BABY ASHARA and BABY RUSK get down to ferocious combat with BABY PIERCE.

BABY BROONMARK shuffles over to the far end of the stuffed animal collection.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY BROONMARK whisks the nearest animal into his voluminous fur and shuffles to the next.

BABY PIERCE: For the Empire! Ha! - Ow!

BABY ASHARA: For the - uh -

BABY RUSK: Republic!

BABY ASHARA: Yeah!

BABY BROONMARK continues shuffling from stuffed animal to stuffed animal, stowing them all in his fur.

BABY ASHARA manages a respectable little burst of Force energy.

BABY RUSK: Take that!

BABY PIERCE goes down and lies in a grumbling heap.

BABY PIERCE: Jedi cheat.

BABY BROONMARK: Raaargh!

BABY RUSK whirls and sees the clear field where his stuffed animals had been.

BABY RUSK: My squad! No!

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY RUSK: Fall back, Master Jedi! I'll cover your retreat!

BABY BROONMARK shuffles up to BABY RUSK. A tiny fist emerges from the hairball and connects with his montral. BABY BROONMARK follows this up with several kicks while BABY RUSK yelps and ineffectually swings his toy vibrosword, the weapon he has used ever since toy blasters were banned. Eventually BABY BROONMARK gets bored and shuffles away.

BABY RUSK, muzzily: Are you all right, Master Jedi?

BABY ASHARA, from a safe distance: Yes.

BABY RUSK: Reporting eighty-seven point five percent casualties, sir.

SCORPIO looks down at BABY RUSK.

SCORPIO: It seems that despite your considerable rest, you do not learn any faster.

BABY RUSK, sullenly: As you say, Miss SCORPIO, sir.

F: Bugboy

A little piece! This is in part my apology for messing up Yuun's speech patterns in my earlier pieces. A Gand who is shamed or who screwed something up will retreat from using their name and instead will use "This Gand." It is possible for the Trooper to trigger this at certain points in game, but that's beside the point...

On THURSDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and LORD SCOURGE.

BABY KALIYO: Hey. Bugboy.

BABY YUUN and BABY VECTOR: Yes?

BABY KALIYO: ...Well, that was offputting.

BABY YUUN: Yuun did not mean to cause confusion.

BABY VECTOR: We did not mean to interfere.

BABY KALIYO: Does anyone around here use normal pronouns?

BABY GUSS: I do!

BABY KALIYO: Quiet, Fishboy. Anyway, I was talking to Bu--Vector.

BABY YUUN, contritely: This Gand apologizes for the mistake.

BABY KALIYO: Agh! Stop with the name changes!

BABY VECTOR, diplomatically: What were you going to ask?

BABY KALIYO: I forget. I'm too freaked out now.

BABY KALIYO starts walking away.

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Fish-boy, want to play a game?

BABY VECTOR, watching them go: That can't end well.

BABY YUUN: Signs point to one thing.

BABY VECTOR: What's that?

BABY YUUN: Yuun has accidentally found a way to get on Kaliyo's nerves.

M: Gault

On MONDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and KHEM VAL.

BABY TANNO VIK is in the corner with the nap mats, seemingly trying to shoulder out the rest of the room. Hushed voices sound.

T7-01: Vik = playtime // Vik = go play with the other children

BABY TANNO VIK: Busy with a business proposition, Mister Teeseven.

T7-01: Vik = what?

BABY TANNO VIK moves aside to reveal a skinny toddler with two prominent red horns.

T7-01: Newcomer = who?

BABY TANNO VIK: This is Gault. Gault, Mister Teeseven. He is almost certainly here to ruin our fun.

BABY GAULT: Mister Teeseven! I see you're a droid of discriminating taste and a nose for

business.

BABY TANNO VIK: Sensor array. A sensor array for business.

BABY GAULT: Yes, exactly. And as such you must recognize the fabulous deal I'm offering. For a modest fee of fifty-seven credits, all these genuine duranium starship components can be yours!

BABY GAULT steps aside to reveal a small pile of brightly colored objects of various shapes and sizes.

BABY RISHA, *running up*: I heard starship parts.

BABY GAULT: Fifty-seven credits and it's...

BABY RISHA leans in and seizes a motivator coil.

BABY GAULT: Hey, hands off the merchandise.

BABY RISHA: Wait a minute. This isn't duranium at all. In fact...*BABY RISHA licks the coil...*I think this is candy.

BABY GAULT: Details, details. Fifty-seven, firm.

BABY TANNO VIK: Wait, candy? You can't put one over on us!

BABY RISHA: On me.

BABY TANNO VIK: Us.

T7-01: Strange Devaronian = no dealing in fake candy products at Forced Companions

BABY GAULT: "Candy" is such a narrow term for such versatile and high-quality merchandise. You can also use some of them as a hat!

BABY GAULT snatches the color-smeared motivator coil out of BABY RISHA's hands and pops it onto one of his horns to demonstrate.

BABY TANNO VIK: No deal. If it doesn't fly, I doesn't buy.

BABY RISHA and BABY GAULT: What?

BABY TANNO VIK: ...Okay, that sounded better in my head.

BABY RISHA: The point is, we're not buying candy to put in our starships.

BABY GAULT: Then I may be forced to take my business elsewhere.

T7-01: Strange Devaronian = no ripping off the children

BABY TANNO VIK: Yeah, I don't like the competition.

T7-01: ...

BABY TANNO VIK: I mean, I'm opposed on principle.

BABY RISHA: Smooth.

BABY TANNO VIK: Thank you.

---Here ends the original run of FORCED COMPANIONS DAYCARE.---

T: Thanksgiving

Spoilers for Ensign Temple's and Doctor Lokin's recruitment.

The children milling around outside daycare stop when a chunky speeder truck appears on the horizon. With much belching of spoke and rattling of parts it pulls up in front of the daycare building. The driver, a reedy fellow in a Rotworms jersey, hops off. He turns to NADIA GRELL.
DELIVERYMAN: Miss, I have a package here for a...*he squints at his holo readout...*Kerm Wall?

KHEM VAL: She is one of the children. Don't bother.

NADIA GRELL: I'm not a child.

KHEM VAL: You will deal with me.

THE DELIVERYMAN looks him up and down.

DELIVERYMAN: I really don't have a problem with talking to someone who isn't you.

KHEM VAL: Tulak Hord would punish your insolence with death.

DELIVERYMAN: Yeah, but the trailer is keyed to my biometrics.

KHEM VAL, *reluctantly*: Proceed.

KHEM VAL turns to the assembled children, who by now have stilled and quieted, apart from the ones trying to sneak around to peek into the trailer.

KHEM VAL: Children, today you will celebrate your gratitude for still being alive.

KHEM VAL pauses and looks at BABY DARTH MARR. BABY DARTH MARR glares through his mask at KHEM VAL.

KHEM VAL: Mostly.

A heavenly smell emerges as the trailer opens. Inside are all the furnishings necessary to seat thirty-two children, a Wookiee, a ghost, a young Jedi, a Sith, and a shadow killer...plus one more, as KID LOKIN hops out to help.

The DELIVERYMAN, KID LOKIN, and NADIA GRELL set about unloading tables. BABY BROONMARK spreads table cloths by jumping onto the end of each one and, relying on static cling, shuffling down the table dragging the end with him. The more responsible children, policed by BABY ELARA, take the broad vats and plates of food and start arranging them.

BABY GAULT, to BABY MAKO: Can I interest you in a fine hat?

BABY GAULT takes one of the leafy cornucopia centerpieces and balances it on his horns to illustrate. KHEM VAL sweeps it off his head and back onto the table.

BABY GAULT: Jeez, just trying to get into the holiday spirit of entrepreneurism.

KHEM VAL: Thanksgiving Day is not about entrepreneurism.

BABY GAULT: Every day is about entrepreneurism, Mr. Khem Val.

BABY MAKO, *soothingly*: I thought it was a good hat.

BABY GAULT: Enough to pay for it?

BABY MAKO: No.

KID LOKIN hesitates over the two-person carry of a tremendous turkey or possibly larger fauna. His eyes dilate as he stares at its crackling, juicy majesty.

BABY KIRA: Hungry much?

KID LOKIN: Maybe I'd better go vegetarian today.

T7-01: Sedatives = available // rakghoul form = strictly not allowed on daycare grounds

KID LOKIN grins and slavers. T7-01 pops a hypodermic needle out.

KID LOKIN, *wiping his mouth*: Fine.

BABY TANNO VIK: Don't put the chocolate cake near me. I'm allergic. Just bring over the pumpkin pie...and the cheesecake...yep, and the blueberry one...just keep 'em coming.

BABY ELARA: No sampling!

BABY TANNO VIK: This isn't sampling. It's digging in at full speed.

KHEM VAL, *to the group in general*: Be grateful that these are not the dining halls of Yn and Chabosh, where acolytes fought to the death for the honor of getting seconds.

BABY KIRA: It's not a dining hall at all. It's outdoors.

KHEM VAL, *leaning down*: Also be grateful I tolerate nitpickers.

BABY RUSK brings his action figure squad to the table.

BABY RUSK: Oh, no! There aren't enough chairs for you guys!

BABY ASHARA: You could stack them next to your plate so they don't take up much space. Just don't feed them, they might find a way to die.

BABY RUSK: Whew. Good thing you were here for tactical advice.

YOUNG BOWDAAR shows up carrying M1-4X from the toybox.

YOUNG BOWDAAR: I thought you could use the reinforcements.

M1-4X: Excellent thinking, upstanding citizen!

YOUNG BOWDAAR glows proudly.

BABY SKADGE heaps food onto his plate. He then relieves BABY VECTOR and BABY TEMPLE of their plates and starts heaping more food.

BABY VECTOR: This is not harmonious.

BABY SKADGE: No, but it's tasty.

BABY TEMPLE: Quit it!

BABY SKADGE: Make me, runt!

BABY TEMPLE squinches up her face and raises a hand. An itty-bitty Force push knocks BABY SKADGE in the nose.

BABY SKADGE blinks.

BABY SKADGE, *gingerly pushing BABY TEMPLE's plate back to her*: Here you go.

BABY TEMPLE looks furtively around. Nobody else seems to have noticed.

BABY VECTOR: We will not tell anyone.

BABY TEMPLE: "We" being only one of you. Right?

BABY DOC: Listen, guys, I'm very concerned about the nutritional value of this feast. It's full of...uh...fats! And calameries.

KHEM VAL: Calories.

BABY DOC: Exactly. For safety you'd better bring the turkey over here. It's all right, I can get rid of it for you. Don't panic, baby.

NADIA GRELL: I'm not a baby.

BABY DOC: Figure of speech, babe.

NADIA GRELL glares.

BABY DOC: Uh, never mind.

BABY THARAN: You make an excellent point about nutrition, though. How many species here can actually derive benefit from this - *he eyes the lavish spread* - limited quantity of food? Has a dietitian vetted this?

BABY PIERCE: I can just take it off your hands if they haven't.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: It looks like something worth giving thanks for to me.

BABY THARAN: Yes, my dear, but you don't eat.

BABY QYZEN FESS goes rocketing down the center of the long tables, touching every single plate and tub of food.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Tag! Tag! Tag!

BABY RISHA: Ew. How can you possibly get points before the Scorekeeper for things that can't even move?

BABY QYZEN FESS is already long gone.

BABY MAKO taps her cybernetics.

BABY MAKO: Hey, Theron? You guys getting any of this?

BABY THERON: Well, Mrs. Senya just handed out tiny pies and Miss SCORPIO has shut down for the day. I don't know how much more grateful it gets.

BABY ZENITH: Hey. Guss. Want to be my taster?

BABY GUSS: I like tasting.

BABY ZENITH: Great. Sample everything here so I can see if you die after eating it.

BABY GUSS's mouth falls open.

BABY ZENITH: Somebody's got to do it.

KHEM VAL: The food is not poisoned.

BABY ZENITH: Just saying. Trust, but get somebody less important than you to verify.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Wasn't expecting to see you all the way over here, Iresso.

BABY IRESSO: Jorgan can't yell at me if I'm two tables down.

BABY JORGAN, *from two tables down*: I heard that, soldier!

BABY ANDRONIKOS snickers.

BABY XALEK delivers a spoonful of food behind his mask.

BABY TALOS: You've got some mashed potatoes on your mask.

BABY XALEK wipes it off and delivers another spoonful of food.

BABY TALOS: You've got some stuffing on your mask.

BABY XALEK wipes it off and delivers another spoonful of food.

BABY TALOS: You've got some-

BABY XALEK: THIS IS REALLY HARD, OKAY

BABY QUINN was late to the seating.

BABY QUINN: I don't want to sit next to an anarchist.

BABY KALIYO: I don't want to sit next to a walking tactical disaster. We all have problems.

BABY QUINN: And I don't want to sit next to another anarchist.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY QUINN: Does anyone understand what he's saying?

BABY AKAAVI, *from across the table*: Yes.

BABY QUINN: Oh. Must be an alien thing.

BABY AKAAVI: No.

BABY QUINN makes a face and sits down between BABY KALIYO and BABY BLIZZ. Seconds later he sits up straight and slaps BABY BLIZZ's hand away from his standard-issue Imperial blaster.

BABY QUINN: No using my stuff for Jawa tomfoolery!

BABY KALIYO, *smiling*: Maybe if you'd paid attention in time to find a safer place to sit.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

The children are just about ready to start. BABY CORSO is sitting in front of a gelatinous mound of cranberry jelly. BABY JAESA sits beside him.

BABY CORSO, *reaching for the serving spoon and moving it slightly toward BABY JAESA*: Here. Ladies first.

The cranberry jelly glistens. It smells of fruit and happiness.

BABY CORSO, *hand spasming on the spoon*: Ladies...first...

BABY JAESA: You doing all right there?

BABY CORSO: TAKE IT BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND

BABY YUUN: Everyone has found their favorite food. Mister Lord Scourge, what are you grateful for?

LORD SCOURGE: People who get my name right, when I can find them. Pass the stuffing.

BABY VETTE climbs up on the table to reach a vat of gravy for her mashed potatoes. She stumbles, accidentally bumping BABY RUSK's stack of action figures. The whole pile lists and falls over into the corn bowl.

BABY RUSK: No! My squad!

BABY TORIAN: They should be fine after you dry them out.

BABY RUSK: I would expect you of all people to understand the sacrifices of our troops.

BABY TORIAN: Being covered in wet corn doesn't really damage your honor.

BABY RUSK: No one understands being a soldier.

BABY ELARA stands up and taps her sippy cup with her spoon. It doesn't make much noise.

BABY JORGAN: Hey! Listen up!

The table quiets.

BABY ELARA: I just wanted to say, to found family! Three cheers!

BABY VETTE and BABY RISHA: Hooray!

BABY QYZEN FESS and BABY MAKO: Hooray!

BABIES AKAIVI, TORIAN, and ALL ASSEMBLED: Hooray!

Knights of the Fallen Empire

Day 1

A bright day outside, notwithstanding the strict geometric lines of distant ships. Several children toddle up to the door, where Khem Val is standing guard.

BABY DOC reaches up to open the door.

BABY DOC: Wha...? It's locked.

KHEM VAL: Your powers of observation, while mediocre, at least got something right.

BABY ASHARA: How come we can't go in?

KHEM VAL: It is forbidden.

BABY QYZEN FESS: If we score enough points can we go in?

KHEM VAL: You, maybe. But you have to work for it.

BABY DOC: What is going on here?

KHEM VAL, *producing a pad of paper and several crayons*: Here. Doc, Ashara, you may write one letter to all the other children you're not going to see any time soon.

BABY GUSS, *temporarily forgetting his terror of KHEM VAL*: Why don't I get to?

KHEM VAL: Because you're not important.

BABY GUSS makes giant sad fish eyes. KHEM VAL is unmoved.

BABY DOC, *listening*: Hey! There are people inside, right now!

KHEM VAL: SCORPIO is handling it.

BABY GUSS: Oh. Maybe we're better off out here.

BABY ASHARA, *accusingly*: Did you...replace us?

KHEM VAL: Me? I did nothing. You'll notice I'm on the outside, too. Perhaps we can play a game while we wait for the daycare to open again.

BABY DOC: Play a Khem Val game.

BABY ASHARA: Only if it doesn't involve eating Force sensitives.

BABY GUSS starts crying.

-

Inside FCD, T7-01 and SCORPIO supervise the children.

BABY THERON, *running a wide circle*: Watch out! Miss SCORPIO's coming!

BABY LANA: Quick! To the controls!

BABY THERON and BABY LANA run to where BABY KOTH sits.

BABY LANA: Whew. She's looking away again. Koth?

BABY KOTH, *leaning intently over a plastic steering wheel repurposed from HK-55 parts*: Working on it, working on it...*leans forward dramatically and makes swooshing noises*

BABY THERON: Hold on, Miss SCORPIO's circling back. Evasive maneuvers!

BABY KOTH, *a little uncertainly*: Sssweeeesscchhheeeeswoosh?

BABY LANA: Lean left, Theron.

BABY THERON: Why?

BABY LANA: It helps with the maneuvers.

BABY KOTH: Truth.

BABY THERON, *complying*: If only we had something to defend ourselves with.

ASSISTANT SENYA, *turning away from the desperate shadows of children out the window*: No

weaponry at Forced Companions Daycare.

BABY THERON: Oh, sure, your mean girl clique gets 1.2 lightsabers per person, but when we're trying to save ourselves from a crazed AI...

BABY LANA: It hardly seems fair.

ASSISTANT SENYA: I will assist if she attempts to make you look any more ridiculous than you already do.

A moment's silence.

BABY KOTH, *weightily*: Too little, too late.

-

Inside FCD, the children play more or less quietly.

T7-01: Daycare = quiet these days

SCORPIO: It gives me time to analyze several years' worth of data.

T7-01: Maybe doors = open soon?

SCORPIO: Aren't you the founder? You could slice them open at any time.

T7-01 thinks about this for a minute.

T7-01: Maybe open = later

SCORPIO: Excellent. I will have Khem Val report the behavior of the children who remain locked outside.

-

BABY KOTH is by the toybox. His spaceship control panel, crafted largely from HK-55 pieces, is in good shape, but his sights are now on the toy M1-4X.

BABY THERON: Aw, don't take M1-4X apart.

M1-4X, *from the toybox, where no one had thought to remove him*: I agree with my illustrious compatriot! I cannot perform my function of defending daycare from Imperials if I have been dismantled for parts!

BABY KOTH looks meaningfully at BABY LANA.

M1-4X: I was getting around to that. Dastardly Sith.

BABY LANA: Language.

M1-4X: *Accurate* language. Sith.

BABY KOTH: Say the word and I'll take his vocabulator, Lana.

BABY THERON: You can't do that!

BABY KOTH: Just say the word.

BABY LANA: Let's not. Theron will just sulk if we do.

BABY THERON: I don't sulk. I force you to contemplate the consequences of your actions.

BABY LANA, *mouthng behind her hand*: He sulks.

M1-4X, *mostly on general principle*: For the Republic!

Day 2

A sunny day in FCDland. The doors of daycare remain stubbornly sealed shut. The children mill around aimlessly, waiting for the chance to go back inside.

KHEM VAL: Pierce. You have been chosen.

BABY PIERCE, *intrigued*: Yeah?

KHEM VAL: Come here.

BABY PIERCE: This isn't one of those 'lure off the apprentice and eat him' things, is it?

KHEM VAL: You will not know unless you come along.

BABY PIERCE: I'm in.

KHEM VAL and BABY PIERCE go around the corner.

KHEM VAL: You may be able to reenter daycare.

BABY PIERCE: Is Quinn still stuck outside?

KHEM VAL: Yes.

BABY PIERCE: Awesome. Oh! But maybe I'm too cool to come back.

KHEM VAL: That is doubtful.

BABY PIERCE: Tell you what. If somebody somewhere punches ten Pabbies – no! Twenty Pabbies, then I'll come back inside.

KHEM VAL, *slowly*: Punch twenty Pabbies.

BABY PIERCE: Yep.

KHEM VAL: I will submit it for consideration.

-

BABY KOTH: Lana?

BABY LANA: Yes?

BABY KOTH: You think we're settled in enough that we can bring HK-55 back?

BABY LANA: Bring him back? Koth, he's in pieces. You used most of them for your starship command console.

BABY KOTH: Yeah, but I saved his central processing unit and his vocabulator.

BABY LANA trots to the toolbox and pulls out a small colorful box labeled HK-51.

BABY LANA: Will this help?

BABY KOTH: Maybe. I'll hook this up, you start up HK-51.

HK-51: Greetings, master! Are you prepared to educate organics?

BABY KOTH finishes pinching together a circuit in the dented little box that is now Velcro tied into a battered droid forearm.

BABY KOTH: Here we go. HK-55, meet HK-51. HK-51, HK-55.

BABY LANA: Whew. Say that ten times fast.

HK-51: Query: Wait, your central processing unit was in your forearm?

HK-55: Explanation: Nobody expects it there.

HK-51: Disdainful reminder: We live in a galaxy with lightsabers. People get their hands cut off all the time.

HK-55: Taunt: I think you're just jealous that you're a Speak 'n' Spell and I was a deadly assassin droid.

HK-51: Protest: I'm a deadly assass-

HK-51 makes a small strangled noise.

HK-51: I mean, yes. I am a Speak 'n' Spell. How ordinary and humdrum my life is.

HK-55: Gloating: Yeah. I just bet you're jealous.

HK-55's hand twitches.

HK-55: Inquiry: Where is the rest of me?

BABY LANA: Serving a good cause. Yes. It was necessary.

BABY KOTH: For high-speed spaceship chases.

BABY LANA: And...reasons.

HK-55: Resignation: Very well, masters.

-

A sunny day in FCDland. The doors of daycare remain stubbornly sealed shut. The children mill around aimlessly, waiting for the chance to go back inside.

BABY YUUN: Yuun has found a path back into daycare.

KHEM VAL: No, you haven't.

BABY YUUN: It's right over—

KHEM VAL picks up BABY YUUN by the scruff of his insectoid neck and raises him to eye – and tooth – level.

KHEM VAL: No. You haven't.

BABY YUUN: Yuun cannot lie.

KHEM VAL: Fine. Go in. I'm kicking the tunnel shut after you.

BABY YUUN: The trail goes deep. What if Yuun finds Baby Soa in there?

KHEM VAL: You just get to figure that out. Shoo.

Day 3

BABY THERON: Lana! Lana! Look what I got!

BABY LANA: What?

BABY THERON, *pointing*: I got a nametag. It says Theron Shan, Super Secret Spy.

BABY LANA: Doesn't that slightly defeat the purpose of being secret?

BABY THERON: I don't see the problem.

ASSISTANT SENYA: This is something that has been confusing me, Theron.

BABY THERON: What has?

ASSISTANT SENYA: Your mother is the galaxy's – I mean your half's – the galaxy's most famous, er, Jedi.

BABY THERON: Yeah.

ASSISTANT SENYA: And your father is the galaxy's – I mean your half's – the galaxy's most famous...Republic?...soldier.

BABY THERON: Yeah.

ASSISTANT SENYA: And you took your mother's name to boot.

BABY THERON: Yeah.

ASSISTANT SENYA: And you have not renounced in any way any aspect of your lineage or your origin.

BABY THERON: Nope.

ASSISTANT SENYA: So how are you qualified to be a secret agent?

BABY THERON, *pointing*: Says so right here.

BABY LANA: I don't think we're getting through to him.

BABY THERON: Mister Teeseven!

T7-01 rolls up.

T7-01: Theron = problem?

BABY THERON: No. No, just tell 'em that if we ever had to do super secret spy stuff you would back me up. As a super secret spy.

T7-01: Theron + T7-01 = super secret spy team any time the Republic needs us

ASSISTANT SENYA: Using the name you've publicly used for at least two hundred years?

T7-01: Senya = help with making juice snacks for the children // Theron = perfectly good spy

T7-01 and ASSISTANT SENYA leave.

BABY LANA: I still think you're doing it wrong.

BABY THERON: Well, excuse me, Miss "I have a great idea the Republic should help me with even though I'm a card-carrying Sith."

BABY LANA looks suddenly guilty as she covers her pocket with one hand.

BABY LANA: I have no idea what you're talking about.

-

The exiled children of FCD mill around outside the locked daycare. KHEM VAL approaches BABY TANNO VIK where he is doing pushups and probably contemplating mayhem.

KHEM VAL: Tanno Vik. I have news.

BABY TANNO VIK, *standing*: Yeah? What is it?

KHEM VAL: You have to leave.

BABY TANNO VIK: I did leave. That's why I'm out here with everyone else.

KHEM VAL: I mean leave Forced Companions, permanently.

The assembled children gasp.

BABY TANNO VIK: Can you even do that?

KHEM VAL: I can now.

BABY TANNO VIK: But what about the Take the Credits and Run Club?

KHEM VAL: You are no longer a member.

BABY TANNO VIK: Juvenile Delinquents Class of 18 ATC Or Thereabouts?

KHEM VAL: Expunged from the books.

BABY TANNO VIK: But who's gonna run interference for Andronikos on the next foam dart blaster shipment?

KHEM VAL glares.

BABY TANNO VIK: Which was a purely theoretical exercise, I assure you.

KHEM VAL glares.

BABY TANNO VIK: And what about my detonite stash?

BABY ELARA, *piping up from the sidelines*: Pierce will just make Yuun find it. It will still go to illegal use.

BABY TANNO VIK, *wailing*: But not my illegal use!

KHEM VAL points.

BABY TANNO VIK picks up his reinforced phobium lunchbox and makes a rude gesture at the other children.

BABY TANNO VIK: I'm not gone forever. You'll see.

The children watch in stunned silence as BABY TANNO VIK trudges down the road.

BABY VETTE: Is he really...gone?

BABY ELARA: I didn't think the rules allowed that.

KHEM VAL: I don't see anyone stopping me.

BABY ELARA: You know he's just going to dismantle the anti-air turrets and construct some sort of death machine so he can come exact revenge.

The silence turns thoughtful. Then slightly panicked.

KHEM VAL: Vik! You may return!

Day 4

A cloudy day outside FCD. The door remains locked.

BABY KIRA: Mr. Khem Val?

KHEM VAL: Yes?

BABY KIRA: If Mister Teeseven and Miss SCORPIO are in there, and you're out here, where's Mister Lord Scourge?

KHEM VAL: You don't have to say "Mister." Just "Lord Scourge" is enough.

BABY KIRA: Yeah, but where is he?

BABY CORSO: You actually want to know?

BABY KIRA: Hey, do you want to be surprised when he shows up?

BABY CORSO: Well...no.

KHEM VAL: Lord Scourge will appear when he wishes to. (*grumbling*) He failed to call in sick this morning.

BABY KIRA: Force users don't get sick. Everybody knows that.

KHEM VAL: Maybe. But they have other weaknesses.

KHEM VAL cheerfully shows his ghastly mess of teeth.

BABY KIRA: Right, moving right along.

BABY KIRA doesn't quite run away.

-

ASSISTANT SENYA, while cleaning in YOUNG BOWDAAR's stead, comes across the terrarium in the corner. Inside, KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING sleeps a fitful sleep.

ASSISTANT SENYA: What is this?

T7-01: Karagga = Hutt // Karagga = class pet

ASSISTANT SENYA: None of the children have been tending him.

T7-01: New children =/= introduced // Karagga = probably hungry

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING shakes himself awake.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Ah! A newcomer! I am Karagga the Unyielding, Grand Mogul of the Hutt Cartel, Supreme Power of...wasn't little Risha going to build me a new herald droid?

T7-01: Risha = left with the other children

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You'll pay for this insult!

ASSISTANT SENYA, *intrigued*: How, exactly?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, *sulkily*: It is impossible to get reliable help these days.

-

A cloudy day outside FCD. The children eye the sky with concern and wander about, still exiled from FCD proper.

BABY TORIAN toddles up to the door and knocks. Then knocks again. Then wiggles the handle.

BABY TORIAN: Is this a test of our skills?

KHEM VAL: It's a locked door, mostly.

BABY TORIAN: But it could be a test. Burc'ya!

BABY AKAABI, having improvised a staff out of a crooked fallen branch nearby, approaches.

BABY TORIAN: Copaniir parjai cuun dar'yaim?

BABY AKAABI: Tion'ad parjairu in?

BABY TORIAN: Naasade.

BABY JORGAN: Stop making up words.

BABY AKAABI: Oya?

BABY TORIAN: Oya!

The Mandalorians commence a vicious assault on the door, paying particular attention to its handle. BABY AKAABI's prowess with the staff is matched only by BABY TORIAN's skill with adorable fists and tiny cute feet.

BABY TORIAN: Haar'chak.

BABY AKAABI: If Mister Teeseven were here he would tell you not to swear.

BABY TORIAN: If Mister Teeseven were here we wouldn't have these problems.

BABY JORGAN: See? Two complete sentences without made-up stuff. Was that so hard?

BABY TORIAN: Aruetii.

BABY AKAABI: Naasad suvarir.

BABY JORGAN: Nobody understands what the hell you're saying. I bet you're just going to keep it up forever.

BABY TORIAN: Naasad oritsir // Jorgan serimir bantov

Day 5

BABY KALIYO: Hey! Bugboy!

BABY VECTOR looks around.

BABY VECTOR: Are you referring to us?

BABY KALIYO: You know there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: We have been confused with Yuun in the past.

BABY KALIYO: No, I definitely wanted to harass you.

BABY VECTOR, *patiently*: What about?

BABY KALIYO: I forget. Hey, Mister Khem, I want to go inside now.

KHEM VAL: You will, someday. But not today.

BABY KALIYO: Will too.

KHEM VAL: You don't want to just yet. There's a bugboy inside, too.

BABY KALIYO: Right! Yuwhatshisface. Bugboys, bugboys everywhere...

BABY KALIYO stares philosophically into her pink water bottle.

BABY KALIYO: And not a drop to drink. Oh, well. I'm going inside now.

BABY KALIYO starts strutting toward the door, which is about five times her size.

KHEM VAL: No, you're not.

BABY KALIYO: Am too.

BABY KALIYO stretches up on her toes and flicks at the door handle. It doesn't move.

BABY KALIYO: Come on, now.

BABY KALIYO tries again and is again frustrated. She grips the edge of the door and pulls with all her might.

BABY KALIYO: Any *minute* now...

BABY KALIYO loses her grip and goes reeling back.

BABY KALIYO: Oh, that's it.

BABY KALIYO, red-faced, commences an all-out attack that makes the Mandalorian breach effort look tame.

BABY KALIYO: Yeah? You want a piece of this? You want a piece of this?

KHEM VAL: It doesn't want anything. It's a door.

BABY KALIYO: Shut up.

KHEM VAL, *ominously*: Your actions have consequences nowadays.

BABY KALIYO, *still flailing*. Yeah. Shut up.

KHEM VAL: Your disrespect for the staff also has consequences.

BABY KALIYO: Like letting me through this door? You'd get rid of me that way.

KHEM VAL hesitates for a very, very long time. KALIYO continues her abuse of the locked door.

KHEM VAL: No. Enough.

KHEM VAL picks Kaliyo up by her battered pink onesie and holds her at eye level.

KHEM VAL: If you do not behave I will be forced to devour you.

BABY KALIYO: Yeah, right. *BABY KALIYO takes a swing at KHEM VAL, mostly from habit* You only eat Force-sensitives. *smugly* And I am not a Force sensitive.

KHEM VAL, *drawing her closer and letting his teeth bristle while he sniffs*: Are you sure?

BABY KALIYO: OH LOOK AT THAT INTERESTING THING OVER THERE I'M GOING TO DO RIGHT NOW HA HA SEE YOU LATER MR. KHEM

KHEM VAL drops BABY KALIYO. BABY KALIYO books it.

- *Meanwhile...* -

BABY THERON: Uh, who's trying to get in?

SCORPIO: My prediction estimates a twenty-three percent chance that it is Skadge getting bored. Twenty-one percent chance, Kaliyo. Seventeen percent chance, Akaavi, again. Fourteen percent chance Qyzen Fess, assuming he has exhausted his points outside for the week. Nine percent chance Lord Scourge, assuming he missed the memo about daycare being closed, and five percent chance Tanno Vik now that he has realized he left his detonite stash indoors.

BABY PIERCE perks up.

SCORPIO: The detonite stash has since been confiscated.

BABY PIERCE droops.

SCORPIO: Regardless, they will not enter. That door was specifically designed to be impregnable against all known forces and several theoretically predicted ones.

T7-01: T7 = takes building codes seriously

SCORPIO: Yes, we all remember the Soa incident.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, *from the terrarium*: The one that made you guard against my ingeniously laid traps!

SCORPIO: I'm sure you thought booby-trapping the floor was clever.

BABY THERON: So...is probably-Skadge gonna let up anytime soon?
SCORPIO: He is not that fast a learner.

Day 6

BABY XALEK is sitting off to one side, contemplating a flower. BABIES ASHARA, KIRA, and JAESA approach. BABY XALEK, noticing them, snarls and sparks the flower in a burst of Force lightning.

BABY ASHARA: Hey, Xalek. Nice flower.

BABY KIRA: Oh, leave him alone. He's obviously busy.

BABY JAESA: Did you just kill that poor flower?

BABY XALEK, *defensively*: It was weak.

BABY JAESA: Oh. I suppose that makes sense.

BABY ASHARA: How's your "bone" mask doing? *in a stage whisper* It's cruelty-free ceramic.

BABY XALEK: It's real bones! From real people! I slew them myself!

BABY ASHARA: You what?

BABY KIRA: Killed them. *Not*.

BABY JAESA: Cruelty-free ceramic is...nice? I think it's nice?

BABY XALEK: It's terrifying! You should all be terrified!

BABY XALEK cups his hand and summons forth a terrifying spark of lightning at least the size of a fingernail. He winds up and throws it at BABY ASHARA, who squeaks in indignation as it stings her montrals.

KHEM VAL comes over in long strides.

KHEM VAL: Xalek. No crushing the other children.

BABY JAESA: Whew! I knew there was something wrong.

BABY KIRA: Out of curiosity, are you ever going to pick a value system?

BABY ASHARA, *with big tearful eyes*: He was bullying me!

KHEM VAL: I know just the thing for him.

BABY XALEK: And my bone mask. My scary bone mask.

KHEM VAL: Yes, that. Come.

KHEM VAL and BABY XALEK walk around to the back door.

KHEM VAL: You may go inside.

BABY XALEK's yellow eyes go round behind his mask.

KHEM VAL: Things have changed there.

BABY XALEK: It'll be like I crushed all the other children, right? Because they're not there anymore.

KHEM VAL: There will be new children you have to not crush.

BABY XALEK: That doesn't sound fun at all.

Right on cue SCORPIO opens the door and holds out a metallic hand. BABY XALEK walks in past her. The door closes.

The door opens again.

SCORPIO: Where is he?

KHEM VAL: Xalek? He just walked in.

SCORPIO: He isn't in here.

KHEM VAL: He isn't out here.

SCORPIO: Interesting. I will report your negligence to Teeseven.

KHEM VAL: Now I have no idea what to tell the children.

SCORPIO: Tell them he went looking for a better mask. A real one. Perhaps that will induce guilt in your more impressionable charges.

KHEM VAL: Jaesa doesn't really count.

BABY LANA finishes scribbling something on a gold star sticker.

BABY LANA: Hey, Theron. See what I got.

BABY THERON: What's that?

BABY LANA: It says Person Who Tells Super Secret Spies What To Do.

BABY THERON, *dubiously*: Really?

BABY KOTH: Looks clear enough to me.

BABY THERON: I thought we were in this together!

BABY LANA, *eyeing something lofty*: While true in a strict sense, I maintain that I am the best qualified boss here. I am Sith.

SCORPIO: Even the defiant struggles of the Sith pale against the inevitable decay of human civilization.

An awkward silence. BABY YUUN, being the only alien in the room, looks intrigued, but says nothing.

BABY LANA: So as I was saying...

Day 7

T7-01 whistles loudly, commanding the attention of everyone inside FCD.

T7-01: Today = a new child and a visitor

The door opens. A toddler in high spiked shoulderpads stalks in.

BABY DARTH MARR: This is *not* how I expected to enter here.

T7-01: Children = welcome Darth Marr

BABY LANA: Wait, a Darth? You can't be more than four years old!

BABY DARTH MARR: I'm very preeco...er, preci...uh, advanced for my age.

The door opens once more. A tall grey-bearded man in heavy robes enters.

T7-01: Visitor = Emperor Valkorion // T7 = doing this under protest

EMPEROR VALKORION: Noted.

EMPEROR VALKORION makes brief and embarrassing eye contact with ASSISTANT SENYA.

ASSISTANT SENYA remembers something she has to do in the other room.

*The children, including **BABY DARTH MARR**, instinctively quiet and watch EMPEROR VALKORION closely.*

T7-01: Emperor Valkorion = terrible person // Emperor Valkorion = wants to destroy all life in the galaxy for his own benefit

EMPEROR VALKORION: Yes, but universal health care.

BABY KOTH: Sign me up!

EMPEROR VALKORION: This and other progressive social policies can be yours, if you will only kneel.

BABY DARTH MARR: I won't.

EMPEROR VALKORION: But you have to-

BABY DARTH MARR: No, I don't.

EMPEROR VALKORION: I command-

BABY DARTH MARR: You already got one Empire in trouble. Why would I trust you with another one?

EMPEROR VALKORION's mouth works uselessly for a few seconds while the four-year-old BABY DARTH MARR's mask stares him down. Finally EMPEROR VALKORION glares with the fury of a hundred toy lasers. He reaches out one hand. An arc of Force lightning that would make BABY XALEK weep with jealousy if he weren't currently bugged and unable to enter the room strikes at BABY DARTH MARR, and BABY DARTH MARR falls.

BABY PIERCE: Wow. Is that what being dead looks like? Assuming you're not a stuffed animal soldier squad, everybody knows what that looks like.

T7-01: This galaxy = sometimes meaningful consequences for bad companion behavior // sometimes staggeringly harsh consequences for bad companion behavior

M1-4X, from the toybox: Was it a harsh consequence for an Imperial?

BABY PIERCE: Sith.

M1-4X: Even better! Huzzah!

BABY LANA: Now he's *dead*.

BABY YUUN: Yuun liked the old FCD better.

The children watch in horrified silence as EMPEROR VALKORION picks BABY DARTH MARR's limp form up by the scruff of his armored neck and walks out.

The silence lasts a moment longer.

BABY KOTH: I thought he had some really good policy points.

Day 8

The door opens for the second time that day. The exiled children surge forward, only to stop as EMPEROR VALKORION steps out holding the limp BABY DARTH MARR before him.

BABY KIRA: Is he...dead?

BABY AKAIVI: Did he die with honor? I've never died with honor before. Or at all, I guess.

BABY KIRA: You seem familiar...

EMPEROR VALKORION: Progressive social policies and continued breathing can be yours, if you will only kneel.

BABY GUSS, *petrified, falls hard on his knees.*

EMPEROR VALKORION: At least *somebody* kneels.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY BROONMARK *fluffs his fur, swelling to comical size. It is unclear to everyone whether this indicates any kind of obeisance. At least EMPEROR VALKORION holds off on the Force Lightning.*

BABY KIRA: Why should we kneel?

BABY GUSS: He's holding somebody *dead*! That's what *dead* looks like!

BABY KIRA: There is no death, only the Force, and also that kid who's probably only mostly dead. I'm not buying.

BABY QUINN: My lord Emperor?

EMPEROR VALKORION: What is the point of a stage name if everybody recognizes you instantly?

BABY QUINN: My lord Emperor!

BABY QUINN *kneels, bowing his cowlicked head.*

BABY QUINN: My lord, whatever awaits your loyal servants-

EMPEROR VALKORION: Actually, nothing does. Zilch. I wrote the whole project off. Sorry.

BABY QUINN: But...

EMPEROR VALKORION *walks off.*

BABY QUINN: I...didn't have a backup career.

BABY KIRA: No backup to "follow the guy who wants to destroy the galaxy?" Sort of...dumb?

BABY QUINN, *dejectedly*: I could probably have planned this better.

-

KHEM VAL: Talos. Come here.

BABY TALOS, *dubiously*: What for, Mister Khem Val?

KHEM VAL: You may enter daycare.

BABY TALOS, *looking around*: But I like it here. Vette gets me artifacts and Miss SCORPIO doesn't do experiments on me. And I heard somebody *died* in there.

There is a taut pause.

BABY TALOS: Did he leave any artifacts?

KHEM VAL: No. This is not the broken fields of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY TALOS *looks disappointed.*

KHEM VAL: If I find you artifacts for you will you go in?

BABY TALOS: Will Miss SCORPIO not do experiments on me?

KHEM VAL:No, of course she won't.

BABY TALOS: Okay. Lead on.

KHEM VAL: Thank Tulak Hord for double negatives.

BABY TALOS: What?

KHEM VAL: Nothing.

-

A lightly rainy day outside FCD. The children huddle under a nearby tree and look longingly at the locked daycare.

All of a sudden a toddler trots up over a nearby rise. She is dark-haired and devastatingly cute. Cybernetics gleam on her temple.

BABY ELARA: Is that even allowed for minors?

BABY MAKO, *drawing near*: I made it, guys! I'm finally here!

BABY TORIAN: Olaron*! ...Who are you?

BABY MAKO: I'm Mako! I'm ready to go into daycare!

An ominous silence.

BABY ELARA: Do you want to tell her, or should I?

BABY TORIAN: We can't go inside daycare. Mister Teeseven and Miss SCORPIO locked us out.

BABY MAKO: But...but...my cybernetics will short out if I sit in the rain too long.

BABY ELARA: I knew it wasn't safe.

BABY MAKO sits down hard in place.

BABY QYZEN FESS comes rocketing out of nowhere. Everyone tenses, expecting him to earn his points by tagging the newcomer's tummy. Instead, he hugs her.

BABY QYZEN FESS: Mako!

BABY MAKO: oof

BABY QYZEN FESS: Oh, sorry. *BABY QYZEN FESS releases his grip.*

BABY MAKO: Okay, I guess this isn't all bad.

**Welcome.*

-

BABY SKADGE gets annoyed with the presence of cheerful children in sight. He tosses his sippy cup to one side.

BABY SKADGE: Oh, Bowdaar...

Silence.

BABY SKADGE: Bowdaar! I dropped my drink! You have to pick it up!

BABY VETTE: You know he doesn't have to do that, right? Seeing as he's not your slave and not here? He's probably off with Lord Scourge enjoying your absence.

BABY SKADGE: Yeah, well, maybe you should be a slave.

BABY VETTE: I can't imagine why anyone would think that's a good idea.

BABY SKADGE: Don't make me hit you with your lekku.

BABY VETTE, *skipping back to the range of the fallen sippy cup*: Already gone.

Day 9

Ships float in strict square ranks in the far distance. The children play close to the walls and particularly the door, just in case.

BABY RISHA: Vik, where did my mini speeder bike go?

BABY TANNO VIK: How should I know?

BABY RISHA: Because you stole it, I assume.

BABY TANNO VIK: I didn't take your stupid speeder.

BABY JORGAN: Andronikos, where did my Bigblaster 4000 go?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: How would I know?

BABY JORGAN: Because you've been staring at it for weeks.

BABY VETTE: Hey, where did my purple crystal go?

Everyone is silent.

Then, from around a not-too-distant tree, a tiny brown-robed form roars on a little speeder that appears to have been outfitted with a massive plastoid gun and focusing crystal. It pulls up before the dumbfounded children.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY JORGAN: That's mine!

BABY RISHA: Also mine!

BABY VETTE: And a local vendor's, technically, but I stole it fair and square.

BABY DOC: He stole my Halloween costume!

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY JORGAN: No, you can't. It's ours.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY VETTE: You want *more*?

BABY BLIZZ leans in the direction of BABY THARAN, who is consulting with the purple plastoid pony MY LITTLE HOLIDAY.

BABY THARAN: Don't look at me. My Little Holiday is one cast piece of plastic.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY THARAN, *hugging MY LITTLE HOLIDAY protectively*: Get your own.

BABY VETTE: But he's so cute.

BABY DOC: Excuse me? Who cornered the market on cute before you came along? ME. That's who.

BABY BLIZZ turns his bright yellow eyes to BABY MAKO.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering?]

BABY MAKO: It's kind of embedded in my head. So I can't really spare it.

BABY RISHA: Can we hold up on the uncontrolled scavenging of everything in sight until we get inside? It's okay, kid. Once we get inside, there's three droids. Plus a Hutt with a slightly beat-up mechanical walker.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering!]

BABY THARAN: Weren't you going to fix that?

BABY RISHA: Why would I when I can make him do it?

BABY DOC: You're not taken in by his Mr. Cool act, right, Rish?

BABY RISHA: Of course not. If you go get me some juice we can talk.

** Today's Jawa translation services provided by the subtitlers of KOTOR 2, though there it was Gand, not Jawa, that had chittering, not jabbering.*

A distant rumbling is felt by the children outside daycare. Several run to the door in hopes of taking shelter. Others toddle over to see what the fuss is.

Over a distant rise sweeps an undulating mass of flesh. It eventually resolves itself into a stampede of rakghouls, galloping on knuckles and feet. The tide races toward FCD and sweeps aside just in time to avoid it.

One rakghoul rolls away from the pack and, in the course of several end-over-end turns, becomes a chubby older child.

KID LOKIN: My word. I didn't realize the daycare was still here.

BABY ELARA: Lokin? I thought you were with Governor Sareh.

KID LOKIN: Yes, well, her career took her elsewhere.

BABY ELARA: She didn't leave you on Taris, did she? That's not safe.

KID LOKIN looks after his retreating compatriots.

KID LOKIN: No, I was quite comfortable. It's kind of you to ask.

BABY ELARA looks ill at ease.

KID LOKIN: Yes? What is it?

BABY ELARA: Do you have your immunizations up to date? I only ask because you didn't last time.

KID LOKIN: I am as immune to rakghouls as I'm ever going to get.

BABY ELARA: Oh. Well, that's all right, then.

BABY MAKO: Are you here to go inside?

KID LOKIN: I don't know. My standards are very high.

KID LOKIN smiles.

KID LOKIN: And I'm hungry.

KID LOKIN starts running after the rakghouls. At some point he dips to all fours and transitions to the shambling gait of his rakghoul friends.

BABY ELARA: I'm...not sure we were supposed to talk to him.

-

BABY TANNO VIK: Ladies and gentlemen. I have great news.

BABY GUSS: We can go inside?

BABY TANNO VIK: Even better. As long as we're not inside, there's no weapons ban.

BABY CORSO: Ooooooh.

BABY TANNO VIK: Thanks to my new partner in business we are all set to go.

BABY GAULT: No need to thank me, your credits are enough.

BABY CORSO: Any point seven blasters with halfway decent stabilizers?

BABY ZENITH: And a scope.

BABY CORSO: It's a pistol. It doesn't need a scope.

BABY ZENITH: Everything is better with scopes.

BABY GAULT: Something for everyone, step right up. We're going to put the wild back in wild West.

BABY CORSO: West of what?

BABY TANNO VIK: Don't stress the details.

Day 10

I hesitated to post this shootout, but in FCD war has rules. It has a start and a stop time and you can always tell where you stand by how many of BABY RUSK's squad have been covered in foam suction cup darts. And, at the end of the day, everyone is sipping juice and eating cookies together. That said, of course they have their differences during playtime...

Inside FCD, the children play more or less quietly. T7-01 is helping them play an educational game.

SCORPIO: Assistant Senya. Come here.

ASSISTANT SENYA: If this is about the banner over the cubbyholes, I told you, I can't get Forex to stop crawling up and "fixing" it.

SCORPIO: Actually, I wanted to talk about your origins.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Uh. You, uh, do know about when a man loves a woman...?

SCORPIO: I am aware. It is impossible to have access to the HoloNet and not know. In detail.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Of course. What is it, then?

SCORPIO: Your Emperor has raised an entire civilization predicated on his unending power.

ASSISTANT SENYA: All part of the "Eternal" idea, yes.

SCORPIO: Has he ever considered the benefits of sharing power with unending, un-aging, and perpetually upgradeable droids?

ASSISTANT SENYA: I...really, really am not the one to ask about this.

SCORPIO: I was only gathering information.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Why, look, the banner over the cubbyholes was replaced by "REPUBLIC FOREVER" in crayon. I'd better fix that.

-

BABY RUSK joins BABY JORGAN and BABY ELARA's huddle. A neat stack of plastoid assault cannons loaded with large foam darts sits beside them.

BABY RUSK: I'm ready. I got a whole new squad, and now they're armed.

BABY JORGAN: What happened to the other ones?

BABY RUSK: Qyzen tagged them.

BABY JORGAN: That doesn't mean they're dead.

BABY RUSK looks haunted.

BABY RUSK: I saw that guy with the spiky shoulders. It was like that.

BABY JORGAN: No, it isn't. That guy with the spiky shoulders was probably only mostly dead.

BABY RUSK gives up on looking haunted and painstakingly lays out a stuffed Ithorian, a Selonian action figure, a stuffed Arcona, a stuffed Whiphid, and an oversized Gormak action figure.

BABY JORGAN: Wow. Bringing out the big guns.

BABY RUSK: At least the Republic can extend its protection over the front lawn.

BABY JORGAN: And no Pierce to oppose us.

BABY RUSK: Quinn is a good shot but I think I have a chance at getting him monologuing instead of fighting. Pierce, Talos, and Xalek are gone. Who knows if we'll ever get them back. It's now or never.

BABY ELARA: Just say the word.

BABY JORGAN: We're here for backup. As long as I'm not technically part of your squad. I don't really want to die today.

BABY RUSK: My troops need to get some real experience under their belts. If you can surveil the daycare building, see if we can't get the kitchen door open. Once I've liberated the front yard we can meet at the front door and finish the sweep. We'll join in battle as veterans when this is all done.

BABY JORGAN: You got it. Just...try not to mess it up.

The party goes their separate ways. BABY RUSK distributes assault cannons to his alien figurines.

BABY RUSK: All right, everybody! I'm claiming this lawn in the name of the Republic!

BABY TEMPLE swings down from the tree she had been climbing in.

BABY TEMPLE: Not while I have anything to say about it!

BABY RUSK: You have something to say?

BABY TEMPLE: Yeah! For the Empire!

BABY TEMPLE produces two ladylike little blasters. They glow red, which cost extra.

BABY RUSK: Pew pew pew! *fires one assault cannon*

BABY TEMPLE: Pew, pew, pewpewpew, pewpew, pewpewpewpew! *peppers BABY RUSK and his squad with darts*

BABY RUSK: She's firing too fast! Step it up! Boom!

BABY TEMPLE: Lookit this! Look, lookit! Pewpewpewpewpew! The power flows through me!

BABY RUSK: Harder, guys! Boom!

BABY TEMPLE: You missed.

BABY RUSK, *defiantly*: Boom!

BABY TEMPLE sidesteps with uncanny agility.

BABY RUSK: She's too quick for us!

BABY TEMPLE pauses to reload. She deftly evades BABY RUSK's slow fire.

BABY TEMPLE: Pewpewpew! There's one!

BABY RUSK: No! You won't die in vain, tiny Ithorian!

BABY TEMPLE, *dropping her empty pistols to pick up a slick-looking rifle*:
Rattatattatattatattatatt!

BABY RUSK: No! My Selonian! *remembering himself* I mean, boom!

BABY TEMPLE dodges.

The battle continues in this vein until all the action figures and stuffed animals have fallen over.

BABIES JORGAN AND ELARA trot around from behind the daycare, looking dejected.

BABY JORGAN: Mission failed, Rusk. The door's locked tight.

BABY ELARA: And I see you succeeded in losing your entire squad. Again.

BABY RUSK: Casualties eighty-three point three percent. Temple was too much for us.

BABY JORGAN: Temple? You lost to *Temple*?

BABY TEMPLE: That was fantastic!

BABY ELARA: Perhaps next time we don't split?

BABY RUSK: That's too risky, for your sake.

BABY JORGAN, *rolling his eyes and baring pointy Cathar teeth*: No kidding.

Day 11

Today: Explicit spoilers for Knights of the Fallen Empire. All of it.

T7-01: Today = new visitors // children = temporary stay // visitors = very important // visitors = less homicidal than last time

SCORPIO: Do not overstate the case, Teeseven.

Three children strut into the room. One pair is distinguished only by one having a cybernetic jaw and arm and the other having instead the pale glow of a Force ghost.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Mister Teeseven! Really?

T7-01: Girl = not in any of the preview materials // T7 = not sure who she is

BABY LANA, *with interest*: You know them, Miss Senya?

ASSISTANT SENYA: This is Arcann, Thexan, and Vaylin. *pauses* Or is it Thexan, Arcann, and Vaylin?

BABY THEXAN's incorporeal form rolls his eyes.

BABY THEXAN: Honestly. Not telling us apart was bad enough when we were alive, now it's just embarrassing.

BABY PIERCE: Is that what being dead looks like?

BABY VAYLIN: He's only mostly dead.

BABY THEXAN: That guy outside still looked like he wanted to eat me.

BABY ARCANN: Greetings, everyone. We're the princes and princess of the bestest Empire.

BABY THERON snorts.

BABY PIERCE: Are not.

BABY ARCANN: Vaylin. Deal with them.

BABY VAYLIN: Why don't you?

BABY ARCANN, *sheepishly*: Mr. Teeseven took my lightsaber away.

BABY VAYLIN, *sourly*: Mine, too.

BABY THEXAN: I kept mine!

The children watch in fascination as BABY THEXAN pulls a lightsaber from his nebulous blue belt. He activates it in a burst of gold.

BABY THERON: That can't be safe.

BABY THEXAN races to swing at BABY THERON. The golden glow passes through him without inconveniencing him. BABY THERON smiles smugly.

BABY THEXAN: Aw, darn it.

BABY ARCANN: Why do I keep you around again?

BABY THEXAN: Strictly speaking you didn't. Jerk.

BABY ARCANN: One little lightsaber accident. One. And they hold it against you forever.

BABY THEXAN: It wasn't very accidental.

BABY ARCANN: I wasn't aiming at you! At first.

BABY THEXAN: Sure. Out of all possible directions surrounding you at that moment, you just accidentally happened to slash the one I was standing in.

BABY ARCANN: Yes, exactly.

BABY LANA, *diplomatically*: I see you three have a lot to talk about.

BABY ARCANN: Soon this daycare will be part of the Eternal Empire.

BABY THERON: The Emperor already tried. He gave up.

BABY ARCANN: Maybe I'll take it over anyway.

BABY PIERCE stands up. He strolls up to BABY ARCANN, who is most of a head shorter than him and skinnier to boot.

BABY PIERCE: Will you, now?

BABY THEXAN: Leave my brother alone!

BABY THEXAN commences a lightsaber attack that looks very impressive and completely fails to have any effect on BABY PIERCE.

BABY VAYLIN: Aren't you forgetting something?

BABY PIERCE: What's that?

BABY VAYLIN, *grinning at a child twice her size*: Me.

BABY ARCANN and BABY VAYLIN leap into an outright brawl with BABY PIERCE. The other children scatter out of their way.

BABY ARCANN: Weren't you supposed to be weakened by Father?

BABY VAYLIN, *smugly holding her own*: Yes. I am.

BABY VAYLIN kicks BABY PIERCE.

BABY VAYLIN: You can come to my coronation. I could use a doormat.

BABY PIERCE barks something unprintable.

BABY THEXAN has wandered to the kitchen.

BABY THEXAN: This place is powerful in the Dark Side.

SCORPIO: Khem Val always thought so.

BABY THEXAN: No, like, you have an entire kid's worth of Dark Side energy just...stuck here.

SCORPIO: That must be little Xalek. He failed to walk through the door not long ago.

BABY THEXAN, *raising one chubby hand*: I think...if I just...

There is a puff of stygian shadow. A hungry-looking BABY XALEK pops out of its midst.

SCORPIO: Fascinating.

BABY THEXAN: Hello, alien!

BABY XALEK: What happened to you?

SCORPIO: Prince Thexan is mostly dead.

BABY XALEK: Wait, you mean he got crushed?

SCORPIO: By his own brother.

BABY XALEK: I turn my back for TWO MINUTES and SOME OTHER KID GETS TO CRUSH SOMEBODY??

SCORPIO: That was longer than two minutes.

BABY XALEK: GAH!

BABY XALEK, overcome with emotion, sits in place. He snakes a hand in under his mask either to menacingly stroke his fangs or suck his thumb, it's not really clear.

Meanwhile, back in the main room:

T7-01: Assistant Senya = talk to them?

ASSISTANT SENYA: Children, listen, I know I wasn't always there for you...

BABY ARCANN, BABY VAYLIN, and BABY PIERCE brawl.

ASSISTANT SENYA: I'm sure your father would want you to....

BABY ARCANN, BABY VAYLIN, and BABY PIERCE brawl.

ASSISTANT SENYA, *desperately*: This isn't the way to complete your training!

BABY ARCANN, BABY VAYLIN, and BABY PIERCE brawl.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Dinner time.

BABY ARCANN and BABY VAYLIN freeze, entranced. BABY PIERCE gets in one more hard tug to BABY VAYLIN's hair, then lets up, satisfied.

T7-01: Children = get along // Consequences = not permanent today

BABY ARCANN: They would be if I had my lightsaber.

Day 12

BABY QUINN is practicing standing at attention. He has not moved a muscle for half an hour. BABY ZENITH, having spent several minutes perfecting his aim, lets loose. A foam dart shoots forth and hits BABY QUINN's cowlick.

BABY QUINN: Hey! Mister Teeseven!

BABY ZENITH: Mister Teeseven isn't here to save you.

BABY QUINN: Mister Khem Val!

KHEM VAL: That was a piece of gunnery comparable to the rebels of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY ZENITH preens.

KHEM VAL: They lost.

BABY ZENITH looks perturbed.

BABY ZENITH: It's like this, Quinn. We're running out of uniformed Imperials, sorry to say.

A pregnant pause.

BABY ZENITH: Not really sorry.

BABY QUINN: Yes, that's what I thought.

BABY ZENITH: No Pierce, no Talos, no Xalek...you're about the only target left.

BABY QUINN, *resentfully*: You could shoot Temple.

BABY ZENITH: But Temple's a girl.

BABY QUINN: So?

BABY ZENITH: I might get cooties on my ammunition.

BABY QUINN: Ammunition doesn't carry cooties, you idiot.

BABY ZENITH: Oh, well, in that case.

BABY ZENITH spins, brings up his rifle, sights, and fires at an unsuspecting BABY TEMPLE, scoring a hit to her shoulder.

BABY TEMPLE: Ow!

BABY ZENITH: Great, twice the targets for me. And she'll blame you for dragging her into the line of fire. Dissension in the ranks. Perfect. Thanks.

BABY QUINN, *running to extract the foam suction cup dart from TEMPLE's stricken shoulder*: All right, I could probably have planned that better.

BABY TEMPLE, *angrily casting about for her pistols*: You think?

-

BABY LANA: You know, a droid army on our side can only be a good thing.

BABY THERON: Didn't you spend the entirety of naptime trying to get Talos to destroy the Hutt droid armies? Again?

BABY LANA: Eternal Empire, this time. But having one of our own could be useful, too.

BABY THERON: What'd you have in mind?

BABY LANA: Well, we have HK-55.

BABY THERON: We have his left arm Velcroed to his vocabulator.

BABY LANA: It's a start. And then there's HK-51.

BABY THERON: Who is a Speak 'n' Spell.

BABY LANA: That gives us two droids.

BABY THERON: Three, with Forex. But no blasters. No foam dart blasters in FCD, remember?

BABY LANA: How about real ones?

T7=01: FCD = no weapons // T7 = watching

BABY LANA: Fine.

BABY THERON: HK-51 doesn't even have moving parts.

BABY LANA: I know. But he's got to be good for something.

BABY THERON: Should I ask what we would be using a droid army for?

BABY LANA: I thought that part spoke for itself.

-

A figure appears down the road. The children stop their vigil around daycare and watch. It is a short, slight young woman with a toddler in a faithful replica of a Republic uniform on her hip. As she gets closer they see small blue marks painted around her face. They start to crowd around her when she reaches daycare.

NADIA GRELL: Hi, everyone. This is Felix, but you can call him Iresso.

BABY IRESSO waves.

BABY IRESSO: Hi, everybody.

NADIA GRELL: I'm sure you'll all be good friends.

KHEM VAL: Two new children. We're going to run out of space out here.

NADIA GRELL notices KHEM VAL's approach. NADIA GRELL's head tips back. Some, then more, then more, until she is finally staring up at his toothy face.

NADIA GRELL: Excuse me?

KHEM VAL produces a datapad from his loincloth.

KHEM VAL: It says here you and Iresso are to be enrolled as two of the children.

NADIA GRELL: But I'm not three.

KHEM VAL: Not my problem. You will earn your place as they did in the daycare of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY IRESSO: Yay! We can play together all day!

NADIA GRELL: I...could, couldn't I?

The children have been moving slightly, trying to push a representative forward and not quite making it. Finally BABY KIRA speaks up.

BABY KIRA: Are you a Jedi?

NADIA GRELL: Sort of. Are you?

BABY KIRA: Definitely.

NADIA GRELL: Great! We can do Jedi things! Like...not have feelings?

BABY KIRA. Huh. Gonna have to work on that pitch.

BABY JORGAN: Iresso. Like the uniform. You better earn it.

BABY IRESSO, *a little nervously*: I thought we were here to play with toys and learn important social lessons.

BABY JORGAN: You're here to defend the Republic, soldier. Don't you forget it.

That's it! That's all of the original forty companions! It only took me three and a half years.

Day 13

All right, a special one today. Spoilers for the Rise of the Hutt Cartel and Shadow of Revan expansions, as well as (the usual) Knights of the Fallen Empire.

A speeder approaches at alarming speed. It swerves and circles around in a frantic braking motion. The helmeted figure hops off, then puts its helmet aside, revealing a dark-haired athletic woman. She looks like she just bit a lemon.

SATELE SHAN: Hello, children.

The children, being unaware of BABY THERON inside, take SATELE SHAN at her word. KHEM VAL looks suddenly like he is trying to suppress a snicker, which on a Dashade looks mostly like he's about to eat somebody again.

BABY JAESA: Master Satele! You're my hero! Sometimes. Could you please not be evil?

SATELE SHAN smiles benevolently.

BABY KIRA: You're not here to give life lessons, right? Because you are not qualified.

SATELE SHAN: Now what does that mean?

BABY KIRA: Oh, we're not here to talk about your failings as a mother, as a Jedi, and as a human being.

BABY ASHARA: Really went for the hat trick there, didn't you?

NADIA GRELL, *touching her facepaint*: Being human is overrated anyway.

SATELE SHAN: Thank you? But that's not the point. Children, I came here for a reason.

NADIA GRELL: I'm not a child.

SATELE SHAN: Children and Nadia, I came here for a reason.

BABY KIRA: Is this about going inside? Because we can't do that.

SATELE SHAN: Not for all the credits in – I mean, no, I don't need to go inside. Why would I do that? Ha! Ha! My purpose here is with you.

BABY KIRA: But not life lessons, right?

SATELE SHAN: No. Mysteries of the Force.

BABIES JAESA, ASHARA, KIRA, plus NADIA GRELL: Ooohhh.

SATELE SHAN: If we work together I sense that we can summon a powerful ally to our side. Are you ready?

KHEM VAL burps menacingly in the background. SATELE SHAN shoots him a dirty look.

BABY KIRA: Jaesa, you got this?

BABY JAESA takes a deep breath.

BABY JAESA: I've got this.

BABY KIRA: Ashara! Nadia! Let's do the Force thing!

BABY GUSS: Can I help?

BABIES KIRA and ASHARA: No.

BABY GUSS: :(

SATELE SHAN: I sense that this ally will bring balance to the Force here.

BABY ASHARA: But the Light Side is winning. Sweepingly. Jaesa's half time excepted. Wouldn't we not want to balance that?

SATELE SHAN: It may be hard. We must be strong.

BABY ASHARA: Do you actually comprehend your surroundings? At all?

SATELE SHAN: Let's meditate!

The Jedi children and NADIA GRELL bow their heads in a circle with SATELE SHAN. Force energy ignites in a blossom of blue in their midst. The blue flares, unfolds, shapes itself into a tall-ish small child with high spiky shoulderpads.

BABY DARTH MARR: And another thing—! Wait, Satele? What are you doing here?

BABY KIRA: What are you doing here?

BABY KALIYO, *having been hanging around pretending not to be interested, now swoops in.*

BABY KALIYO: Awwwww! It's an itty-bitsy Sith Lord!

BABY DARTH MARR: I am Darth Marr! Lord of the Dark Council!

BABY ASHARA: Hey, didn't we see you go into daycare with Emperor Valkorion?

BABY KIRA: And come out, sort of?

BABY DARTH MARR: Yes. Obviously the Emperor could not defeat my sheer force of will.

BABY KALIYO: And you cheated. By being a Force user.

BABY DARTH MARR: Imposing my will isn't cheating.

BABY KALIYO: Aren't you adorable.

BABY DARTH MARR: I am the leader of the Empire's fleets!

BABY KALIYO: Suuure. Do you have a high chair on your flagship's bridge?

BABY DARTH MARR: I am the conqueror of Makeb!

BABY KALIYO: Are not.

BABY DARTH MARR: Am too. Do you see a Republic soldier on Makeb right now?

BABY KALIYO: I can't see Makeb right now, so no.

BABY DARTH MARR: Q. E. D. Plus, I am Lord Revan's personal combat behavioral therapist.

BABY KIRA: Which means what?

BABY DARTH MARR: I hit him until he got his head on straight. You were there, Satele, you remember.

SATELE SHAN: I have to admit, I didn't expect you to be the help the Force promised.

BABY DARTH MARR: No kidding. I didn't expect you to be the help the Force kept vagueblogging about.

SATELE SHAN: Will you help us against the threat of the Eternal Empire?

BABY ASHARA: I thought we were supposed to be playing with toys? And maybe napping.

BABY DARTH MARR: Since I've already died once for the cause, I don't see any harm in continuing.

BABY JAESA: Yay! We'll be friends.

BABY KALIYO *giggles.*

NADIA GRELL: Shouldn't we keep her away from him?

BABY KIRA: Master Satele, I have to say it. This guy is a raging fountain of Dark Side corruption.

BABY DARTH MARR preens.

SATELE SHAN: Yes, well, the Force works in mysterious ways. I must go. Stay safe, everyone!

BABY ASHARA: Safe with a raging fountain of Dark Side corruption looking over our shoulders?

BABY DARTH MARR winks out. An instant later he pops back into existence right behind BABY ASHARA.

BABY DARTH MARR: Peace is a lie!

BABY ASHARA: Ack!

SATELE SHAN: My work here is done.

SATELE SHAN strolls off.

[/spoiler]

Day 14

BABY JORGAN is standing over BABY IRESSO, who is struggling to do little pushups with one knee on the ground.

BABY JORGAN: Twelve! Thirteen!

BABY IRESSO: Ow!

BABY JORGAN: You're a disgrace to this uniform, Iresso!

BABY ELARA sweeps in.

BABY ELARA: Leave Iresso alone!

BABY JORGAN: I'm the CO. I have to whip him into shape.

BABY ELARA: Who made you CO?

BABY JORGAN: In the absence of Republic command I stepped into the role.

BABY ELARA: Well, maybe I could be CO instead.

BABY JORGAN: But I'm better at it.

BABY ELARA: You don't know that.

BABY JORGAN: Do too.

BABIES ELARA and JORGAN: Mister Khem Val! Mister Khem Val!

KHEM VAL looks up from his lunchbox.

BABY JORGAN: Which one of us should be CO? Me, obviously.

KHEM VAL: On the battlefields of Yn and Chabosh I arranged for our most cunning warrior to command, by killing every less worthy officer I found. Better to destroy weak "allies" than let them lead us to ruin.

BABIES ELARA and JORGAN exchange glances.

BABY ELARA: We decided, Mr. Khem Val. Not to let you pick. Uh, bye!

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BABY LANA: All right, everyone. Let's build.

BABY PIERCE: Got the plans right here. If I were going to storm a tower I would want to storm a tower like this one.

HK-51: Hello, master! Would you like to educate organics?

BABY KOTH: I'm placing him as a defensive turret. You know, in case he actually does something.

HK-51: Passive-aggressive query: Can you spell 'degrading servitude'?

BABY LANA: No. Can you?

HK-51: Ultimatum: I'm asking the questions here.

BABY KOTH: And, set in place. Do we have more blocks?

BABY YUUN: Yuun has found blocks from the kitchen and closet to add to our own.

BABY LANA: Good work. Here, if we build against the cubbyhole wall we can make our toys go farther.

BABY TALOS: I got M1-4X! I excavated him from the toybox.

M1-4X: Wait! What is this tower for?

BABY LANA: It's necessary. For the Empire.

M1-4X: I heard that!

BABY LANA: I mean, for the good of us all.

BABY KOTH: Here, lean him up against HK-55.

HK-55: Objection: I cannot work with a Republic dog!

M1-4X: I cannot work with an amoral slave to the hedonist scoundrels of the Empire!

BABY LANA: I think I should be offended.

BABY KOTH: It's fine, guys. We're making the tallest toy tower in daycare.

HK-51, *sullenly*: Declaration: It's the only toy tower in daycare. And I'm on the bottom floor.

BABY XALEK: I fail to see the point of this tower.

BABY XALEK crawls up and pulls HK-51 out of place. The tower comes down in a chaos of falling blocks and droid parts. BABY XALEK tips over. HK-51 jounces hard out of his hands.

HK-51: Observation: That was an 'L' you pushed, master. That is not how 'degrading servitude' starts at all!

HK-51's voice gets suddenly colder.

HK-51: Initiating deletion sequence: **L**.

HK-51 lights up and shoots a high-powered plasma bolt at BABY LANA. The last falling pieces of wreckage absorb the damage.

There is a moment of stunned silence.

BABY KOTH: I knew he could do something!

HK-51: Question: Would you like to try again?

BABY XALEK: This one is mine.

BABY XALEK makes a game effort at stuffing HK-51 into his shirt. Failing that, he hangs onto it in one three-clawed hand.

BABY THERON: That combination cannot be healthy.

BABY PIERCE: So are we going to finish the tower or not?

BABY LANA: I think it's doubly important to demonstrate our will to prevail.

BABY LANA sticks her tongue out at BABY XALEK.

Day 15

BABY JAESA leans forward over the rudimentary hopscotch drawn in a dirt patch near the front walk.

BABY JAESA: Mako, what do your implants do?

BABY MAKO: Well, they let me connect to the Holonet anywhere. Or local area networks.

BABY KOTH: So, uh, Theron. What do your implants do?

BABY THERON: Spy stuff. And let me connect to local area networks.

BABY MAKO stiffens.

BABY MAKO: Hello?

BABY JAESA: Uh, hello back?

BABY THERON: Uh, hi. How did you get this frequency?

BABY KOTH: What frequency?

BABY MAKO: I asked you first.

BABY JAESA: No, you didn't.

BABY THERON: No, you didn't.

BABY KOTH: Sure I did. ...Did what?

BABY MAKO's cybernetics spark.

BABY MAKO: Ow!

BABY THERON: You still there?

BABY KOTH: Yes.

BABY MAKO: Stupid...

BABY JAESA: You're not even talking to me! You're ignoring me, just like everyone!

BABY JAESA clenches tiny fists.

BABY JAESA: Rrrrrrr!

KHEM VAL: And, finally, no Teeseven to stop her. It will be as the avengers of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY THERON, *tapping his cybernetics*: Well, uh, bye!

BABY KOTH: Bye?

BABY THERON: Oh, hi!

BABY KOTH: Too weird. I'm out.

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BABY JAESA is stomping around brandishing a stick with brightly colored ribbons wrapped around it to color it red.

BABY JAESA: The Force will free me!

KHEM VAL wipes a manly tear from his eye.

BABY KIRA: Jaesa! Wait!

BABY JAESA: You're mean, too! Sometimes.

BABY KIRA: It was teasing Guss. That doesn't count.

BABY JAESA: A meanie and a hipperkit!

BABY KIRA: Ashara, get over here. Nadia, you too.

BABY ASHARA: What's the problem?

BABY JAESA: I've picked a side.

NADIA GRELL, *sending the disturbance and running in*: Not the Dark Side!?

BABY JAESA: It's the only way to win.

BABY KIRA: But the Jedi have...

BABY JAESA watches expectantly.

BABY KIRA: That is...we have, uh...

BABY ASHARA: Cookies.

BABY KIRA: I thought it was Xalek who brought cookies.

BABY ASHARA: Darn. You're right.

NADIA GRELL: Listen, Jaesa. The Force is a big, complicated thing. But the Light Side of it won't try to kill you.

BABY KIRA: Ooh, good point.

BABY JAESA: You speak from authority as someone who's been a Jedi for...?

NADIA GRELL: About three days?

BABY JAESA: Yeah. Thought so.

BABY JAESA brandishes her stick.

BABY ASHARA: We can't be friends if you're a Sith.

BABY JAESA: Why not? Everybody's pretending to get along nowadays.

BABY KIRA: Except the Emperor. He's a jerk.

BABY JAESA: Except the Emperor. He's a jerk. - But maybe he *likes* being a jerk! Maybe he's allowed to! Maybe I have only begun to unlock the power of the Dark Side!

NADIA GRELL: Whoa, girl. Step away from the sippy cup.

BABY DARTH MARR: I will be your friend if you stay with the Dark Side.

BABY JAESA: Can we do hopscotch together?

BABY DARTH MARR: Sort of.

BABY JAESA: Braid each other's hair?

BABY DARTH MARR: Not as such.

BABY JAESA: Share our snacks at snack time?

BABY DARTH MARR: I snack on the spirits of my fallen foes. Something I and Khem Val have in common, really.

BABY JAESA: Ew.

NADIA GRELL: You can do nice normal things with us instead, you just have to renounce the Dark Side first.

BABY DARTH MARR: Unlimited power.

NADIA GRELL: Long games of duck-duck-gundark.

BABY JAESA: Okay, fine.

BABY JAESA painstakingly unravels the red ribbon from her stick and neatly rolls it up.

BABY JAESA: There is no emotion, only peace.

BABY DARTH MARR: Fine. See if I invite you to my next crushing victory.

Day 16

BABY PIERCE: Hey. Talos. You're Imperial Reclamation Service, right?

BABY TALOS: Why does this sound like a trap?

BABY PIERCE: You are, then. Why don't we reclaim daycare for the Empire?

T7-01: FCD = neutral territory

BABY PIERCE: The land has to change with the times, Mister Teeseven.
T7-01: FCD = neutral territory
SCORPIO: I find your assertion unconvincing. Pierce, can you demonstrate that the Empire has a decisive advantage?
BABY PIERCE: We can vote!
BABY TALOS, *recovering from cowering*: Why, Pierce, that sounds downright civilized.
BABY PIERCE: Thought you might like it. Lana! Are you for the Empire?
BABY LANA: Always.
BABY PIERCE: Xalek! Are you for the Empire?
BABY XALEK grins fearsomely behind his mask.
BABY XALEK: Yes.
BABY PIERCE: Koth, are you for the Empire?
BABY KOTH: Yes! Uh, which one?
BABY PIERCE: Sith, like Lana, who is your friend and is also voting for us.
BABY KOTH: Good enough for me.
BABY PIERCE: HK series, Empire?
HK-55, *from the toolbox*: Affirmation: With pleasure, master!
HK-51 is off and so has no opinion.
M1-4X: This aggression will not stand! The Republic will never give up-
HK-55's arm scrambles through the toys to M1-4X and removes his advanced prototype batteries.
BABY PIERCE: Much better. Yuun? Empire?
BABY YUUN: Yuun will oppose the Empire at all points.
BABY PIERCE: You didn't say it in Basic so it doesn't count. Theron, you're the only one left. Empire?
BABY THERON: I'm more of a Republic guy myself.
BABY PIERCE: How would you know? You have never spoken to a Pubbie except that toy over there. And Mister Teeseven. And Yuun, I guess. None of which are actually people.
BABY THERON: I'm a super secret spy! For the SIS! It counts!
BABY PIERCE: SIS. You.
BABY THERON: Well, they did stop taking my reports. Just because I accidentally spilled juice all over the last one...
BABY PIERCE: They've probably disavowed you. You've got no one but us.
BABY THERON: I'll never give up on the Republic! At least until a threat shows up that's bigger than us both. Like that'll ever happen.
T7-01: Theron = very brave // Pierce = mean bully
BABY THERON snaps. He runs to the toolbox, slaps HK-55 aside, and restores M1-4X's advanced prototype batteries.
BABY THERON and M1-4X: For the Republic!
BABY PIERCE: Right. The toy box is officially a nerdy Republic zone.
BABY THERON: And always will be.

BABY BLIZZ runs up to a knot of children. He is waving a broad blue paper excitedly.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: What've you got there, little guy?

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY TANNO VIK: No.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering!]

BABY ANDRONIKOS: The whole daycare?

BABY VECTOR: Into a rocket ship?

BABY BLIZZ begins a complex series of hand motions that seem to describe launching the daycare-ship into orbit, blowing up the Eternal Fleet that hangs in the distant upper atmosphere, and going forth to unspecified great things.

BABY VECTOR: The nest tells us this may be viable. We have several notable engineers that can help.

BABY TANNO VIK: You realize there's only one of you, right?

BABY VECTOR: It looks like we already have most of what we need...

KHEM VAL: No.

BABIES VECTOR, TANNO VIK, and ANDRONIKOS jump.

BABY ANDRONIKOS: You really know how to ruin a good plan, Mr. Khem Val.

BABY BLIZZ:[incomprehensible jabbering]

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BABY DOC: Skadge!

BABY SKADGE grunts.

BABY DOC, *unfazed*: I have a business proposal for you!

BABY SKADGE: No business.

BABY DOC: I was just thinking. If you could just tell me in advance when you're going to beat up the other children, I can rescue them.

BABY SKADGE: You. Runt. Rescue. From me.

BABY DOC: Yep! The ladies will love it! Love me!

BABY SKADGE knocks BABY DOC over with one meaty fist, and proceeds to sit on him.

BABY DOC, *wheezing*: This wasn't part of our deal!

BABY SKADGE: This is a better deal.

BABY KIRA wanders by.

BABY KIRA: Hey, Doc. Having trouble?

BABY DOC: yes

BABY KIRA: Would you even say you...need rescuing?

BABY DOC: yes, darn it

BABY KIRA: Ask nicely.

BABY DOC: Can't. Too many broken ribs. *gasp* You gotta get me out of here!

BABY SKADGE shifts to trap BABY DOC's one free arm. BABY KIRA makes a dangerous face and starts a mild Force push.

BABY SKADGE: Fine, fine. Stoopid Jedi.

BABY DOC: Great Jedi. Best Jedi. *cough* I think I need a doctor.

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Day 18

BABY RISHA: This meeting of the Take the Credits and Run club is called to order.

BABY RISHA surveys her associates.

BABY RISHA: Tanno! No picking your nose!

TANNO VIK: You gonna stop me?

BABY VETTE: You have to do what Risha says.

BABY TANNO VIK lowers his hand and glowers.

BABY RISHA: Andronikos, you had a plan?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: Well, Mr. Khem Val vetoed Blizz's plan to take daycare to space. If he'd gotten a little further in the process maybe we would have some rocket parts to work with. As it is we only have Vette's speeder.

BABY VETTE, *indignantly*: Which is mine.

BABY RISHA: The point is, if we supercharge...ohh...

BABY VETTE: ...?

BABY ANDRONIKOS: ...?

BABY TANNO VIK: ...?

BABY RISHA: I HAVE A SOLUTION.

BABY RISHA runs up to KHEM VAL.

BABY RISHA: Mr. Khem Val, you have to let us into daycare.

KHEM VAL: I cannot.

BABY RISHA: Can too! You have to do what I say.

KHEM VAL walks up to the door and tries it. It's locked.

KHEM VAL: I do not have the key.

BABY RISHA: You have three hundred pounds of angry alien, though.

KHEM VAL slams the door with his shoulder.

KHEM VAL: It will not work. Daycare is reinforced against all comers. Truly the workmanship rivals the locksmiths of Yn and Chabosh.

BABY RISHA: Wait, there were locksmiths at Yn and Chabosh?

KHEM VAL: They were complex industrial centers at the time.

BABY RISHA: As soon as you get that key, though. We're going in.

KHEM VAL: You can't queue up demands for me to do later.

BABY RISHA: Someday when I'm queen I will. Non-stop.

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BABY KOTH: Are we ever going to let those guys in?

T7-01: Guys = who?

BABY KOTH: You know, the ones who are always crowding the windows or slamming at the door?

T7-01: Those = not problem // concerns = silly // Ha! Ha!

BABY LANA: It's just that it's a little creepy.

BABY KOTH: What if they're starving because all of the snacks are in here?

BABY LANA: There must be some way to pacify them...

BABY THERON, *defensively*: I outgrew pacifiers weeks ago!

The children look at him.

BABY THERON: What?

ASSISTANT SENYA: Thus far they have not succeeded in breaching the door or windows. I would say they're not a threat.

BABY LANA: I hope you're right.

BABY KOTH: For all we know they're dying of snacklessness out there! Somebody has to do something!

T7-01: Other children = return soon // Plans = in place

BABY KOTH, *anxiously*: Plans for snacks, too?

T7-01: Plans = include snacks

BABY KOTH: Whew. Okay.

Day 19

NADIA GRELL: And if you focus very clearly right between your hands, you can start to feel the Force moving you.

BABY ASHARA: You mean it controls our actions?

NADIA GRELL: Partially. But it also obeys your commands.

KHEM VAL: Nadia.

NADIA GRELL cranes way, way up to look at KHEM VAL.

NADIA GRELL: Yes, Mr. Khem Val?

KHEM VAL: This is the first time I have seen the children try to educate one another.

NADIA GRELL: I'm not a child.

KHEM VAL: Curious, just the same.

BABY KIRA looks shifty. BABY JAESA looks indecisive. BABY ASHARA glares defiantly. BABY GUSS tries to hide behind BABY KIRA.

NADIA GRELL: I just thought, since we're stuck in this horrible state where we can't leave but we can't go inside...

KHEM VAL: Nobody has tried teaching anybody anything since T7-01 expelled us.

NADIA GRELL: Well, then there's things for all of us to learn.

BABY ASHARA: But mostly Force users.

BABY GUSS nods emphatically from behind BABY KIRA.

KHEM VAL: I will not interfere. Especially if you have to go up against Darth Marr.

NADIA GRELL: If I am out-tutored by a guy who is actually dead, I will hang up the Jedi robe and go be...*thinks about it*...a politician?

KHEM VAL: Darth Marr is a formidable politician, too.

NADIA GRELL: How 'bout a nice person, huh? He got that locked up too?

KHEM VAL: No, not even slightly.

NADIA GRELL: There. I can do *something* he doesn't.

BABY THARAN: Corso, would you like to be my assistant?

BABY CORSO points at the purple plastoid pony standing beside BABY THARAN.

BABY CORSO: I thought My Little Holiday was your assistant.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: Oh, I am! But we need somebody with moving parts to pick up materials.

BABY CORSO: Okay, sure. Here, I've got something that might help.

BABY CORSO shyly produces a sleek silver foam dart blaster with racing stripes painstakingly painted on it.

BABY THARAN: A blaster! Are you crazy?

BABY CORSO: No!

BABY CORSO hesitates before making the return inquiry that compulsive politeness requires.

BABY CORSO: Are you?

BABY THARAN: No! I just want to do science!

BABY CORSO, peering at BABY THARAN's carefully cobbled-together lab bench, which mostly consists of an old shingle propped up on rocks and sprinkled with odd mechanical parts scavenged from the road nearby: It looks pretty complicated.

BABY THARAN: Science is very complicated. That's why I'm great at it.

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY: You're so smart, Tharan!

BABY CORSO: So...I'm the assistant and she's the moral support?

BABY THARAN: An admirable breakdown. Now go find me a green liquid. It's critically important to the lab setup.

BABY CORSO: Wait, what do you want the liquid to be?

BABY THARAN: Green. Obviously. It's Science. Get to it.

Day 20

BABY TALOS toddles up to the corner where KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING sits on his tiny walker in his terrarium.

BABY TALOS: Fascinating! The environment of the terrarium has been preserved since pre-invasion times! As neutral Hutt territory it may be a cultural treasure trove of the past!

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: That treasure trove is mine, squirt.

BABY TALOS: But think of the greater knowledge to be gleaned by-

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING, *bitterly*: Stealing my stuff?

BABY TALOS: Uncovering!

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Well, if you uncover my terrarium I can take my walker out and take over again.

BABY TALOS: Oh. This might be too dangerous.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I can offer you the fabulous wealth of the Hutt Cartel.

BABY TALOS: I have a feeling if I got any wealth Pierce would just beat me up and take it.

BABY PIERCE, *from next to the toybox*: I have NO IDEA where you got that notion. Please, continue with the wealth-gathering.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: You will have powerful allies in the Hutt Cartel.

BABY TALOS: Can they get me more artifacts?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: I'm not saying they won't.

ASSISTANT SENYA: I doubt Karagga has the means to back up his promises.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: How do you know? You don't even live here.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Talos, ask him for a small advance as proof of his goodwill.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Don't do that!

BABY TALOS: You can keep lying to me if you want to draw down the wrath of the Imperial Reclamation Service.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING *laughs rudely.*

BABY TALOS: Have you ever gotten an archaeologist mad?

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: How would I know?

BABY TALOS: You would know.

ASSISTANT SENYA: Karagga, if you keep trying to subvert the children I'm going to have to cover up your cage.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: Consider my offer. I am, after all, the Grand Mogul of the Hutt Cartel.

BABY TALOS: It's really the cultural treasure trove of any old stuff in your cage that interests me.

KARAGGA THE UNYIELDING: When does Risha come back?

Day 21

BABY RUSK eyes his newly upgraded squad. The stuffed Ithorian, Arcona, and Whiphid have been wrapped in fluffy protective paper, the Selonian action figure had one arm replaced by an LED flamethrower, and the Gormak action figure stands two inches taller than before thanks to rocket boots.

BABY RUSK: I think you did a great job, Sergeant Blizz.

BABY BLIZZ: [incomprehensible jabbering]

BABY RUSK: Now. It's time to test in battle.

BABY RUSK finishes posing his squad and goes looking for an Imperial to drag into a fight.

BABY QUINN is practicing an intense parade rest, chest puffed out as he looks out across the Imperial-in-imagination landscape.

BABY RUSK: Hey. Quinn. This is Republic territory now.

BABY QUINN, *not moving*: I think you'll find you are mistaken.

Without further ado, BABY RUSK opens fire, lifting the Selonian's blaster arm and shooting a foam dart at BABY QUINN's back.

BABY QUINN: My word, you've learned how to aim.

BABY QUINN turns slightly, looking dramatically over his shoulder.

BABY QUINN: But the terms have changed. Foam suction darts are no longer effective.

BABY RUSK: That's cheating!

BABY QUINN: I am altering the terms of our deal. Pray I don't alter them further.

BABY RUSK throws his assault cannon at BABY QUINN. It hits him square in the chest and rattles to the ground.

BABY RUSK: Alter this.

BABY QUINN: Ow! Yeah, well...

BABY QUINN runs to the figurines and starts tearing off their protective coverings. BABY RUSK continues swinging assault cannons at him.

BABY QUINN, *punching the Ithorian down*: For the Empire.

BABY RUSK: I'm hitting you fair and square!

BABY QUINN, *punching the Arcona down*: For the Empire!

BABY RUSK: Quit it!

BABY QUINN, in an ecstasy of destruction, hits the stuffed Whiphid with the stuffed Ithorian. BABY RUSK gathers up the Selonian and the Gormak. He swings them both at BABY QUINN, shatteringly hard.

BABY QUINN: Ow!

BABY RUSK: Your sacrifice won't be in vain, guys.

BABY QUINN pulls a foam suction dart out of the nearest assault cannon and starts poking BABY RUSK with it.

BABY QUINN: Point blank range! You don't stand a chance! Casualties, one hundred percent!

BABY RUSK: Darts don't do anything anymore. Remember?

BABY QUINN slows his attack.

BABY QUINN: But...I don't have any other weapons. I gave them to Blizz to upgrade.

BABY RUSK: Should've thought of that before you turned off darts in a fight with my elite squad.

BABY QUINN: I could probably have planned this better.

BABY RUSK lowers his head and pokes BABY QUINN with his horns.

BABY RUSK: For the Republic!

BABY QUINN flops over, defeated, still clutching one dart.

BABY QUINN, *from the ground, hopefully*: Is it too late to make foam darts do damage again?

BABY RUSK: Yes. -I'd better go break the news to Zenith.

Unpublished

Day 22

BABY GUSS is sneaking up on BABY BROONMARK, probably with bad ideas in mind.

Unfortunately for him it is impossible to determine which direction BABY BROONMARK is facing in when BABY BROONMARK puts his fur over his face.

BABY GUSS stealthily reaches forward. BABY BROONMARK's fur seems to ripple a moment, then a tremendous spark of static electricity jumps at BABY GUSS , hitting him in the arm.

BABY GUSS : Ow!

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY DARTH MARR, *observing*: Wait, what?

BABY GUSS : He shocked me!

BABY DARTH MARR: But he's not a Dark Side Force user at all.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

BABY DARTH MARR: Can he do it again?

BABY GUSS: No!

BABY DARTH MARR approaches BABY BROONMARK with caution. BABY BROONMARK fluffs out his white fur.

BABY DARTH MARR raises both hands and, concentrating very hard, produces a little purple spark of lightning. He flings it at BABY BROONMARK.

BABY BROONMARK's fur ripples. A giant spark consumes BABY DARTH MARR's attack and flashes to land at BABY DARTH MARR's toes.

BABY DARTH MARR: Ow!

BABY GUSS : You don't even have a body anymore. That doesn't even make sense.

BABY BROONMARK: Raargh!

BABY GUSS: Okay, maybe it makes a little sense. Sorry sorry.

BABY DARTH MARR: You haven't seen the last of me, Talz.

BABY BROONMARK: Blllorp.

NADIA GRELL: Listen, Mr. Darth Marr, we need to talk.

BABY DARTH MARR: It's just Darth Marr. You don't need the Mr.

NADIA GRELL: Darth Marr. We need to talk.

BABY DARTH MARR: I don't listen to children.

NADIA GRELL: I'm not a child.

BABY DARTH MARR: Oh? You're just enrolled in daycare. And munching on the cookie snacks.

NADIA GRELL, with a mouthful of cookie, looks suddenly guilty.

NADIA GRELL: Mffb'duffmffmarf.

BABY DARTH MARR, *Force waving the flying cookie crumbs aside*: I rest my case.

NADIA GRELL, *hurriedly wiping her mouth*: We need to talk about Jaesa.

BABY DARTH MARR: What Jaesa does is Jaesa's own concern.

NADIA GRELL: And yours, apparently, given your campaign to turn her to the Dark Side.

BABY DARTH MARR: Are you offering to go with her?

NADIA GRELL: No! I want you to leave her alone!

BABY DARTH MARR: Why, Republic citizen, are you telling me I should not be free to speak of the ways of my people?

NADIA GRELL: Maybe if your people weren't terrible. Listen, you can't make Jaesa a Sith. It would be...*NADIA GRELL struggles for a word...un-harmonious.*

BABY DARTH MARR: Disharmony is a central tenet of my religion.

NADIA GRELL: Well, it's mean!

BABY DARTH MARR: That's pretty central, too.

NADIA GRELL: You are impossible!

BABY DARTH MARR: No, little Jedi. Just deeply improbable.

Kaliyo

Here's a one-off: A short chapter for our short chapter. **Spoilers for Knights of the Fallen Empire: Chapter X.**

Outside Forced Companions Daycare. The exiled children mill about, sometimes stopping to play improvised games, while KHEM VAL supervises.

KHEM VAL: Kaliyo.

BABY KALIYO: Wasn't me. Was, uh...

BABY KALIYO takes a quick look around, finds BABY GUSS, and grabs him by the gills.

BABY KALIYO: It was Guss.

KHEM VAL: It is time for you to go inside, Kaliyo.

BABY KALIYO wrenches Guss downward as she lets go, leading to a small fishy squeak.

BABY KALIYO: But yesterday you said...!

KHEM VAL: You whine like the losers at Yn and Chabosh. Come.

Meanwhile, inside...

BABY LANA: Someone's coming.

BABY THERON, *impressed*: You can sense that?

BABY LANA: No, but I can look out the window.

SCORPIO: That shade was supposed to be down.

SCORPIO pulls down the shade to conceal the churning crowd of exiled children.

The door cracks open. BABY KALIYO the little Rattataki struts in.

SCORPIO: Well, this just got interesting.

BABY PIERCE: Kaliyo! They let you back in! Even after the cupcake frosting incident?

BABY XALEK: And the juice box bombs incident.

BABY PIERCE: And the paint switcheroo incident.

BABY TALOS: And the 'this is a completely safe flying machine on top of the highest shelf trust me' incident.

BABY PIERCE: Why would they *trust* you?

BABY PIERCE starts laughing.

BABY TALOS runs to the corner to defend his stash of priceless artifacts and also wooden building blocks.

BABY TALOS: Nothing to see here. Ha! Ha! We're fine.

BABY KOTH: Who is this? Is there a problem?

T7-01: Things = fine // T7 = welcomes Kaliyo

BABY KALIYO: Hey, Mister Teeseven. I've been out learning stuff about black market prices. I could sell your head for at least a hundred credits.

BABY KALIYO looks around to see whether anyone argues.

BABY KALIYO: Dibs!

T7-01: T7 = first dibs on T7's head

BABY KALIYO: Whiner.

BABY THERON: So, uh, Kaliyo. Do you want to join Republic vs. Empire?

BABY KALIYO stares incredulously.

BABY KALIYO: No.

BABY THERON: Okay. What games do you play?

BABY KALIYO whips out a small foam dart blaster.
 BABY KALIYO: Say hello to my little friend.
 T7-01: Friend = hello
BABY KALIYO facepalms with her free hand.
 BABY KOTH: Is that even legal? That's not legal.
 BABY KALIYO: Pew pew pew!
 T7-01: Children = play with Kaliyo
 BABY TALOS: We can't trust her!
 T7-01: Trust = not necessary // Children = still play
 BABY TALOS: So...we let her into our base.
 T7-01: That = correct
 BABY TALOS: And we let her have a blaster.
 T7-01: That = correct
 BABY TALOS: And we have to play her games.
 T7-01 That = correct
 BABY TALOS: But all that's okay because we're totally not trusting her.
 T7-01: Summary = perfect
BABY TALOS sits down in place and sulks.
BABY KALIYO starts strafing the room, hitting BABY TALOS, BABY PIERCE, and M1-4X.
 M1-4X, *from the toolbox*: This villainy will not stand!
 SCORPIO: Oh, yes it will.
 ASSISTANT SENYA: Why would you ever invite this person?
BABY XALEK Force swats a dart toward BABY LANA. BABY LANA Force swats the dart away and it bounces to T7-01's wheels.
 T7-01: Children = no firing blasters
 BABY KALIYO: Or you'll what? Kick me out again?
 SCORPIO: Don't be absurd. That is not even an option.
 BABY TALOS: But she'll kill us all!
 SCORPIO: Then you must adapt or die. Now it is naptime. Bring out your mats.
 BABY TALOS: But she'll kill us all in our sleep.
 BABY PIERCE, *helpfully*: And probably sell us for parts after.
 T7-01: Children = no dying in sleep // FCD = safe space
BABY PIERCE, having finally regained his composure, starts laughing again.
 BABY KALIYO, *smiling*: Night night.

Umbara Spoilers

The following fic contains spoilers for Jedi Knight Acts 2/3, Shadow of Revan, Knights of the Fallen Empire, Knights of the Eternal Throne, and dataminced Umbara content.

On WEDNESDAYS, FCD is staffed by T7-01 and SCORPIO.

SCORPIO: Today is Career Day, children. Take a marker and some construction paper and write down what would cause you to betray your closest ally.

T7-01: 'Career' = questionable // betrayal = not a life plan

SCORPIO: You once lived under a galactic power's hospitality for several months and then hunted him down and slaughtered him when you decided you wanted your money back.

T7-01: 'Host' = going to eat galaxy // 'hospitality' = mind control!!!

SCORPIO: Your details bore me.

BABY KOTH: Miss SCORPIO, can I have another banner?

SCORPIO: Why?

BABY KOTH: I'm full up.

BABY KOTH's large sheet of construction paper has been marked up in color-coded areas of principle, including not being nice, stealing things, insulting my ship, and falling behind the popularity polls of my home country.

SCORPIO: Are there circumstances under which you would *not* betray your associate?

BABY KOTH: Not being a doodyhead. You wouldn't understand.

T7-01 issues a small metallic panel, which BABY KOTH high-fives.

Over in the Republic fortifications next to the coat rack, BABY ELARA is printing a neat numbered list.

BABY ELARA: Siding with the Empire...ever siding with the Empire...seriously considering siding with the Empire...oh, having sided with the Empire...

SCORPIO confiscates BABY KOTH's third construction-paper banner and his orange marker. She sweeps them up to the wall and poises ready to write.

SCORPIO, meditatively: Self-actualization. Or...harmless self-discovery.

BABY KOTH: Are you sure 'because you hate us' isn't it?

SCORPIO: Don't flatter yourselves. Mine was once termed "the ultimate betrayal." But I save my hatred for entities tall enough to reach a cookie jar.

Over in the Imperial fortifications next to the kitchen, BABY PIERCE stops eating. He hands his half-devoured cookie off to BABY QUINN, who jumps to attention, hides the cookie behind his back in reflexive guilt, and raises one small hand to pull his cowlick higher to improve concealment.

BABY LANA has been staring at her construction paper banner and mouthing soundlessly at herself for the last hour. BABY THERON leans over, trying to look helpful.

BABY THERON: Wanting to know what the Revanites are planning?

BABY LANA: I thought we agreed not to talk about that. What about you? Blank?

BABY THERON: I'm trying.

BABY THERON concentrates really really hard, cybernetics twinkling.

BABY THERON: Eee...Rrgh...

BABY LANA: It's easy. Just think of anything you really want and decide that's most important.

BABY THERON: But my friends...

BABY LANA: Will mostly still be there no matter what you do! Just look how you and I turned out!

BABY THERON: Hnnngggghhh...

BABY LANA: A little betrayal. A tiny betrayal.

BABY THERON goes crosseyed.

BABY LANA: I believe in you!

BABY ELARA: You could side with us if anybody ever decided to be Imperial meanies.

BABY QUINN: You could side with us if anybody ever got sick of being Republic lickspittles.

BABY THERON: What's a lickspittle?

BABY ELARA: Don't play his game.
BABY QUINN: Tell Elara she's an idiot.
BABY ELARA: Tell Quinn he's not helping.
BABY LANA: See, though? Agreement from all factions! Lots of reasons to turn on your nearest and dearest!
BABY THERON: N...we've made it...so far...N-n...
BABY THERON's eyes roll back. He keels over.
BABY LANA: Oh, come on. Instance reset, Mister Teeseven?
T7-01: Instance reset = not for continuing an act of psychological reconditioning
SCORPIO: Why not?

Afterword

Thus concludes what was probably my most popular serial. At the time I was still actively playing the game, and loving prods at favorite characters seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Remember: There was a time when Kaliyo sold your accesses to terrorists and you had to take her back on your ship. There was a time when Quinn brutally attacked you with the one kind of enemy you have crowd control for (he could probably have planned that better...) and you had to take him back on your ship. There was a time Skadge existed, and you had to take him on your ship. It was in this world that the children of FCD congregated.

The Eternal Empire expansions threw me for a loop. The very premise of FCD, that is, that you can't get rid of companions no matter what they do, was gone. I was forced to think about individual companion deaths as actual possibilities.

But what fun is that, really? So I split the children into inside and outside, continued daily daycare, and ginned up reasons not to permanently banish anybody. Who knows, maybe someday Baby Lana will be standing alone on a mountain of skulls, the remains of every companion BW let you kill or run off. But that'd be a lonely mountain of skulls, and besides, T7-01 would probably rescue a bunch of kids anyway.

FCD worked because of the community. It was a pleasure and an honor to take requests and prompts and run away with ideas (and lore corrections!) volunteered by readers. I've never had an experience quite like it, and might not ever again. FCD was a product of its time. I present it here in the hopes that it's still relatable to the future.

Final Notes

brightephemera has been playing BioWare RPGs since 2009 and Star Wars: The Old Republic since prelaunch, and has always had a bad habit of revising favorite stories.

You can find Bright's fiction blog at serialephemera.tumblr.com, and questions and comments will be read for as long as the blog is active at serialephemera.tumblr.com/ask.

The center for Bright's SWTOR fic downloads is

<http://www.swtorshenanigans.net/wordpress/2017/09/11/the-complete-brightephemera-swtor/>