

# SWTOR in Verse

SWTOR fanfiction

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1<sup>st</sup> edition

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words

Shall I compare thee to an MMO? Thou are more deep and conversational. Here, sprung from a “Sexiest male companion?” thread, some little ditties about our beloved companions. And yes, it’s mostly about the available men.

## Dedication and Acknowledgements

For Crezelle, who started a thread and then blazed a trail with Vector poetry

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

## Content and Spoilers

Romantic ditties for several companions are included.

The final piece contains spoilers for Imperial Agent’s base campaign.

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## **Knight**

**T7-01**

A mech droid, T7-01  
Went rescuing planets for fun.  
He flew with his friend  
To adventures, no end:  
A sidekick whose work's never done.

## **Rusk**

A soldier alert dawn to dusk  
May be, let's admit it, quite brusque.  
A merciless driver,  
And oft sole survivor,  
And duty-bound soldier? That's Rusk.

## **Scourge**

You're badass *and* sexy, Lord Scourge!  
I confess I've developed the urge  
To cure your ennui  
Very amorously...  
Just call me the love thaumaturge.

## **Kira**

A Padawan pedigreed Sith  
Gave quips of the wittiest pith.  
She daily kicked ass  
With a helping of sass  
And the aid of the Jedi she's with.

Doc

I knew you were trouble the minute we met,  
At best such a charmer is hard to forget  
At worst - well, you see,  
Here we are, you and me,  
And a bed that's not half worn-out yet.

If laughter is medicine, Doc, you're a pro  
If smiles are a balm, you distribute it so  
All you meet would be cured.  
Half your work's the right word  
And the other half's skill (this you know.)

I know that your flirting is far from exclusive,  
But you offer something that's magic, elusive,  
The right kind of grin  
And a broad hint of sin -  
Let's go render those hints more conclusive.

So there is this much I can easily say:  
I am hooked. Good or bad, I can't wish that away.  
Is it foolish to hope  
That someday we'll elope?  
Honey, somehow I'll get you to stay.

Trooper

Jorgan

Kitty cat, kitty cat, sittin' in the - ow!  
What the hell was that for? Yeah, I'm teasing you. (Me-ow.)  
- What the hell, Lieutenant, quit it!  
Or do the other kind of "hit it."  
(Is that something that you're into?)  
Never mind. I'm going now.

How a guy who fires ion charges twice the speed of sound  
Can drag his feet so horribly when ladies come around  
Is a mystery. Well, listen,  
Both of us can be persistent.  
And I'll win regard someday  
No matter how much I must hound.

'Cause you're worth it. I've been serving at your side for quite a while,  
And I know your strength and courage and inimitable style.  
Plus you're cute when you're annoyed.  
You do this nose thing I enjoy.  
(I'm the CO. I can say that.)  
Please, just take it with a smile.

Kitty cat, kitty cat - ow ow okay I'm done stop it stop it do *not* take  
another step toward the armory! Let's have it out with wrestling? No?  
Insubordinate twit. This conversation is not over.

### **Elara**

A defector who left Dromund Kaas  
Wasn't greeted with friendly applause.  
Elara's contrition  
Still drew some suspicion,  
Despite all her work for the cause.

### **M1-4X**

A robot from old Nar Shaddaa  
Held Republic ideals as law  
If Imperials dare  
Show their face - M1's there!  
Eat missiles! For freedom! Huzzah!

### **Smuggler**

#### **Corso**

Well, Ord Mantell was just a job.  
Lost blasters. Gained some kid.  
Why come with me? I'll never know.  
But boy, I'm glad he did.

He's got the guns, but also knows  
When not to try to start.  
And gold could learn a thing or two

from Corso's boundless heart.

No matter what the trouble is,  
He'll go the extra mile.  
I've yet to see the planet's sun  
That outshines Corso's smile.

So come on, farmboy, buckle up  
There's worlds out there to roam  
So long as you stay by my side  
We're both already home.

**Guss**

The finest con I ever dared  
Caught me a fish on Hoth - I swear!

And Guss, you're just the sweetest clown  
I could've asked to have around.

What, there's trouble? They'll be sorry  
They crossed this Mon Calamari.

A mean Jedi, I can tell!  
You and me will give 'em hell

(Hell to catch us while we run,  
But hey, if we're alive, we won!)

It's true a lightsaber won't suit  
Stow it before you spear your foot

You're still the meanest Jedi here.  
So look out, enemies, and fear!

I know there's other fish at sea  
But, Guss, there's only one for me.

Warrior

**Vette**

*There once was a Twi'lek named Vette  
(Who, astoundingly, ain't been killed yet)  
Though twice caught and enslaved  
She just kept getting saved...  
But she's not so well off now, I bet.*

*A Twi'lek named Vette, treasure-seeker,  
Her silver tongue never gets weaker.  
She'll talk off an ear  
If you let her; I hear  
She mellows but never gets meeker.*



## Quinn

I never cared for teddy bears or overbearing bluster,  
My preference lies with subtler guys (who may be quick to fluster).

When every day's another fray a woman must be guarded  
She must demand a skilful hand and sharp mind in a partner.

Appearance-wise, no lesser guys are worth a second thought,  
Blue eyes, black hair, a piercing stare, and uniformed? Quinn's hot!

He'll make the play, he'll take the day, your goal is his command  
A gloating speech, a flourish: each new victory, gone as planned.

The mission known, he will not moan or turn his hand aside;  
His duty is his essence is his mission is his pride.

Swiftness of thought, a deadly shot, and solid steel nerve;  
The mind may stray to other ways the Captain might - ah - serve.

He'll face down hell to serve you well - the odds may be absurd,  
But failure will not do, he doesn't think that it's a word.

His duty and his principles define him to the core,  
Show at the test your way is best: he'll be yours evermore.

If you can reach him just to teach him that you're worth a start,  
I tell you, Quinn will always win in matters of the heart!

- by Bright "if he doesn't kill me, the cognitive dissonance will"  
Ephemera

There once was a man from Balmorra,  
Took a job with a Sithy signora.  
Got in over his head,  
Double-crossed her (it's said),  
Now he's food for Corellian remora.

A perfidious bastard named Quinn -  
Hold on. That's not fair. Try again.  
What I'm trying to say  
Is the man was okay  
'til he shivved me. I'll do that schmuck in.

'No-brainer' sounds harsher than needed,  
Especially since he's defeated.  
Smart or dumb as believed,  
We're all just relieved  
His dastardly plan was impeded.

### **Jaesa**

*A padawan, Jaesa by name,  
Sought a virtuous master to claim.  
But what snagged her instead  
Was a wacked-in-the-head  
Once-Light Sith going bad without shame.*

*A studious padawan (former)  
May be a covert grand reformer.*

*To focus the light  
Through what's wrong to what's right  
Takes a steady and skillful performer.*

Pierce

Left

Left

Left, right, left

Black Ops, they will stay in line (Black Ops, they will stay in line)

They'll draw it, then obey just fine (Draw it, then obey just fine)

Point the way and let 'im free (Point the way and let 'im free)

Your will be done, and violently (Will be done, and violently)

Left

Left

Left, right, left

Mark the target, buckle up (Mark the target, buckle up)

No one delivers quite this much (One delivers quite this much)

Believe me, he's got skills to show ('lieve me, he's got skills to show)

Name time and place, he's good to go (Time and place, he's good to go)

Left

Left

Left, right, left

Killer smile, smokin' bod (Killer smile, smokin' bod)

Voice that's sexier than God (Voice that's sexier than God)

Name the play, he'll follow through (Name the play, he'll follow through)

He'll show you fun like Black Ops do (Show you fun like Black Ops do)

Sure and steady, any day (Sure and steady any day)  
L'tenant Pierce is here to stay! (L'tenant Pierce is here to stay!)

Left  
Left  
Left, right, *tackle*

(Was wondering when you'd get 'round to that, milord.)

A lieutenant in Taris's muck  
Figured somehow he must get unstuck.  
When a rampaging Sith  
Gave a chance to come with,  
He angled a transfer - what luck!

There once was a soldier who heard  
That "authority" wasn't a word.  
He would win, and repeat,  
Each objective complete,  
But still flipped all his bosses the bird.

On Taris a trooper was part  
Of an effort one might call non-start.  
He schemed an escape  
With a Sith in a cape  
Who would grant action close to his heart.

**Broonmark**

A Talz's insane killing spree

Caused his clan to eject him. So he  
Dealt some payback extreme,  
Then continued his dream  
With a Sith who endorsed him, guilt-free.

*There once was a murderous Talz  
With zillions of fierce battle calls.  
We quickly see through him:  
To all those who knew him  
He had grade-A durasteel...nerves.*

## Inquisitor

### Andronikos

You'll pick your own battles or go on the run,  
Each new day illumined by alien suns  
You'll always be free, be you near, be you far,  
There's nothing will stop you from skimming the stars.

For vengeance or pleasure, you'll relish the thrill,  
The rush of the fight and the joy of the kill.  
Each exploit leaves plunder and stories and scars  
And fortune and fame and a sky full of stars.

You look to your life and I'll look to my own,  
But don't think for a moment you're not seen and known.  
Andronikos, let me stay here in your arms,  
With nothing around us but silence and stars.

### Talos

Hey, Talos, whatcha doin'?  
Did you find another ruin?  
If you didn't, please explain:  
My cargo hold is stuffed again  
With what looks like bags of dirt.  
Seriously, what's the worth?  
Must it spill out to the hall?  
The holo room? the bridge? and all

Around the engine chamber, too?  
And the med bay? Listen, you,  
I'm drowning in your ancient toys. Gee,  
Are you trying to annoy me?  
Never mind. You're so delighted,  
So adorably excited,  
Take the cargo hold. It's fine.  
But my bedroom's staying mine.



Agent

Vector

The song of the universe hums ever on  
While mission compels us from pillar to post,  
And Vector is there to protect the sweet song.

A strike in the right place to drive out the wrong,  
With a swing or a word or a clever riposte;  
The song of the universe hums ever on.

The diplomat shepherds his causes along,  
Seeking union and truth - more determined than most,  
Our Vector is there to protect the sweet song.

The electrons and gamma rays all sing along,  
Breaking waves on an endless invisible coast:  
The song of the universe hums ever on.

Though there's no single place he can say he'd belong,  
We've a mission to run, in our work we're engrossed,  
And Vector is there to protect the sweet song.

So with him at my side I know I can go on  
Unafraid to face down any agent or host:  
The song of the universe hums ever on  
And Vector is there to protect the sweet song.

---

I'd love to see your resume:  
"Man. Ninja. Envoy. Bug."  
The fact you're not wholly insane  
Suggests the Killik hug

Is not as bad as advertised.  
I think we can agree  
Your Joining was a benefit -  
Still, better you than me.

You are unique, I'll grant you that,  
And subtle, smart, and kind,  
And handsome in a way...okay,  
You have been on my mind.

I love to watch your depthless eyes,  
Hear your melodic voice,  
And lose myself in finding you -  
As if I had a choice.

If half the world had half your grace,  
This galaxy would change.  
Your humor, strength and selflessness  
Help whole worlds rearrange.

Your own world's made of poems, writ  
In auras I can't see.  
You've seen and tasted, oh, so much,  
Yet choose to be with me.

I love you. But your buddies can  
Strain patience. So, my sweet,  
Please keep them from the stock room?

Temple's too grossed out to eat.

And watch for Doctor Lokin,  
He's been sampling left and right.  
I [b]DO NOT WANT[/b] to find one day  
He got the transform right.

But in the end, dear Vector,  
I'm happier with you  
Than I could be elsewhere, ever.  
I will gladly say "I do."

## On Killing Companions

IAMTHEHOYDEN: To replace or not to replace, that is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous companions, or to take up arms against a sea of conformity....

BRIGHT\_EPHEMERA: ...and by opposing, end them.

To boot, to kill! And by a kill to say we end  
the irritation and thousand natural "WHAT"s  
an NPC is heir to...'tis a consummation  
devoutly to be wished. To boot, to kill;  
to kill, perhaps for all, ah, there's the rub.  
For in that perma-death what plot may come  
when content patches roll to us again,  
must give us pause; there's the respect  
that makes calamity of so long a game!  
For who would bear the creepiness of Skadge,  
The captain's wrong, the farmboy's saccharine,  
The pangs of screwing up Jaesa's recruit,  
The insolence of Khem Val and the spurns  
That patient player of these companions takes  
When he himself might blessed silence make  
With a [Kill] option? Who would plot holes bear,  
To torture logic trying to RP,  
But that the dread of content after death,  
The undiscover'd patches from whose bourne  
No dev notes yet have come, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Suspense, then, will make cowards of us all;  
and thus the native hue of execution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And killing sprees of sweet imagination  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action. - Soft you now!  
The fair Kaliyo! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

KALIYO: Shove off. And do *not* tell me you used up the last of my  
Corellian whisky to compose that.

## Parting Thoughts: Hunter

*I thought the ruminative, almost obsessive character of a villanelle was appropriate for this little ditty.*

The game of spies is never truly won.  
After a change in name and voice and face  
The Hunter of the deck plays on alone.

A little power is your excuse for fun  
A lot's your playground, ruling over space  
(The game of spies is never truly won.)

You reach afar to make someone your own  
And then forget, and leave without a trace  
The Hunter of the deck plays on alone.

Your lies remain when all is said and done  
But you've moved on to rig another race  
The game of spies is never truly won.

If ever once you offered to atone  
For lives – for one life – it would be disgrace:  
The Hunter of the deck plays on alone.

So say goodbye, and leave again unknown  
And I my errant footsteps will efface.  
The game of spies is never truly won:  
The Hunter of the deck plays on alone.

## 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](http://serialephemera.tumblr.com), and questions and comments will be read for as long as the blog is active at [serialephemera.tumblr.com/ask](http://serialephemera.tumblr.com/ask).

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