

Cularin's Militia: Exposed!

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Hello, friends. Yara Grugara here, reporting from the Cularin Central Broadcasting's transit service. We're currently en route to Genarius, where we're going to be looking for some answers.

Now, I'm sure some of you are still flinching from that tense day last year, when it was reported that the Thaereian Navy had been amassing troops within Cularin. I've been told that Cularin Central Broadcasting is extremely sorry for the hasty nature of the feed. I've been *told*. I've also been told that there was never any evidence of capitol ships hidden within the clouds of Genarius. Right -- that's what I've been told. So, it's up to Yara Grugara to go out, as ever, and find the truth!

I know what you're saying. "Yara, you don't need to put your beautiful self at risk like this! Yara, what are you thinking?"

Well, I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking that someone needs to be asking the tough questions, and Yara Grugara is just the woman to do it. Were my producers happy about it? No way! They wanted Yara doing fashion and society pieces!

So, what's the truth? What did Thaere do?

Yara doesn't know. Yara *will* find out, though.

Being a good reporter means following every angle on the story, and friends, there's another angle here. Certain reports have come in that say that the source of all the rumors about the Thaereians was none other than our white-with-green-trim locals, the Cularin Militia. Could they be starting a disinformation campaign to get Thaere expelled from the system?

We're going to be asking these, and other difficult questions, today. Right here on "Eye on Cularin!"

An approach shot of a cloud city. Fighters zip back and forth across the face of the city, and a flight of fighters engages in maneuvers in the background, a transport at the center of the formation. The camera pans to one side and we see that the ship it is in is being paced by a pair of fighters bearing the insignia of the Cularin Militia. We hear a comlink crackle, and a deep voice speaks. "Cularin Newsnet shuttle, please return to the nearest civilian city. You have entered restricted airspace." The camera then pans to Yara.

Well, friends, there you have it. Yara is yet again going somewhere that Yara is not wanted. Imagine! But we're not here to be told, "Go away!" We're here for answers.

Yara has ordered the pilot to take us in. We'll be landing on one of the platforms of the training city shortly, and then we'll see what the Militia has to say for itself.

The comlink again crackles, but before the person on the other end can begin to speak, Yara turns and hits a button on the control panel.

Attention, Cularin Militia! This is Yara Grugara, of "Eye on Cularin," and I am here to speak with your commanding officer regarding the state of affairs in our system. It's only fair to warn you that our cameras are live, so any action you take against this *unarmed civilian vessel* will be seen by the entire system.

Yara turns and grins triumphantly at the camera, then winks. The comlink crackles, and we hear the person on the other end of the connection sigh. "Cularin Newsnet shuttle, please establish holding pattern 50 kilometers out from the city while authorization is requested for your landing." Yara's grin broadens, and she clicks off the comlink, then presses another button on the console.

Pilot? Yes, you heard that right. Go ahead and take us in. Oh, just park anywhere. I'm sure they'll come and find us . . .

The cameras shut off, and when they come on again, Yara is standing at the head of the landing ramp, microphone in hand, trying to exit the ship. A half-dozen Wookiees wearing white-and-green sashes block her descent. Yara is beginning to turn various shades of red.

Yara Grugara is here as a member of the press, on a legitimate assignment to determine what is going on with your organization! You need to step aside and let me pass!

Off-camera, someone says, "Yara, you're live." She turns, still glaring, and her face softens (if only a little) when she sees the camera.

Well, friends, I suppose we can see now a little more of how the Militia comports itself, can't we? Sending a bunch of Wookiees to stop a poor, defenseless member of the press from disembarking her own ship in an attempt to interview someone about the Militia's involvement with various tawdry and sordid activities. What, oh what, do we conclude? Is someone using the Militia as a cover to ship some horrible contraband into the system? Perhaps running drugs? Is it nothing more than a front for that strange, twitchy-eyed Nirama? And how long before one of these brutes takes the holorecorder from poor Be'Seario and breaks it? Remember, if it happens, Yara told you it would!

She continues to prattle for several seconds as a small, spherical droid flies up the ramp between the Wookiees and comes to rest, hovering about a foot behind her head. She seems to notice something is amiss and turns to her left, but as she does, the droid jogs behind her right shoulder. When she turns to her right, the droid quickly moves to her left shoulder. She returns her attention to the camera and the droid comes from behind her, directly up and over her head, and then drops down to place itself between Yara and the camera.

You little monster, you're in my shot!

The screen goes black, and in a few seconds, we hear a voice-over from Yara. "Through persistence and dedication, Yara finally secured an interview with Broof Yurdel, commander of the ground divisions for the Militia. The interview took place at what we'll call an 'undisclosed location,' since they flew me there with my crew, but didn't really tell us where we were going. This reporter has some speculations. Broof is a Gungan of few words." We

then see Yara and Broof, a dark-complected Gungan, sitting in a pair of chairs.

Yara: So, let's cut right to the chase, shall we? Commander Yurdel -- may I call you Broof?

Broof: Okay.

Yara: Broof, what can you tell me about the Cularin Militia's role in the recent scares relating to the Thaereian presence in the system?

Broof: Wesa protectin' Cularin from da bombad Navy of Daere.

Yara: You mean Thaere?

Broof: Dat's what meesa said. Daere.

Yara: Right. So you're protecting Cularin from the Thaereian Navy.

Broof: Yup. Da bombad navy always bein' where dey not supposed to bein'. Wesa watchin' deysa every move. Deysa tinkin' wesa dumb. Wesa not dumb. Deysa makin' da bombad big mistake, if deysa underestimate Cularin.

Yara: But let's be frank, shall we? Broof, it was reported that there were capitol ships hidden in Genarius. We've not seen any evidence of that. In fact, there are a lot more of *your* ships in and around Genarius than almost anyone else's right now. Isn't that true?

Broof: Deysa movin' da big ships when yousa makin' lots of noise about it. If yousa hadda been quiet, wesa goin' into da clouds and bombad takin' dose ships from da navy.

Yara: So you're pirates, then?

Broof: Wesa defending Cularin! When yousa bein' attacked, yousa fight back or die. Dat's war.

Yara: But we're not at war.

Broof looks at her incredulously.

Broof: Yousa not been watching da Coruscant newsfeeds? Bombad big war happenin'!

Yara: But not in Cularin. So far, all we've got is one report that there might be problems coming from Thaere. The Separatist armies have kept well away from us, in part because of our . . . allies from Thaere.

Her face twists into a grimace as she says the last half-dozen words. If one didn't know better, one might think that she found them distasteful.

Broof: Mesa seen yousa news. Yousa not likin' Daere. Yousa knowin', deysa bombad. Yousa just sayin' what da newsnet wants yousa sayin'.

Yara looks straight at the camera. She licks her lips. She forces a smile. When she speaks, it

is in a pained deadpan, and the words sound very rehearsed.

Yara: Of course not. Yara Grugara would never serve as a mouthpiece for something she did not believe in, just to further her own career. Really. There is no pressure on me to speak anything other than . . . the truth.

She sighs.

Yara: So, the official position of the Cularin Militia is that they did not fabricate any evidence relating to the presence of Thaere in the system?

Broof: Yup.

Yara: And you exist for the protection of Cularin, and will do whatever is necessary to ensure that it remains safe?

Broof: Yup.

Yara: And if Thaere attempts an act of aggression, or goes beyond the prescribed limits of its mandate from the Senate, you will attempt to stop them, using force as necessary?

Broof: Yup.

Yara: Good. And here's how concerned citizens can donate to the Militia.

A series of account codes plays across the bottom of the screen.

Broof: Um . . . wesa not askin' dat.

Yara: I know. Now, two more questions. First, looking at the members of the Militia, I notice some glaring absences. One is Nim'Ri, one of the leaders of the resistance movement against the Cartel. Given that he recently resigned his post with House Hirskaala, one might expect him to be involved in the Militia. I've not seen any indication that he is. Why might that be?

Broof: Yousa be havin' to ask hissen own self. Mesa not knowin' why anyone doin' what deysa do.

Yara: If I could find him, I might. I don't suppose you know where he is. There are disturbing rumors about him.

Broof: Mesa not seein' him. Too long. Nim'Ri -- hissen a good being, lots of lovin' for Cularin. Dat's two questions.

Yara: Actually, no --

Broof: Yousa been most kind, but mesa gots to go now. Important meeting. Yousa have good luck findin' out what da bombad navy's doin'. Wesa doin' da same.

Then he rises, shakes hands with Yara, and leaves.

*If you want to learn more about the **Living Force** campaign and how to take part in the adventure, this [introduction](#) will get you started.*