4 Examples for the Vort that involves all Factions

(Please do respond if there requires any sort of correcting)

-Enslaved and UMA Officer/Unit-

\*\*Zah’Karai quietly waits within their dark, filthy cell. They wonder when the next set of limitless tasks that wait for them will begin.

\*\*Suddenly, their cell doors open to reveal a masked figure. A UMA unit stood there, its gaze locked at their own.

C18.SHIELD.F-i1.41635 says, “<:: Your services are required once again. There has been a huge accumulation of waste within the apartments. The cleaning tools have been prepared, as per protocol. ::>”

\*\*Zah’Karai narrows their eyes for a split second, but assumed their neutral and lazy look.

Zah’Karai says, “Of courssse, masked one. This one is eager to please.”

\*\*The unit beckons the enslaved to follow. Without hesitation, it got off its chair and followed closely.

\*\*They stop in front of the apartments, the unit facing the enslaved one last time before it allowed itself inside.

C18.SHIELD.F-i1.41635 says, “<:: It should have been known that there were miscounts within this apartment complex before and raids were done. If you are to see suspicious activity, do not be afraid to report us. Rewards are given to such acts. >::”

\*\*Zah’Karai sullenly nods and was led inside. Deep within their thoughts, they were partially the cause of the miscounts within the apartment complex. A hidden passage that led to freedom was known only to this one, their knowledge being passed to those who would listen. For now, they begin to find the source of such waste within the apartment, bucket and mop in each appendage.

-end-

-Enslaved and CMU/Citizen Interaction-

\*\*Zah’Karai attempts to shield their eyes from the bright light that appears high from the clouds. It has yet to get used to such brightness. Hoxpolo was not quite far from its own sun, but its surroundings were still bright enough to hunt during the day. They continue to sweep trash around the streets, trying to be ignored of their pain and difficulty. The masked ones are too busy patrolling to really notice his difficulty. Their first day: cleaning the streets.

\*\*A lone, female citizen notices the enslaved, curiosity and pity playing their course on her face. She turns back around from her destination and quickly returns back inside her apartment. Finding an old hat that was wide enough to fit on the enslaved’s head, she rushes back outside.

\*\*Zah’Karai continues to sweep the street. Still struggling from the bright sunlight, they didn’t notice a small can that led to them suddenly falling to the ground. From a corner, they saw one of the planet’s ‘humans’ approach. Curiously, it had a smile on its face but they have never seen such an expression before, other than the indifferent and cold stares of the masked ones.

\*\*The citizen offers her hand, wishing to help the fallen enslaved off from the ground.

The citizen says, “Take my hand. Come on, don’t worry. I’ll help you up.”

\*\*Zah’Karai hesitated for a few seconds. They knew that the masked ones warned him of such interactions against these ‘humans’.

Zah’Karai says, “Nooo don’t help usss, no neeed. Trouble may be afoot and the consequencesss would be dirree.”

\*\*The citizen was not convinced. She grasped the enslaved’s right ‘hand’ and pulled it up. Reluctantly, it also rose with her pull. In the end, it eyed her curiously. Surprisingly, none of the units noticed this sudden friendship.

Zah’Karai asks, “Why does hueman help this pitiful one? Does it know the consequences that may occur in what is not before?”

The citizen whispers, “Of course I know the consequences, but what does it matter to me? To be honest, I’d rather help you than help those oppressive bastards. I can see from you that you long for freedom. I may know such people, but for now we should not say about this too much. Their eyes and ears are everywhere.”

\*\*Zah’Karai were grateful to hear that not all hope was lost. In fact, there seem to be others like themselves who longed for freedom against their bondage. They bowed in respect to their new-found ally, who placed what seems to be covering on their head.

The citizen happily says, “This thing on your head is called a ‘hat’. It will provide you shade from the vicious rays of the sun. I can see your eyes have yet to adjust to the Sun’s light, but soon enough you’ll get used to it.”

\*\*A warning tone was heard within the distance, the citizen’s happy façade shattered into seriousness and grim determination.

The citizen says, “I have stayed too long. I hope to see you again some time.”

\*\*The human begins to turn, but Zah’Karai grasped its arms.

Zah’Karai says, “If you wish to find thisss one again, know our name as Zah’Karai. We are nobly in your debt for thissss one, huueman.”

The citizen nods, “Of course. I’ll let those who seek freedom know about your name. You can call me as Toroko.”

Zah’Karai confirms knowingly, “The Toroko. We shall sing songs of your name in due time. For now, we bid you farewell and safe biddings.”

\*\*The Toroko runs off towards the corner of the street. They’re both relieved and surprised that such of these ‘humans’ are against the oppressive fist of the Union. For now, they both reached for the ‘hat’ and adjusted it neatly. They continue to sweep the streets as the masked men moved back towards their posts, now alert but ignoring the one enslaved that has now has a plan.

-end-

-Enslaved/ CA Interaction-

\*\*It was a very odd cycle for them. They had no knowledge of such an event, but they were suddenly led towards a huge room. A very lavish room, a wooden desk was placed in the middle and a suited ‘human’ was sitting on a chair. Zah’Karai shifted uneasily, as they could feel the authority from this one. They simply lowered their gaze and bowed, waiting for the human to speak.

The administrator says, “Ah, so you’re the new biotic that was shifted to this planet. Don’t look sad, I have heard your spectacular efforts within the city. Cleaning more efficiently than the other biotics with remarkable results? It’s like you have mastered the broom, almost like a part of yourself.”

\*\*They both looked up and simply nod in agreement. In reality, Zah’Karai was a master of their war staff. Using what humans called a ‘broom’ was almost using a staff, just without the lethal, crystalline tip that was known to have sliced the synths they faced in half. For now, they were eager to please.

Zah’Karai acknowledges, “Of coursssee, suited one. We are very proud of our new assignment and we are eager to please our new masters and benefactors.”

The administrator mused, “Benefactors… Of course, I am hereby proud of your efforts. For now, we have moved you to a better cell and provided rewards for such service.”

\*\*The administrator stood up and walked around his desk, a knowing look on his face as his features steadied into a smile.

The administrator says, “I know that such freedom for your species is not possible at this time, but know that the Union is willing to provide rewards that match as close to such an abstract idea. You understand, don’t you?”

Zah’Karai nods in agreement, “Yesss, suited one. We both know that rebelling against such rewards is very ungrateful.”

The administrator smiles, “Good. You’re hereby dismissed. Report to your new position and await further instructions.”

\*\*Zah’Karai was eventually led out of the administrator’s office. They know the ruse has worked so far, but they have somehow hesitated for a second when the administrator stared directly into their eyes. They simply dismissed it with a shake of their head as they head off to their new cell.

-end-

-Enslaved/OTA interaction-

\*\*The loud marching of boots resounded within Zah’Karai’s ears. They remained quiet as the bulkier masked ones stopped to eye this one curiously. Dismissing them, the masked ones moved on to the next cell block, armed and apparently looking for something.

\*\*Zah’Karai quietly ran towards one of the rooms in this cell block that housed a control panel. The panel’s purpose is to lock or unlock all the cells within this prison. Knowingly, they opened it and flicked the switch down to free the ones who were wrongly jailed and the ones who seek for freedom.

\*\*Suddenly, the rushing sound of boots began to climb up from the stairs that they took. Managing to find another door leading out, the enslaved escapes quietly as the masked ones tried to find their quarry.

Zah’Karai mused, “More bonds that have been broken. This is enough to free those who are important for the cause of free.”

\*\*Later that day, Zah’Karai was being led by two of the bulkier masked ones towards their cell. They found this one fighting viciously as they have fought back then at their home planet of Hoxpolo, a whole squad being decimated before they managed to restrain this one. A bulky masked one was standing in front of his cell as they stopped. This one had a different insignia and radiates command from its mere presence.

C18.SCALPEL.L-i1.36643 says, “<:: Prepare for questioning. >::”

\*\*Zah’ Karai stares solemnly at the bulky one, saying nothing even as the questioning that involved pain and blood finished after. They simply held on, their will strong but their body beginning to wane.

\*\*The bulky one was not satisfied at their strong will, but it was impressed at their tenacity to hold such truths from their lips. It called off its assistants and left this one to rot, but they have a new fire that has suddenly lit up, this one won’t be doused from the unfeeling tidal wave of the Union.

-end-