

The Selenians were a strange lot, that they were. The Keadean, meanwhile, were something else. Wyn had never really been one for offering training of any kind. There wasn't really anyone else that *did* what Wyn did, after all. It wasn't their fault they lacked his gifts. Still. Atyiru had asked him, and lately he had a very hard time saying no to the pregnant woman. She was carrying his only niece, after all. So, this seemed like the least he could do. It sure beat trying to find kimchi to pair with peanut butter. That woman had the strangest cravings.

Looking over the seven recruits, a proper number indeed, that had been sent his way, three were Selenian and the other five were the lizard-like Keadean.

While it was true Wyn was no trainer, he knew how to play one on holovision, at the very least.

"Alright. Let's get one thing straight, maggots," he said, adjusting his posture to be ramrod and straight. He clasped his hands behind his back, stuck his chin up in the air and paced back and forth, as if the recruits were not worth his noticing. "I don't know who any of you are. I don't particularly *care* who any of you are," (Wyn had actually committed all their names to memory, but they did not need to know that) "but I by the time we're done here, you won't even know your own name. The only name you'll know is 'Wynning!'"

Wyndell turned to face the recruits and pointed a finger at the middle most Keadean. "Say it!"

"Sss...say what?"

"Wynning!"

"Winning?"

"No, *Wynning*" Wyn stressed the later syllable.

"Winning," the recruit hissed, but Wyn shook his head.

"It's a start, but we're get there. For now, I will call you Wynlett. Eventually you will graduate to a Wynning, and then maybe, just maybe, you can declare 'Wynning'. Do you understand?"

"I...think?" the Wynlett said.

"VERY GOOD," Wyn shouted as he turned to face the rest of the lineup. "Now, it's time to learn the three fundamentals of Wynning." Wyndell held up a hand and started to tall his talking points.

"**One:** Never say never. **Two:** Strike first, before they know what you're up to **Three:** Don't be a quitter." he held his fingers down. "Because you know what they say about quitters?"

"...no?" one of the Selenian's asked tepidly.

“THEY QUIT AND MOMMA DIDN'T RAISE NO QUITTERS,” Wyn’s voice boomed and the recruits all flinched back.

For the next few hours, Wyndell grilled the recruits on the basics of adapting to their situations. He made them pair off in groups, and used the extra remaining one as an example and forced them to partner with him.

He drilled them on knowing how to look left but say that they were going right.

He showed them how to grab sand or dirt and throw it into the face while yelling “smoke bomb!”

He showed them how to aim their finger guns, and how to use just the right amount of bend in their winks. The lead Selenian, a spindly man with long flowing hair, seemed to pick this up *very* quickly. Wyn approved.

They trained on slapping one another and taking a stage-fall.

At the end of it all, the recruits could be heard over all the other groups, because their voices joined together and shouted, with pride “**Duh, Wynning!**”

Somewhere, a young Zabrak huntress pinched the bridge of her nose.