

*What am I doing here?* Derry thought to himself as he made his way through the back alleys of Nar Shadaa. He had told TuQ he didn't want to be here, cities this busy always made him uncomfortable. But when the boss said to jump, he had a fiduciary requirement to ask how high. That was the other thing about his boss, TuQ never seemed to give him all the details. Tonight for example, he was just told to meet some person in an alley and bring whatever it was they had back to him. No description of the person, no idea what he was grabbing, just that it was important. So important in fact, that he was awoken in the middle of the night and didn't have a chance to bring anything other than the clothes he was wearing. When this was all over, they were going to need to have a serious conversation about Derry's employment at Hat Enterprises.

"I think this is the place," Derry mumbled to himself, just a hint of light filtering into the alley from the street behind him. Hidden behind a dumpster, obscured from view from the street, a figure sat against the wall.

"Are you the one I'm looking for? The Hat sent me." Silence came in response. "Oi, you sleeping?" The massive chiss nudged the figure with his toe. As his foot made contact the figure slumped to the side. *Damnit TuQ*, he cursed mentally, quickly crouching down and searching the body for whatever it was he came for. Inside the figures jacket pocket Derry found a small plastic tube, he squinted into the darkness holding the tube close to his eyes to get a better look at whatever it was that he found.

A glowstick? Perfect! *Crack*. He bent the rod, igniting the chemicals within it and casting a soft green glow over the murdered body in front of him. Hidden behind the body was a small shoulder satchel. Quickly, he riffled through the bag, whatever he was looking for *had* to be here. What the frak was with this collection of items, only an insane person would think that these were useful items. The first thing Derry removed from the bag was a small handheld device with a power button and a tiny screen. Could this be what he was looking for? Cautiously, he pressed the power button. Immediately the screen flashed red and a loud combination of rapid clicking and an eye piercing siren began echoing off the walls of the alley.

"Over here!" a voice cried out followed by the sound of running. Derry stood and turned to meet the group of new arrivals, dropping the glow rod on the ground as he did so. The soft light revealed four men standing with weapons drawn.

"Gentleman, I believe there may be an understanding."

"Is that so?" one of them scoffed, a smirk on his face. "And you're *not* rifling through the pockets of a dead body right now."

*Well this isn't working.* In a flash, Derry moved his hand into the bag in his hand pulling out the DL-22 blaster. It wasn't his preferred weapon of choice, but he would take what he could get right now. Squeezing the trigger, Derry unleashed a volley of plasma bolts at the group. The first bolt seared straight through the chest on one attacker, the rest...wait, where were the rest?

*Click, click, click.* Derry pulled the trigger a few more times and nothing happened. The blaster was useless.

Thinking quickly, Derry grabbed the blaster by the barrel and whipped it at the man who had spoken to him.

“Ah, damnit, what the hell man?! Guy, get him!” The remaining three men took off chasing the now fleeing Derry. Ahead the alley made a ninety degree turn, Derry was moving at such a pace that he slammed into the wall, pushing off to change directions. A loud jingling sound came with every step he took.

*What the hell was in this bag?!* Fumbling with one hand in the bag he pulled out the first thing he felt, a small roundish object. Was it a small explosive? He opened his hand to see what he had grabbed only to find...a polyhedral dice. Was this person a gambling addict? Another useless item, Derry tossed it over his shoulder and kept on going. As Derry burst out into the street at the other end of the alley he heard a cry of pain from one of his pursuers.

“Ow, I think I stepped on something!”

Across the street was another alley, Derry figured it would probably be his best bet at losing the group behind him. Midway down the next alley was a four-way intersection, he dipped off to the right and pressed himself against the wall trying to catch his breath. *Alright, let's try this again.* He reached into the bag once more and withdrew two items, a recording device and some...floss. A thought occurred to him and a plan began forming. An odd guttural singing came blaring out of the speaker, it sounded strangely poetic in a terrifying, unintelligible way. Gamorean operas were certainly something else. He quickly tossed it across the intersection, pulled out a length of the floss and waited.

The group of pursuers had split up and luckily only one had come this way. A duros man followed the sound of the Gamorean love song and as his back turned to Derry the chiss made his move. Derry wrapped the floss around the man's unsuspecting throat and pulled with all of his might. His opponent struggled, his arms flailed around in a failed attempt to hit the chiss. The man struggled to catch his breath, he wheezed struggling to get air into his lungs. *Snap.* Suddenly Derry found himself holding two separate pieces of floss, his opponent kneeling on the ground before him gasping and coughing for air.

*Let's try this one more time.* Reaching back into the bag, Derry pulled out a towel. The man stood up, a look of fury in his crimson eyes. Derry spun the towel around in wide circles getting smaller and smaller as the cloth coiled, tightened into a whip. He lifted his hand before dropping it quickly. *Crack.* The towel snapped at the duros' face, narrowly missing him, but he did not flinch. When Derry went for a second attack, the man reached out and yanked the towel from Derry's hand. Alright, there had to be one useful thing in this bag. Derry reached in once again and felt the heavy weight of a massive ring in the bag, he slipped it on his finger before dropping the bag on the ground and lunging towards the duros. The towel was thrown up as a screen to

obscure his vision but Derry pushed it aside and jabbed his fist straight at the duros' forehead. One hit from the hulking chiss was all it took to drop his opponent to the ground, the imprint of an assassin's guild logo stamped deep into his blue skin.

Now that he had a moment to himself, Derry picked up the bag and turned it inside out and shook it, the jingling sound continued until a set of keys fell on the ground. Derry was stunned, there had to be twenty...no, thirty? Was that forty keys on the ring?! Who needs that many keys?! With the bag now completely empty, Derry didn't see whatever it was that TuQ had sent him to retrieve.

"Jer'ry, did you find him?"

*Why won't they just leave me alone?!*

"Jer'ry, you there? Can you hear me?"

If he didn't want to get into another fight, Derry had better get moving. He took off at a sprint, TuQ would want to know what happened here.

It didn't take him long to get back to the hotel they had been staying in. Derry tugged at the hem of his shirt and stood straight before knocking on TuQ's door. The kel dor opened a crack and motioned his bodyguard inside, his head unusually bare.

"Did you get it?" he asked anxiously as he moved towards a large box on the table.

"Sorry boss, there were some...complications."

"Did you at least get the keys?! I got a new hat and the shop but like 50 locks on the box, I can't get it without them!"

"I'll head back out now," Derry sighed and moved back toward the door. He and TuQ really needed to have a chat when this was all done.