**Hyperspace
Lambda Class T-4a Shuttle *Kilo-3***

A faded blue light highlighted the face of the lone occupant in the shuttle. The robed figured sighed, “sithspit.” Condar Sovar looked away from his antiqued datapad, and put his hand to his face. *This is all I needed*, Condar thought, *another easy mission.* Condar had been an intelligence agent far before he joined the Dark Brotherhood. But it was standard procedure to give the new recruits easier missions to get them acclimated to being a member of the Shadow Gate Battleteam. Condar skimmed through the report again, all standard stuff: Go to the Freliq system, gather Intel on *The Rays*, and if possible take out their command structure. This was nothing Condar hadn’t done on multiple occasions before in his time as an agent. This time it *was* a little different for him, he was now a Dark Jedi Knight, with the Force at his beck and call. Of course the report went on to say that he should not, at any time, make himself known as a practitioner of the Force.

**Beep! Beep! Beep!** Condar heard the warning blare from the cockpit; the ship would come out of hyperspace soon. The Dark Jedi stood up and made his way back to the expansive cargo bay. He walked over to the plain container he had brought with him and started to disrobe. Soon he was only in his ashy Gatekeeper Spectre armor. Condar reached inside the container and picked out some dingy looking clothing and put them on. Also cramped inside the container were a blaster rifle, a SH-9 silenced slugthrower, and some other miscellaneous supplies. Condar secured the slugthrower around his waist with a holster. His lightsaber, on the other hand, he inserted into a deep pocket he created on the inside of his drab over-shirt. Condar now looked the part of a down-on-his-luck traveler, easily overlooked and forgotten. Condar was beginning to fit his robes into the off-white container when he heard several sharp beeps from the cockpit; they had come out of hyperspace over Freliq. Condar hastily threw his garments in and made his way back to the cockpit. Just as he sat down a brilliant green light lit up the front of the shuttle, and the ship shook under its impact. Several more blasts were on their way as Condar took evasive maneuvers. The shuttle had very little finesse and the shield took several more hits as Condar tried to aim towards the planet. Condar studied the control panel, he was far from an expert pilot, but he could see that the shields were failing fast. Condar punched the throttle, and held on tight as two more shafts of light impacted on the shields. The last one took out the shields completely, and Condar started to worry if he would make it out of here alive. The transport was about 50 KMs over the surface of the planet when it suffered a blow to its hull and went into free fall. Condar did everything he could, but knew he was going to crash. As the starship plummeted to the surface Condar strapped himself in with a crash harness. The Dark Jedi Knight obscenely counted down with the altimeter as he watched the kilometers go flying by. As the altimeter hit one, Condar closed his eyes and surrounded himself with the Force.

Condar wearily opened his eyes, his first sight being a crippled cockpit and a shattered windshield. He scanned himself with the Force looking for any debilitating injuries. His search was interrupted with an aching pain in his left shoulder. Condar breathed slowly and sent ebbs of Force energy to his shoulder to heal the pain. After a few minutes the pain was bearable and Condar regained most of the motor control of his left arm. Condar sluggishly removed the crash harness and tested standing up, while standing his tail bone screamed out in pain, but it quickly ended as he stood up erectly and he heard a crack. Beaten but not broken the Knight searched the ship, and he quickly found that it was a complete wreck, nothing short of a full rehaul would get this ship off the ground. As he ambled his way back to the cargo hold he noticed a group of uniformed thugs filing into it. He quickly hid behind one of the many pieces of debris.

Condar watched as the posse peered around the empty cargo hold, most of them with a dumbfounded look on their faces. “Kriff! There’s nothing karking in here,” the apparent leader exclaimed. He stepped up to one of the other members and smacked him across the head with a blaster pistol, “waste of my kriffing time. The next one of you… who tells me… about a shipment of Ryll… coming into the system… without confirming it, will end up just like him.” Condar noticed that as the leader spoke he was hitting the other being with the butt of his pistol over and over again. With the body lying on the ground, Condar was now able to make out that the injured individual was a Rodian, and more dead than alive. With the better view he also noticed that there was a patch on the Rodian’s jacket. They were members of the group he was sent to spy on, *The Rays*. Condar knew he had to make a decision and fast, either he could take out this group and use their equipment to find their base, or he could just follow them. There were only six of them now; the Dark Knight would easily be able to take them out. The decision however was made for him when one of the crew spotted him and his hiding spot.

“Hey boss,” one of the group called out pointing to the piece of debris Condar was hiding behind. The team moved closer together, obviously knowing something about basic tactics. The leader goaded Condar out, promising not to hurt him. Condar just smiled as he steeled himself for the confrontation ahead. Before they could even put their fingers on the trigger Condar sent out a wave of Force energy knocking them around a bit. He then pulled the decorated lightsaber from his secret pocket and ignited the crimson blade. The Dark Jedi dove into the groups’ formation and began slashing and hacking at the unsuspecting foes. It took all of forty five seconds from the time they found him til all but one was dead. Condar stood close to the leader of the, now deceased, group and placed the buzzing blade next to his throat. “Tell me human, where is your base?” Condar questioned with a mass of Force energy behind the question.

“The base is 20 clicks outside of Veriss City,” the leader gave up easily. Condar demanded that he answer a few more questions on the security of the base and details of their operations. Each was fully answered to Condar’s satisfaction. Then with a flourish the Knight sliced the man’s head from his shoulders. Condar looked around at the carnage around him and sighed. *Well at least it wasn’t as boring of a mission as I had figured*, he pondered. Condar walked over to the supply container and saw that it was still relatively intact. He opened it up to find some of the medical and food supplies had opened and spilled their contents all over his robe and his rifle. Perturbed Condar slammed the misaligned lid shut and went back to the ruined cockpit. He picked up his surprisingly not destroyed datapad, and then made his way out of the shuttle altogether. He studied the area around him as his eyes adjusted to the sunlight, rolling fields and grasslands as far as he could see. He did notice several speeder bikes and a landspeeder next to the shuttle. Condar walked over and slid inside the landspeeder and turned it on. Condar checked his datapad for the location of Veriss City, and sped off toward it.

About 35 kilometers from *The Ray’s* stronghold, Condar came upon a modestly sized junkyard near a small town. Most of Condar’s equipment had been ruined and he knew he should be able to scavenge something here. Condar pulled up his stolen speeder near to the signed entrance and got out. Condar walked through the junkyard’s makeshift aisles and picked up a piece of salvage here and there. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed a woman looking at him, but as he turned his head she disappeared. This didn’t surprise Condar, it had happened to him a few times before on Port Ol’val and even once in the Shadow Academy. He was sure it was just a result of all the restless nights he has had over the past few months. With the cobwebs shaken from his head Condar went back to work looking for some parts. After gathering a few diodes and circuit boards Condar was about to leave when he heard a crash behind him. He quickly turned about to bring his slugthrower up when he noticed that no one was near him and the crash had uncovered a significantly beat up protocol droid. The droid looked a bit rusty, and similar but slightly more primitive than the usual Cybot Galactica 3PO model. It looked up to Condar almost comically, it’s head skewed to the left. Intrigued, Condar strolled over to the pile the dilapidated droid laid on and kneeled down next to it. He uncovered the rest of the droid and it looked like the rest of it was: rusty and damaged. But it was all intact, Condar decided to see if it would turn on and pushed the activator on the back of its neck. Condar heard the VerboBrain inside its head whirl up, and the mechanics inside squeaked a little. The droid’s photoreceptors lit up and back down several times before the left one stayed on. Its head moved from side to side in its socket, looking almost like it was lost. What could only be considered a cough came from the droid as it spoke its first words to Condar, “Who the frak are you?”

Condar laughed, he had never heard a droid cuss before and the thick Corellian accent was just as amusing, “The name’s Condar. What is your designation?”

“Designation, Designation? Really Con-dar, what kind of name is that anyways, speaking of names, you could have asked for that you know. Designation, what do you think I am a droid?”

Condar gave the unkempt droid an inquisitive look, “Yes, you are most definitely a droid.”

The droid turned silent for a moment, its optics blinking again and abruptly it spoke up, “So yeah, I am a droid. Kriff me. Would explain the name I remember. So hey Con-dar, buddy, pal, the name’s T-33B, Human-Cyborg relations or some sithspit. As you can see, I’m kind of in a bit of trouble here. Seems I can’t move anything but my head. So how about ya help a droid out and take me away from all of this trash?”

As soon as the droid said its name Condar stopped listening and was almost in shock. *Did it just say its name was T-33B… Teeb? Teebs?* Condar thought back to his childhood friend Teebs, and then to the mission that cost Teebs his life. Condar’s eyes twitched back and forth involuntarily as he randomly went through his memories. *This is a joke, it has to be some sort of a sick joke*. Condar pulled out his slugthrower and placed the barrel against the droid’s primitive head. “Is this some sort of joke? Who sent you here? Who know’s about Teebs?”

The droids left eye blinked off and on a few times, “Hey guy, what’s with the pistol? I didn’t do Kriff. You’re the one who asked me.” The droid processed and then continued, “Hey, kid, I was deactivated fifty five years ago, you don’t exactly look like an old man so I doubt it very much I was named after this Teebs person. Now come on get a grip.”

Condar breathed heavily several times and let the Force calm him down. He holstered his pistol and looked deeply at the droid, “Alright, okay. Listen that name just brings on a lot of sithspit. I got him killed on my first mission, just needed to calm down. Sorry.”

“Now you’re apologizing to a droid. Anyway so you just gonna leave me here or can you help me out?”

“Despite my misgivings, sure I’ll take you out of this dump. Hell, always wanted a droid, you could be useful, after, you know, we get you fixed up.”

“What a guy, helping this poor bastard out. Look kid, hey watch the legs, I’m not as useless as you may think. You see back in the, hey I said watch the legs, I need that one. Back in the day I used to help this guy Gobey with a few enterprising businesses, I learned a lot of shall we say, tricks that could come in handy. Look kid, I know you’re helping me out but for the love of the Jedi could ya watch the kriffing legs?”

Condar had been dragging T-33B by the legs back to his liberated landspeeder, and hit some bumps in the way. T-33B’s right leg was now hanging by a colorful band of wires coming out of its socket. Condar continued to drag it to the vehicle with T-33B protesting the entire way. Once to the speeder Condar propped the droid up on the passenger’s side and then got into the driver’s seat himself. Condar sighed heavily. It would have gone so much easier if he could have used the Force, but there were far too many witnesses around. Condar started the speeder and they were off again towards the criminal’s stronghold.

“So Con-dar, besides saving, sort of, random old droids, what do you do? What’s your profession? What is it you would say you do around here?”

“Well I guess you aren’t in any shape to get away… I’m an intelligence operative--”

“Wait, so you’re telling me, you are a spy? Like Gaft Steele in those old holovids? Ho-boy. Yeah, I can totally believe that,” T-33B tried hard and failed to roll his optics.

“Look you wanted to know. And I have no idea who Gaft Steele is. I’m pretty damn good at my job, in fact I’m on a mission right now,” Condar explained what he had gone through so far on the planet, and what else he had to do. T-33B didn’t think much of it, and said as much to the spy. Condar paid no mind to what the dilapidated old droid said though. Soon they could spot the stronghold, and T-33B changed his tune a bit, “So you weren’t lying about the pirates, or whatever. They really are here. So what are you gonna do boss? Kill them all with that little peashooter?” Condar just looked incredulously at the droid and gathered the materials he scavenged from the junkyard. With the ease of many years of working with Intel gathering technology, Condar was able to create a splicer. The splicer, when put on a terminal, would allow him access to their entire network. T-33B had been quiet while Condar was constructing the device, but seeing the agent in action gave him a newer outlook on the Dark Jedi Knight.

“Hey kid, so maybe I came on a little strong back there. Maybe you do know what you’re doing after all. So I see what you created there, and a nice job considering what you had to work with. You umm thinking of going out there and finding some kind of terminal huh?” questioned the droid.

“Yeah that’s the plan Teeb… T-33B.”

“Hah, so you remember me talking about those businesses that my old boss used to manage. Well let’s just say he fitted me with one or two gadgets that would help him out. In this case I think I can help you out. I can see a wireless signal from their communications out there. I can tap into it if I needed. I don’t have the software to actually listen in, but if you attach that splicer to me I would have full access. So, if you wa--, hey! I was getting to that part, take it easy there.”

Condar had started attaching the device to the droid using the exposed wires from its right leg’s former socket as soon as it gave him the idea. A few minutes later Condar was listening in to comm chatter coming directly from T-33B’s vocabulator. They had missed the patrol that Condar had taken out, and had sent out others to the crash. Even better news came in when Condar heard that the leader of said patrol was in fact the 2nd in Command of *The Rays*. As far as he could tell the “stronghold”, actually just a few buildings with a large barracks and a landing pad, was at minimal staff. *Well the instructions didn’t say to not take them all out,* Condar thought. Condar removed the splicer from T-33B, and then thanked him for his help. Condar was about to leave when T-33B spoke up, “So Con-dar since this is the last time I’m gonna see you, I’m sure, you dummy. Thanks for getting me out of that pile of junk. For what it’s worth I hope they kill you fast.”

“Heh, don’t worry droid, I’ll be back for you.”

Condar took off towards the encampment, staying as low as he could. He saw a patrol of two moving his way, took out his silenced slugthrower, aimed, and in seconds took them out of the equation. He quickly ran to the nearest building and scanned his surroundings. Several beings guarded the entrance to the barracks. He figured if the leader was anywhere that is where he’d be. Never one to wait around Condar brashly made his way toward the garrison. He shot several rounds at the guards, which caught them by surprise, but only one succumbed to the shots, the other wore a much denser suit of armor and fired back. The shots alerted the other guardsmen and criminals to trouble. “Kriff!” Condar immediately recovered his lightsaber, the fiery blade already at work cutting down the, now former, guardsman. Condar jolted into the barracks proper and weaved his way through looking for any signs of life. Peculiarly Condar didn’t find anyone else in the barracks, but inside one of the back rooms were several crates. He rapidly opened one and it was full of spice, mostly Glitterstim. The others were sure to be the same, but Condar had no time to check. He made his way back to the entrance where bolt after bolt was being fired from. *It would be suicide to go out that way,* Condar thought, so he made his own improvised exit with his lightsaber on the west end of the building. He was able to see about a dozen guards had taken positions at the entrance from his vantage point to the west. He did notice that none of them seemed to be in-charge though. Condar reached through the Force towards the other buildings and felt three beings in one of the smaller buildings father west. He jogged over to that building and carefully made his way inside. He could hear them talking about the break-in, and someone was calling a patrol back to base. Condar boldly walked into the room, his blazing crimson blade lighting up the small area. All three of the occupants looked up in shock, and reached for their weapons. It was already too late for them, Condar expertly dislimbed all three with a flurry of slashes. Condar checked for some type of leadership insignia on one of the bodies and it found it. Condar had taken out the leadership of *The Rays* and he could feel the Dark Side wanting more from him. The Krath left the building and took up a position equidistant between the buildings. He could smell the blaster fire coming from the barracks. His thoughts turned to action, but even Condar knew he couldn’t take on twelve alert guardsmen. So he decided to wait, and go back to the stolen vehicle.

As he approached the landspeeder he noticed another patrol of guards looking it over. *This must be the patrol they sent out earlier to find the one’s I killed at the crash site*, thought Condar. Condar tried to make himself small but it was no use, he was exposed and easily spotted. As the troupe fired at him Condar amplified his actions through the Force, weaving and dodging from their fire. Whilst he ran he grasped his slugthrower with his left hand and started firing, although he hit nothing it did give him a temporary brake from the laser blasts. Soon he was within range and got to work using his saber. Only one remained and as Condar stepped toward him the enemy shot directly to Condar’s midsection. With only a second to react, Condar focused a Force barrier on his torso. The barrier absorbed most of the energy and his Spectre armor took care of the rest. Condar reached out toward the pirate and bolts of Force energy ripped through his fingers to attack the remaining patroller, sending him to the ground. Condar sauntered over to where the man led and with a flick of his wrist made sure he would never get up again.

Condar sighed heavily and ducked into the vehicle. He instantly went into a healing trance to try and mend some of the injuries he had sustained. The droid just stared at him for a few minutes before speaking up, “So a spy and a Jedi too huh?”

“I’m no Jedi,” Condar said exhausted.

“Not a Jedi huh? Pretty sure I saw several heads being severed with a lightsaber out there. Not sure but I think you also took a shot to the gut without even thinking about it. The odds of you not being a Jedi are the same as mine being a bantha.”

“Look, I’ve had a rough day, so kriff it, I’m a Dark Jedi. Not one of those peace and loving automatons.”

“I happen to be an automaton and I take offense to that. Dark Jedi, Jedi, no difference you still have power. And I like that about you. So you did come back for me, real nice of you kid. So did you have a plan for getting us back to wherever you Dark Jedi go when not on a rampage?”

“I noticed an old model Theta T-2 shuttle on the landing pad out there. If we are very lucky we can steal that shuttle. But there are dozen guards between us and the transport.”

“So how do you suppose we get past them?”

Condar gathered and held up the rest of the random materials he scavenged from the junkyard.

“Oh, I see,” the droid said knowingly.

Condar and the droid looked on as the landspeeder sped its way into the encampment and head on into the barracks. Soon after a moderately sized explosion went off sending the barracks aflame and the guardsmen to scatter. Condar, in his new *The Rays* uniform, lifted the droid with the Force as they made their way past the encampment and towards the landing pad. No one seemed to pay any attention to the floating droid or the “guardsman” as they made their way onto the pad. Condar dropped T-33B in order to concentrate on slicing the lock to the shuttle. It didn’t take him long and he Force pushed the droid up the ramp hard as he made his way to the cockpit. As he left the troop bay he thought he heard someone talking about treating droids with respect. Condar reached the cockpit and started the ignition sequence. It took several minutes but in that time no one had bothered them, finally the shuttle ignited and they started to climb through the atmosphere. Condar set the throttle to full and fell back into the pilot’s seat as they accelerated. They reached the heliosphere in no time and Condar began inputting the coordinates for the Dajorra system into the navicomputer. As Condar put in the last number the shuttle came under attack, only this time Condar saw what was attacking him. There was a minefield out there, setup around the planet. Condar kept calm and let the Force flow through him. He then had an epiphany, and broadcasted the shuttle’s credentials over an open channel. Immediately the mines stopped firing. Before Condar could relax though he heard a beep coming from the console, it was the navicomputer telling him it was ready to jump. Condar sighed and put the ship into Hyperspace.

Condar relaxed for a while and then went back to the troop bay and Force pulled T-33B to the cockpit.

“You know,” the droid commented, “that’s the most fun I had in fifty five years.”

Condar lifted his eyebrow, “That’s the only fun you’ve had in fifty five years.”

“That it is kid, that it is. So what now? You know what I think. I think you should get me repaired. I saved your ass back there. I deserve a little pampering.”

“You saved me? How, the splice thing? You’re the most ridiculous droid I’ve ever had the displeasure of meeting.”

“Whoa, look kid. We could make a good team, a little upgrade here and there and I could fit right in with you spy and Jedi types.”

“Dark Jedi”

“Yeah, whatever. Come on kid, what do you say?”

Condar murmured under his breath, “Fine, let’s do it. Maybe you’ll come in handy someday.”

“That’s the spirit kid, now umm… onto what did you call it Dagenie? Dajorrie? Da—Kriff it, let’s go!”