**Nifokalija Continent**

**Aeotheran**

**Orian System**

A lone figure stalked through the jungle on the cursed continent. The Low Altitude Assault Transport, or more often LAAT or larty, which had taken him to this place, had nearly crashed due to the electrical storms and gravitational distortions that had always plagued the continent. He hadn’t heard a word from it after it took off again, for all he knew it had crashed after it left or maybe this place just made his communication gear useless. In any case it was very likely that this was a one way trip, a fact he had been made aware off two days earlier when the Consul had briefed him.

Like he had already done a handful of times since making landfall he pressed a couple of buttons on the armor on his left forearm and the mission details flowed across the display inside his ARC trooper helmet next to a picture of his primary target, the Mon Calamari smuggler Elash Norm. He had already memorized the data and the picture when he had been briefed but he found it a useful distraction while he continued on his path through the jungle towards the beach where smugglers operation was believed to be based. Another thing he liked to do for distraction was to check and re-check his gear, his DC-15s blaster pistols were still safely in their holsters on each hip and his DC-17m ICWS was in his hands, currently with the sniper rifle attachment equipped, he had also brought the blaster attachment just in case. Last but not least was his numerous grenades magnetically held to his armor in several places.

After what seemed like hours, maybe this place also messed with your sense of time, ARC-1 reached the edge of the jungle, he noted that at least his own sense of direction at least hadn’t been affected as he had come upon the beach at exactly the spot he had planned for. He got down on his stomach and slowly crawled out of the jungle, his black armor doing a good job of camouflaging him as he carefully placed his DC-17 in front of him and fired up the scope. The smuggler had only placed two guards on the beach, he obviously didn’t think anyone would ever find his operation. ARC-1 calmly breathed out as he pulled the trigger hitting the first guard squarely between the eyes, before the guard had dropped to the ground ARC-1 had already moved his aim to the second guard and pulled the trigger, this time piercing the heart.

ARC-1 removed the sniper rifle attachment and equipped the blaster attachment as he got up and moved towards the water where he could just make out the outline of the small submersed base. As he walked into the water he pressed another couple of buttons on his armor, sealing it off and engaging the helmets internal breathing equipment. He entered the underwater base through an airlock which he rigged with a couple of grenades in case someone should try to escape. He swiftly cleared the first room which he found was filled with boxes full of blaster rifles and ammunition, as he made it to the opposite end of the room he was met with a rain of blaster fire which he quickly dodged and got into cover next to the doorway. He had no choice but to fire blindly so he reached out with his DC-17 and sent a volley of shots towards his unseen attackers, he heard someone cry out in pain and dared a quick glance through the door, at the other end he saw four Mon Calamari, including Elash Norm, one of Norm’s goons was laying on the ground with a wound to the shoulder and one of the others was struggling to pull him to safety.

ARC-1 retreated back into cover and swiftly came up with a number of possible scenarios to fulfill his mission, none of them had a positive outcome regarding his own life other than retreating which to him wasn’t an option. He decided to go with the scenario that offered him the greatest risk of success and grabbed a couple of grenades and set them to go off with a 15 second delay and rolled them towards the crates full of ammunition, he then took another grenade, clicked the trigger and threw it down the hallway towards the Mon Calamari…

SWL Malik Sadow (Sith) / CON-DOC / [Clan Naga Sadow](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/naga-sadow) [GMRG: VI] [SA: IX] [ACC: Q]