**The Anchorage**

“Jedi damned, old ass, rusty bucket!” Azmodius exclaimed as he stood up after falling into what seemed to be an arboretum. “Glad you’re ok”, he said to his companion Thomas, a creature resembling a cat who walks upright. “Go ahead, I’ll catch up later. And watch out for weak points!” he called to the rest of his team as he began looking around for a way back. Not long after he left the arboretum, Azmodius felt something was wrong. He lit up his saber and saw long scratches along the walls of the hallway he found himself in. “I think we should find a way back and let the others know were not alone in here”, he said to Thomas who looked back at him as if to say “ agreed.” As he made his way through the dust and junk, Azmodius found a room containing an abandoned spaceship. “Hey! Maybe we can get this ancient heap up and running and get back to the others!” Thomas excitedly ran up to the ancient spacecraft and began looking at it from all over until he got around to the back and froze. “What’s wrong buddy? See something?” Azmodius made his way around to find the hull on the other side of the ship shredded. “Well I guess whatever is here found this ship first”, he said gesturing to the deep grooves along the ships side. “Maybe there’s something around here that could give us a clue as to what our mystery creature is like”. Not long after feeling around for anything to open the ship did Azmodius stumble upon a hidden compartment. As the door came off, a mountain of spice poured out of the ship. “Hot damn! Looks like we’ve found the jackpot!” he exclaimed as he and Thomas began piling it into a pipe he carried with him. “Well Thomas, this day just got a whole lot better!” Azmodius said as he lit up a corner of the pipe. As he exhaled he leaned back against the hull of the ship and passed the pipe to Thomas. “You’re really good at that.” Azmodius remarked as Thomas laid on his back, holding the pipe in his hind paws, and lit the pipe using his front paws. After the two got nice and baked, Azmodius decided to find food as the two had the munchies. Not long after the two set out in search of food, they heard a deep growl that made the hair, and fur, on their necks stand on end. “That sounded pretty close, we should pick up the pace”. In a light haze, the two moved through the various hallways rapidly while looking for a way back to the team. “Shit, I think it’s getting closer!” Azmodius said just as the two heard a loud growl and turned around. There stood a massive sithspawn, drooling with bloodlust. Thomas jumped into Azmodius’ arms as he drew his lightsaber and slashed at the creature’s face. The sithspawn shrieked and then roared in its fury as Azmodius ran down the hallway with Thomas in his arms screaming “frak, frak, frak, frak, frak!!!!” As he rounded a corner, Azmodius noticed a beam holding up the ceiling up ahead. Using the force to throw heaps of trash at the perusing sithspawn, he managed to slow it down long enough to cut through the beam and topple the ceiling on it. Grabbing Thomas and jumping out of the way of the falling debris, Azmodius managed to simultaneously create a path back to the upper level and meet up with his fellow teammates. “What happened? We heard strange noises”, they asked. “Nothing we couldn’t handle”, he responded, with Thomas proudly perched on his shoulder. “Where’s Furious? I need to see him.”