The mission from the Questor was clear, discover the source of the raids on the Mon Calamari colonists of Kamuekiko and locate a suitable area for House Hoth to construct a permanent base of operations. As the shuttle landed on the outskirts of the Mon Calamari town of Ocean Breeze and Torin stepped out he took a deep breath, tasting the salt in the air. With his E-11s slung over his shoulder he strode confidently into the town where he was greeted by an elderly looking Mon Calamari who extended his hand and said “Welcome, Barai Vebbar is my name. I’m what passes for a mayor around here”

As he took the Mon Cal’s hand Torin said “Nice to meet you sir. My name is Torin Ardell, I’ve come on behalf of the Council of Odan-Urr. I understand the Harakoans have been raiding your village”

“Indeed,” answered Barai “for the last few weeks, always at night. We’ve started posting guards but my people aren’t soldiers, most of us came here to escape conflict”

Nodding his head Torin said “I understand. I assure you the Council is aware of your problems, we intend to set up a base of operations in the area in the near future. In fact that’s one of the reasons I’m here today, I’ve been sent to scout the area for possible locations”

“Well, it’s good to know we aren’t forgotten out here.” replied the Mon Cal “If we can help in any way just ask”

“I appreciate that sir. If you could provide me with some sort of transport while I’m in the area that would be a big help” Torin said before asking “I don’t suppose any of your people saw which direction the Harakoans came from?”

“From the north,” answered Barai “we found footprints leading that way after each raid”

Looking off to the north Torin said “Then I guess that’s where I start looking”

Twenty minutes later Torin was riding through a swampy marsh on a swoop bike that looked like it was made before the Clone Wars. As the marshy ground became solid the terrain changed as small trees began to appear on the horizon. Pulling up a few meters from a small stand of trees Torin shut the swoop bike and slowly crept into the dense undergrowth spread out between the thin trunks of the trees. Before him spread a huge grassy plain as far as the eye could see, the rainforest a barely visible line of green far off in the distance.

For over an hour he simply sat there observing. The plains were quiet for quite a while, its larger inhabitants perhaps scared off by the sound of the approaching swoop bike, but eventually life began to stir once again in the sea of wavy yellow grass. A herd of wild nerf, decendants of the first nerf herds brought to New Tython by the first settlers, approached from the south west grazing leisurely on the grass. Suddenly a flock of tarranaks, small birds that gathered in flocks of up to a thousand individuals, took flight from within the grass spooking the nerf herd.

As the grazers shied away from the startled birds the cause of the commotion came into view. A pack of grakals, native wolf like animals with tawny yellow fur that enabled them to blend in with the grass of the plains, sprung from the long grass to attack the herd. Working as a team they managed to separate one of the beasts from the herd before bringing it down. As they began to tear the dying nerf apart one of the pack looked up, locking eyes with Torin for a moment before returning to its meal.

Slowly edging back from the perimeter of the small copse of trees Torin mounted the old swoop and shot out onto the plains heading north. Less than an hour later in the distance he noticed a small rise. Gunning the aging engine to life he accelerated for what he thought at first was merely a small hill. However as he got closer his small hill became a table top plateau perhaps twenty five or thirty meters above the plain. Slowly circumnavigating the base Torin found a spot that he could climb and began the slow journey to the top.

As he reached the summit Torin took a deep breath wiping sweat from his brow with the back of his sleeve and took in his surroundings. The plateau was relatively flat and covered mainly in the same thick yellowy grass of the plain. Using the range finder on his sniper rifle to take a few quick measurements he found the plateau was about 3 kilometres long from east to west and about two kilometres wide from north to south and provided an unobstructed view of the plains and the rainforest, a little over five kilometres away, for miles in every direction. Marking the location on his map he began the slow climb back down the side of the plateau to the waiting swoop bike and the long ride back to civilisation.