Lucyeth wandered aimlessly through the desert under the intense heat of the sun. The sith warrior was dispatched to investigate a strange disappearance of an entire civilization in the desert that were thought to be the work of the force. A tribe of sand people disappeared in one day that was known to cause problems in the area. Their disappearance prompted the brotherhood to send an emissary to investigate what had happened. Lucyeth continued his journey in the dry heat when he came across a small womprat that looked at him with intrigued impression. The sith warrior ignored the insignificant animal and resumed his walk in the sand. The womprat continued to follow the palatinaean until he shooed in away. Lucyeth didn’t need to deal with animals at the moment because he had to find out what happened to life in this forsaken desert. He ignored the sand that accumulated into his boots and trekked on.

The womprat came back to grace Lucyeth with its presence once again and with something in its mouth. The creature dropped a pair of sandals on the sand at the sith warrior’s feet. Lucyeth realized that the animal was giving him a gift and he gratefully took them. Sandals are much better in the desert sand and Lucyeth petted the womprat with delight before it went off into the desert. The palatinaean walked with grace thanks to the new pair of sandals that he acquired.

Lucyeth came to a small tent in the middle of the desert which could provide some answers to his quest. A tent in the middle of a desert was rather odd and the sith warrior was certain that it would provide a lead. Lucyeth entered the tent but no one was there but everything was strange. There was no blanket or cooking supplies but rather just a bunch of old texts that Lucyeth knew too well. The text was in the language of the ancient sith and Lucyeth realized that whoever was here was searching for sith artifacts. The palatinaean started to decipher the text when he heard a loud screech. He felt the emotion as a screech of pain and ran out of the tent. As Lucyeth exited the tent, he saw a womprat in the sand twitching with its last breath of life with a stranger lurking over it with a smoking blaster. Lucyeth realized it was the womprat that brought him the sandals and he felt a sudden wave of anger crash in his mind.

“That womprat meant no harm to you and he was helping me with my quest,” yelled Lucyeth with such anger that the ground shook with a tremor.

“Then I sense your quest is over because we are the only two people out here and this womprat needed to be my sustenance,” replied the stranger with a sneer but he knew what he said was true and Lucyeth already knew that.

The stranger put his blaster up to bear but Lucyeth was too quick with his reflexes and was able to deflect the bolt back to the hooded figure with ease. Another bolt discharged as the pistol fell and hit Lucyeth sandal.

“*Damn there goes the sandals,”* Lucyeth thought to himself and began to walk back to his ship.