## Planet Bob

I come in peace.

Those were the first words I said to the strange beings staring at me through the thick fog. I know its cliché, but that’s how I am….or maybe I was just really drunk.

But let’s start at the beginning. It’s the usual beginning, with me walking into a bar and planting my sorry ass on a stool. I order my drink of choice for the evening and as I quench my constant thirst I sift through my messages.

First few messages are the usual, Clan communications that I barely read the topics before deleting. I finish my first drink by the time the messages are erased. I’m a multi-tasker.

Then a message that sparks my short attention span, orders to survey a planet, Road trip.

So I “borrow” from Naga Sadow’s plethora of fighter craft and head to planet B510-G20143. The name sounds oddly familiar, I can’t remember if it was my ex-girlfriends room number on the Star Destroyer *Aquaholic* or my locker combination at Will C. Wood Middle School.

I snooze and drink, at the same time, on my trip there. Did I mention I’m a multi-tasker?

As I reached planet Bfiveonezero-Gtwozeroonefourthree, man, I really just can’t place that number. Maybe it was that winning lottery ticket I purchased in Nar Shaddaa but had eaten to win a bet with Malik for a shot of Mandolorian ale Kri’gee. Anyway, the scanners showed the planet surrounded by a cloud that was blocking all my scanners….or maybe I was just really drunk and couldn’t read the scanner.

So I headed through the cloud towards the surface below while drinking and flying in a zigzag direction to avoid detection, ok, I’m not that much of a multi-tasker.

Landing on planet B510-G20143…you know I keep stopping myself from yelling out BINGO! each time I say that planet’s name…I glanced around to find nothing but fog. Or maybe I was just too drunk to see very far.

I looked over my orders once again, as like directions I really didn’t read them entirely the first time before I started, and found out I was just to gather data for analysis. Boy that is worth the time of a Sith Warlord. As if we couldn’t have just sent some novice with a training saber on a mission such as this. I’m guessing it’s some form of punishment for something I did. I’d list all the “things” I’ve done in the last week, but I really don’t want to rat on myself for the stuff I got away with.

Anyway, before I actually do any leg work and drag my overage behind hiking through the wonderful wilderness of planet B510-G20143….you know what, I’m done with that name. In the name of Sapphire Squadron I declare this planet Bob. I’ll have to add that to my report so someone can analyze when I get back.

As I was saying, before I got my boots dusty I used my trusty old recon ways of yelling, “Hey, anyone out there?”

To my surprise three creatures came out of the fog followed by a dog. They were very hairy, short, and smelled even worse than I do after my seven day bender’s of drink, crap, eat, drink, drink, eat, crap, rinse, repeat. And anyone that knows me well knows the rinse is optional.

And as I judged these three habitants of Planet Bob, their dog decided to sit down and lick his butt clean. Very loudly I might add. In fact so loud, the three Bobites….I know I’m working on what I will call me new people, looked at the dog as if to say “Do you need to do that so loud in front of company?”

So that’s when I replied, I come in peace.

All hail King Bob.

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SWL Robert Sadow

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