

Organized Retreat

SAV Kordath Bleu
#13593

Kordath Bleu was having a crappy day. The forests of Jomark were hot, humid, and bloody overrun with insects that seemed to want to burrow in and nest within his scrawny body. It was horrible. The flight down had stunk, he'd tossed up as soon as they'd make landfall and he'd escaped the metal deathtrap that passed for a shuttle.

"Just go to Jomark, Kord, we got scouting units scattered through the woods, gotta get 'em all together. It'll be no problem, Bleu, just go and collect them, get 'em all together and we've got a whole company that knows where the enemy is already," grumbled the Ryn, imitating his friend Uji as he slogged through the forest underbrush.

"Didn't bloody say it was a blasted jungle you karking jacka--what's that noise?" he muttered, crouching behind a fallen tree.

The Ryn was traveling alone, as were the other members of the *Nighthawk* that had been deemed useful for this mission. With the idea of ten people going out to collect the troops being quicker than one crew member going out to collect a dozen scattered units, but...

But it seemed to be having some drawbacks, as the Ryn tried to conceal himself behind the log as a cadre of enemy forces came stomping through the brush. At least they were loud, he figured, trying to count them as they went by. Any intel was good intel, after all, and the *Nighthawk* was an Intelligence vessel. Which made the Captain wonder why the hells they kept getting sent off to do crap like this instead of sitting in stealth mode watching the enemy.

"Everybody has to pull their weight, Bleu," had been Uji's response to that question. Didn't make it any better to Bleu.

'About twenty of 'em, this time. Add that to the two patrols I dodged earlier and there's near a hundred enemy troops in this bloody forest. Wonder if they're looking for the scouting squads, same as me?'

With a shake of his head, the Ryn climbed over the log and set off again. He had an approximate location for the scouting group, but if they were still at the strength reported it was barely three dozen men. Getting out quietly wouldn't be that bad, but if they ran into more than one group of enemy troops at a time, things were gonna get dicey real quick. Pushing through another bit of thick undergrowth, certain he was leaving a very visible trail behind him, he reflected on recent events.

They'd captured an enemy soldier right here on Jomark, last he was here. Nath had done her job as Chief Interrogator, and come away frustrated and angry. Despite her...talents, he'd not given her much. Similar tales had been told from other captures of enemy personnel, most of them simply said they were mercenaries and were in it for the paycheck. The ones who didn't say that much for the most part had come up with creative ways to commit suicide in their holding cells.

It was bloody annoying not knowing who you were fighting, or why they were coming at you. As it was, the current combat strategy set forth by the Aedile had decimated the Galeres military, hundreds of wounded going back not to mention the dead. Damaged equipment and missing in action, everything was taking it's toll. Hence the reason the Captain of a bloody Intelligence ship was tearing brambles out of his clothes as he walked through a kriffing forest, slapping bugs that were trying to eat him.

Now Kordath prided himself in his abilities to both sense and predict danger, as well as his abilities as an all around investigator and gatherer of information. Which is why he nearly soiled himself when a pair of men in tactical armor popped out of the bushes in front of him, blaster carbines held at the ready. The Ryn sighed and put his hands up above his head before noting the patches on the armor that showed them to be Galerean troops.

"Ah, found ya lads."

"Keep those hands up!" one of them whispered urgently.

"Captain Kordath Bleu, *Nighthawk*, I've been walking for bloody hours to find you lads."

"Go tell the L.T. we made contact, he'll determine if this guy is for real," said one of them, quietly, to the other.

Bleu shrugged and kept his hands up, tapping a foot impatiently as the soldier hurried off deeper into the growth. About a minute later the trooper was back, another in tow who looked over the Ryn.

"Code?"

"What code?"

"They didn't give you the code?" asked the officer, somewhere between exasperation and suspicion.

"No, they didn't give me a bloody code, alright? You got any officers here that was on Korriban? They'd recognize me, I think," Kordath shrugged.

“Sir, I’ve dealt with this one before, he’s one of the Force users, even if he doesn’t look like it,” spoke one of the troopers.

“What the hells? You puttin’ me through this for kicks, mate?”

“Procedure, Sir.” replied the trooper, a little to flatly for Bleu’s taste.

“Right, you have the coordinates for the rendezvous point, Captain?”

“Swear to gods I’m gonna...yes, Lieutenant, if you and yours are ready to fall out, nice and quiet like. Enemy patrols out there, least a hundred of the bastards.”

“We can take that, these guys are mostly mercs, they’re not dealing with S.C.E.P.T.E.R. newbs anymore.”

“Whatever. Get ‘em together, we’ve got a compound to reach, that’s the stagin’ area.”

“On your six, Captain.”

“Stupid bloody day,” grumbled the Ryn, setting off again.