Zakath woke up spluttering, finding himself in freezing cold and salty water. Choking as the water flooded into his lungs, he pushed himself off what appeared to be a sandy floor, slowed somewhat by the resistance of the water. After a moment though, he managed to break free and into open air, his rise from the water causing huge waves to splash away from him in several directions.

Blinking and rubbing at his eyes, he finally managed to get his bearings, and found himself in what appeared to be a giant lake of water, which came up and hit his chest in constant waves, as if he were in a…

An ocean? I'm in an ocean?

Zakath blinked and looked around, seeing almost nothing but the horizon in all directions.

How did I get here? Zakath wondered to himself as he slowly turned around, slowed by the drag of the water. *Last thing I remember was falling asleep in my quarters.*

Shrugging to himself internally, he chose a direction and slowly allowed himself to float in the water. Finding that he was able to somewhat float, the Barabel began to swim. It took a few minutes to work out the proper rhythm, having not swimmed in a long time, but soon he was making respectable speed. Soon, a distant land began to appear in the distance, and Zakath altered his course to meet it.

After a while, the land began to become more visible… but yet tiny. And a persistant droning sound was becoming louder. Growling to himself in annoyance, Zakath slowed to a stop and put his feet on the sandy floor again. To his surprise however, the water now only came up to his waist.

What the…

Before Zakath could think further, the droning became much louder, and suddenly his chest was being bombarded with sharp pellets, bouncing off his heavy scales. Zakath blinked and suddenly realized that the droning noise was coming from several tiny insects that were banking around him and emitting flashes of light. Growing, he withdrew his lightsaber, waterproofed to protect against water damage, and ignited it. A bloody red blade sprang into existence, and the Barabel reached out with the Force and seized the small insects in his grip. A quick slash later, their smoking remains fell sadly into the ocean.

What a weird planet.

Zakath began to feel increasingly uneasy as he drew closer to the shore, and his eyes began to pick out the details of the landscape. Everything looked like some sort of old fashioned fishing village, but it was so… so… *small.*

As he finally made landfall, Zakath realized that his initial thought of the landscape being small was correct, as the buildings he had spotted from a distance was only as tall as his knees, and appeared to be made out of wood. Zakath snorted and kicked at one with his foot. To his surprise, he easily tore through the building, and then suddenly realized that tiny things were swarming away from the buildings in what appeared to be a confused panic.

Wait a minute…

Zakath's eyes widened as he dropped to one knee, making a visible impact in the landscape as he squinted close. After a few seconds, it hit him. The tiny things were in fact humanoids that were actually fleeing in panic from… *him.*

"...where am I?" Zakath's confusion soon gave way to anger and his fist swept across a collection of tiny huts, effortlessly flattening them. "Where am I?!"

The Barabel rose to his feet, his eyes exploding into purple flames as his rage ignited, and he began to head inland, where he saw more substantial buildings to wreck. He was soon rampaging his way into what appeared to be a major city of some sort, with tiny wheeled transports that the tiny humanoids used to flee, with little success as Zakath's blade found their mark, the sizzling slash of the bloodshine energy causing their fuel tanks to explode, making the Barabel laugh mockingly at the tiny explosions

"Don't you have anyone my size, little inzects?!" Zakath roared as he swept his lightsaber in a wide arc, cleaving through several skyscrapers and vaporizing whole buildings.

Suddenly the droning sounds from earlier returned, and more of the annoying flying insects had returned to surround the Barabel. After a growl and a swipe of his blade, Zakath finally realized that the flying insects were in fact machines, obviously piloted by the tiny vermin that lived in the land below.

"...thiz iz what you fly? That doezn't even look like it can break away from the planet." Zakath snorted as he reached out with the Force again and caught one of the flying machines in his grip.

Reaching out with his claws, he plucked the flying machine out of the air and brought close to his eye to examine it up close. He could see a tiny head swirling around in panic as it tried to wrest away control to no avail. Now that he had it in his fingers, Zakath finally figured out that the droning noise was coming from what appeared to be a tiny propeller spinning around.

Old fashioned technology then. Foolish insects.

But before Zakath could crush the machine and resume his destructive rampage, the plane quickly flashed with fire, and suddenly pain exploded in his eyes as tiny balls of fire slammed into him.

And then everything went black.

An instant later, Zakath bolted up, gasping, only to discover he was in his bed within his assigned quarters aboard the *Broken Blade.* Blinking away the sleep, the Barabel groaned softly before swinging his feet out of bed.

"Note to self. Skip Mks' candy next time he offers," Zakath muttered to himself in his hissing language. "That shit gives weird dreams."