The Huntsman shot out of hyperdrive, cruising elegantly above the planet of Karideph. Caesar looked down upon the planet below him. This was exactly the kind of place he intended for the crew to hide out. The Tarentum Military was still on the lookout for the “Huntsman”, and until the Grey Wolves could get the tags changed on their new vessel, they needed to lay low.

“My student, set a course for these coordinates.” D’Cota James turned his attention towards his mentor, Caesar. “34 02 13 N, and 01 78 13 S. We are landing at the spaceport there.”

D’Cota punched in the coordinates, and set the auto for their destination. “What do we tell them when they ask for our landing codes, Master?” D’Cota asked Caesar.

“I’ll handle that.”

The beep came from the communications relay. “Patch him in to me.” Caesar said to the communication operator.

“Hello there Huntsman, didn’t expect you in this sector. What’s your business?”

“Oh, we’re just running some freight through. Didn’t calculate the fuel reserves carefully enough, we’re gonna have to land to resupply” Caesar responded.

“Alright what’s your landing code?” The command center replied back. D’Cota looked at his master, curious to what he would do. Caesar just closed his eyes and seemed to drift away from the situation at hand. Then suddenly, he spoke. “021 Alpha 38”

“You’re clear to land Huntsman. Enjoy your stay.”

D’Cota let out a sigh of relief. He would have to make a point later to ask Caesar how he knew the codes. Now was not the time, however, as he had another matter to attend to. When they finally landed Caesar was going to send him on his first scouting mission. We needed to make sure this place was going to hide us safely.

As soon as they landed, Caesar sent a few of the crew members on small errands, looking for more fuel cells, small items for repairs, and other tedious tasks not fit for the higher ranked members of the crew. He pulled D’Cota aside.

“Now now, I have an important task for you.” Caesar said to his student. “I need you to go and get the new tags for our ship. This isn’t exactly legal, so be careful how you go poking your nose around here. Try not to let people know who you are. Our mission is to blend in. Hide among the metropolis.”

“Understood, Master.” D’Cota responded, as he set off into the vast city. He flicked his robes over his waist to keep his lightsaber concealed, and marched into the sea of people.

D’Cota didn’t looked all through the mass of people. All the lifeforms around him were clouding his vision with the force. So much life made it very difficult to make sense of any one signature in the force. He was practically blind out here. As he made his way around a corner, he saw a Trandoshan with a small junk shop set with makeshift signage. D’Cota knew that these kinds of people were usually the most knowledgeable about the surroundings in a bustling city like so.

“Hello, sir” D’Cota greeted the Trandoshan. “Do you happen to know where I could find a Ship dealer around here?”

The Trandoshan stared angrily, and then began to shout in a language that D’Cota did not understand. He took that as his cue to leave and made his way further down the street. Much to his surprise, only a block down he saw the signs for a spare parts dealer, and decided to try his luck there. As he approached the Jawa working the shop, he couldn’t help but wonder what the little guy was doing so far from home. He shrugged away the thought, and asked the shopkeeper if he knew of anywhere he could find some spacemaps for the local sector. The Jawa nodded his head and pointed towards a small shelf in the corner. D’Cota scanned over the store as he browsed the spacemap selection. He didn’t really need a spacemap, but being less suspicious as he assessed the layout of the shop would be key in his plan.

“I’ll take this one.” D’Cota held up a spacemap, and tossed a few credits to the Jawa, who squealed gleefully. “Pleasure doing business.” D’cota said with a smile, as he walked out of the shop. He walked out the door and joined the small crowd walking by, only to break off when he reached the end of the building. He looked up towards the roof and focused on the energy surrounding his body. With a great leap he landed crouched atop the single story building. He stayed low and with a smooth stride, made his way across the roof, being sure to remain unseen by bystanders. Suddenly he stopped, and closed his eyes. He could sense the jawa a couple meter away. He was standing above the room adjacent to the main shop. Perfect.

D’Cota pulled his lightsaber from his belt, and held the hilt towards the roof. With a flick of the ignition, his yellow blade burned into the top of the building. He cut a circle into the roof, and with his off hand, pulled the metal upwards to not let it crash below. He set the roof piece off to the side, and jumped down into the shop. As he landed he looked around and spotted the new NaviComputer sitting on the stock shelf. *Perfect. Since it’s brand new there will be no codes entered into it already.* He walked over and pulled the NaviComputer from the box. He held his hand over the top of it, and with a pull of the force, the screws began to wind themselves out of the computer. He turned his hands so that all of the parts individually floated in front of him. *There we go.* D’Cota plucked the Ship signature relay from the arrangement of parts. Suddenly he heard a turn of the knob. He snapped his head around to see the Jawa entering the room. Quickly, he leaped back up the hole he created, and off of the roof. He landed smoothly in the back alley as he heard the Jawa cursing. He walked out of earshot and activated his communicator. A small hologram of Caesar appeared from the small device.

“I hope you have some good news for me, James.” The voice came from the small hologram. The semi-robotic tone made Caesar sound all the more commanding.

“Yes sir, I have gained a set of blank tags. We can encode them in ourselves and be good to go.”

“Good job, my apprentice. Return to the Grey Wolf. I have good news for you.”