

D&KD

Kordath Bleu stared at the blinking cursor before him, collecting his thoughts as he leaned back in a well-cushioned chair. A whiskey bottle sat next to the console, and a glass was held in hand as his eyes glazed over in memory. Shuddering, he shook his head and sighed, reaching for the cigarette he'd left burning alongside the keyboard. Blowing a plume of smoke up into the air, the Ryn groaned and set the glass down as he set himself before the screen.

"Gotta start sometime, Bleu," he muttered to himself.

After Action Report.

Agent Kordath Bleu.

DIA Operative Level Alpha.

This report is in regards to the recent, multi purpose mission undertaken by several Arconan operatives, as well as an attache from Odan-Urr.

Kordath knocked the ash off the end of his cigarette, sighing again as he rubbed a hand over his face. The question now for the Ryn was, how honest did he want this report to be?

Did the others in the team have to write ones as well? Discrepancies would be sorted by the Intelligence Directors and would reflect poorly upon Bleu.

The Ryn shrugged and continued.

Arconan reconnaissance reports revealed an inhabited world relatively near to the Dajorra system. Initial scans suggested high levels of intelligent life as well as chaos and warfare. Probe droids dispatched picked up multiple signs of what may have been Force Sensitives engaged in battle. The recon report stated 'possible' due to the strange nature in which these abilities were displayed.

Elemental manipulation and advanced healing, as well as a much more advanced usage of what many in the Brotherhood think of as the 'Barrier' ability. Because of these reports, and the possibility of a world rich with Force Sensitives so near Arconan space, it was decided an expedition was warranted.

With a shudder, Kordath drained his glass and moved to refill it, ordering his thoughts again. He wished he'd never been dragged along on this mission. When the Shadow Lady started sharpening her knife and talking about 'new, more comfortable fur lined shoes', the Ryn tended to go along with whatever she wanted.

The Shadow Lady deemed the mission was of great enough importance to lead it herself. After filling out her team with enthusiastic volunteers, and inviting an emissary from Odan-Urr, we set out for this new world. This team consisted of the sitting Arconan upper Summit as well as Turel Sorenn as said emissary.

Our team's initial landing site was near a major city along the north side of a sea. We of course took precautions to both mask our shuttle and any of the odder appearances among the team.

Kordath scratched himself roughly through his shirt absently. Some of the heat rash was still present after wandering around in those bloody robes and cloaks. Why Blinky had thought to take the one member of the bloody Arconan summit that looked nothing like a bleeding Human was beyond him.

Upon entering said city, which proved to be an annoying quagmire of bureaucracy and corruption, we began our mission properly. It should be noted at this point that multiple times during this excursion we were forced to use more mental applications of the Force to gain entry to areas. Also of import was the reactions the locals had to our group at first, from stunned silence to attempted murder.

The team, of course, had dressed for the part. Using images and information from the initial recon report, Atyiru had had outfits tailored for us suitable for the world. So, it was some surprise that the assaults happened with some regularity despite our precautions. It was surmised at first that I myself was the cause, though we'd done an admirable job of covering my own features. One of our late night explorations, performed by myself and Sorenn, revealed a more telling answer.

Sipping his whiskey, Kord grinned to himself, finally finding some mirth in his assignment. A night of 'sampling the local vintage' had turned into an evening of he and Turel gambling, drinking, and 'investigating' the differences in the local species. Course things went a little sideways when the Jedi had gotten a bit too sauced to maintain his illusions and the poor pointy eared lass sitting on Kord's lap had found herself cuddling an overgrown blue and gray rodent.

That and the other bit, he thought with a sigh, going back to it after another drink.

While Turel and myself were doing late night reconnaissance, we came across what could only be referred to as a shrine of hate that had been set up before a pile of rubble. We had little time to investigate said shrine, as both the caretakers and those going to said shrine for apparent solace promptly tried to kill us. After that, Sorenn was careful not to show his true face while in the harbor city. Further questioning of the locals, carefully performed by myself while accompanied by Lord Tameike, unveiled information concerning said shrine.

We'd determined shortly after entering the city that these people had no concept of a 'unifying Force,' but believed in the old superstitions of 'magic.' This would have been laughable to us if

they didn't display such raw power with it on a regular basis. Nor after we learned why the pile of rubble and shrine were in the otherwise well-built city. One of these 'Mages' had caused a massive magical explosion at the site, once a prominent locale of the primary religious cult in the region. Something to do with oppression and restraints placed on the magic users, it was just bad luck that the bloke had looked so much alike to our own Turel.

Due to the poor relations the city had with the very people we'd come to scout for potential recruits, we determined a change of venue was in order.

We began to travel north, having learned of an entire country ran by such gifted individuals. Stopping at villages and towns along the way, we grew more and more disillusioned with our destination. Learning that this so called Empire ran on slavery and caste systems was worrying, as well as sacrificing living beings to enhance their powers, left a bad taste in all of our mouths. Prior to the mission itself we'd considered revealing our findings to the Dark Council should it prove useful, but after learning these things we decided we'd classify the entire world.

"Bloody Plagueis'd be all over this place in a heartbeat," muttered the Ryn, taking a drag off of a fresh smoke. He read over what he'd logged so far, debating on mentioning the encounter with the psychotic 'Elf' who'd been hunting slavers. Tattooed little terror had looked like something out of one of those holos the Keibatsu always tried to push on people, with a sword far too big and strange hair. Uji and the guy had hit it off from the get go, in their own broody, quiet way. Elf hadn't cared for Turel, which had seemed like a theme on the planet.

Then again, Atty had kept giggling whenever the Elf and Turel would start arguing, saying something about 'tsundere,' whatever the hell that meant. They'd spent a few days traveling with the guy before splitting up. Uji had simply nodded at the Elf, and Turel had had some kind of weird moment with him as they left camp. Kordath hadn't asked questions. Kordath drained another glass and poured a fresh one, staring at his screen as he felt the warmth of whiskey flow through him.

Deciding that the people to the north were not the sort we wanted dealings with, we returned to the shuttle and headed south by southwest. We'd learned that the center of culture, and oddly the religious cult, were in that area. This did come with its own disturbing news, in learning that an organization was running about with the same name as the Grand Master's personal goon squad. It quickly appeared that this one was more of the helping people type than the hunting down minorities, which eased our minds somewhat.

Instead, we found a city filled with frill covered Humans wearing flashy masks and kicking around the non-Human servant types. Elves, looked just like the bloody Humans but had pointy ears and a penchant for face tattoos. That was enough of a difference for the smoothskins though. Racists. Don't change from planet to planet apparently.

Kordath squinted at his screen, wondering why some of the lines looked a little off as he lifted his glass to lips. Missing the first time and spilling some precious whiskey on his shirt, he tried again, savoring the flavor and burn. With a shrug he continued, feeling much more loose and ready to write out this blasted, stupid report.

Not sure I mentioned the other bunch that seemed to be around. Squatty fellows, big beards, at least on the men. Well some of them. Not all of them. Short Humans, stouter and more 'down to earth' if you catch me drift. Craftsmen and merchants for the most part, from the ones we met. Hit it off with one we ran into outside of the city at a tavern, turned out he wasn't following the traditional paths of his kinsmen. Oh, he did claim to be a merchant, but that seemed more like a side thing compared to his passion, writing out stories.

Me and him traded books. I promised I'd make my way back to him when I had another edition out. He offered the same and I was forced to laugh it off, tellin' my new friend that that wouldn't likely be an option, yeah? He was runnin' about with another trio, much like myself, that my lot seemed to get along with fine. Shoulda known somethin' would go wrong when I spied Blinky talkin' it up with the lady with the glownin' hand.

Shoulda known, but I was distracted by the lass who was sittin' with the Dwarf. Fiery one that was, sure she had a couple scars about the face, signs of her warrior life, but they just made her that more intriguing, yeah? She affected ta ignore old Bleu, but I could tell from the way she rolled her eyes that I was makin' progress. Probably why I helped Atty talk the other two into helpin' 'em when she said they had a problem. Thought I'd score some points with the lovely lass, have two reasons ta come back to this weird planet later on, ya know what I mean?

Course I didn't ask our glorious leader what the problem was before I came to her aid in the argument. That'd been sensible. So that next morn we find ourselves trudgin' through the bloody forest at the crack of bloody dawn, lookin' for signs of some beast. They're bein' awfully quiet about what we was lookin' for, just that we'd know it when we sees it. Bloody bastards. Course if I'd been them I'd not have turned down help either for what they was huntin', and if they'd told us what we was after? Mighta not been so quick ta help, yeah.

Another butt went in the ashtray, even as the Ryn emptied another glass. He felt pretty good, and the words for this report were just flowing out of him. Cracking his neck, he set back to it, knowing that before he could go crawl onto the couch and sleep for twelve hours he needed to finish this up. Sighing, he lit another smoke, hoping he was almost done.

So there we was, right? Wanderin' a blasted, humid forest all mornin', when we start findin' dead beasties. Deer and the like, some kinda big bastard oxen things, all torn up and lookin' like somebody ate a good bit of them up. Grisly, nasty scene it was. Blood splattered trees that looked as if they'd been knocked right out of the ground. Somethin' big had done this. And we was huntin' it, because of course we were. All the local group would say was 'tha beast' or 'the lizard bastard,' shoulda been a clue. Shoulda, seems to come up a lot in this bloody trip, eh?

Kordath blinked a few times, realizing he'd stopped typing for several minutes, and may have even nodded off. Shaking his head, he reached for the bottle, foregoing the glass as he took a pull from it. With a look of sadness, he peered down the opening with one squinted eye before tossing the bottle towards a trashcan, ignoring the sound of shattering glass. That was a problem for future Bleu, screw that guy, he decided.

They called the karking flyin' bundle of teeth and death a bleedin' dragon when it finally was spotted. Not like a Krayt, this bastard was flyin' about and spewin' fire from it's blasted mouth! And we was ta kill it, yeah? Somehow. How da ya catch a monster, you ask? With bait, o' course! So what did we use? Nay, who? Yeah, that's right. Twas figured since I be the quickest, and didn't have any kinda weapon that could harm the beastie anyways, it'd be just FINE for ole' Bleu to go runnin' about where it could see me!

Obviously I survi...survi...I lived through it. Not without some burns, o' course, bloody thing did breath fire. Make fer a great story at the pub, I'm sure, though I'll be leavin' out the bit where Blinky treated me injuries. Somebody thought it'd be a good idea ta give her one of them sticks like the mages runnin' about. Oh right, those lot? We still ain't sure how they're flingin' fire about down there, they explained some kinda warpy otherworld that gave 'em power, and if they lost focus horrible shite happened. Not the Force, then, but somethin' else. Not sure it'd work if we took 'em off world, and we ain't about to start abducting people like some kinda probin' Hutts lookin' for the next worker race.

But yeah, Att's and her bleedin' stick decided to 'heal' me injuries. Screamin' and rantin' at me about 'Standin' in the fire!' or 'You knew where it was gonna land, why didn't ya move?' She smacked about with that bloody bit o' wood more than the last time I saw that boss of Sorenn's, when I tried ta...;ajhfopj am'as;

Kordath snored, drooling a bit as his face rested on the keyboard. Whether he'd actually double check his report come morning was questionable.