

## ***Another Notch***

***Orbit***  
***Nar Shaddaa***  
***34 ABY***

The bulk freighter eased its way through the congested space lines above Nar Shaddaa. The *Miner's Hold* was a heavily aging vessel, taking its time to navigate its way towards the Smuggler's Moon. It had entered the Y'Toub System hours ago, and had been scanned several times by the patrolling Hutt security vessels and passing pirate vessels waiting for an easy target. Luckily, the false hold was lined to fool all but the most determined scanning systems.

"Nar Shaddaa Control, this is the *Miner's Hold*, requesting clearance to land", voiced the pilot. The pilot's identity did not matter to the stowaway hidden in the hold. The man had received enough credits to take the mission, and would receive even more when his innocuous cargo was offloaded and sold at market. The freighter was not as large as the newer models that had revolutionized interstellar logistics, but she still had potential to turn a profit.

"Nar Shaddaa Control to *Miner's Hold*, you are clear to land at point vector alpha-490-gamma-557-zulu-141" came the response in broken Basic over the intercom. The pilot sighed heavily, allowing himself to relax his fraying nerves. The stowaway heard the communications through the Force, and transmitted via commlink to the bridge to slowly open one of the cargo hold bays. A small shuttle silently and quickly dropped towards the gripping atmosphere below.

Savant Zagro Fenn counted down the seconds until he could securely power on the backup thrusters to soften the miniscule shuttle's descent. "It is a pity", thought Fenn, "such a ship must be wasted". The Umbaran timed his actions carefully. He thumbed over a switch on the control panel and braced himself. Above, the *Miner's Hold* ignited in a furious explosion while below a tiny speck of light flickered on and arched towards the planetary city of Nar Shaddaa.

Silent guilt tugged at the Umbaran's consciousness. Generally speaking, he tried to avoid unnecessary and senseless acts of violence or betrayal, but the danger on Nar Shaddaa was simply too great. The extent of the nascent Jedi insurgency and the support given to this movement within the Dark Brotherhood was unknown. No one was above suspicion. It occurred to Fenn that he too could be a potential threat and the mission could very well be a ploy to ascertain his true allegiances and the extent of his culpability. He didn't dwell on these concerns long, as the shuttle entered atmosphere and followed the coordinates that his handlers had given him before leaving Antei days before.

**Street Level**  
**Nar Shaddaa**  
**6 Hours Later**

The labyrinthine streets of Nar Shaddaa were both claustrophobic and expansive, pervading all the senses and humbling the individuals walking amidst such light, sound, and noise. Fenn was forced to focus the Force, shedding the distractions and using all of his abilities to hone in on his prize. The briefing had been very vague, perhaps purposefully so. The mission parameter had changed rapidly. What initially had been an infiltration mission had become one of asset recovery. Forces at odds with the Inquisitorius and the order's masters had been made aware of their risk, and sought to hide the information pertaining to their cabal. The data included a list of prominent and dangerously placed Jedi sympathizers. This disc needed to be retrieved before action could be taken against the wayward brethren.

The diner appeared as innocuous as any on Nar Shaddaa. It was not the most opulent nor was it the most run down. Workers, gamblers, street toughs, thugs, and the business class all rubbed shoulders here. Zagro walked in slowly, using the Force to sense out any danger. The task was made nearly impossible due to the towering skyscrapers that rose miles into the air, and the teeming millions of inhabitants of the nearby city blocks. Suddenly, Fenn felt very alone and very exposed. The diner had roughly twenty or so patrons huddled around a few booths and a long slender cantina area. One old server droid hobbled about on a single wheel propulsion system. Basic and a host of other languages escaped the female-like droid's voice box.

Fenn waited. The droid came over and took his beverage and food request. He attempted to scan the droid with the Force to no avail. He continued to wait and watch. Over an hour transpired from when he took his seat and the first odd occurrence was perceived by the Umbaran. Two males entered the diner and sat with their backs to the wall, one Human had his eyes glued to the door and its egress point and the Twi'Lek never letting his gaze off of the droid. Here was his prize.

The Twi'Lek grasped the arm of the droid as it slipped past, languished for several moments, and then continued carrying its tray of beverages and warm food. The Human got up first, and shielded the Twi'Lek as they moved in unison for the door. Still seated, watching this movement, Fenn arched forward and lashed out with Force lightning, taking the unsuspecting Human down to the ground, a grimace riddling the man's face. The Savant saw the Twi'Lek shift a small object into trouser pockets as he ran for the door, barely slipping out by the time Fenn was on his heels.

The streets of Nar Shaddaa were too vast, too winding and disorienting to allow the Twi'Lek to get away. Fenn was unaware if the man had support outside of the diner or a waiting extraction team, but it mattered not. Channeling all of his willpower and control, Fenn lashed out with the Force, a blinding light erupting around the head of the Twi'Lek who stumbled slightly, disoriented. The momentary lapse was all that was needed. Turning his left palm into a fist, Fenn lashed out again with Force lightning, toppling the Twi'Lek over as he jerked in pain. In an instant the Umbaran had closed the

gap and pulled his Sith dagger from beneath his cloak. The blade ran red as Fenn plunged it deeper into the man's chest, the two of them on the ground in a blur.

No one stopped to pay much attention to the commotion. Muggings and murder were common on the Smuggler's Moon. Fenn felt the life slip away from the Twi'Lek as he checked the man's pockets. Sure enough, a disc was retrieved from a forward pocket. Fenn grabbed his commlink and thumbed the apparatus on. He was able to faintly sense the clean up team absconding with the Twi'Lek's body as he began walking rapidly towards the nearby hanger and the clean shuttle that had been arranged for him. This time, getting out would be far easier than getting in.