The Plaguiean Troops stood by on the transport ship, Arms at the ready, one hand gripping tightly onto a metal bar above their seats so they don’t fall over when the ship hits the ground. Battle Lord Silent stood firmly in the middle, using the force to anchor himself on the floor, hands in front of him holding on to his lightsaber. He refused to hang on to a metal bar, he would not show a single sign of weakness to any of the bottom feeders, he was a Lord of the Force, a battled hardened warrior.

**Two hours before landing**

Silent stood in the middle of the transport ship, turning slowly around looking at each of the troops under his commands. Some slept in their seats, others rechecked their gear, some cleaned their weapons and the droids hummed quietly to themselves. Silent called them “The Rejects”, ones who were not good enough to be with the Clan Summits forces, the ones who have not made there thousandth kill, the ones who deserved to die on the front lines. To the Battle Lord he did not care if he had the best or the worst, you either fight long enough to die or fight long enough to make your Clan Summit happy.

“Listen up Rejects.” Silent’s voiced boomed throughout the transport ship

Those who slept reacted quickly and focused on their Lord as the others had simply stopped what they were doing.

“In just a couple hours we will land and continue to take the fight to those undesirables. The Clan’s Summit has deemed you all worthy to be the first to die, and for some reason stuck me with you. You are droids, servants, military, and slaves of Clan Plaguies. If you seek to improve your standing; droids not included, you will live, you will kill, you will obey, and above all you will make the Summits demands come to life.

We are going to set up a forward Command base for the rest of our Clan, when we land we will be ready for the war that is taking place, take out the enemy in waiting. Clear a path to your Clans Victory and to a better standing within it. In one hour I expect you all to be awake, gear checked, all prep done for those who are not will die by my hands before leaving this ship. That is all.”

**Planet Landing**

The Rejects were locked and loaded, the front taking up a firing position by the door, ready to be the first to run out. The dark insides of the transport started to light up as the door began to open to the world beyond. Silent could still feel the fear within his troops, no matter how many battles they have fought, not matter how hard they have trained, even the most brainwashed slaves could still fear their own deaths, rather they felt that dying was letting down their Clan or just not being able to another day, he took all that fear and started to blast it out of his transport ship towards the coming enemies.

**Two days later**

It too just under three hours for Silent and the Rejects to wipe out their welcome party, they had dug in deep and laid many traps but in the end the most Silent lost was his six droids and two slaves. With man patrolling the area, scouts out and about and new troops arriving with the lesser Dark Jedi, the Battle Lord had set up a Command Base and called in to his Summit. Today the summit or someone they have sent on their behalf will come and take command. Soon this war will be one step closer to being done.