

# On Trade Relations With the People Of Myrios

A Submission to the Competition:  
Oh, Honored Guest!



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# Imperial Scholae Intelligence Report

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## **Mission Log:**

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35 ABY

While on final approach to the planet, I was not sure what to expect. My superiors had briefed me only on the fact that this mission was to reconnect with a trading partner of the Clan. My destination was to be the planet of Myrios, located in the far reaches of the Cocytus System. The indigenous people I was to make contact with were the Wyrami. Once my shuttle landed, I exited the craft and was met by envoys sent to bring me back to the village.

I took in my surroundings as we made our way there. The landscape was sparse at first, and felt lonely and uninviting. But as we grew neared to the village, grass and other vegetation appeared. Even closer still, there were small patches of farmland. A river could be heard trickling in the distance. It must have been on the other side of the village. The information provided to me on my datapad about the Wyrami had stated that they were a simple, nomadic people. But it appears that they had begun to shed their old ways and take more permanent root in favor of a more stable food supply. There were livestock pens just outside the village, where the animals were grazing and drinking from a water trough. They may have started to herd the animals to their village, supplemented by produce from the farmland I had seen.

Apart from signs of moving away from their nomadic ways, the information I had read seemed accurate so far. The people were indeed simple, as was the construction of their dwellings and other buildings. Their clothes were clearly handmade and out of simple fabrics, but there were varying degrees of craftsmanship to be seen. The buildings appeared to be not much more than clay walls and wooden roofs. I hadn't seen any forests or trees on my way to the village, but the lumber must have come from somewhere nearby. Despite the basic materials and designs used, there was obvious care taken in their construction and no small amount of pride, I'm sure.

The information provided had stated that the Wyrami were also proud warriors. This was proved true as I was led towards the back of the village. A stadium had been constructed there, dug into the earth and partially below ground level. Villagers could be seen sparring with each other even then, honing their skills. While perhaps not the most advanced form of combat, they were tenacious. They may have difficulty if facing down more advanced enemies, but they seemed more than capable of handling themselves against other local adversaries. The intelligence on the other peoples of the planet had shown that they were all at the same level of development and technology.

After I was welcomed by the village chief, I was allowed to walk the village on my own and observe them. The Wyrami were kind to each other, and their visitors as well. I saw people from other villages, and they were treated with as much respect as I was. They were a very

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honorable people. I saw a group of children sitting around an elderly man, telling them all tales of days long past when he was a young, rising fighter in the arena. I was uncertain how much of it was true and how much was for entertainment value, but that didn't even matter to me. Before I knew it, I was lost in the story being weaved before me. I could picture every detail of the arena. The roar of the crowd as they cheered. The heat of the sun beating down. The feel of the dirt beneath my bare feet as I stared down the opponent across from me. It was like I had been there in person. I gathered that grand tournaments were held there once a year, and winning it was considered one of their highest honors.

It seemed that our trade with the Wyrami mainly consisted of medicinal herbs and small amounts of meat and produce. I grew concerned at the last part at first, and voiced as much to the chief during my time with him. He had simply smiled and shown me to an area past the arena and through the rear gates of the village. After a short walk, I found what appeared to be a huge, roaring river. It must have been the source of the waterway that fed the crops in the farmland that I had seen on my way to the village from the shuttle. A large stretch of farmland was seen on the near riverbank. Directly in front of the path we had taken from the village was a wide stone bridge. As we stood there, a wooden cart was being pulled across it by a large beast I had never seen before. It was similar in appearance to a bantha, only about a third of the size of one. It was also a completely different animal than the livestock I had seen earlier. Various fruits and vegetables were loaded onto the cart. The chief pointed past the bridge, and beyond it I could see large fields of crops, spread wide, and even stands of trees could be seen, likely where the fruit came from. Beyond those trees was a large forest. That must have been where their lumber came from. It appeared they were making full use of their abundant supply of water to help aid in their trade deals with the people of Scholae.

With my concerns resolved, we made our way back to the village. While the Wyrami loaded up a cart of meat and produce, I borrowed a speeder from one of the men that had accompanied me to the village and went back to the shuttle. I attached a large crate of supplies and rode back to the village to deliver our most recent shipment of antibiotics and other medical supplies, as well as a small assortment of blasters to be used in case of an invasion from one of the more hostile tribes from the area. Upon my return, I smiled at the sight that greeted me. The cart had a wide bench seat that the driver sat on to steer the beast. On either side of him sat a few small children, chattering away excitedly. It seems that they wanted to see the flying ship that I had arrived in. I opened the storage compartment on the speeder and removed a slim object wrapped in cloth and presented it to the chief. He unwrapped it to find a vibroblade within. He then smiled and bowed his head to me. I bowed in return and told him to use their communications terminal to contact us if he or his people needed anything before our next scheduled meeting.

Together with the cart from the village, we returned to the shuttle. I let the children off of the cart and explore the interior of the space craft. They gasped in wonder and grinned at each other, laughing. They took turns sitting in the pilot's seat, making whooshing noises before

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being called back outside. We said our goodbyes and loaded the cargo and the speeders onto the shuttle, taking off.

## **Suggestions for Future Meetings:**

It is my opinion that, in the future, steps should be taken to help ensure the Wyrani people have adequate medical supplies. It should also be noted that, according to local customs, a gift be presented to the chief upon each visit. It need not be anything grand; even the smallest gesture is greatly appreciated by the indigenous people. Due to the history tied into their martial arts, perhaps something which illustrates other forms found throughout the galaxy. They also enjoy a good alcohol every now and then.

## **UPDATE:**

Due to recent events taken by the Iron Fleet following the attack on the Cocytus System, it is advised that further contact with the Wyrani people be complemented with medical aid. There has been no contact from their village since the attack, but that does not mean they have been wiped out. There may be survivors, or they may have escaped unscathed due to their distance from the main areas within Scholae's dominion. If necessary, help them relocate, even if it would take time. Their medicinal herbs have proven to be valuable in some of the research being done within the science divisions of the Clan. Furthermore, with our current status of taking refuge on the *IMS Tipoca II*, we may be in need of a dependable source of food in case the provisions saved are not enough.

It is with great sadness that we are now in this situation. Our longtime home has been lost to us. But we will persevere. We will not take this lying down. It is my hope that we will soon find a new place to call our home before too long. And it is during trying times such as these that we will need to rely on our trading partners now more than ever before.