

"I can't believe the Commander is making me go on this mission," Knight Justinios Drake grumbled under his breath. "I mean why would we do anything to provoke the Grand Master any more at this point?"

L4-M3, the astromech droid the Aleena was speaking to, *beeped* back at the Knight in a dismissive manner. With little exposure to the binary language the blue and green droid was speaking, the Justinios mistook the reply for agreement.

"I know right!" The little reptilian Journeyman sighed. "The better idea would be to find a nice, new, hidden home for the fleet to spend even just a week in peace to try to repair and rearm and someone of my skills is much better suited to studying star charts for nebulae and asteroid fields for just such a location."

A series of urgent *bleeps* and *bloops* were sent out by the astromech droid in an attempt to convince Justinios to speed up his departure preparations. L4's internal chronometer was indicating that he was already five standard minutes late in delivering the talkative Knight to the hangar bay where one of the Clan's assault ships was awaiting with the rest of the crew. To the droids chagrin, the talkative alien wasn't picking up on his meaning.

"What kind of help am I going to be anyways?" Justinios slung his backpack over his shoulder and made his way towards the exit but paused before he reached the control panel. "You know, I think they rushed me to Knight just so they could justify sending me on dangerous missions like this one. They can just kick me out then. I'd rather go back to the University than throw my life away!" Knight Drake tossed his backpack onto the floor and plopped himself back at his desk.

Relieved he could at least leave the rambling journeyman behind, even if it meant returning to the hangar bay having failed his task, the L4 give a simple *boop* of acknowledgement as he rolled towards the door.

Unfortunately, Justinios misunderstood this as well. "Fine L4 I'll come with you," the Aleena said while grabbing his backpack again. "I'll never prove my theories outside of the Brotherhood and if I have to put my life in peril on Commander Rylance's fool's errand to continue my research then so be it. Just let me grab a few more things..."

L4-M3 sent out a sound that sounded a lot like an exasperated *growl* and accelerated quickly out of the room. Knight Justinios Drake had to sprint after him down the hallway with his backpack slung over one shoulder, only half closed.

"WAIT FOR ME L4. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE HANGAR BAY 4 IS!"