

The Enemy Below - Week 2

Aliso City Outskirts

Aliso

35 ABY

The *Phantom* flew over a rocky plain, coming in to land by the base of a mountain. Dirt, dust, and pebbles blew away as the XS Light Freighter's repulsors kicked in, her pilot out of his seat as soon as she touched down. Widget rolled out of her spot, beeping as she roamed. On Zuser's wrist, her translated comment appeared on his communicator. He rolled his eyes as he checked his weapons, making sure they were in working order. Holding the bracer on his left arm he held it in place as he turned his wrist, adjusting it.

"I already told you, Widget. I'm going on a reconnaissance mission. And you're to stay with the ship and have the *Phantom* ready to take off just in case we need to make a quick getaway."

He released his bracer, popping the hidden blade housed on the underside as a test before he retracted it back into its housing. He walked through his ship, checking his ammo packs before grabbing his Mandalorian helmet. Luckily he had the foresight to equip it with a night vision feature. His mission would take him into a cave that would possibly take him into the hive. Slipping the helmet onto his head he keyed the command to lower the ramp.

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Zuser found the cave no problem. As the Knight crossed from the light and into the darkening cave he activated night vision on his helmet. He kept his weapons holstered as he walked. The tunnel took on a gradual downward slope, prompting him to adjust his pace. After traversing the tunnel for a mile, the tunnel took on an unusual look, turning from uneven rock to a stone hallway of sorts.

'This must be the way in.'

He had yet to draw any of his weapons, aiming to try and stay out of combat. He drew his hood up over his helmet, and started stepping lighter. He extended himself out with the Force, feeling out for any movement further down the hall. Sensing nothing, he kept walking. He walked for what felt like hours until he happened upon a room. Peeking inside he saw no life, just racks of weapons.

'Looks like I found the weapons cache.'

Taking a quick look around the room, he turned to leave and almost shot his blaster. Along the wall was a row of B1 Battle Droids. He froze, hand on the handle of his DL-44. He waited for it to move. A minute crawled by and Zuser released a breath he didn't realize he was holding as

his hand let go of his blaster. The droid was deactivated for reasons unknown. Deciding not to look a gift taun-taun in the mouth, he pressed on.

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Blaster fire hit the walls all around Zuser as he ran down the hallways, trying to find the way he came out. He cursed to himself as he vaulted over a crate of some sort, resuming his running as soon as his boot hit the ground.

*'You just HAD to get a closer look at them, didn't you? You just HAD to get too close and you just **HAD** to knock over those powercells to attract the patrol of droids!'*

He snapped his arm out to grab hold of the corner of a hall to swing himself out and down the bend, a blaster bolt impacting the wall just after he released it. Zuser pulled his lightsaber from its scabbard and pressed the activation, the green blades lightning up the hallway and his night vision sight through the goggles. Still running, he batted back the few blaster bolts that came too close for comfort, while trying not to get even more lost than he already was.

He whirled around and shot his hands out, holding his saber with just his pinky and ring finger and gave a mighty push with the Force, knocking back the first waves of the patrol, hearing them clang against the droids that were following behind them. The pilot quickly turned and kept running after buying what little time he just got.

'Gotta find the right hall, gotta find the right hall, gotta find gotta find gotta find!'

He passed by one hall and skid to a stop, looking down and noticed that the wall started to merge into natural rock.

'Found it!'

"There he is! Blast the Jedi!"

Zuser's head whipped around. The mechanical tinny voice of the droid patrol was getting closer, and he shot down the hallway just as three bolts of superheated red death obliterated the corner he was just standing by.

He withdrew his lightsaber and placed it in its scabbard on his back as the hallway started slanting upwards as he found himself running uphill, blaster fire hitting the walls all around him. He slipped once on a couple loose rocks, his helmeted face impacting the ground. He scrambled back up, hearing the droids getting closer. He kicked up rocks as he clawed his way back up.

'Almost there!'

He shot out of the tunnel and into the blinding daylight, whipping around and extending both arms towards the mouth of the cave. He grit his teeth as he focused on his rage as he shot lightning from his hands, electrocuting the battle droids right before they emerged from the cave. He threw lightning into the mouth of the cave for what felt like minutes before he stopped, his fingertips smoking from the raw energy. Panting lightly Zuser pulled some large boulders with the Force into the mouth of the cave, blocking any Droids that might come out looking for him. He exhaled heavily as he let his arms drop. Staggering backwards, he keyed the command to lower the ramp once again. He staggered up the ramp, panting heavily as the adrenaline from the chase wore off. Keying the ramp to close, he fell on his rear, pulling his hood back and wrenching his helmet off, beads of sweat flying from his forehead. Widget rolled over, curious and he waved her off.

“That... was more fun... than I want to have... for a little while.”

He eventually got back in the cockpit and flew back to base to report his findings.