

The Knight Despises Waiting

Seng Karash

Aeotheran

Orian System

It had been an uneventful journey departing Tarthos. Erik Cato hoped to never return to the frozen wastelands of the dark, southern continent. Space was little comfort to him as it was equally cold and silent. The sith knight was relieved at least to spend time outside of a heavy set of snowtrooper armor. He spent the long hours of seclusion aboard his HH-87 Starhopper to meditate and train, avoiding interaction with the ship's droid when possible.

Upon reaching atmosphere of Aeotheran the black starfighter was greeted by a pair of Dlarit security gunships. He provided his credentials over an open channel and was granted escort to a giant crater holding the city of Seng Karash. The military had tightened defenses considerably since his last visit. They would tolerate no surprises it seemed. Prior terror attacks had recently wreaked havoc to the industrial sector. The recent loss of life and resources were heavy and the local economy was only just recovering its base quotas.

Two human soldiers approached Erik as he exited his craft. They conducted a quick visual search his ship's contents before taking Erik to a large concrete structure. He remembered it well by its bulky shape as a warhost temporary command center. *This is it. War! We must shipping out today.* He grew slightly anxious as he pulled his grey cloak tightly around him. A feeling of unpreparedness sent a chill down his spine. They left him at the entrance of a large meeting room which was occupied by several clan members and warhost officers.

The briefing began shortly after the warrior's arrival and the doors were secured behind them. House leadership entered silently from a side room and approached the centre table. A few datapads were placed on its shiny metal surface for personal reference. Jurdan Krennel calmly presented his information.

"Good afternoon. We wanted to break this news to all of you in person. This information is to be kept confidential. Weeks ago our agents successfully infiltrated and destroyed a network of spies. After the mission was concluded the sporadic attacks on our system seem to have halted. Despite this you should all remain cautious and on your guard. House leadership has come to an important decision during this lull in activity. Unless provoked again the clan is to reinforce current operations and make final preparations for a major offensive. We are on a tactical delay for one month. This will give us the time needed to strengthen our forces considerably. Each of you should make your own preparations and stay in regular communication with warhost command until further notice. More details will be provided shortly. For now you are all dismissed."

The news was very welcoming to Erik yet he appeared composed in front of his colleagues. With the meeting concluded he rejoined the two soldiers and made efforts to return to the ship.

I have more questions than answers. When will we know some real details? What am I to do for now? How am I supposed to prepare when I don't even know what our plans are yet? These

thoughts irritated him and he increased his stride considerably. There was a struggle to find any meaning in this latest development. He would have to wait and the knight despised waiting.

When he returned he found that his academy datapad had been moved to rest on the pilot's chair. There was a mysterious message active on the display. At the top of the screen was the mark of the Inquisitorius. He snatched the device and cast a quick glance around to ensure there were no other surprises. Carefully scanning over the contents, Erik's pale lips formed into a sinister grin.

"Looks like I'll be quite busy after all."