

## Too Quiet For Comfort

Lucyeth had been walking the thick jungle for hours and had yet to find anything on the package that had to be secured. Sheen of sweat had already formed to add to the stickiness of Lucyeth's exhaustion. The humidity of the planet played no favors to the Battlelord whom never could handle heat or humidity well to begin with. The planet of Dagobah was a mysterious but eerie planet to be on. Lucyeth heard numerous stories of Jedi heroes that inhabited the planet long ago as well as future heroes who came in the search of knowledge or sometimes power. The force was strong in the planet however the Battlelord was unamused. Lucyeth felt the force that was imbued within the life of the planet from the fauna to the wildlife of strangely large rodents that scurried from his cloaked figure.

*"What a dreary rock to be on, there is no way there was a package to be found in this fracking mess,"* Lucyeth thought to himself not that it mattered if he talked out loud to himself on this uninhabited hole.

The Battlelord had followed what he knew best that brought him to a dark cave in the jungle. The dark side of the force was strong in the cave but Lucyeth couldn't imagine why being that there was nothing or even anyone in the cave but himself. He followed the force to a hut that appeared to be abandoned for a long time. He could feel the force strong and raw in the area but only it wasn't the dark side of the force. Lucyeth felt the virtuous brightness of the light side of the force but it was the same issue as the cave. Palatinaean circled the hut numerous times but for the feeling in the force, there was no one there. The Intel had reported a package with a moon and red claw marks to be in the area but couldn't find anything close that resembled the description. The Battlelord stood at the hut alone in the deserted planet of Dagobah for a red clawed box for the Battleteam. He peeked into the hut, drawing the fur curtain but nothing was there. He felt the hut was significant but only in the force but his hope turned as he looked up. Right over the hut was a box suspended in a tree. It must have gotten stuck in the tree during a fall or the hut was really significant to this mysterious package that was critically important to the team. Lucyeth treaded carefully up the beams of the hut to grab the package. His hands grasped it at the peak of the hut but the wooden beams made up of thin tree limbs were too flimsy and the Battlelord fell through the hut.

Lucyeth saw the red marks of claws that were distinctively described for the intended package that he held in his hands. He opened the package to reveal another box small enough for a data chip but it was locked with an encryption code. The Battlelord shoved it in the confines of his cloak and hurried through the jungle to go home. Lucyeth spotted a ship descend toward the area he left at a low elevation that he thought meant landing. Spotlights are on and Lucyeth realized it was searching for something. He knew it had to be the package as it was the only object of value on this planet and Lucyeth left the box for them to keep. It appeared to be a trandoshan slave ship, a ship that Lucyeth didn't need to quarrel with.

*"Let them have the box, its empty anyway,"* Lucyeth thought to himself with a sly grin across his face as he moved quietly into the dark night of the jungles of Dagobah toward the marshes, to await extraction.