

It didn't matter how tightly he pulled the armorweave cloak around him, it was just so damn cold. It was so cold the water in the air froze and fell from the sky. It was bullshit. Vodo glowered at the falling flecks of frozen precipitation and sneered at it. One landed in his eye causing him to blink furiously to clear the water.

"I hate this place", he said looking around the frozen wasteland. His shuttle sat quietly behind him as he stood in the lashing wind waiting for his contact.

Vodo took a step forward to kick a lump of snow but slipped and fell on his ass. He growled to himself as he felt the cold wet begin to sink into his clothes.

"I'm going to order the Paragon to glass this planet", he muttered under his breath and found the hatred warmed him just that much.