

As impressive as Vader's castle was, it did very little to shield its occupants from the intense heat that permeated across the entire infernal planets of Mustafar. It was hot for your average being, it was even worse for one with fur such as a Bothan.

Reg had opted to join the Plagueian members on their guided tour of the castle, led by Furios Morega. He was sorely disappointed to find out that there was no central air in the sprawling building. Ever the professional, Reg did not complain or show any discomfort, of which there was a great deal. Furios led the rag tag group of Force users and non Force users down an impressive black hallway spouting interesting facts that the mechanic had a strong inkling were completely made up.

As the group moved down the hall Reg's attention was drawn instead to lose panel off to the side. Ever the mechanic Reg set off to work, deciding that if he was going to be miserable and hot, he'd at least do something he enjoys. As the rest of the group moved on without him, and in fact not even noticing his absence, the Bothan got to work.

First he pulled out his tools and removed the panel from the wall to inspect what was behind it. Reg was disgusted to find a veritable birds nest of wires running every which way with no rhyme or reason to the cable management. In the middle of this absolute mess was a box that looked like a nexus for the cables and wires, a single loose cable sat on top of the box unplugged. Carefully the mechanic unplug each of the cables one by one, once this was done he pulled each cable out straight and tied groups of them together. Once the wiring looked more like Coruscanti hyperspace lanes and less like the remains of the Death Star he began plugging each cable back into the box that acted as a hub.

Eventually only one cable remained unplugged, satisfies with his work but unwilling to leave it unfinished Reg plugged that final cable into the box.

Beep.

Reg looked around startled. Two blaster turrets slid out of the wall and set their sights on the Bothan. Panicked Reg fell backwards narrowly avoid a volley of plasma aimed where he was just crouched. The mechanic landed with a thud on his back and before he could catch his breath the floor below clicked and he suddenly felt a weightless sensation as the world around him fell away and he was surrounded by darkness.

As he plummeted down through a trap door for what seemed like eternity Reg had time to realize his mistake. He had reactivated the defences and traps, but only in this hallway he hoped. Reg could see a dim light rising up below him, he was nearing the ground and *fast*. The Bothan's descent was halted as suddenly as it began, his back impacted with the ground knocking the air from his lungs. While Reg lay on the ground at the bottom of the vertical shaft his tools clattered to the ground mere milimetres from his head, some were dull others were

sharp. As he looked to the side Reg noticed the faint image of his favourite screwdriver embedded in the ground.

Slowly and carefully Reg caught his breath and got to his feet. After a few moments his eyes adjusted to the dim light in the room, all around him long dead and decaying bodies were impaled on spikes. Vader sure didn't want people to survive this place.

Reg made his way towards the single door that stood against the wall slightly ajar. As he pushed it open he found himself back at the tail end of Furios' tour group as the would be tour guide spouted more false facts about the former Dark Lord's residence.

He certainly wasn't going to wander off again.