

## Listening Post Keter-South

One of several abandoned Republican planetary tactical outposts on Lyra, dating back to the earliest months of the Clone Wars, Listening Post Keter-South is tucked into a small clearing within the planet's dense tropical jungle some two-dozen kilometers south of the central Lyra Colony. Once staffed by dozens of troopers and intelligence agents, gathering information on the movement of Separatist forces within the system, the outpost has since fallen into dreadful disrepair. Thick vegetation has closed in around the sparse cluster of buildings, forming a near impenetrable barrier; only a handful of footpaths remain in usable condition, cutting the locale off from ground-traffic for the most part. This only lends to the location's pressing sense of isolation.

Keter-South's remaining three structures have been weathered down by decades of tropical humidity, flora growth, and on-and off wildlife habitation. A small storage building, a raised landing pad, and the two story, central command building are all that remain, arranged in a loose triangle. Though the integrity of the sturdy, alum and aluminum construction holds firm, the marks of age are undeniable. Walls, once painted in hues of shining white and striking maroon, have now reverted to dull greys, greens, and browns as thick layers of invasive casanvines have wound their way through doorways and shattered windows. Only bare flecks of the original coloration remain. Soft, rolling beds of Lyra's native moss species cover the ground level of the clearing, gently contracting as the plant life 'breathes' in ambient moisture. The soil itself works against the outpost; their poor foundations saturated by the planet's constant rains, the structure has begun to sink slowly into the earth, giving the central building a noticeable, eastward-list.

Although the interiors of the outpost provides much needed shelter from the rain, they are in no way comfortable nor hospitable. The cover provided attracts a wide variety of wildlife, of which only a bare minority could be classified as harmless. The storage building in particular, on the outpost's periphery, has become totally choked with vegetation, and acts as a periodic den for nesting terrorvore pairs in the spring. The two-story command structure is nestled into the center of the clearing, and as such, has been invaded less so by Lyra's flora and fauna, but still exhibits signs of decay. With the eastern wall beginning to sink into the soil, the first floor, filled with bunks and barracks once used by the Republic's clone army, has begun to slowly flood. Stagnant water leaves a pungent stench in the air, and stinging insects infest the rotting beds where clones once slept. The second floor is in far better shape; some of the electronics there, housed in long banks that were part of the outpost's key communications array, still function.

The landing pad is the only structure to remain relatively unscathed. Towering above the other two buildings, its secured interior has yet to be breached by wildlife or the elements of the jungle. The halls still shine under a coating of dust, and the mag-doors still whirl open at the sign of humanoid presence. Even the armory is still stocked with weaponry, waiting for the call, and the small-craft landing pad at the canopy line remains totally functional, just large enough to fit a

fighter or shuttle comfortably. The intact corridors are eerily timeless; a reminder, of wars past, and those that wait in the future.