**Somewhere in deep space, a nameless station:**

Major Wagglehorn sighed heavily as he slammed his now-empty glass of Corellian Whiskey down in the faux-wood bar. Smoke lazily curled upward from the deathstick he had dangling from his lower lip. He rubbed the stubble growing on his jaw with his free hand and took a glance around the seedy bar he found himself in. A handful of patrons nursed a variety of drinks at a smattering of tables in the narrow space. Calling this a bar would be giving it far too much validation. The air hung heavy as the smoke from a thousand death sticks never seemed to dissipate. An alien music which jazzy tones and a heavy under-beat reverberated through the stagnant atmosphere. It felt like time had somehow abandoned this place or that somehow the galaxy refused to give it notice. That reason alone was precisely why the few denizens chose this venue for their drinks.

Wagglehorn checked his wrist mounted chrono for a 3rd time and sighed again, growing concerned that his contact wouldn’t show. The door to the joint clattered open as a bearded human sauntered in. A small hum of voices died out quickly as the man strolled across the tables and chairs towards Wagglehorn’s perch at the bar.

“Morning, Jek”, Wagglehorn said, voice rasping.

“Bet you thought I’d be late”, the bearded man named Jek replied.

Wagglehorn nodded and took another drag from the death stick while the bartender rustled up two fresh tumblers of whiskey. He eyed Jek, noticing he still wore his faded Collective patch sewn into his jacket. Jek noticed his stare and addressed it, “Yeah I know. Probably not the best idea. No secrecy and all that”

Wagglehorn nodded again. Tired of what little small talk there was, he slid a cred stock across the table. Jek quickly and quietly pocketed the stick while sliding a data pad over in return.

“You sure this is what you want, Wags?”

“Yeah, Jek, it is.”

“Look Wags – this info could get us both killed. Why not let it go? There are a million planets you can call home and escape this mess between the brotherhood and the collective. Things aren’t so bad under the Order or even the republic…”

“Jek. No. For the same reasons you aren’t leaving. The collective needs to go. And if it happens to take the brotherhood with it, well…”

Jek nodded in agreement. Without another word, he zipped his credit containing pocket up and strode away from the bar. Wagglehorn watched as Jek left with his entire life savings. Sometimes revenge was expensive, especially when it was against a group as entrenched as The Collective. Wagglehorn quickly scrolled through the datapad – fleet placement, audio recordings, etc. There was more than enough data to show that the Collective staged the brotherhood attack, or at least was aware it would happen the way it did.

Wagglehorn smiled grimly and drank the remaining ale. With one last drag, he extinguished his stick and left the bar. Revenge was coming, and he’d be there to see it.