

TuQ'uan let out a groan as he stumbled down the streets of Aliso. Sleep in his eyes and pack in tow. Maybe it was because he had been unceremoniously awakened from his sweet, sweet slumber but for some reason his pack felt different tonight. Heavier and...lumpier. He was pretty sure he had heard a high pitched rumble almost like the snoring of a small animal, and on top of that it felt like something was rolling around loose inside but he would have to worry about that later. Right now he had a job to do and he had arrived at the mission location. The job was simple, all he had to do was capture an alleged Collective agent and bring them back to the Pinnacle. Once that was done he was free to return to the loving embrace of his bed.

As the Plagueian approached the industrial building that his target was allegedly in he removed the pack from his shoulder and began digging through his belongings looking for something to slice through the building's security.

Frak.

This wasn't his pack. This definitely wasn't his pack. At least, he didn't remember owning a droid leg, or even know what possible use it could have. The di Plagia tossed the leg aside and continued his dig. Up next he found a datapad and a few fist sized rocks, at least there was *something* he could use in here. Thumbing through the datapad, TuQ'uan's victory was short-lived. Horror dawned on the Kel Dor as he realized that someone **had** to be playing some kind of sick joke on him, the datapad was just filled with audio files with various animal names for the titles.

It was time for plan B.

Grabbing one of the rocks, TuQ'uan let his rage do the talking, bashing it repeatedly against the door controls until there was nothing left but a messy pulp of wires and durasteel, barely recognizable for what it once was. He let out a heavy sigh and let the rock roll from his loosened grip as the magnetic lock on the door deactivated. So much for subtlety.

Once he was inside it didn't take long to discover the location of his target, Kran was an odd little Zabrak hiding out in an open office space on the fourth floor of the abandoned building. As he crept forward, crouched so as to avoid detection, TuQ'uan reached into his pack for what should have been a sonic grenade to disorient his enemy. As he wound up to throw the grenade he heard a squawk come from his hand, turns out his grenades had been replaced with a live Porg. Because of course it had. The angry looking Porg simply stared back at him, death in its eyes. Suddenly, an absolutely insane idea struck the mercenary. It was a long shot, but maybe, just maybe it would work. With the element of surprise gone he continued with his throw, launching the vicious Porg towards Kran.

"Attack Porg!" he cried out as the Porg flew across the room.

He was hoping that the Porg would focus its anger on the Zabrak, distracting him long enough for TuQ'uan to incapacitate him. But that's not quite what happened. The Porg landed with a thud and rolled a few feet before jumping to its feet, hissing at the Kel Dor and running away. While he was still trying to figure out what had just happened, crimson blaster fire erupted from the other side of the room with shots going wide, whizzing past the di Plagia. TuQ'uan dropped to the ground as a bolt hit his left bicep. In one last ditch effort he dumped the remaining contents of his pack on the ground revealing a slugthrower, a roll of binding tape and a bottle of Shesharilian vodka.

TuQ'uan quickly grabbed the slugthrower and ran zig zagging towards Kran in an attempt to avoid his blaster fire. As he neared his target, TuQ'uan raised the slugthrower and squeezed the trigger, the kick back sending a shockwave through his body and igniting pain in his fresh wound. The round fired hit Kran square in the chest, knocking him backwards and out a broken window.

Frak. So much for bringing him back for interrogation. TuQ'uan tossed the slugthrower aside and walked back to his emptied pack. He had always hated vodka, but at least it could come in handy from time to time. The mercenary popped the cork on the bottle and tilted it upside down, emptying half the bottle into his open wound before smashing the bottle on the ground. Nobody deserves to drink that Bantha poodoo. With his wound sanitized, TuQ'uan used the bonding tape to seal the wound and turned for the door. The job had turned out less than ideally but it was done and the di Plagia had a bed calling his name.