**Ain't nothin' gonna break-a my stride. Nobody gonna slow me down, oh no. I got to keep on movin**.

By Sith Warlord Etah Obsidyn

“*Take us down to the surface*,” Etah instructed his incredibly capable pilot. “*Adrestia, Eos*,” Etah said referencing his engineer and his pilot “*stay with the droids on the ship. Keep us prepped for takeoff. Dre, follow us on instruments. Hippolyta, you’re with me.”*

The whole vessel lurched just a little bit as it came to a stop on the ground. Etah began to march toward the stairs descending to the planet.

As they stepped off onto the surface Hippolyta remarked. “*The Collective infiltrator couldn’t have gotten far*,” stated knowing that her boss would want the benefit of her expert opinion. “*If I set up my heavy repeating blaster at the base of the ship….*”

“*Then I pivot around him and maneuver the Collective agent into your line of fire*,” Etah said finishing her sentence. The pair had worked together so long they often shared tactical assessments. “*Just remember to use withering fire,*” Etah scolded his partner, reminding her to shoot across the targets legs.

*“I know, I know. We’re supposed to capture him right?*” the Kiffar soldier said mockingly throwing up her hands, before reaching into her backpack to pull out her heavy repeating blaster. “*Uhhhh, we got a problem boss,*” she said in an amused tone.

“*What is it*?” Etah said in an annoyed tone as he turned around to see Hippolyta hefting a droid leg over her shoulder.

“*This bag looks like my bag but this gear is not my gear, it looks like the crew from the ship switched my gear bag for a bag of spare parts. You may want to check your own gear before you get too far from me,*” Hippolyta said with a tone of worry in her voice.

Etah’s Sakiyan face looked confused and then looked worried as he reached into his own backpack and pulled out an adorable, very much alive porge that made a squeaking sound. “*Well, we’re gonna have to make do with what we got. There’s a Collective Agent out there and we must learn their secrets*,” *Etah said in a resolved tone*. He attempted to inform his crew of their bad luck but found he had no communication equipment.

“*Well you’ve got a droid leg and I have three rocks*,” Etah remarked sounding non-sequitur. “*Let’s play it by ear and stick to the same essential plan,*” the Sakiyan patriarch said tossing the Porge to his protégé. He nodded at her briefly before she ducked down into some brush at the foot of the shit and Etah himself took off running.

Reaching out with the force, Etah heard sentient thoughts float through the empty canyon that were not those of his crew. So he followed those thoughts in such a way as they got progressively louder. The moment Etah saw the infiltrators head he chucked all three of the rocks he found in his pack at the infiltrator to get his attention. The rocks all missed, but the infiltrator looked backwards.

Hidden within the brush Etah moved to the infiltrators far side. When he was very close to the Collective Agent Etah played a datapad with animal noises. The Sakiyan pressed a random button and hoped for a ferocious roar but the datapad ended up playing a Porge sound. Thinking quickly Etah gathered the force around him and then extended it around the infiltrator and then made the force scream in terror.

With no idea that he was being stalked by a force user the infiltrators fear shot through his body from feet to head, and he instantly became terrified of Porges. Terrified of Porges the man ran away at full speed, with no conscious acknowledgment that he was running toward Etah’s ship even though it loomed in the background.

As the Collective agent mad with terror approached within about 55 feet, Hippolyta tossed the live Porge in the air and hit it with the droid leg spending the cute furry creature right toward the face of the terrified agent. It lightly bumped his forehead and after a second when he was able to identify the creature as a Porge he began having a serious a panic attack.

Etah stepped up from out of the thick brush just in time to shoot the leg of the man with a single shot slug thrower. The terrified agent who was still losing his mind over Porges was now wounded and Hippolyta bend down binding his arms and feet with bonding tape.

Etah pulled out a bottle of booze and poured part of it out on the agents open wound, and then took a gulp of the liquor himself before spitting it out. “This has to be the worst booze I’ve ever had.” Etah discarded the bottle as Hippolyta began dragging, the terrified and wounded man up the ramp into the ship. “*This little guy will be useful for the interrogation*,” the Skikiyan said with a grin as he picked up the Porge, so far no worse for the wear.

~ (#8075) Warlord Etah Obsidyn (Sith) / Battle Team Disciples of Dakhan of House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: XII] [GMRG: I] [SYN: V] [ACC: Q] [INQ: IX]