

Great Hunt V
Begin Your Preparations
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Darcy looked down at his Mandalorian armor. When he first met up with Clan Vizsla, it had been on the Godless Matron while he was trying to set a few rival crime gangs at each other and draw a profit from the chaos, before being rudely interrupted by a Collective invasion. That was nearly two years ago.

He had been able to make one bargain: amnesty from Nalya the Hutt, in exchange for bringing in credits to fulfill his bounty. He had brought in enough to pay it off a few times, but now he was faced with a decision. He slid into the chestplate of his armor as he began to recite the rhyme of the Resol'nare.

Ba'jur bal beskar'gam.

Education and armor. The galaxy was certainly getting rougher, and Nalya's noose was slowly tightening as the bounty climbed. He needed protection. He needed to protect himself.

Ara'nov, aliit.

Mando'a bal Mand'alor.

A new Great Hunt had begun, his first Hunt since he swore to uphold the Resol'nare. By creed, he would answer the rallying call. Affixing his helmet, he checked his vambraces carefully. Flamethrower, net launcher, blaster. A montlizer at his hip. As much as he used to hate violence, his last few smuggling runs had become too dangerous to continue. Like any true Mandalorian, though, when his leaders called, he would rally.

This was the creed. This was survival.

An vencuyan mhi.

This was the Way.

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Denath of Vizsla

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