

***“A remote defense base in Hoth has called for help  
to deal with what they suspect to be  
a pair of Wampas harassing their patrol routes.  
The commander of the base has put a bounty on these creatures.  
15.000 credits for those brave enough to get rid of them for good.”***

## **Echo Cantina Hoth**

Revak stood, hunched over the bounty board with his hands supporting himself at its corners. He didn't necessarily like Hoth, he preferred landscapes that are easier to survive in, however since he was here we figured he might earn a few credits before he left. He exhaled deeply before tapping "Accept." A beep from his scanner signified the coordinates of the base had been downloaded.

With nightly temperatures at a frigid -60C, leaving the warmth of the bar at night hadn't even crossed his mind. He walked over to the bartender, requested a room and a drink and sipped slowly on the frothy brew until his eyes became heavy.

Come sunrise, we had already begun warming up the Sanctifier and organizing his stims in preparation for however this was going to go. Most of the time, when something should be easy, it often wasn't and it was always better to be prepared than to be caught with your pants around your ankles. Early on it happened more times than he cared to admit, but he took every misstep as a learning experience.

"Whenever you're ready, follow the coordinates," he announced to his ship's control program, MU/TH/ER.

A digital voice replied, "Engines warming for take off... 3... 2... 1..." and with a woosh the Sanctifier lifted into the air.

After a few minutes of what felt like an eternity of flying over nothing but white, the base appeared over the horizon. It was nothing special. A power generator, a few small buildings, a communication tower and the entrance to the cave that housed a majority of the base. Looking out the window he saw a perimeter beacon flash red and a male voice quickly got on the comm.

"Sanctifier, you've entered airspace belonging to Oreton base. State your business."

Revak sat down in the pilot's seat. "I've come seeking information on a bounty posted by this base's commander."

“Right. One moment... you’re cleared to land in Hanger 2. The Commander will meet you there.”

MU/TH/ER veered the ship to the left and guided it into the open hanger. She brought it down slowly and the large hangar doors closed behind them. Then they waited.

A few moments later a tall human female walked into the hanger followed by three of what Revak assumed were her personal guards. One stood on either side and the last stood behind her. Revak flipped a switch to lower the loading ramp.

“Welcome to... oh a Jedi, we don’t see many of your kind around here. Welcome to Oreton base. Come and I’ll discuss the issues we’ve been having.” She placed her hand on Revak’s shoulder and turned to walk beside him. She began to go into detail about the wampa attacks.

“Our patrols have been getting ambushed by wampas in increasing numbers. We would like someone to deal with them. Someone who knows how to handle the beasts.”

Revak furrowed his brow, “Wampas are known to do that on occasion. Your men could simply be their next easiest meal.”

“Yes but that is the odd part about all this. It’s two particular wampas. One male and one female. And they don’t eat the patrols. They mangle them pretty badly and leave them there. Almost as if they do it for sport.” The Commander sounded confident.

Revak disagree. “Not many creatures kill for sport. Only one’s I’ve seen that do, usually speak my language.”

The Commander gave a chuckle. “This is true, but something has to be done. The last attack happened very close to here. I fear they will attack the base next.”

Revak looked around at all the armed guards, the cameras and other security features designed to keep unwanted things out of the base, then he looked at the Commander. “Fine...”

A loud siren cut him off. The Commander pulled her comm out of her pocket which had begun chirping desperately to get her attention.

“Yes, what is it” she answered.

“Wampas have entered the base through the service tunnel!”

The Commander began quickly walking in the direction of the service tunnel with Revak and her guard not far behind. A high pitched roar came from behind them, but as Revak turned to see from where it came, they rounded a corner and met a large blast door and almost the entire base of armed troops. She called one of her Lieutenants to fill her in on the situation.

“Ma’am, the two wampas from the patrol attacks made it into the service tunnel. The workers had closed this door in time but trapped themselves with the monsters.”

The Commander looked at Revak, “Do you still want the credits?”

He turned back in the direction of where the high pitched sound originated then turned to the Commander. “If the Wampas are behind this door, then what was that sound I heard when the commotion began to take place?”

The Commander looked at him puzzled.

“You said there are two wampas, a male and a female, responsible for these attacks. The same ones who are behind this door. Have any of your men bregged lately about capturing a juvenile wampa?”

“What?” The Commander’s face flushed red as she became angry at his hesitation to deal with the wampas and his questioning of her command. “What does that have to do with anything? What makes you think that my men would bring something like that into the base. That’s against every policy we have! If you’re too scared to...”

The Lieutenant interrupted. “Ma’am, some of the men have been talking about a “pet” they’ve been keeping in the bunkhouse.”

She quickly snapped her head, her eyes so intensely focused on the Officer that he took a slight step back. “Are you saying that you’ve known about this and have done nothing? I could have your bars removed for this!”

The Lieutenant swallowed hard, “No ma’am, it was only rumors and...” Revak cut in.

“There is a very good chance that returning the cub to its parents would clear this all right up and no further attacks would take place.”

The Commander grabbed the Lieutenant by the collar, “You find that thing and you get it here or you’ll be cleaning the latrines until you retire!”

The Officer ran off, but moments later came back with a small wampa in a cage. Revak looked at the wampa, then looked at the Commander who appeared now more furious than she had before. The Officer wheeled the cub to the blast doors. With a shaky voice he ordered a Sergeant to open the doors just enough to allow for the cage to fit. As the doors opened the wampa cub let out a growl that was echoed by the two larger adults. The Lieutenant opened the cage and the cub ran out towards its parents. They all watched as the wampa family, now united, walked back through the service tunnel and out of the base.

Revak turned to the Commander. “It was 15,000, correct?”

The red faced Commander snapped back at him, "You get zero credits! The bounty was for you to deal with them, but we handled everything! Revak shrugged and began to walk off as she unleashed her fury on her own men, "...and for the rest of you! If I so much as..."

Revak sat back down in the pilot's seat of the Sanctifier. He rubbed his forehead. BD walked over and nudged his leg before jumping onto the co-pilot's seat. "Well BD, I now have two reasons to avoid Hoth. One, it's cold. Two, it doesn't pay well." BD responded with a disappointed whistle. Revak kicked his feet up onto the console in front of him and reclined in his seat. "MU/TH/ER, take us home."