

Wampa Marauders

Here I am, on the barren ice world of Hoth, searching for some terrifying and notorious monsters that have constantly attacked a remote base on the planet of Hoth.

If those savage brutes were intelligent, they are about as clever as some marauding pirates choosing to harass one base that posed as an easy target time and again. From what I heard, the monsters strike when they least expected, usually just before the blizzard comes in. They kill anyone unfortunate enough to be caught, including their mounts, and then swiftly dragged the corpses as food before the base could launch a response counterattack.

I wouldn't be here if it weren't for a simple toss of the coin. Desirable hunts have come up short. The rest of us are left hunting monsters that no one else would risk doing so. The problem is there were only three jobs available. After some quarreling among us, we all settled with heads or tails to see who gets what.

I ended up traveling to Hoth, hunting for what was suspected to be the work of a pair of Wampas. I will say, those were quite the coordinated pair of beasts. Usually, Wampas are most lethal when they are an entire pack preying on numerous targets. But since they lack the numbers to raid a remote base, they are instead picking them off one after another whenever they leave the base's safety zone. It's as good as a tactic to slowly kill the targets or starve them out before finishing them.

"Ugh~ Blast this storm," I muttered while treading through the snow in my armor. "If luck is on my side, I would be able to find those brutes before the blizzard ends."

I am taking an awful lot of risk here, treading through the blizzard and trying to spot the beasts coming out before ambushing them. It's not an ideal plan, but what can you do on a planet with tons of snow where it's impossible to do tracking.

"Can't even bring a Tauntaun out under this storm." Although if I were to ease my burden under the storm by taking a mount outside, the poor thing would freeze to death in my stead. I'm not so cruel as to do something like that to a helpless animal.

"Blast, when is this storm going to end?" With Hoth's weather so unstable, there's no use complaining. "Just end, will you," But I will complain while I could, regardless.

Suddenly the blizzard faded away. As if someone turned the tap off on the storm. "Well, how pleasant for that to go away," I said with sarcasm because I don't happen to miss the blizzard one bit. Csilla was cold, covered in tundras of ice and snow. However, Hoth makes the weather on my homeworld seem mild in comparison.

Anyhow, I've reached my destination, high on top of a cliff overlooking the patrol route deep below. The rock and ice ground on the patrol route below is more solid than this snow cliff. All that is left is to spot the Wampas when they come out to prey on the patrols.

RAAAAAGH!

I felt as if my heart jumped out upon hearing the sudden terrifying roar from behind. I barely dodged a blow from a giant clawed hand even as I immediately turned around and retreated backward.

RAAAAAGH!

Another terrifying roar filled the air. Slightly tilting my head, I could see another Wampa coming from behind the first one. The beasts found me first instead of the other way round. I suppose they were also using this position as a lookout against the patrols. Really, what are the odds?

Reeeeegh~!

For some reason, after that brief introduction, they were not going for another attack. Wait, the Wampas, they're observing me, trying to see what I would do next.

They are quite the clever pair, noticing that I am well-armed and armored even if I have my back against a corner. However, if this drags on any longer, I'm going to be at a disadvantage. I need to make the first move.

Although I'm no match for those beasts in physical strength, I have the tactical advantage with my arsenal of weapons and gear.

"Now!"

As soon as the first Wampa moved slightly forward, I released a volley of blaster fire. As expected, they immediately charged at me, trying to bear their claws down at me. To which I then drew my lightsaber, warding the beasts off.

The Wampas backed away before the blade even touched them. It would seem they're not so foolish that they will unnecessarily injure themselves in the fight. However, this means that they can't advance on my position while I can attack them from a distance.

Their large physique made them cumbersome and slow to dodge blaster shots. A few landed on their arms and chest, scorching the fur and slightly burning the flesh.

RAAAAAGH-!

One of the aggravated beasts broke off from the other, charging at me with full fury. That is my cue, "Activating jetpack."

Leaping over the Wampa, it stops short of running over the cliff.

Reeeegh~?

Fwoosh!

A net arrow caught the beast binding its upper body. I launched it as the Wampa turned to face me. With its head and face in a bind, it struggles to loosen itself out of the net.

REEEEEGH-!

The second Wampa now also lunges at me, perhaps to aid its trapped friend. However, it stopped short upon realizing something had caught its foot.

This time, I caught the other Wampa by the leg with the fiber cord whip. For a brief moment, it was distracted. Quickly I hooked the other end of the cable to the net that still binds the other Wampa.

Vrooom-Fssssh!

A quick strike at the beast's ankle made the Wampa fall limp. Finally, using every concentration in the Force, I gave a strong push against the beast, throwing it off the edge of the cliff.

RAAAAAAGH~!

It fell off the edge the other Wampa lost its balance, being dragged along by the other end of the cable.

REEEEEEEGH~!

Flailing as it was being pulled along over the cliff's edge, the beast desperately struggles to get a holding on the snow ground. It was all in vain as both Wampas fell from the cliff from a great height, plummeting into what I assume would be their deaths.

"This is Sulon to remote base command." Speaking as I established communication to the base. "I think got the Wampas you're looking for, requesting a pickup for the bodies."