

## Operation SPYFALL

### Warlord Raiju Kang

Pendroh-I, Pendroh System  
The Inner Rim  
40 ABY

*Dip..Dip....Dip.*

It was a tranquil day, all things considered. A calmness had fallen upon the river system, as its flow weakened to the point where a mosquito could interrupt its smooth surface with a cascading ring of ripples. As the noon sun began to make its way to the horizon, an uncomfot heat had set in and chased all manner of creatures away to the shade far back from the riverbanks. Under the water, carp and catfish lazily floated along the sandy bottom as they were pushed downstream by the light current. Even when one of these carp suddenly stopped in the rubbery clutches of a Nautolan, the school carried on unaware or perhaps uncaring of their missing friend.

It had been quite a relaxing afternoon for the Nautolan, camped out as he was on the riverbed under the shade of a low hanging tree. The gentle nature of the river today meant he didn't particularly care when the message would arrive, he would still easily spot it. All he had to do was be patient. Not like yesterday, where the river had excess volume from the rains last week and caused all manner of things to swiftly flee downriver. Or even last week, when the rains caused a cloud in the water and the Nautolan was forced to sit in the shallows to watch the pipe.

The same pipe that now dribbled in an annoyingly irregular fashion.

*Dip.....Dip..Dip.*

The first month that Raiju Kang spent here on assignment was the worst. Endless hours listening to the sound of dipping water wasn't just maddening, it was torture. However, by the second month he had been able to adjust to the positives of his mission. In nearly two decades of work for the Brotherhood, the Nautolan had never been paid to just hang out on the beach and dine on free sushi. Usually these missions involved a lot more blood and hardship, or whining if the Jedi were involved.

Still, at three months in there had been hopes that his contact would be able to work out a regular routine for information exchanges. However, it seemed that's when the contact's paranoia got the best of him and he refused to do anything that would result in some sort of pattern. In fairness though, it's only paranoia when there aren't founded reasons to be worried about being killed. This contact certainly did have those reasons.

*Dip...Dip.....Dip.*

With the six month mark approaching, Raiju had begun to wonder who would be his relief. The system they had worked out certainly had its downside, but so far the information dumps kept coming. The Voice would have to find another aquatic being, which continued to be in short supply since Pravus' Purge, otherwise they'd have to come up with a new system. Which would be incredibly hard since Raiju had more of a relationship with the pipe than the contact.

*Dip....Dip....Dip.*

Regardless of what happened next with the mission, Raiju was sure he wouldn't be coming back here anytime soon. Even before he had taken off to watch a sewage pipe, the drums of war had started to rumble and it was very likely the information that was being passed through was leading to that event.

*Dip...Blip.*

"Finally." Raiju thought to himself as a metallic container splashed out of the end of the pipe and immediately sank to his place on the riverbed. Overhead a chocolate coloured cloud bled into the waters. "It's time for me to do some of my own business."