Hevan walked through the jungle, thick rain falling onto his head and body, his hair and body dripping with water as he followed the winding path up to a small shack atop a cliff. He did not bother to pull his hood up, simply wiping his hand over his forehead, water droplets flying off from the strands of hair that fell down as he did so. As he walked up the sand path, a white flash followed by the rumble of thunder rolled overhead, and the rain fell harder. He reached the house, looked at the caved in door, blaster impacts clearly present inside the house, the presumed owner decomposing on the floor. Before turning away from the path, he closed the door on the corpse, then stepping into the twisted mat of plants that mad up the thick jungle. He pushed his way through, rain falling in little streams that bounced off each leaf down to the floor, his already soaked clothes dripping and heavy. He ignited his blade and the violet weapon cut through a large blanket of vines that hung down from the canopy. Again, a white flash followed by rolling thunder, and his blade steaming as rain hit it retreated back into his hilt. He arrived in a small clearing, a deep pool stretching down, the normally clear mineral water now distorted by falling rain, as he lowered himself to be under a overcrop, resting for a second but still pulling a rebreather from his pocket and putting it in his mouth as he fitted a mask over his eyes and plunged into the water. The dull splash caused the silver forms of fish to dart away, Hevan floating a few metres beneath the surface, feeling his suit accustom itself to the cold water, and he looked around at the flat plateaus covered with seagrass that had small fish dart around it. He shook his head, and kicked down, the rebreather letting bubbles float upwards, diving down into the dark caves beneath.

As he swam down, the darkness enveloped him, and he slowed his kick and was more careful in his descent. He knew the passages, his days of research on the area allowed him to know the path through the twisting tunnels by heart, but he was unsure of what creatures lay in wait throughout it. After what seemed like an eternity swimming in darkness, Hevan saw the glimmer of light. He rose up, and the light grew brighter, the water on his face and hands grew warmer, seeing the surface mostly clear and crystalline. He broke the surface, sending some small primates screaming into the jungle, as he pulled himself upon a small ledge. The rain mostly gone, only grey clouds and the occasional drop falling, he clambered up another ledge to find himself in a small rocky area, surrounded by trees. He sat down, pulled his pack off his back, and despite his best wishes to fall asleep, constructed a small shelter and pulled out some small rations, heating them in a portable stove. He ate the lukewarm food, hearing the faint crash of waves from the nearby sea. He waited for a couple days, sleeping in the clearing and hunting the wildlife for better food than the meagre rations, just waiting.

Early morning on the third day, Hevan was awake and waiting along the path. His ears were picking up any noised, and he was tense. After some time, he heard the faint chatter of voices and engines, and ducked behind a tree. Soon after, a small landspeeder hovered through the path, multiple large crates tied to the back, with guards surrounding it. Hevan ignited his blade, cutting through the nearest guard, and attacking the rest. The speeder pilot, trying to escape, increased his speed, but Hevan merely cut through one of the engines for the speeder, causing it to crash into a tree. He dispatched the remaining guards, but was unable to prevent one from signalling others, but this offender was soon found without a head. Hevan walked over to the crashed speeder, the pilot shooting his pistol to no avail, Hevan reflecting a shot into the pilots temple. Hevan pulled one of the crates off, opened the lid and gazed upon the contents. He grabbed a new sniper rifle from the case, examining it before claiming it as his own. He pulled his holoprojector out, and the image of TuQ’uan Varick appeared. “Weapons cache secured master, awaiting further orders.” Hevan addressed his master as he looked over his new weapon, admiring it’s smooth design and functionality, letting several shots off into the jungle aimed at various plants. “Confirmed, a shuttle is en route to receive cargo. Good job today Hevan” The last part caused Hevan to look at the projector, before nodding and shutting the device off. As he finished packing his campsite up, he heard the roar of the shuttle, looking above and seeing the unmistakable symbol of his clan on the wings, before it lowered down into the jungle, crushing trees that stood in it’s way. He ran to the ramp, helping the crew to load the crates on, all knowing that time was of the essence. Once done, he boarded the shuttle, the ramp closing as it lifted up, the view of the early jungle replaced with the cold metal ramp.