

EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE FALL OF THE CHAGRAS HEGEMONY, LORD DAIMAN TURNED HIS ATTENTION NOT TO THE FRONT LINES --

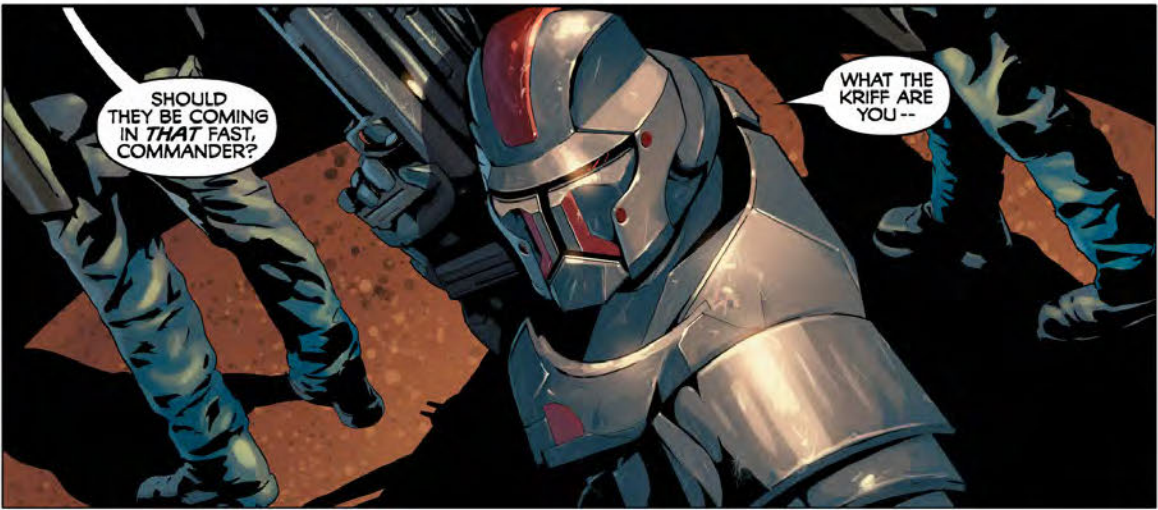
-- BUT TO CHELLOA, DEEP WITHIN HIS TERRITORY. THE ONCE-BEAUTIFUL RIMWORLD HAD NEVER BEEN CONSIDERED A STRATEGIC POINT --



-- THOUGH IN A GALAXY INCREASINGLY DOMINATED BY THE SITH, THINGS HAVE A WAY OF CHANGING...

GET THE CONTAINERS READY TO MOVE, SCUM!

WHERE'S PALLADANE'S BLASTED SLAVES? WE'LL NEED ALL HANDS -- THE CARGO LINERS ARE GONNA BE COMING IN FAST!



SHOULD THEY BE COMING IN THAT FAST, COMMANDER?

WHAT THE KRIFF ARE YOU --



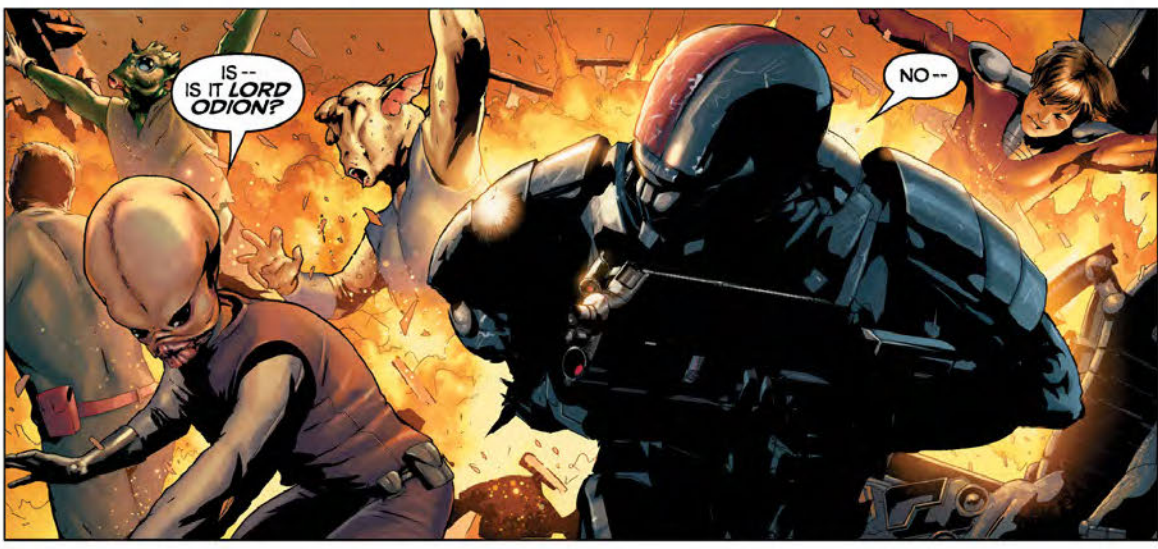
**KROOOWWWW!**

RUN!



**KRCHOWWWW!  
KRCHOWWWW!**

WHAT IN--? THAT CARGO LINER'S FIRING ON OUR OWN SHIPS!

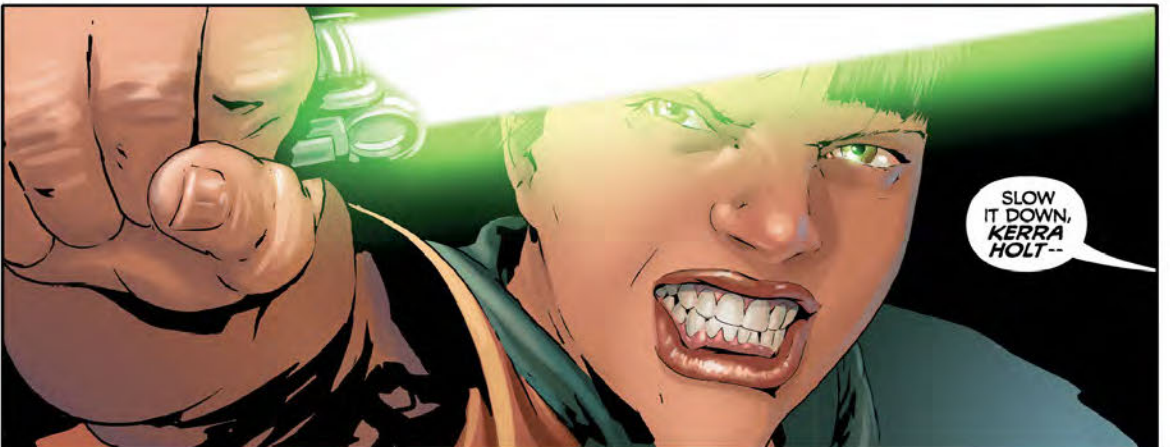


IS-- IS IT LORD ODION?

NO--



-- IT'S THE  
JEDI!





--YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME DEAD.

YOU PASSED THE TRIALS *BEFORE* WE GOT HERE. NO NEED TO IMPRESS ME.



JUST EAGER TO GO, ER-- *SIR*. SORRY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL YOU NOW.

JUST CALL ME BEFORE YOU LAND IN *MY* YARD AND COME OUT SWINGING! AND IT'S JUST *VANNAR TREECE*. NOW, YOU'RE ONE OF *US*--



-- AND WE'VE GOT JOBS TO DO. REMEMBER YOURS?

OF COURSE. YOUR CONTACT IS GATHERING THE MINERS IN THE SOUTH WORK YARD. I ALREADY SPOTTED THEM ON THE WAY IN.

I RECONNOITER, SECURE YOUR CONTACT, AND REJOIN THE DEMOLITION TEAM. SIMPLE.



SIMPLE. MAYBE NEXT TIME *YOU* CAN BE THE CHARISMATIC LEADER RUNNING THE HOPELESS MISSION.

NAH, MY JOB'S TO MAKE THE CHARISMATIC LEADER *LOOK GOOD*.

TAKE CARE... *VANNAR*.