

Wodi tried to wipe the condensation off the lenses of his helmet, but succeeded in only further limiting his vision by smudging the moisture that was collecting there. He hadn't known, before today, that the air return duct connected to Zekk's quarters also served the communal 'fresher on the deck below. The condensation had been bad, but the smell, well, that was why he was wearing the helmet in the first place. Wodi didn't think the Warrior had a Hutt on the crew, but after smelling the abomination emanating from below deck, he wasn't so sure anymore.

"Dank Farrik" Wodi hissed under his breath. He'd been waiting in the duct for at least half the day. That was half a day not in the simulator and he knew Yods would not be pleased about that. The Chalquilla Cup was on the line, and parking behind Yod's bomber wasn't going to earn him any commendations. He'd have to make it up tonight, if he ever got out of this blasted duct.

The camtomo sitting in front of him rattled, a faint grunting and scratching audible over the sound of running water that traveled up from the 'fresher below. Wodi had never seen a Thunian wart-hornet before, but the dealer on the Exotic Pets, Slaves and Assassin Droids Exchange holonet had assured him that they were the most annoying thing 200 Imperial credits could buy. He'd been tempted to open the camtomo and take a look, but a large red warning sticker had changed his mind. The dealer, a slimy looking Rodian named Sneerl, told him that Thunian wart-hornets had a poisonous lick that made their victims' skin feel like it was on fire, along with an annoying screech that Sneerl said could only be topped by a Gungan.

Wodi had wanted to hire a Gungan dancer for the COM, but that ran a fair bit more than 200 credits, and Wodi was already going to have to lay off the commissary for a month to make up for the wart-hornets, so they would have to do.

Through the grate in front of him, Wodi saw a light click on. Zekk walked through the open hatch into his quarters. Wodi grinned as he began fumbling with the lid of the camtomo. Whatever species decided that this was an ergonomic design clearly had more fingers than Wodi did. Zekk stood in front of a mirror, striking various poses that Wodi had seen in speeches in the past. Zekk stood with one hand on his hip, his jaw stuck out, sternly glaring into the mirror. Wodi thought of that one as "Moff Zekk" and tried not to snicker loud enough for Zekk to hear.

Wodi finally got the camtomo opening up and dared to take a quick peek inside to see the swarm of tiny wart-hornets he was about to unleash into Zekk's room. But that's not what he saw; instead, three palm-sized creatures with gossamer wings, giant glowing warts, and large bulging eyes stared back at him. Wodi's eyes grew wide as he realized there was a large size disparity between the small size of the grate and the large size of a Thunian wart-hornet. Wodi knew he was going to have to act fast, since these things weren't going to sit still forever.

Balancing himself precariously over the opening to the lower deck duct, Wodi braced himself with his arms and prepared to kick the grate in. He was going to have to make a quick getaway, but hopefully Zekk would be too busy with the wart-hornets to catch him. Wodi kicked the grate hard, but it didn't give. Zekk whipped around and looked at the return duct

grate incredulously. Wodi glanced back at the cantomo in the duct behind him, the wart-hornets had climbed up to the top of the cantomo and one was licking its giant bulbous eye with its hilariously long tongue. Wodi knew he was only going to get one more shot at this, he braced and kicked with both feet as hard as he could, hands slipping down the sides of the duct as he did.

The grate flew inward at the exact moment that Wodi lost his grip on the sides of the duct and began falling down to the deck below. Wodi saw Zekk's eyes widen and as he started to yell something out, two of the wart-hornets screeched like a klaxxon going off and flew toward him.

Wodi hit the grate above the communal 'fresher with a clang and as he lay sprawled there, the air knocked out of him, he could hear Zekk stomping and cursing from his quarters above. Wodi started to laugh, but as he did, he heard a horrifying screech. Looking down at his leg, the third wart-hornet glowed and pulsed as it screeched at him. Wodi tried to scramble backward, but in doing so, dislodged the last bit of tension and metal that was holding the grate in place, dumping him and wart-hornet into the over-capacity 'fresher below.

As he landed in a puddle of foul water, a dozen crew members began running, yelling and cursing as the wart-hornet flew around the 'fresher, licking and screeching as it went.

Wodi looked down at the new stains that now covered his uniform, "Dank Farrik, Zekk's gonna know!"