



# Prologue

**T**he two elite Azten imperial navy warships would catch up to him soon, within minutes. They had made it clear, they meant to destroy him.

Tomek had custom designed his own ship, the *Vigilante*, with technology he expected was beyond even theirs. But after the damage that his ship had sustained battling Good Taste Incorporated in hyperspace, the only advantage that he had left was his targeting system. He had popped into this solar system for repairs, not another fight.

There was only one strategy left now. He unharnessed himself from the cockpit chair and paused to stretch his numb leg so that he was more capable of walking. He stuffed his travel bag with essential tools, belongings and other helpful things conveniently within reach and threw it all into the escape pod. He tried to think of anything else he would need on a strange planet. But how would he know what he needed? Nothing more occurred to him, so he moved back near the cockpit.

He struggled into his space suit in case the worst happened, and returned to his seat to prepare for battle. He continued in a nice low orbit, skimming above the thin upper atmosphere of the planet Baktu.

“Warning to the approaching alien craft,” a voice said over the communication channel, for the second time since he had arrived. “This is the Azten imperial navy. Baktu is a quarantined planet. No lifeform may land on or leave this planet. We will open fire and destroy you if you continue on your course.”

Baktu. Tomek pondered the name the voice had mentioned.

The voice confirmed the name for him. Further, it was a forbidden