The Nightmare Pumping in my Veins

The situation was dire, scions scoured the streets of Ohmen like ants in a mound. They were running to and fro looking for the Scholae membership that they hadn’t captured or killed yet. Delak was watching them from inside the Foaming Bantha grill ten blocks from the palace. He had been just outside the grill when the green fear toxin had been dropped on the city and he had been soaked in the stuff. It had been two hours and he could feel things getting worse. He was using all of the force power he could muster to maintain some of his clarity. He could feel the fear of the scions creeping into the back of his mind. This wasn’t good, it wasn’t natural. He was a Dark Jedi Knight, he was not supposed to be afraid of these pitiful minions, yet he was afraid. Delak ducked quickly below the window sill as a scion trooper walked by the grill and looked in to see if anyone was about. The grill had been cleared when the bombing started, everyone had ran to their homes to be with their loved ones. The scion didn’t notice anything out of order so he moved on. It was getting too hairy here, Delak knew he had to move on. He knew Archangel was getting the fear anti-toxin from the lab on the outskirts of the city. He was probably one of the few who was now immune to this situation that they found themselves in.

Delak moved away from the window towards the stairs leading up to the lounge where there was an open top balcony. From the balcony he could jump to any number of roof tops to try and avoid the ground presence of the enemy. As he stepped out onto the balcony he could hear a scion in the distance shouting for assistance. Drawing his lightsaber Delak ignited it and deflected a few blaster bolts into the air. It was close he didn’t know why but he almost didn’t get his saber up in time. He made his jump for the nearest rooftop as the scion forces moved in on his position. He was doing his best to keep moving but he kept feeling anxiety and fear building up inside of him making him want to curl up in a ball and hide. He knew that he couldn’t do that but everything in his mind was telling him to do so. As he jumped from one roof to another he could see the scions falling back behind him. As he went to the ledge of the next building preparing to make his jump he stopped short of the actual jump as he thought he saw what looked like a ghost. At that split second he realized he wasn’t standing on the roof anymore, he was in fact falling three stories to the ground. He landed hard in a garbage bin which was luckily full. He hit something hard in the bin and didn’t know what but when he picked up his arm it hurt bad enough to cause him pain. He then saw another ghostly figure flying about above his head. It looked as if it was some kind of beast flapping its huge wings that each had two sharp talons on each wing. Its head looked like a krayt dragon with giant horns, and its body looked like a serpent. It was flying around his head back and forth as if toying with him.

Delak got out of the bin as fast as he could tripping and stumbling as he tried to scramble to his feet to get away from what he was seeing. This wasn’t natural, he didn’t know if the beast was really there or not. He ran as fast as he could away from the beast and towards the area in which Archangel was supposed to be, one of the last unoccupied parts of the city. As Delak was running away he was tackled from a side alley by a scion trooper. He felt like he had been hit by a bantha running full speed. The air was knocked out of him momentarily. Both he and the scion stood up and he could swear that the scions eyes were glowing red and fierce like a fire. The scions body seemed to morph into a wampa which was ready to tear his head off and have him for breakfast. The scion took a swing which caught Delak in the gut knocking him backwards. Delak took a swing back at the scion hitting him in the face but it didn’t seem to do anything. This one was stronger than he remembered them being on Caina. Delak stumbled backwards trying to avoid an uppercut from the scion but it hit him clean and he fell to the ground backwards. Delak tried to pull on the force but he felt empty, it was as if the force had been paralyzed in him due to the fear he felt. Delak did the only thing he could do at this point. Trust his instincts. He grabbed a handful of dirt off the street and shot it up into the scions face. Blinded the scion fell back holding his eyes trying to get the dirt particulates out. Delak ignited his lightsaber and stood quickly thrusting the blade deep into his gut. With as much anger as he could muster and as much strength he pulled the blade out and sliced sideways and the head of his enemy connecting and cutting it clean off at the shoulders. The scion fell to the ground lifeless. Delak stumbled sideways exhausted he leaned up against a wall. He switched off his saber and made his way for the end of the street into Scholae controlled territory. This had been one of the weirdest and most confusing days of Delaks life. He could see the lab where Archangel was supposed to be. As he drew closer he could see Scholae troops in the street waiving to him. At the lead of the troops was Archangel and Dante coming towards him to greet him. Delak was happy to see his friends and then he felt a pinch on his arm. He hadn’t noticed that Arch was carrying a syringe full of the anti-toxin. Delak felt relieved as he could feel the force slowly coming back into his body. It was at that moment he also felt very much in pain from the day he had. This day was over but the battle to take back the palace would soon be at hand.