

The winds whipped around Bentre's body as he shaped the snow. *I am going to have to yell at somebody later*, the Jedi Hunter growled. He had continued flying the flying junk pile that served as his shuttle for several weeks without complaint. **I had no droid, I kept no special equipment and I managed to complete almost every mission set before me. Surely the Brotherhood could have located a shuttle or freighter that didn't seem like it had been in service since the Clone Wars.* He shook his head, trying to get his numb fingers to work faster.

Most of the ship's equipment had not survived the crash. The comm was dead, the shuttle's hull was pretty much piecemeal, and the Assassin wasn't even sure that the distress beacon was still functioning. He had nothing more than his armory lightsaber, his trusty old SE-14, the vibroknife tucked into his belt, a bit of water in a canteen, a survival glowlamp and a box of sparksticks sitting beside him in the ripped bag he found tucked back near the hyperdrive of the shuttle.

He had spent the last three hours in the biting cold trying to build up a shelter. He had packed together all the snow that he could slowly gather. After he had built up the outline of the impromptu structure, Bentre slowly built up the walls, carefully and slowly packing the snow into arcs which were near touching at the top. The Corellian hoped that by creating something akin to a rounded tent, perhaps he would be able to shield himself from the buffeting winds.

The Obelisk was feeling a little ill at this point. He reached for his canteen, dribbling a little water down his throat. The dryness in his throat was far from quenched, but he had to conserve his water. He had no quick way to create more drinking water besides consuming snow. The thought of consuming snow came to mind, but he dismissed the thought easily.

Rolling some of the snow in his hands, he walked around the rounded snow structure. He held the snowball in hand as he carefully shuffled into the elongated passage he'd built onto the one side. Bentre had to be very careful he didn't disturb the walls, but there was not much room between the two walls, so he had to work more slowly than he cared. As he did so he had to fight the urge to yawn. For some reason, he was beginning to feel very sleepy.

Once inside the small compartment in his shelter, Bentre pulled his legs near his body, and pulled his jacket as tightly around his body as he could. It was not much, but now that he wasn't being continually beaten by the biting, frigid winds he felt a little more comfortable. The Jedi Hunter hunched his shoulders and blew into his hands, trying to keep them warm in spite of the unbearable temperatures. He let out a long yawn into his hands, and shook his head.

What is with this?

As time seemed to stretch on forever in the monotony of growing blizzard outside. *Shii-Cho is the simplest form.* Bentre began to mentally quote bits of the Way of the Blade, trying to keep his mind active. He was struggling, nodding off every few moments for a minute or two. *Makashi is the Contention Form.* He just had to survive an hour or two more. *Soresu is the Resilience*

Form. It is also called the Way of the Mynock. The fourth form is Djem So, he shook his head, wait, no the fourth form is Ataru.” He stopped to ponder for a moment. *I think that’s it.* Concentrating was becoming harder. The world around him seemed to sway back and forth for a moment, before exhaustion finally overtook him.

THREE HOURS LATER

“This is Rescue Team Alpha, reporting in.” Drez shifted uncomfortably in his insulated armor. He hated the blinding white of Hoth. The snow and the glare made things so hard to make out until you got close.

He looked over the remains of the shuttle, picking up a large piece of metal. “There is no sign of the Sadowan Jedi Hunter by the shuttle.” He listened for a moment to the voice on the other side of the comm intently. “Well, no the distress signal is intact still, sir. The Obelisk couldn’t have wandered too far in this cold.”

“We are fanned out, searching for him as we spe-” a beeping noise interrupted the Falleen mid-sentence. “One of my men is contacting me. I will give you a report as soon as we locate your man either way, my Lord. Drez out.” Thumbing a button on the side of the dial, he changed frequencies.

“So you found him then?” A crackle of interference came over the comm, and Drez listened as he nodded slowly. “Good. Get him back to the shuttle. If he is still breathing, we need to get his core temperature up. I am sure he would thanking the Force we found him in time. Once we have him stowed aboard, we will depart back to base and get him into a bacta tank.”

“Well, he is a lucky little shit.” the Falleen shook his head with a dark chuckle, as he walked back to the shuttle to make sure the emergency medical equipment was prepared.

We need to make sure this kid survives. I don’t need an angry Sith coming after me if I fail. We already have enough problems as it is.