

“Oh *Shab!* It’s noon already? Why the hell didn’t my alarm go off?”

Celahir grabbed the nearest datapad, but it didn’t seem to be working. It was at this moment that he noticed the uncomfortable quiet in the room. Had the power gone off? It couldn’t be... had his backup generator failed? He started checking the cables - nothing wrong there. The fuses seemed fine as well.

“How can this be? Why isn’t anything working? I’ll contact Sashar.”

Celahir tried activating his comlink - again, nothing. He quickly put on some clothes and rushed out. Halfway through the Citadel, he stopped running, realising that for the whole time there had been nobody there. Was he all alone? What was going on? His mind attempted to find some logic in the events. Cel made his way to the Citadel Cantina, surely there would be someone there. He burst through the doors, huffing and panting, his stamina not being what it once was.

Gradually, Celahir began to feel anxious. He’d checked the cantina top to bottom- there was nobody there either. Was he *alone*? Why wasn’t any of his technology working? No, not just his, any technology at all. This was a nightmare; just what was happening in Estle City?

The Mandalorian sighed loudly. “I’ll just have to fix something. I need to contact someone - anyone, really.”

Having reached the workshop, Celahir entered his access code on the keypad but the doors didn’t open.

“*Karking* hell, how the *frak* am I supposed to get anything done?”

It had been a while, but like riding a bicycle, he could never forget how to pick a lock. He made his way to the backdoor. After fiddling around with the lock for a while, he managed to make his way inside. *Guess I don’t have to bother turning the alarm off*, Celahir thought as it didn’t go off.

Starting his mission with the usual enthusiasm he had when he got the opportunity to actually sit down and tinker with electronics, the passing hours and failure stacked upon failure steadily chipped away at his hope. Was this what loneliness felt like?

Slowly but surely, desperation started to take a hold of Celahir. *What if I’m truly alone? I’d be okay if I at least had my hardware up and running. But... right now I’ve got nothing... Nobody! Not even a droid.*

Celahir stood up from his workbench and left the workshop. Out of ideas, the male simply started walking through the Citadel. He loved this place, but it wasn’t the same without others present. Knocking on doors and looking through windows, Celahir started to become ever more anxious. After having gone through the entirety of the Citadel, the Soulfire Leader realised it was complete hopelessness he felt.

Shoulders slumped, dragging his feet, Cel made his way back to the workshop. As he ascended the stairway to the first level of the Citadel, he stopped at the odd looking tree.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Celahir said as he approached the tree. "Ood? Is that you? Please be you... Ood?" Nothing. As he turned his back to continue his way to the workshop, he swore he could see the tree move. Hope, that's what he felt, just a sparkle of hope that he wasn't alone out here. He turned back to face the tree.

"Ood, is that really you? Thank slice, it *is* you - do you have any idea of what's going on here?"

Again, nothing. Slowly but surely, he was losing his mind. His breath sped up, panic creeping in, anxiety slowly took over as he started hyperventilating.

"I'm alone... I'm alone... the world is over... technology has failed us."

Technology was his life; he could not - nay, **would not** - live in a world like this. He could not bear being this lonely. Celahir took a cord from his utility belt and formed it into a makeshift noose. Determined to end it all, he swung the noose over one of the thick limbs high up above him, using the Force to tie a knot on a lower area. As he moved his head through the loop, the complete conviction to end his existence actually calmed his mind. He jumped from the branch he had positioned himself on, enjoying the view of the Citadel for one last time.

That's when it happened; he heard something.

There was this screeching sound, but it was too late. Far too late to save him.

Everything went dark. He felt himself draw his last breath as the momentary flare of agony erupted at the base of his skull when his spine snapped.

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Slowly, both confused and shocked, Celahir opened his eyes and grasped his neck...

Only...

There was no noose?

The sound, it was his alarm.

It was all just a dream.

The Mandalorian breathed a sigh of absolute relief, eyes blurring with unshed tears.

Just a dream...