

This was not what he had signed up for. This is not what he had signed up for. As the Kaleesh ran he could hear the sound of his footsteps echoing off of the wall beside him. That *thing* had sprung out of the shuttle and cut down his brother. His brother, oh the gods, why had they killed him? Following suit, the others made their way out of the shuttle and began to make short work of his comrades.

Surely all he had to do was to keep running. Find a hole to hide away in, and let these monsters in men's clothing pass him by. Once they were gone, he would call his commanders. They would send help, they would know what to do. The Trandoshans would make it to him, he hoped. They would repel and capture the outsiders. That is what they did right, for that *Scorekeeper* of theirs.

When he thought about it, he wasn't sure. It was of little consequence now though. That was when he realized that the sounds of combat were growing fainter. For a moment, he could take a rest. Panting heavily the Kaleesh pressed one hand against the wall to steady himself. His whole body was shaking beneath the ravage of the adrenaline.

He had heard some stories about these beasts from some of the more seasoned warriors. Before this day he had scoffed at the stories of beings able to hurl items without touching them or would slaughter beings with such grace and ease. Battle was hurt, harm and strength. These things were too soft. He had thought it all magic and fantasy. They were just like the stories told to children to lull them to sleep into dreams of grandeur, right?

A warrior did not fight like these things. They were an enigma in a world of blood and bone. Blasters were one thing, he had even heard of the light-swords that they carried, but they waged war as though they were born to it. Karrnza had been brought up a warrior among warriors, but the bravest actions of his ancestors seemed to pale in comparison to the approaching storm.

"I think I saw one of them escape this way!" A deep male voice called from somewhere far down the hallway. "I need two of you to move ahead and eliminate any resistance."

Panic gripped Karrnza's chest once more as he broke into a panicked run. His muscles were tired and pain racked his joints as he urged his body to go further. He was the last of his brothers still standing on this ship. For all he knew he was the last of his brothers living in the stars. For the people of his particular tribe, life could be both hard and cruel and usually was. It was the stories carried by your kin which allowed you to live into immortality. He had no kin, no legacy to speak of yet. He had to survive.

"Ah-ha," a whoop echoed from behind him as the sound of footsteps reached his ears. "I think I found the little snake!" The words were followed by a grunt of exertion. An eerie humming sound grew closer with every step. In the moments when the impact of something across his limb, the burning sensation through his leg, Karrnza realized that all those things did not matter.

One of those monsters walked up more slowly now as the Kaleesh clutched the leg above his knee. The rest of the limb had been severed away by the attack. The monster was holding one of those swords of light. As the monster raised the weapon, Karrnza knew that there would be no kin to sing of his victories, or to remember him. He would die a withered branch on his family tree, shamed and alone. He closed his eyes, trying to block away the pain enough to face his death with some final dignity, and never saw the weapon descend to separate his head from his body.