

Seridan woke up to the somewhat alarming sight of an Ugnaught engineer straddling his torso holding an empty bucket. In fact, the contents of the bucket now seemed to be covering the Miraluka's face. Before taking a breath, he spat out the slimy substance that was 'chilling' in his mouth, and ran a hand over his face.

The Ugnaught hopped off of him, and squealed with surprise, before running out of the door. It slammed shut after him, and the mechanism clicked as it was electronically locked. He was in a small room, which appeared to be the storage closet for a large-scale star port, given the brands of some of the products. He still had his lightsaber, but it was on show, so the engineer must have seen it. Other than that, he couldn't remember who the engineer was, how or why he was here.

He sat himself up, feeling the empty feeling one has when they've vomited the entire contents of one's stomach. His head started to throb, and the spaces behind his eyes were sore. His entire lower body felt bruised, aching and weak. Next to him on the ground was a sleek datapad. Its only input mechanism was a thumb scanner. It wasn't touch-screen, so it was simply a secure screen to display information. Upon closer inspection, it seemed to be open.

Light Inquisitor,  
You have been tasked with securing the two ships we have sourced. Note that you will likely receive strong opposition from the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. There will likely be saboteurs, lightsaber duelists and crack shots among them. Be wary of other Jedi.  
-A'lora Kituri

The Ugnaught must have seen it. Mentions of lightsabers and Jedi were likely frowned upon in this region of space. Especially Dark Jedi. And reports had recently come in saying that Alora Kituri was now a wanted Togruta, after alleged terror attacks at facilities around the Outer Rim. And now this Miraluka with a lightsaber was tied to both Dark Jedi and the terrorist Kituri on a Core World. This was not good.

The small windows were bolted shut and the electronic lock on the door was difficult to manipulate with telekinesis - the lock was controlled with the strength of electric currents, and so unless the control panels were within range, he couldn't do anything. Seridan jumped to his feet, searching for other options.

He regretted moving so fast. Dizziness overtook him, and he fell backwards into a storage rack. The pain in his head intensified, and only by focussing on his danger did he not give up - and concentrating itself was much harder than usual. He suspected being drugged.

*Wait, Seridan thought. Dizziness, nausea, headache and eye problems. Partial amnesia and problems focussing. This is either a very powerful drug - one which you don't keep around on a starport - or vacuum-sickness. I could have gotten into a faulty escape pod and crash-landed, which would explain the pains in my legs. The memory loss suggests I was exposed to a vacuum for roughly 4-6 minutes - the oxygen deprivation likely damaged the memory blobs inside my head-goop. Wait, is that my... language... problems. Effects still continues? How... possible?*

Not stopping to contemplate why or how this was happening, he decided to achieve his objective as soon as possible, so as not to fail completely. He slammed the door with as much Force as he could muster. The aches in his legs protested as he stumbled through the now-open doorway, but he poured Force into them, and went to find these ships.

As he haphazardly ran through the facility, he vaguely registered shouts of alarm, and high-pitched sirens. He turned a corner and saw the vehicle which was pictured on the datapad. Making straight for that ship with all the energy he had, he ran. Starport security was now shooting at him, and they weren't using stun-settings. Was he really that dangerous? Or were they really security? Was he drugged or had some cyst or blood-clot occurred in his brain? All unnecessary questions.

He reached the ship, clambered aboard, and slammed the close-door button. The pilot's seat was occupied when he got there. "Should we go now, chief?" The Cathar soldier said, as he turned around.

"Whaosidhflkj" Seridan said.

The Cathar paused, "I... will take that as a yes."

The ship pulled upward, towards orbit. The Corellian authorities radioed through, "Stop your ascent now or we will destroy you."

Seridan fell forward onto the reply button. A feeble '... No...' was all he could manage.

Another voice radioed through back. "You are foolish, my Undesirable friends. Between the Corellian defenses and the explosives we've planted, we don't know how to kill you. Pravus sends his regards."

Seridan didn't hear the last few words of the transmission. He'd collapsed, falling into the last stages of whatever ailment he suffered. The Cathar pilot was silent, embracing his last few moments as he punched through the upper atmosphere.

And then there was one big flash, and then there was no more.