Trenches

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Southern Front

Agua’tah

“It movess, the Scorekeeper gives us targets. We fight for her glory.” The elder Trandoshan hissed at the men near him. He was effectively their commander and as the rest of the men hunkered down he rose himself above the trench wall and fired off a shot. He wasn’t the only one as men joined in. Return fire ricocheted off the walls around them and more than one member of the contingent had fallen to exchanges like this in the last hour. More than one corpse lay, eyes open simply staring at them.

The Trandoshans refused to surrender and this meant that until word came down from above they weren’t going anywhere. Filthy polluted water swam around their heels and as the night began to draw in teeth began to chatter. They hadn’t been prepared for this kind of conflict. The Warhost had been more successful than they were meant to have been going by intelligence reports, they had also meant to be nowhere near the vastly undermanned southern front. Nothing made sense, this wasn’t how it was meant to be.

Jark Harvel was a young Clawdite. He had only reached his twentieth birthday some weeks earlier but he had already fought in more conflicts than he wished to remember. It’s not that he didn’t find the honour in fighting for the Dominion, it’s just he was better suited elsewhere. The Warhost hadn’t given them that option though. He and several others had been assigned to the grizzled veteran of a Trandoshan and moved south. Away from where the main fighting was supposed to be. Half a dozen youngsters with an old lizard, nothing was supposed to happen. Nothing like this.

He brought his knees up to his chest, attempting to move his feet from the water he wallowed in. His friend Nayrah lay beside him. Reaching over he prodded the man and when no response came he proceeded to give a hard shove. Nayrah rolled over and exposed his half missing face.

“Oh yeah,” Jark muttered. “Forgot about that.” He pushed the corpse away and rose as another call to arms was heard down the lines. He rose, the butt of his blaster rifle to his shoulder and looked down the scope at nothing. They hadn’t been equipped with night sights so all he could see in the dark was gloom. The call to fire appeared and not having much choice he simply opened fire. The night lit up as plasma raked across the fields and like before the return fire came and they dropped down into their trenches.

“Ha you see that Jark?” The closest soldier, the name of Jark had forgotten. “Less return fire! We must be taking them out eh?” His words reached some of the other men who simply gave him a disinterested look, though some of the younger men looked on hopeful. Jark simply ignored him and stared at the twisted face of his friend floating in the puddle besides him.

“We’re just shells.” He muttered to no one in particular. “Just vessels for something, then we die.”

Some of the younger men's smiles disappeared and a half dozen filthy looks floated his way. He felt a sharp kick to his ribs and looked up into the face of the Trandoshan. Who after glaring at him had probably decided he wasn’t worth the effort and walked away back to his post. The call came again and as they rose blaster fire raked their side of the conflict before they even got a shot off. The one whose name Jark had forgotten slumped forward into the dirt. One of the younger troops was struck in the shoulder and almost spun gracefully as he fell back, landing face first in the dirty water.

They dragged him up and away but there was no one available to bandage him so he was left. A gaping hole in his shoulder. Another man dead before his time.Or would be.

“We’re not going to make it are we?” One of the other men shrieked.

“No.” Jark replied flatly. He felt a hand reach down and drag him to his feet and he stared into the eyes of the Trandoshan. The commander moved to say something when a blaster shot struck him dead between the eyes from a lot closer than the Warhost were meant to be. The Trandoshan crumpled to the floor and Jark turned in time to see a figure drop himself over the edge of the trench and slipped a knife into the corpse of Nayrah.

The young Clawdite raise his blaster and shot the figure in the back but it was too late. The call went up the line as more figures slipped over the trench wall and the bodies began to fall. Jark simply felt himself slide down the wall of the embankment and sat there as the screams filled the air. He began to rock back and forth and attempted to block everything out. Something rushed past him, then something else until a heavy object fell across his legs pinning him in place. He looked up from his rocking and found a Kaleesh draped across him. He looked up in time to see the barrel of a blaster pointed at his head, a flash of light and then nothing.

His body slumped down and the water lapped around his feet. The cold didn’t bother him anymore.