

Florum
Day 1
1420 Hours

The screams of the corporal echoed off the ridge and echoed back across the field. His blood soaked into the sand as the gut shot oozed. Shards of a black visor rested next to the lifeless armor of the point man. Nearby the two remaining members of the fireteam took cover beneath a large overhanging rock. The shiny clutched his blaster to his chest, his hands shook with fear. The veteran soldier slid his combat knife out from beneath the rock to scan the ridge for the hidden sniper's position to no avail.

"This is Recon-One! We are pinned down!" Ryk barked into his comm.

"Recon-One, report." The Major Pakik's voice was forceful.

The Sergeant replied quickly, "Sniper! Unknown location! One wounded! One KIA!"

"Help is on the way, Recon-One! Hold your position. ETA is 25 minutes." The Major commanded.

"Aye, sir!" The veteran answered.

Private Mikha glanced over, "Sarge! He's going to bleed out! We've got to get him!"

Vasil's wailing began to die down when suddenly an invisible round tore through his knee. He cried out and begged for help. Mikha tried to get to his knees to make a rescue, but the hardened soldier grabbed him by the shoulder of his armor and forced him back down beneath the boulder.

"Don't be stupid, kid! Look he is trying to draw us out. We can't do a *kriffing* thing. Stay put." The Sergeant ordered.

Vasil howled for help, while they could only look on. After ten minutes, the Corporal stopped flailing, he stopped screaming, and his breathing slowed. The two could only lie there and watch as Vasil took his last breathe.

"That piece of *shab!*" Mikha exclaimed.

Ryk put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "There is nothing we could have done. We need to wait for backup. Don't worry we will get that Hutt-spawn."

The Sergeant's voice reassured Mikha.

The two held their position for several more minutes. The sound of the platoon moving towards them drew their attention away from the ridge.

"We need to get to them," the private said.

Ryk shook his head. "That sniper is still there. The moment we leave cover we are a dead. We will have to wait for our them to reach us."

"They sound like they are all around us," Mikha said quietly.

"*Shab*, you are right." The vet hit his comm channel and yelled. "Hold your position. The enemy is just..."

It was too late the two platoons had spotted one another. Blaster fire erupted from both sides.

"Alright, shiny this is our chance. Move along the ridge try to make it back to the platoon. We will come back for Vasil and Sindar," the Sergeant grunted.

The two slid from under the boulder and moved towards their forces being sure to keep close to the ridge line. They reached the front line of their platoon, who laid down cover fire. The blaster fire died down as the two sides tried to conserve their ammo.

"Sarge, thanks. You saved my life out there." Mikha said.

Ryk looked at the private covered in sand and scratches. "Looks like I can't call you shin.."

Blood and bone exploded from Mikha's chest, as pain shot through Ryk's right arm. The Sergeant gripped his wounded arm. He saw the private drop to his knees and fall straight forward. Yells alerting of sniper erupted all around him. A corporal kneeled next to Ryk and yelled for a medic. The Corporal put the vet's arm around his shoulder and started pulling him back.

Florum

Day 2

0445 Hours

Antar surveyed the area below, as pockets of blaster fire could be seen erupting from different sections of the battlefield. He slowly ran his thumb along the barrel of his rifle. The holodisk in front of him sprung to life. The full body image of his former master's close friend appeared before him looking over a datapad.

Mako looked up from the device, "Antar, good to see you."

"You as well," he said with a slight bow of his head.

"I had to pull you away from your operations with Ooroo to take care of a situation. Sight spoke of your skill with that rifle of yours and of your time as a DART in service to Arcona," the Seer explained.

Antar nodded, "Yes, sir."

Mako continued, "I have an entire platoon pinned down from the south. They could make some headway against the enemy platoon, but there is a sniper that is forcing them to only hold their positions."

"Do you have a location on the sniper?" The Mystic asked rubbing the stubble along his jawline.

The Quasator replied. "All we know is that the shots are coming from the ridge along the southern reaches of the battlefield. Your pilot has the coordinates and the mission specs are being transferred to your wrist link."

"Understood," Antar bowed his head as the image disappeared.

Antar looked at the pilot. "Captain set us down three clicks south of the battlefield."

"You got it, sir. ETA three minutes" The pilot responded.

Antar checked his sights again and waited for the bay door to open. Suddenly, the craft shook violently. The Mystic slung the rifle around his body.

"Hold on back there! We are coming in hot!" The Captain yelled over his shoulder.

Antar looked out of the porthole in time to see a missile launched from a PLX-1. The projectile slammed into the left bulkhead and threw the Mystic across the shuttle. The shuttle started to spin out of control, as the pilot tried to slow the descent of the craft. Antar pulled himself to his feet. He steadied himself and focused his mind. The Force flowed around him and slammed into the bay door. The change in pressure pulled the air from his lungs and jerked him out of the shuttle. The Mystic looked back over his shoulder to see another missile explode against the craft. He quickly looked back to the rapidly approaching ground. Antar knew he only had one chance to survive. He used his remaining seconds to center his mind. The Mystic sent a pulse out through the force and slowed his fall. He spun his body around as to land on his feet. The Force flowed through his legs to absorb some of the blow. He hit the ground hard. Antar crumpled to his knees, heaving he began to laugh amazed that he was still alive. A chunk of metal stuck into the ground about a meter from his head. The Mystic rolled forward as other pieces of debris fell around him. Luckily the main piece of the shuttle crashed several hundred meters away.

Pain shot through Antar's leg. He looked down and saw a small metal rod stuck through his left thigh.

"*Kriff*," he exclaimed.

"Well, what the *kriff* are you going to do now?" He thought aloud.

"I could try to bandage it and leave the metal alone."

"No..." he shook his head. "You would bleed out before anyone found you and if you moved it could rip itself free before you made it back to friendly lines."

"Maybe I could remove it and bandage it before I bleed out."

"Even if you could it would still be bleeding and the mission would be over. Not to mention when you pull it out you will probably pass out. You know what you need to do."

Antar leaned against a boulder. He closed his eyes and focused his mind. The pain was intense, it felt as if it was on fire. He pictured his leg engulfed in flames expanding from the rod. The Mystic forced the flames to die down and the pain dissipated slightly. The flames surrounding his leg lowered more and more. The pain was at least manageable now. He pulled his lightsaber from the back holster. The yellow blade ignited from the hilt and Antar cut the bar as close to the wound as possible. He grabbed the piece of rod and pulled down jerking it through his leg. The Mystic clenched his jaw as tightly as he could to prevent screaming as the pain returned. Blood flowed from the gaping wound. He panted and tossed the bar to the side. Antar wrapped a bandage around his leg and held it tight to the wound. This slowed the bleeding, but it didn't stop. He placed his hands on either side of the wound and focused the Force on the hole through his leg. Slowly the wound stopped bleeding and pain shot up his leg and through his body. He struggled to maintain his focus and the wound began to close. He collapsed onto his side as the wound sealed. He was physically and mentally exhausted. Antar slipped unconscious.

Florum

Day 2

0920 Hours

The glare from the sun blinded Antar as he opened his eyes. He held his arm up to block the beams. He looked down at the blood soaked bandage around his leg. He slowly pulled the cloth away and with a little water from his canteen cleaned off the dry blood. A scar could be seen as blood cleared. He picked himself up and put a little weight on the leg. It was sore, but no where near as bad as before. The Mystic checked his wrist link. A map of the local area appeared. He was less than a click away from his intended target area, no wonder they came under fire.

He gathered his gear and started to move forward slowly making his way along the top of the ridge line. He could hear blaster fire in the distance. He quickly entered the prone position and continued to crawl towards his objective. *The sniper nest has to be below me somewhere*, he

thought to himself. From his position atop the ridge he could see the enemy forces, still no sign of the sniper though.

Antar pulled his rangefinders from his belt pack. He scanned the ridge below him. *What is that?* A small red light illuminated the inner wall of one of ridges in the middle of the battlefield. He low crawled another 100 meters before checking again. *They are planning on drawing them in and blowing the ridge.* The Mystic continued on and could see the blinking of a control console below him. Just to the right of the console was a small figure holding a sniper rifle. She lifted up over the rock face and fired another shot dropping an advancing Odan-Urr trooper. She was buying time for the rest of the explosives to be laid.

Antar took aim. He breathed in and out. His scope landed on his target and he held his breath. His finger gently applied a slight amount of pressure to the trigger. The round exited the barrel in almost complete silence. The round split through the air towards the console. Antar almost wished he could see their faces as the ridge crumpled around them. He could hear the screams of the Plagueian platoon as boulders crashed to the ground crushing troopers. The sniper lay at the bottom of the ridge completely motionless. Antar began taking shots at the remaining enemy troopers as the Odan-Urr platoon charged. The enemy lines broke.

Antar picked up his rifle and started making his way down the ridge. He was met at the bottom by Major Pakik.

"Thank you for the assist," the Major said with a nod.

"Just doing my job. I need a shuttle," Antar said turning and walking towards the sniper's body.

He checked her vitals. She was still alive.

Antar shook his head. "Tough little lady."

The Major turned and yelled, "We need a medic over here."