

**Kz'set di Plagia**  
**Pin # 13299**

What have I become?

I can still see it, a time where I had power. It wasn't even that long ago. I'd left those that had abused me, marginalized me, for those who knew better. I worked my way through their ranks. I'd achieved more than I'd ever believed possible. Then it all changed. Korriban, the duel with Vivackus, it was still clear in my mind. That was only the start though. Pravus took over and it all got worse. Where once I was a powerful figure, now I was hunted. Undesirable, their words, not mine, but still it rang truer now than ever. I could see the images of the slaughter in my mind as clear as if I was there. It was all streaming into my mind, place after place, face after face, voice after voice.

Then it all stopped. A different reality emerging, one far more pressing.

Thin smoke, that's the first thing I see. A sharp, acrid smell, probably electrical. Reddish light, dim, flickering, emergency power. I'm strapped into a seat. Things start to resolve a bit more. Sparking console, scorch marks on the ceiling, floor, everywhere. I look to my left and there's a damaged droid there, pilot model. It's not moving, nor is anything else. How did this happen? What was going on? It's clear I'm on a shuttle and it's damaged. But how did this happen?

As I took a breath of the thin air, life support must be barely functioning, it started to come back to me. A confrontation on the surface, artillery fire, and a lot of running. I'd made it back to my shuttle and took off. I wasn't sure where I was going, it was all chaos. Everyone was shooting at everyone, Sith, Jedi, pirates, it was all a mess. Before I could think and come up with a plan, we were under fire. I'm not even sure who it was, but we were hit quickly. Evasive action was attempted but ineffectual. Shields failed soon after, then a couple of solid hits aft. A bit explosion, the engines failing. Then I passed out.

I try moving around to see what injuries I have. First arms, sore, but nothing serious. Legs, same. I feel a pain around my neck and shoulders. I try moving my left shoulder then my right. That's when I feel something really damaged. Not sure what, but something's at least dislocated if not broken. That will complicate matters, but what is there to work with. I look down at the console in front of me, flickering, almost out. Power is barely functional, propulsion gone, no comms, life support functional but failing. The emergency batteries will only hold out for so long, so I'll need power from somewhere. Could potentially draw power from the weapons capacitors, that would buy me some time. Could activate the emergency beacon if I could get power to it. Might even be able to launch the escape pod.

But who would answer? Who would retrieve it?

Plagueis? I doubt it. No matter what status I hold or held, I find it unlikely they'd risk someone to save me. And even they did, what would happen then? Would they kill me themselves, turn me over to Pravus, or something worse? No, I can't risk going back there.

The Jedi? I could think of worse options, but they're hunted too. Pravus wants them dead as much as he wants my kind erased from the Brotherhood. Just because they're light sides doesn't mean they aren't above cutting their losses. As a former enemy I could totally see them handing me over to buy them a chance to escape. Morality is often a casualty of desperation, so anything is possible.

The Weequay? Nothing good come of that. If I was healthy I might be able to figure something out, but if my shoulder is as bad as I think it is, that fight will be short and the result...I don't want to think about the result. I can contemplate a hundred possibilities, all bad.

So then what? What other options were there?

I could think of worse ways to go than simple suffocation. Wouldn't even feel the end coming, I'd pass out long before it happened. It might take awhile, but it would come eventually. Much better than whatever Selika or Pravus would come up with, that's for sure. Could make it even faster if I could find a way to blow the shuttle. If the fuel is leaking, which I'd imagine it is, shouldn't be hard to scuttle the ship.

What am I thinking? Resigning myself to death? Suicide? No, that's not what I've become. After all I've been through, that's not how I'm going to go out. There's a way, there's always a way.

But what is it?

It's not sitting here in this cockpit. Nothing I can do here. I need to get below. When I reach down to unstrap myself with my good arm, I feel a sudden lurch as the hulk of the shuttle starts quivering. I know this feeling, tractor beam. Someone has found the shuttle, but who?

I strain myself looking around for the ship that has me. Eventually I see it, or at least part of it. Can't make out the type from here, but as it starts to pull me closer, I start to notice markings. Green and gold, the vague outline of a dragon. I've seen this ship before but I can't place it. A mercenary company, they'd been on Korriban. What were they called? The Jade Dragons, that's it. Why would they be here? What business did they have on Florrum?

Then it hit me harder than the laser blasts had hit the shuttle. If the Jade Dragons were here, *he* had to be here. Or at least he was meddling in this battle. What could he possibly want with a damaged shuttle unless...unless he knew. He had to know I was here. But what does that mean?

What would Arden Karn want with me?

