**Alone in the Dark**

**Entry by: Mune Cinteroph (3607)**

It had all begun so straight forward. Simple. A scout mission with no significant, foreseeable obstacles. Or, more accurately, none that would be of any concern to one of his level. Mune thought in some irritation, of the current plight.

By now, he had come deep into the building he had chosen as shelter from the storm. Light was a long forgotten thing, lost well behind him outside. Though, the thunder refused to leave him in peace. It rumbled mockingly, a cacophony of nature’s rage, sending a tremor through the groaning remnants of old concrete the Savant found himself standing upon. The wicked lashing of rain did not fail to penetrate either, so violent the deluge.

The hybrid’s left ear twitched and swivelled. A sound beyond those he came to expect of the storm plucked at his attention. So slight was it, nearly a whisper that he could not quite pick out of the rest of the auditory bombardment. His eyes gave a once over of his surroundings, narrowing in annoyance.

“I know you’re there,” his voice echoed.

Rain, thunder, and the howling of the wind was the only response he received. His frown deepened. Instinctively, he removed his mask from his shoulder guard and slipped it over his face. One breath, and another; he sought calm and expanded his senses. He reached out into the murky darkness, seeking something he could only guess at, yet whatever it was evaded his grasp. He blocked out the rain, forced the sound of thunder back, but silence was all that visited him.

He was truly alone. Alone in the dark.

Giving his head a shake, he released the Force and allowed his senses to return to normal. “Your imagination is running wild again…” he muttered to himself. If only he were absolutely certain it was only his imagination.

The hybrid turned. The Force sent images scattering through his skull and only just in time did his body react. Both arms came up and he felt the weight plunge into him. The floor met his back and the air exploded from his lungs but his arms, fully extended kept the creature’s claws from shredding flesh. Robes could be stitched, those claws would have made it difficult to heal flesh however. As quickly as he could, Mune threw the beast aside. The loud crashing of old crates and other rubble told him the creature had landed rather unceremoniously. Quickly he got to his feet, a hand reaching for his saber only for once, he was too slow and the creature was upon him once again.

*Wait… this one is not the same one…* He realized as it lashed out, hissing viciously.

He rolled, getting himself on top of the creature. The Force warned him of the one at his back. Realizing he had stumbled quite likely upon their home, he could only assume they were protecting their territory. Well, he thought, *they could very well keep the heap.*

He made dropped in low to the one under him, though so precarious was his position he felt the claws shred fabric and draw shallow furrows across his flesh. The feeling of blood trickling along his spine told him just where it had aimed. The creature under him hissed viciously and snapped at his mask. He moved, throwing himself to the side in time to avoid the next violent raking of claws. His lightsaber found his hand and in a crackling eruption of light, activated to engulf the room in its brilliant purple glow.

There was nothing. Mune froze, eyes sweeping the room. Nothing. It made no sense, the blood he could smell and feel warm running down his back was real enough. It made sense. He had taken a raking from claws. His eyes darted around the blackness, sweeping over shadows. His heart began to thud hard against the inside of his ribs and it took his mentally counting and deliberately slowing his breathing to calm it again.

*Do not panic*, he chided himself. *Panicking will lead you to make a fatal mistake*.

One step, then another, he inched his way back the way he had come. He kept alert, watching the shadows, listening for any hint of the creatures’ approach. His ears perked. He jerked sideways and in a quick motion slashed out with his saber. A horrible sting ripped through his hand and wrist and the weapon fell from his numbed grip before he could block the sensation. He realized quickly that the second creature had lashed his wrist with its tail to knock the weapon free. Purple light vanished. All was blackness.

The metallic hiss of steel echoed as in one quick motion he had his sword drawn. All of it happened so fast and the blade found its target, the assailant that had rushed his left side whom was the intended of the lightsaber’s wicked bite. Instead, it felt steel, and that steel plunged deep before ripping free in a violent ark that sent ichor spraying over the floor. The Force was all that warned Mune back quick enough not to be sprayed by the released blood. A scream of danger. His sword, he dropped quickly at the sound of the sizzling of the metal. Acid. Mune growled, *of course they bleed acid, why not!?*

His breathing quickened, it was a in and of itself, holding back the panic.

Scrapping, scuttling, slow hissing and Mune knew…. Killing one meant nothing in the face of many. There had been more than two, and the surviving one had brought its brood. Cursing the fates, he called on the Force. Desperately he sought his lightsaber. He grasped it with his mind and pulled it quickly to his grasp. He did not ignite it however. Rather, clipping it to his belt he drew the Force inwards about himself. He focussed as much as he could into his next hurried assault, his head pounding with the effort of rushing. Then, as he sensed more than one of the monsters leaping towards him with claws extended.... he drew back then thrust the gathered power into the old concrete. The wave ripped outwards, dust, debris, and alien bodies were sent hurtling from the air. The old structure groaned out, cracks radiating out from the point of impact. Mune however did not wait. He already threw himself backward, rolled under one alien.

His saber blazed, he slashed through a second one. His free hand found a third and amplifying his strength slammed the back of its head into a concrete support with a loud and sickening crack. He bolted at a full spring through the door and out into the storm. He did not look back. Never mind the raid, the thunder or lightning… he could deal with wet and cold over clawed, acid bleeding aliens.