

Rosh Nyine #12671

He opened his eyes, and he found himself badly bandaged with tattered rags that were now covered in blood. It took him a few seconds to clear the blurriness from his eyes until he found out that he had crept into an abandoned house in a semi unconscious state and had done what he could to prevent the bleeding from his previous battle. His body laid in what once was a comfy bed and now was no more than a mattress with a bundle of sheets and blankets on it.

The blood was dry and the rags were loose, showing that he had moved a lot during his meditative trance. He needed to heal, but his meditations had fallen into slumber and then into nightmares filled with visions of madness and uncertain futures. Rosh wasn't sure, but he would have bet a good amount of credits for the holocron being responsible of those events.

He was not badly wounded, not anymore, but he was extremely tired. Tired of Mygeeto, tired of the city he was in and tired of looking for damn artefacts that he most likely wouldn't have the chance of studying. For a brief moment, only for a fraction of a second, the thought of keeping the holocron to himself, to declare it lost and retrieve all the information from it in secret, crossed his mind. But the idea was replaced as soon as it appeared. Loyalty kept his Clan united, even in the disarray of pirates, assassins and smugglers that was his own House, and he didn't plan to let his loyalty waver even for a moment.

He got up from the bed and checked his clothes. The once impeccable Imperial uniform was torn apart in many places, and stains of dry blood covered part of it. The rags made him look even worse, not much more than a beggar or a lost trooper without his armor. He hated it, but he decided to make the most of his appearance.

Tearing some of the sheet remaining in the bed he made a makeshift cloak and covered himself to look exactly like a beggar. He then called the Force around him to change his facial features and hid his lightsaber. Looking at a piece of a broken mirror laying on the ground, Rosh found his new disguise pretty convincing, considering.

He doubted that he could do much else than maintain his cover with the Force until he reached to his personal ship, less he would tire himself even more and wouldn't be able to keep himself awake and aware of his surroundings.

He stepped out of the house through a huge hole in one of the walls, probably the one he had entered through in the beginning. He didn't remember. The sky was clear, and an afternoon Sun welcomed him with his warm embrace. Rosh felt slightly better from it, and started walking.

In his way he found mobs of people looking for anything worth salvaging, Red Fury pirates still trying to recover part of what they had lost and even wounded soldiers discarded and left behind to die alone. He didn't care for neither of them, and even if he did, there was not much he could have done for them in his state.

Being a beggar has his advantages, and no one bothered him in his way towards his own shuttle. It was like if he was invisible, just another soul in a city that had been tear apart and ravaged by the powers of Scholae Palatinae and Naga Sadow. It served them well, he thought during his small trip, for letting the Red Fury pirates settle so close to them.

But nothing of it mattered anymore. With a small click on his wrist communicator, the landing ramp of his shuttle slowly descended to welcome him. Rosh walked slowly inside the ship and punched the coordinates that would lead him to the rest of his Clan's fleet. While the landing ramp closed, he grabbed the holocron and, after looking at it for some time, he started laughing hysterically. So many dead people for such small items. He would never cease to be amazed by the lengths that the Dark Brotherhood could go for obtaining what they wanted. This time, it seemed that Scholae had gotten the upper hand, and that was everything he needed to know. His mission was concluded, and he finally could just rest.