

The Long Way Home

The long corridor seemed to never end for the lone Battlemaster as the Palatinaean sprinted with haste toward the small landing area for extraction. The blonde male never broke stride with the light from the outside of the crypt in near sight. Lucyeth could not wait to get off the planet and back home from this chaos of a mission. The planet of Mygeeto was a hellhole, with little civilization and the harsh climate of subzero temperatures. Lucyeth felt the chill through his robes to his bones. The Battlemaster had to get off this dreary rock in any means he possibly could. The Palatinaean stopped abruptly outside the crypt entrance. The chilled wind was brutal as it buffeted his face despite his cowl over his head. Lucyeth gazed around the landscape but saw nothing but the tundra. His transport was nowhere to be found with not a ship in sight on it's descend toward the lone Battlemaster. Lucyeth brought his wrist comm to his face and spoke into it but got nothing but static. The Palatinaean was alone in front of the crypt and the enemy had to be near. Lucyeth sent out a general distress through the open channel in hopes that anyone could hear him.

“ This is Dark Jedi Lucyeth of Excidium, I need an immediate exfil from my location, carrying a crucial item that needs to be transported safely” Stated Lucyeth into the open mic.

His transmission was followed by just static. He was not certain whether the static was a transmission sent in an attempt to reply or simply bad signal. Lucyeth hoped that it was a reply but a message over the open channel came with a risk. His allies would hear him over scanning frequencies which also meant that so could his enemy. Lucyeth stood there staring at the sky before briefly scanning his eyes across the landscape. It wasn't long until the Battlemaster heard the rumble of engines that could be heard more clearly; as they approached with growing intensity. Sure enough, Lucyeth saw the speeder bikes accompanied by a transport hovering towards him with miraculous speed. Lucyeth knew that these incoming recipients of his message were not Scholae forces but rather pirates of red fury factions. The Battlemaster moved quick to take a defensive position behind a mound of snow in time for the first wild shots to be fired at him. Lucyeth had already pulled out his blaster and took aim at the nearest speeder and took a shot. The bolt hit the target as the pirate slid off his bike with a smoking hole in his chest. Lucyeth didn't waste any time to pick off more pirates before they overcame his position, they couldn't do that not that Lucyeth could not allow it to happen. The transport approached to reveal at least a dozen armed pirates that wanted nothing but the artifact along with the Battlemaster dead. Lucyeth knew he could overcome this issue as he continued to pick off these pirates that fired wild at his location. They were no match for his precision as he dropped them but he was still the person that was outnumbered. Lucyeth could feel the cold work against him with his face going numb in the temperature but he didn't care nor did it matter. All of a sudden, the roar of a transport came from above as Lucyeth looked up to see what he had originally wanted to come for his head. The Scholae transport circled around for another pass to provide cover for the stranded Jedi. Lucyeth assisted with the suppressive fire; firing from his blaster as fast as his finger could squeeze the trigger. Lucyeth heard the clatter of boots behind him which he knew could never be a good sign. He broke from cover to sprint with all he could toward the Clan craft. He made a quick look back to see that forces from Naga Sadow had overrun the Crypt from a location that Lucyeth had not known. The Dark Jedi that led the force shouted commands at his Sadow subordinates that Lucyeth was certain were directed at

preventing Lucyeth from his hasty retreat. He ran with all he had left along with the cold that granted no favors for his joints. He felt cold and frozen yet so fast despite the weather that tore at his body. Lucyeth was no more than 10 meters from the open transport until a searing pain coursed through his back, knocking him hard to the brittle ground. The agony was fierce all while his fellow soldiers beckoned to him to get up but his body would not allow it. The pain fueled his rage , he staggered slowly to awaiting shuttle with difficulty. The pain was overwhelming but still bearable for a short time. Lucyeth was a short two metered away but he collapsed back onto the tundra. He saw two soldiers rush to drag his body onto the shuttle before he heard the pilot gun the engines. He made attempt to stay with it but it was too much before his body shut down and he blacked out in the shuttle. The last thing he saw of his surroundings was a large tank of bacta before his body shut down completely.