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It was dark. The darkness almost had a life too it. One could sense a presence in it, as if it had a being. A tall, though you could not see it from the lack of light, man lay on the floor. Unmoving. He wore only a orange jumpsuit. A pair of black calf-high boots were on his feet. The only object was a half-moon shaped object. The room contained nothing else. No bed, not chairs. No furniture or anything of substance other than the oppressive darkness. He was slowing coming too. If one listened closely the slight hum of could not only be heard, but felt. As one approached the sound one could feel as if there were a thousand ants crawling up and down the skin.

Groaning, the man reached up and touched his head as he sat up, supporting himself with the other hand. *'I don't know what hit me,'* he thought *'but it left me with a splitting headache.'* Even the act of thinking these words made the feeling worse. It would seem like an eternity, even though it was only a few hours, before his head calmed down enough for him to get a sense of what was going on. He started to feel around the floor and next to him was a half-moon shaped object that was smooth on the top and bottom and one side and rough and rippled on the other. Since it was so dark he could see nothing until he angled the object so that the smooth side opposite the rough ribbed side was facing him and he saw a flash of light. It was enough to make the room light up for a second as his eyes adjusted. He remembered a flash of light before he passed out and then nothing. No dreams. Just blackness. Much like the stuff he is in now. He knew his name. Ashael. He knew he was part of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, though he was not a dark Jedi. Some would consider him a Gray Jedi or just a force user.

Slowly him moved the object closer to his eyes and he could see the room through the object as if it took away the darkness completely. These glasses were amazing. Looking around he could see that he was in a 10-foot by 10-foot cell. One part of the cell was open yet not through the glasses, but the force he could see a near invisible force of energy pulsing in the empty space providing a barrier. He got up on his feet and as he walked toward it he could feel the sensation of ants crawling up and down his skin. *'Force field,'* he thought. Looking all over he could see that his equipment was gone. No saber, no clothes. Only the jumper and boots that he had on now. No pistol or any other piece of equipment that he had with him. All missing.

On the wall, he noticed some letters. Though he could not quite make out the language. Some strange symbols. To you or I, it would be nothing more than plain English. Enterprise Cell 2. Closing his eyes and letting the force flow through him, he could feel the thoughts of humans all around him. Hundreds of them. Yet he could not hear or see them. He tried to focus on just one thought. Just one small voice. The thoughts were jumbled and incoherent at first.

Through the force the words started to come through. "...It must be some kind of weapon." "Doc said that the prisoner took a big hit to the head and won't be coming too for a few hours. I imagine when he does he will be a little lost. Doc said the dark should help with the headache he's gonna feel." After a moment, "Yeah, I'll check on him in about 20 minutes. If he's awake the Captain wants to talk with him."

Captured! But by whom? No one he knew was looking for him. He wasn't a saint, but he did try to do the right thing when he could. Wouldn't be the first order. They knew better than to mess with any member of the Brotherhood. The New Alliance didn't even know he existed much less a part of the Brotherhood to want to capture him. The mystery was only growing. In fact, the only answers he got was that he was a prisoner. This only opened more questions.

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Patents here was going to be the order of the day. Until he got some answers using the force to free himself might only put himself in more danger or others. Better to wait and see what was going on before choosing a path.

20 minutes later the lights in his cell came to life. Slowly at first and not all on at full right away. In about 5 minutes they were on full and the man could put down the glasses he was using. In a moment, he could hear the one he heard thoughts of coming. The sound of a strange door opened with a Swoosh. Then he saw a strangely dressed man in front of his cell. He had black boots and pants with a red shirt on. On the right breast, there was a strange symbol. It was a odd looking triangle with other markings on it. All in a golden stitch, compared to his bright red shirt. Next to him was a small cart with his clothes and other articles, including his saber.

"Good," the man in the red shirt said, "you're awake." Ashael knew that the only reason he could understand anything was because he used the force on this man and could interpret through the force. Though not sure how because this didn't work before. This was not common or anything close to it.

The man stood there as if waiting for something or someone. He didn't move. However, his eyes never left him. In moments, the sounds of Swoosh could be heard again and another man should up. Dressed in the same black pants and boots, but was wearing a blue shirt, with the same symbol on the right breast.

"Well, are you gonna let me in," he started to say, "I am just a country doctor and I got to see my patent before you start working on him."

This was the opportunity Ashael was waiting for. With his stuff there and the force field coming down, he would never get a better chance. With the concentration, he began to call up the thought of the saber being in his hand as the field was dropped. At that point another flash of light and darkness again. It The darkness almost had a life too it. One could sense a presence in it, as if it had a being. A tall, though you could not see it from the lack of light, man lay on the floor.