***Moriband***

Vosiri waded through the sea of bodies. The sickeningly sweet smell of rotting flesh stung his nostrils. Originally designated as a resupply and rearming for the troops on the ground, his shuttle had arrived just after the battle came to a close and was now reclassified to help in the relief effort. By now, he had been on Moriband for almost a week. *“So many dead, so little wounded,”* Vosiri thought as he surveyed the landscape. The relief effort was underway, but it was more focused on collecting the dead than patching up the wounded. *“Except for the smell, this wouldn’t be such a bad planet.”* He continued to think as he knelt down next to a body. Grabbing the body by the collar, he turned it over to expose the man’s face. It was a human boy, no more than 19 or 20. The boys’ throat and stomach were cut open. Blood stained his tunic and small bits of intestine were trailing on the ground. Through the bloodstained cloth, Vosiri noticed a rank insignia of Lance Corporal. He nodded as he reached for the identification tags that lay next to the body. “Rann Freeman” he whispered to himself. He nodded again and stood up walking away.

The metal clang of boots echoed through the inside of the shuttle as a human man in his late 50’s in a crisp white uniform descended from the interior of the shuttle and flanked by four armed guards. The group confidently marched past Vosiri as he continued up the ramp.

“Field Marshal Freeman, we’re glad you could come. I trust your journey fr…” a trembling male voice said as Vosiri made his way to a seat in the back of the shuttle. He closed his eyes and was fast asleep. Moments later the shuttle lifted off to deliver its new passengers.

***Myrimidon***

Vosiri gathered his bag and headed down the ramp. He was greeted by a woman of about average height dressed in all black, long brown hair with red highlights. Overall an attractive figure, despite her age. He continued to admire the individual as he approached her. Glancing at her waist, he noted the lightsaber at her leather belt, drew in a deep breath and let out a sigh. *“Why did they always need to be Jedi?”* Vosiri thought to himself.

“Mr. Lightscrest?” she spoke.

“That is correct.” Vosiri responded more coldly than he meant.

“I’m Lilith Versea-Stormwind, the Battle Team Leader of Devil’s Shroud: You must be my new hand to hand instructor…“ the Jedi spoke eyeing her datapad.

“…Captain in Clan Odan-Urr, fought for them in the Dark Crusades, highly trained in seven different martial arts, and a champion cage fighter.. Impressive resume” she finished.

“Indeed, and I’m going to teach your people how to really fight.” Vosiri commented.

The two made small talk as they continued to the main base

***Myrmidon   
Devil’s Shroud Base of Operations  
Barracks Room – Hours later***

Vosiri emptied the bottle of Corellian Ale in his glass. The memory of the smell burned in his mind. The sight of an ocean of dead ripped at his heart. He had told people he wished he could have been there to fight, but in reality he was glad he wasn’t involved. The sight of that boy, much younger than he was laying there lifeless, made him tremble. Vosiri reflected on the time he fought in the Dark Crusade. He’d seen combat before, he had killed and hade friends killed. He saw death and was one of the toughest in the galaxy. But this one death struck him differently.

Finishing the drink in his glass he dropped it on the ground and opened another bottle. Taking a sip directly from the bottle, he dropped into a low stance of the Echani form. He began to stumble around and not so gracefully run through the basic movements of Echani, taking a large drink from the bottle after every couple of movements….

*Hours Later*

Vosiri lay on the cold floor, snoring loudly with an empty bottle in hand.