

The wind whipped fiercely through the jungle picking up dirt, grime, small animals, and other various debris. Emerald green eyes narrowed as an unlucky spider bounced off the Human's cloak. Only an hour before the black cloth had been pristine and spotless, the wind had seen to ruining it though. Mako would have been thankful for the armor weave concealed in the cloak, for it most certainly would have protected him from that which the wind decided it must pelt the Krath with. He would have been thankful, except that the cloak had been blowing every which way as the storm ebbed and flowed around him.

"My kingdom for the gimps head," Mako's joke blew away into the wind, unheard even by himself. The former Quaestor raised a forearm in front of his face and trudged onward, muttering to himself as he went. His mood worsening with the weather as the storm began approach in earnest.

They had sent the Krath off in search of the leafs from a Nymba shrub. Mako cared little for the mission at hand. Had he been asked he would have advised against such a demeaning task. A fetch mission for Pau'an Pharma and Chem, there were plenty of guilds on Daleem which specialized in this type of work. Furthering ties with allies, they had been told.

"Psht, the fools are eagerly placing us underneath a guild. This will end badly for us," the Human muttered as he walked into a clearing. His eyes scanned the area quickly, his mood lightening a bit as a patch of reddish green stood out. The Nymba shrub stood by itself in a sheltered from the wind. An ancient tree provided the protection for the bush. The Krath quickly crossed the clearing, kneeling beside the Nymba Mako quickly plucked several handfuls of it's leaves. The tube PP&C had provided for the samples now filled and sealed, the Dark Jedi turned to face the return trip to camp.

With long confident strides and the wind at his back, the Krath traversed the rough terrain quickly. Before too long the edge of the empty camp came into view. The other members of the house were off on their own retrieval quests of sitting inside their shelters. No one wanted to be out and about in the worsening weather. The wind increased suddenly as the pressure changed. Rain fell almost horizontally, and the Force whispered to the Krath as his cloak blew upwards. A wet crunch reverberated in Mako's ears as a warm feeling came over his lower right abdomen.

Falling to his knees the Human gently touched his lower stomach. Warm liquid flowed around his fingers, a hard object poked out from his flesh. His hand reached around to his lower back as he processed what had happened. The other side of the object protruded out of his lower back, where his kidney should be. The Krath closed his eyes and slowed his breathing so counteract the dawning panic. Stealing a glance downwards he saw the end of the branch which had impaled him.

"No, not like this. I can't face them if I die like this." His mouth tightened as he fought back the pain, the fear, the panic. *'I have to get to the med tent, no stopping, leave it in or you will bleed*

*to death. No looking back. GET MOVING HENYMORY!* His mind screamed at him. His teeth gritted as he began to stagger forward. His body felt engulfed in flames as his nerves shot continual pain signals to his brain. Each step sent a fresh jolt through his body. *'So close, don't you dare stop. They wouldn't let this finish them off. YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO DIE HERE! MOVE YOUR ASS HENYMORY!'*

The storm raged around him, a trail of diluted red marking his progress. The last few meters he dug himself through the mud. The down cut in the ground, the entrance to the med tent met with his finger tips. *'Almost there Henymory, don't you stop now! You will make it through this, you must. When you get back to Daleem, you will get your things and their armor, load the ship and leave. The Jedi be damned, I will not die for them!'* He tumbled down the mud ramp to the tent's entrance. Gasping sharply as the branch moved from the fall he thrust a blood covered hand through the tent's flap. Mustering the last of his strength he cried out as unconsciousness took him.

"HELP, NEED HELP!"