

Deeper Look

Keiji placed his back against the grey steel wall and slumped down. A streak of crimson followed the Titan as he eventually reached the ground. The pain from his wound started to dull as time went on. *Damn it! GOD DAMN IT! A slugthrower of all things*, Keiji thought as he stared at the dead pirate. Keiji was used to getting hit, his childhood and teenage life was full of scars and pain, but he never let it get to him. He built thicker and thicker skin till pain was merely a signal that his body was being touched by an object.

The Togruta stared out the window of the ship. He watched as various space rocks passed by the viewing space. A slight chill ran down his spine, reminding him of his slow and gradual blood loss. *Should have brought my kit. Might have been able to patch myself up*, Keiji thought as he shifted his weight slightly. His gaze now shifted to the various dead pirates that littered the ground. Various blood mixing with itself as it slowly congealed and stuck to the ground. A sudden beep sounded from somewhere near by.

“Keiji? Keiji you alright in there?” A female's voice called out. Yuki... his master and head of his adoptive family. Her voice was slightly faded, probably due to loss of his blood. Keiji's throat was sore as he spoke.

“Yeah, just slowly bleeding out. The pirates have all meet death, and I'm at her door. So when you have the chance, coming to get me will help greatly.” Keiji joked as he tried to laugh, but the pain too great for him to do so.

“Don't you die on me. You know what will happen if you do,” Yuki almost growled over the comm link. The call ended abruptly and now left the slowly dying Titan alone. He felt his eyes start to close, but forced himself awake. Sleeping would be awful for him right now. Keiji has seen what happens before to people who simply “go to sleep”. Memories of Nar-Shaddaa, long repressed memories, started to scratch at the back of his head.

No! Not now, I am not bringing that up now, Keiji thought as he desperately fought to remain awake. Eventually though his eyes closed. Flashes of memory rushed to him. Blaster shots, blood, flashes of metal, death, his mother.

Back on Nar-Shaddaa, Keiji did well to keep gang life from home life. He never brought his troubles home, he always stayed for important family gatherings, never brought members to his abode. His parents didn't overly care much, but still worried for him everytime he came back home with a broken arm or stab wound. He was always very careful, but even the best of us slip up every once and awhile. It happened while he was having dinner with his family. Gang members from a rival group Keiji had killed members of, found his home. They burst open the

door and unleashed a hail of blaster bolts. His father knew his way around a blaster but often didn't use them. Keiji flipped his table and from behind the flipped table, both he and his father commenced in a firefight. It lasted no more than a few minutes, which ended in the enemies retreating, but Keiji's side had taken casualties too. His mother had taken a hit and now lie on the floor dead. Sadness claimed Keiji's state of mind. *God DAMN IT! I NEVER WANTED ANY OF THIS! I'VE BECOME SO USED TO THE BLOOD, THE PAIN THAT IT'S ALL I KNOW NOW!* Keiji screamed internally as he slowly lost the ability to think.

Keiji's eyes fluttered open. *I'm lucky I'm alive*, Keiji thought as his gaze semi focused. A young female face appeared in his vision. He couldn't make it out as his sight was still blurry, and again soon after darkness claimed his vision again. When he awoke this time his armor was gone and he was lying in a hospital bed. The young female face he had seen before now cleared into better detail. It was Alice, a recently acquired friend of his.

"Your lucky she got to you in time, Brother," Yuki stated while cautiously staring at the young human who was now hugging the giant Togruta. Keiji simply nodded at her, and patted the back of Alice. *Guess pain isn't all I know. Warmth is there too, just buried deep underneath*, Keiji thought before he laid back down on the bed. Yuki was right. He was lucky to have a friend like Alice, as crazy as she was.