

Tyraal awoke. His head ached. Painfully. He pushed up to his feet. Both his hands were shackled together by Force-inhibiting cuffs. He could hear blaster fire and shouts from the distance, down the corridor in front of him. He was in a cell, the door of which was ajar. Tyraal stumbled weakly, dizzily, to the door and leaned out. How he had gotten into this mess he had a vague recollection of fighting with Trandoshans. Why, he had no idea. What had happened? He leaned forward and his back erupted into fiery pain. That was it; he had gotten jumped and one had ripped his back open with a clawed hand. He had blacked out. And he remembered waking up on a ship; strapped to a cot in the cargo bay of a freighter. He grimaced recalling the smell. There, he had managed to acquire his lightsaber and cut his way out. He had been on the verge of taking control of the ship, when one of the Trandoshans had slammed into his back, sending him into a spasm of agony.

And now he was here. Who knew where. From the gunfire, he was guessing a gang war had erupted. He had to get away while he could. He tottered out of the cell, and made his way away from the sounds of fighting. As he neared the end of the corridor, one of the Trandoshans appeared. For a split second, the reptile's eyes flickered. Tyraal brought his foot up, kicking its face. With a gurgle, it fell back. Tyraal groaned at the burning pain in his back, and kicked at the Trandoshan again, harder. The Trandoshan wailed, and Tyraal made his way off, into the belly of this facility he was a prisoner in. He realized far too late that he should've taken the Trandoshan's rifle while the alien was down.

He heard yowls in the background as blaster fire died away. He swallowed. The hunt was on. Tyraal was the prey. He started to run, gritting his teeth at the pain, looking around in desperation: desperation growing much faster than he would've liked. He leapt at a wall, bounding off and clinging to a rack of shelving in the middle of the floor. Adrenaline began numbing the pain as Tyraal focused more on climbing and finding something useful. He leant against a crate, pushing the crate lid off. It clattered loudly to the floor. He swore, and looked quickly in the crate. Detpaks.

"Fantastic," he muttered, looking around. Nowhere to hide. A bolt whizzed past his face. Tyraal swore again, leapt over the crate and vaulted to another set of shelving. Growls, snarls, pounding feet, and scraping talons were audible behind him as he fled.

He leapt another gap, and lost his footing as he landed neatly on a puddle of black liquid.

"Oil!" He snarled, as he swung well off the shelves towards a gap in the floor. "Blast!"

He dropped down, down, down, dropping a least a dozen levels before managing to catch a chain as he flew by, swinging himself towards a floor. He dropped another three levels before landing. As his feet touched, he let his momentum roll him. His back hit the floor, and pain flared. He screamed. He lay there for what felt like hours, but was probably only several minutes. He slowly pushed himself to his feet, hearing reptilian cries above him. He looked around. He pushed into a few crates and found a remote detonator, and a dozen mines. He continued searching and found a doorway. He passed through, and crossed into a large room. He looked over and found a control bunker to the side, and smiled. Here is where he would make his stand. He went back out, and took an armful of mines, transporting the dozen into the control booth. He kept the remote on his person.

He kept rummaging through bins and crates. He came across another two boxes of detpaks, and another set of mines. He thought about the serious firepower as he carted the various explosives hither and thither, wondering where the Trandoshans had acquired this much ammunition and why they were stockpiling. He paused in his musings, hearing footsteps

slowly, sneakily coming. He threw himself up some shelving and waited. A Trandoshan came along by himself, slowly making his way around, hunting Tyraal. The Acolyte threw a spanner off the floor; several seconds later, it clinked softly. The reptile turned abruptly and started towards the hole. As it passed by Tyraal, he dropped on it, quickly yanking his cuffs against the hunter's throat. It jerked away from him, struggling for a few moments before suffocating under Tyraal's perfect strangle.

Tyraal released it, rolling to the side. He panted slowly for a few seconds before sitting up and rummaging through the reptile's pockets. Nothing too useful, except two thermal detonators and a blaster pistol. Tyraal grinned, and then pushed the reptile over the edge and then over. The body dropped, and he slipped away from the edge. A moment later, the body thudded to the ground. He heard several Trandoshans squawk above him. He returned to his task of arranging explosives while his enemies dropped down. His work of setting explosives was slow, hard, and very tedious due to his hands being shackled together with no rotational ability. However, he slowly got his defenses arranged. A few crates of detpaks, with three mines idling between them; two detpaks blocking another side, reinforced with inactive mines; a barricade of 12 crates, each with an idling mine and active detpak, blocked off the third side. Two detpaks were attached to the doorway leading into the main room, with five mines stacked just behind the doorframe; and mines were strewn across the floor of the main room.

Tyraal sat in his control booth, working with a handful of fusion cutters to carve several traps in the floor, and to carve an backdoor escape. The backdoor led to another room, which he was getting ready to set with explosives. He knew the Trandoshans would be coming soon, and he knew there were at least a dozen of them. In the last room, he laid inactive mines and detpaks with an active detpak leading into the room, and an active detpak in the doorway out of the room. This was his last blockade. If there were any survivors, he'd dispatch them with his pistol. He made his way out of his booth, climbing along by the ceiling fixtures. He slipped out, and leapt nimbly over the inactive mines, and threw a grenade out. It exploded and he heard the Trandoshans. He leaned out and saw them pile onto an elevator and begin ascending to him. However, there were only eight on the elevator.

One of them abruptly dropped down onto his floor in the next aisle. It hissed and began rushing down the shelving. It didn't see the explosives until it was far too late. The explosion shook the floor. Tyraal grinned grimly, and sprinted down towards his booth. The eight were following now. As he vaulted over, he turned and looked at them. They continued rushing, and passed over the detpaks and dead mines; he set the trigger, and the detpaks exploded. Two more came from the other side. They carefully crossed the crates, without setting off the mines. Tyraal went to detonate the detpaks, and realized he didn't have the remote with him. He swore and lunged through the doorway, leaping at the ceiling fixtures to get back to safety. One of them burst through, and Tyraal set off the detpaks. The entire room erupted as the detpaks detonated and sent shards which triggered the mines.

Tyraal exhaled slowly, and then swore as a Trandoshan slammed against the glass. He turned and bolted out his back door. The reptile followed and Tyraal detonated the detpak. The eruption caught the mines at his feet. He sprinted as fast as he could to cross the room and escape.

The explosion rocked the floor, sending him tumbling away. He lay breathing slowly. He cautiously sat up and looked around. No blaster fire. No reptilian Trandoshan aliens coming at him. "Today is a good day," he muttered, before passing out on the floor.