*Sharpshoot II* finally came to a halt on a small, sandy island. Andrelious didn’t need more than a few seconds to know that the damage to the TIE Defender was terminal. He activated the ship’s distress beacon, relieved to see that it was still working.

Leaping out of the crashed fighter, the Sith took stock of his situation. As he looked around the crash site, he spotted nothing of note.

Andrelious hadn’t brought much. He hadn’t been expecting anything more than a routine flight, so the majority of his weapons and equipment had been left at home. All he had, apart from his flight suit, was a hip flask full of Corellian Brandy, a picture of Kooki and their daughters, and his silver hilted ‘fighting’ lightsaber.

*Doesn’t look like this will be much use* Andrelious thought, frowning at his lightsaber.

Resting against his downed starfighter, the Taldryan Rollmaster reached out with the Force. He could sense a few smaller aquatic life forms nearby, but nothing that was likely to pose him any kind of a problem.

It quickly dawned on Andrelious that there was not very much that he could do. With the distress beacon running, all that the Sith needed to do was wait. He hoped that he would not have to wait too long; he was already starting to feel a little hungry and, worse, he had neglected to bring any kind of food with him.

Resting against the wreckage of *Sharpshoot II,* taking care not to sit too close to the parts that were still glowing from the heat of re-entry, Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj studied the picture of his family. He smiled as he remembered the first time that he had met his twins, Poppy and Etty, even if Kooki had been yelling abuses of all kinds of him at the time.

Taking a large swig from his hip-flask, Andrelious made himself as comfortable as he could.

*See you soon, girls!*