

Ronovi sat upright against the hot folds of sand, the island breeze caressing the rough edges of her face. Everything about this place was scorching. Even the sky seemed to behave like an angry sheet of fire, burning into the woman's already olive skin and making the air ripple like laughter as mirages flitted in and out of existence.

This couldn't possibly be real.

She couldn't remember arriving here. She didn't recall a crashed freighter. Nor could she spot a wreckage along the shore or in the deep waters below. She couldn't even figure out which planet she was on, or why she was here. It all felt like a strange formula from a holodrama she may have watched back in Port Ol'val. The one with the hot Twi'lek woman and her Nautolan lover.

Wait. No. That was porn. She had definitely been watching porn.

She straightened her back and felt both her knees pop, her body feeling like it was deflating in the heat. She had no commlink or any contact. No one - not from Plagueis, or Taldryan, or anywhere else - could reach her now. Ronovi blinked, and grains of sand fell like sprinkles of glitter across her eyes. How fabulous.

So what had survived with her?

Well, first of all, she had a vibrodagger on her. A fairly small one, but a useful one nonetheless. Perfect to smite island enemies with. Ronovi let her fingers dance across the gritty hilt, smiling. To the right of her sat her JSP-14 blaster pistol. A bulky thing, though it packed a punch, though how much damage could it do, now that it was waterlogged? She scowled at the lump of metal half-buried in the sand. Obviously, her lightsaber was nowhere to be found, and so she was left to fend for herself with inferior weapons. She couldn't do Juyo with a kriffing vibrodagger. Maybe two. Tied together with twine.

Nonetheless, the Epicanthix reached for the pistol and seized its grimy handle, pulling it toward her and unearthing it from its temporary oasis prison. The glint of something shinier caught her attention then. Her breath became a ball in her throat. Yes. If this was what she thought it was...

It changed everything.

Ronovi always carried a personal flask with her. Everyone and their dark side-loving grandmother knew that. And in that flask was the best whiskey the Devil could buy. Rare, though somehow something she could always snag. An amber beauty that stung her lips and burned her belly once it settled. She would have nothing else. *Love* nothing else. She set down her rotten blaster and grabbed the metal object by the neck.

It rose from the sand easily, shaking off the natural elements of the island as it still gleamed in the hazy afternoon air. There it was. Ronovi chuckled warmly and cradled the vessel in her hands as if it were a delicate baby. She kissed it as if it were a delicate baby, too. Then she twisted the cap off - definitely not as if it were a delicate baby, but there lies the issue with the extended simile - and brought the open bottle to her lips for a swig of the familiar.

Not a drop came out. The flask was bone dry.

She frowned. She couldn't have been out already. Did whiskey evaporate? She shook the metal thing feverishly, fiercely, *furiously*. It rattled ominously in her fist. Nothing. All Ronovi had now was a relic of her past life - without the alcoholic fire to keep her body moving.

There was an inhalation. An exhalation. An inhalation. And then another louder, angrier exhalation. It sounded like the winds of an impending hurricane. And that hurricane was the six foot seven, two hundred pound, addicted titan that was Ronovi Tavisæn.

She unsheathed her vibrodagger. She stuck her JSP-14 pistol against her hip. Then, organic eye blazing, she followed the sounds of the island wilderness until she disappeared into the thickest part of the foliage.

It was time to cut a bitch.