Vosiri wiped the sweat off his forhead from with a small towel and tossed it aside. He had just started his morning workout routine when he received the news. The battle, the war he had been eargly waiting for was put on hold. No one had said why. Running his hand through his still damp hair, he went over all the possible senarios and questions. Who would he meet in combat? How many would he kill? What ere the unknow variable? Would he die?

That last question played in his head over and over. The nights leading to this morning, he been experiencing nightmares. They seemed so real, almost visions of his demise. Upon waking, he was able to push the uncerttainty of these visions out of his head and continue to prepare for the battles to come. But the nightmares always came back to him that night.

Vosiri walked through the corridor, running his hand along the hard cold wall. He walked past an open barracks door. “...it to keep us on edge! They want us scared!” a tenor voice crawled out of the room. “Don’t be stupid! They’re going to attack on time. Just watch!” a low voice followed.

Vosiri continued down the hall until he reached his quarters. He slowly entered and made his was to his bed. He straightedned his tunic and sat down at the edge of his bed. Drawing a breath in slowly he closed his eyes and let out a sharp exhale. Tears came to his eyes as a flood of emotions washed over him. Anxiety, disappointment, fear, anger, and frustration filled his body. The rush of adrenaline caused his body began to shake. Trying to quiet his mind and calm his body, he drew in another deep breath, his lungs filing with cool recycled air. He let the air flow slowly from his lungs through his mouth. The relaxation technique did not help to calm him.

He slowly opened his eyes, the light from the room burning as they slowly adjusted from the darkness. Standing, he moved towards the mat and target dummy, a piece of wood wrapped in rope, in his room. Straightening his tunic, he dropped into a low stance. He slowly advanced towards the target and began a cylce of chain punches striking the target with the cracking of the contact echoing though the room. He threw a series of close kicks and strike at the eyes of the target like a wampa attacking its prey. He continued to assault the target dummy as beads of sweat began to run down his body. In a deep stance he slowly moved away from the target and rose to a normal standing position. The flood of emotions had evaporated. Wiping his forhead with his hands he was met with a stinging feeling. His knuckles were dripping with blood. Vosiri smiled at the sight. Vosiri closed his eyes again and drew in a deep breathe and letting the breath out with equal care. The emotions had subsided. The battle was put on hold, but it would soon be time for him to prove himself again.. that he was the best martial artists in the galaxy. With a smile, he opened his eyes and thought to himself “Waiting is always the worst part.”