

Unknown Location

Aliso (Maybe?)

The sound of waves lapping against a sandy shore was the first sound to reach Zuser Whuloc's ears as he regained consciousness. He groaned at the bright solar star in the sky and brought an arm up to shield his eyes as he sat vertically.

"Ugh, by Maul's Horns... What the hell happened? Where am I?" he asked himself.

The maverick turned his head, finding himself on a beach. To his right, water. Lots of water. To his left, somewhat dense forest. Possibly a jungle. He sighed before standing up and brushing the sand from his clothes. The human turned his head to the side until his neck cracked, and then did the same for the other side.

"Okay. Let's see. The last thing I remember..."

Korada Monastery

Aliso

Zuser walked alongside his hooded Master, Tra'an Reith, the human's hood was also up, a chance cube floating and rolling in mid air above his gauntleted palm.

"And that's why Tu'Quan won't be around for a couple of days. So why the sudden visit? It's not often you come down from the Circle."

As Zuser turned his hooded head to look at his Master his vision started turning fuzzy and darkness consumed his sight.

After that his memory was very fuzzy and trying to remember further just made his head hurt.

"Whatever," he said to himself, "I can figure that out later. This is probably Master Reith's doing anyways. Let's see, what do I have on me?"

Zuser patted himself down. He now realized his arms were lighter than usual and noticed that his vibro claws were missing. A lightning fast arm swung behind his shoulder to check for his lightsaber and then to his thigh for his DL-44, which were both gone. He had his basic clothes, a chance cube, and for some reason his plush Firespray that was *supposed* to stay locked away in his room at the Monastery. He turned it over in his hands, bewildered at how it got there.

"How the blue hell did you get here?"

Setting the plush down on a flat rock Zuser found that he still had on his bracer with the hidden blade housed in it.

“Well that's something at least.”

A couple hours later

A grunt of effort followed by the dropping of a fruit-laden tree branch crashing to the ground preceding an aggravated cry of success.

“Gah! Finally! That took For. Ever.”

Zuser climbed down from the tree and retracted the hidden blade into the gauntlet. He bent down and grabbed the branch.

“Good, now I have fruit.”

He dragged the branch back to his makeshift camp, complete with a dingy shack made of bark, tree branches and large leaves. He had rigged a large leaf into a hammock and dropped the branch by it before laying down in it.

“Maybe this is some kind of training mission.” he wondered to himself as he reached down and yanked a fruit off the branch before he took a bite, spitting out the rough and inedible skin to get to the yellow meat.