

Nancora  
Badlands  
30-Minutes After Crash

Uji Tameike, Quaestor of House Galeres, former Shadow Scion of the First Clan, Augur, Warrior, Leader - all of his titles, all of his experience, teachings, and methods meant little with what now faced him. He sat in the glaring sun within Nancora's Badlands. His escape pod scattered around him, the meager resources he'd scavenged at his side along with his cane lying broken into two pieces and as useless as his crippled leg would be in helping him escape the wasteland of this world.

Using his cloak and a few rent pieces of metal, he finished the temporary shelter that would at least provide him a measure of shade. Pausing for a moment, he leaned his weight against the makeshift shelter, shading his eyes with one hand from the shifting dust and sand taking in his surroundings. In every direction was just more of the same. Sighing in disappointment he knelt slowly and crawled under the makeshift covering, the water and rations he had found would last him for at least a few days so long as he rationed them appropriately.

A sharp and irritable laugh escaped him, as the moment he considered how he needed to be sparing with the supplies, he felt an intense desire to just eat and drink them without care or concern. After all - if he was to be rescued or captured it didn't matter much, either he would be or he would starve - it seemed simple enough and far less work than mentally preparing himself for the wait ahead.

The first few hours were the most difficult, he had to squint his eyes but even in the midday glare of the sun he could see the debris, smoke trails, and explosions of the fighter craft in the skies above him - the occasional flash of an explosion in upper orbit, the amusing thought of a craft falling through the atmosphere and landing on him passed his mind more than once. First it had been a genuine concern, then a source of amusement as he tried to picture which of the Clans he would curse in the next life for his untimely demise due to the wreckage of their vessel. A part of him hoped it would be an Odan-Urr vessel, just so he would be able to hold a grudge against Turel Sorren even in the next life.

As time went on the signs of the battle in the heavens above lessened and his interest waned. His thoughts drifting to other matters, tasks he had left incomplete back on Selen, the duty rosters that would need to be updated, updating the fleet assignments when they determined the damage that the fleet would incur during this engagement. Even the letters he, or more likely his replacement, would have to write to the grieving families of those lost.

As he thought of families, his thoughts drifted to his sister and his niece. Satsugai Tameike was somewhere up there, hopefully faring better than he had. He closed his eyes, concentrating and trying to find her somewhere within the Force. Whether it was the distance, the disturbance of the battle or sheer weight of those lost within the Force he couldn't know. But he wanted to

believe she was still alive, he needed her to live through this foolishness that Atyiru had thrust on them both.

His niece, whom he thought of very much as his own daughter in many ways. Was thankfully back on Selen, safe for now - with Kordath under strict orders to evacuate her and ensure her safety should he and Satsugai not return from this battle. Samantha would carry out their legacy even if neither of them returned. She would grow and be trained to survive, he trusted those he had asked to ensure her safety in his and her mother's absence to see it done. She would have a better life than either of them had been gifted with, she would not be raised on the streets of Coruscant like her Mother or manipulated by the Brotherhood like he had been. She would gain a proper education, training within the Force if she should share his talents, or become skilled in the softer arts should she choose - perhaps becoming an artist, or if she shared her mother's voice a singer.

Uji sat up, his elbows digging into the sand under him. The sky was beginning to darken as this worlds dying sun descended over the horizon. Another deep sigh took him as he forced his way to his feet and looked outward over the environment. Still no lights to be found. He had hoped either the Collective or allied forces would find him before night fell. He didn't have much in the way of experience surviving in the desert and it was not likely to be pleasant with so little shelter.

"Leaving me in this wasteland, they should be ashamed," The wind kicked up, sending a blast of dust and sand flying past. Covering his eyes and mouth the Quaestor ducked back into his shelter, grumbling to himself the entire time. He took a few bites of a ration bar and a quick drink from his canteen before stretching out again, his internal mental wanderings coming to an end as he concentrated on his breathing. Slowly with each breath he took in less and less air, he could feel the functions of his physical being slowing as the Force took hold of him and he drifted into a sudo sleep.

His last thoughts were of his family, his friends, and with a small smile the amount of paperwork he would avoid if no one were to find him.