Adrestia heard the sound of blasters but did not feel them hit her craft. Nor did she remember plummeting to the surface and then impacting it. She must have been out for hours and when she awoke her mouth was as dry an ancient desert. She slowly groggily came to; she struggled to sit up brushing soot and rubble off of her as she did so.

There was a gnawing pain in her arm. She didn’t know if it would be best to try to treat it so she did not bleed even more or if it would make more sense to ignore it because glancing at her likely gory wound would only make the pain even more real and that’s literally the last thing she needed right now.

She knew that she must be on the surface of the planet. She knew that in all likelihood that the Shikari had already been dispatched and would soon be nipping at her heals. Gathering what supplies should could find, Adrestia a shallow drink of water, just enough liquid to wet the dried out surface of her lips and mouth.

The Seer clutched the flare gun and momentarily thought about shooting it off. The thought that her Clan would come and save her was appealing. But her logical brain told her that the Shikari would be closer by and would be able to locate her easier because of it. Indeed even if Tarenti saw the signal they might now approach it fearing that would be a trap.

The Quaestors Voice realized the great amount of time she was wasting on her inner dialogue. Of course it was possible that internal bleeding was causing time to pass slowly for her. But if that were true that would mean that she was already into shock and therefore paying attention to her state could only get worse.

“Drive on,” Adrestia said out loud to herself (repeating a phrase she had learned from her Master. It’s something he said all the time. He would only admit that it has something to do with his military career.

Adrestia took a moment to eat a ration bar. She didn’t know what she was going to do, but whatever it was she knew she needed her strength and that she was currently enfeebled. She knew that fighting was a bad idea. She was never really good at physical combat. She grabbed onto a nearby datapad. It was expensive and highly functional; she wondered briefly how it survived the crash. She briefly pondered how to use the datapad in such a manner as to play to her strengths.

Adrestia was able t use the datapad find the channel the Shikari used. Now she could stay one step ahead of them. She used her access to the enemy’s communication network by changing the position that was recorded to be at and by changing her identify friend or foe responder.

Starring at the false data she imputed, black overtook her conscious mind and she passed out again.

Adrestia

Seer, Equite, Unaffiliated

*Gray Path, Order of the Gray Jedi*

Techweaver, Sephi Female, Left Handed

**Height:** 1.92 m / 6'4" - **Weight:** 72.57 kg / 160 lbs - **Age:** 25 years

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/64/snapshots/426/787>