

*In his mind, two figures fought for dominance, for their time in the 'light' that signified dominance over the body. One spoke of resting and waiting for their allies to come to rescue. The other screamed insults and obscenities, saying that they needed to get up and moving. Allies would only find wreckage and maybe a slaughtered corpse. Both were interrupted as it seemed something wet dropped on each of their foreheads.*

The former Obelisk jumped awake, startled by the drips of fluid on his forehead. As he sat up the aches and pain of being thrown around the escape pod brought memories back. The captain of the *Dawnblade* had signaled the abandon ship codes, and had asked for assistance in rescuing the ship's Fire Control officer. After the rescue he had found a pod for himself, but during descent he saw an enemy Headhunter, after that was nothing.

Looking at the wrecked pod around him, it was a miracle he had survived. Everything was either crushed or scattered. The fluid dripping down was hydraulic fluid from the airtight door systems. Sitting up and wiping the oily fluid from his forehead he took stock of the things around him. Looking over to where the emergency supplies were located, he noticed the door was torn off.

He moved some of the debris aside near the supply door he located a flare gun, a pack of rations, some water and a datapad.

"Well, fat lot of good this is going to do me."

As he tried to stand a moment of vertigo threatened to make him fall to the ground. He grabbed for the bulkhead to steady himself, and felt more fluid rolling down his forehead. As he wiped it away he noticed a reddish tint to the otherwise tan fluid. "Great, now I know I have a head wound."

Leaning against the bulkhead he put the supplies he found in his various pockets. Reaching up he grabbed the entry hatch to the pod and pushed it open. As he climbed out of the pod the Sun's glare on the wastelands threatened to blind him temporarily. Placing his hand over his eyes he surveyed his surroundings. As far as the eye could see was nothing but dry cracked earth with wreckage everywhere. As Seraphol tried to climb down to the ground he stumbled and fell to the dirt hitting his head, once again, on the hard ground. Just as before he passed out.

*Get up you fool, drag your sorry self out of the open!*

He awoke to a voice in his head berating him for his lack of care and self preservation. He tried to get to his feet and stumbled around, catching himself on a piece of wreckage near the escape pod. He could hear the engines of overhead craft. Not listening to the *other* voice in his head, he moved clumsily from piece of wreckage to another, trying to stay out of visual range of what was overhead.

After a few minutes he was several hundred feet from the wreckage. He sat down on the dusty ground and took out the water bottle drinking a few gulps and trying to catch his breath. The voices were fighting in his head again, one wanting to wait for rescue, the other wanting to keep moving. As he decided to keep moving he heard a noise and a twinge in the Force. With his head wound his reaction was too slow and he heard a crack at the same time he felt his knee explode in pain.

He fell to his back, groaning in pain and looked up at the sky trying to focus. A humanoid form appeared in his vision. A grotesque mixture of man and machine grinned at him.

“Welcome to Nancora, scum.”

His last sight was a slugthrower revolver aimed at his head.