

Alone...or Not

By: Rhy lance (Aiden Lee Deshra)

With shaky breath and distorted vision a blue skinned figure pushed his way up out of the flaming wreckage of a crashed shuttle. Flames and metal shrapnel encompassed the crash site, and the Chiss couldn't see any other survivors of the wreckage. He looked around the remains of the shuttle that lay on the ground and found an untouched and intact emergency pack. If he was going to survive the items inside would be crucial. Standing amidst the smoking debris, he hobbled away towards safety, his steps teetering him left and right as he tried not to fall.

Rhy lance wiped his face, and found his hand and torn uniform covered in his blood. Pain wracked his body and giving himself a quick look over, he found several lacerations along his right leg, his abdomen, and his head. Forcing himself to keep moving, the Consul made his way across the scarred Badlands of Nancora.

As he limped across the tattered remains of the sunbleached ground Rhy lance could feel his strength dwindling. He had lost a lot of blood, and was continuing to do so. Scouring the area around him, he noticed what looked like the opening of a small cave. Needing some form of shelter, he stumbled across the lifeless dirt and upon arriving at the opening he collapsed to the ground.

"Not...gonna make it," he said to himself as his breath grew more and more labored. He needed help, but there was none to come. As he lay on his stomach Rhy lance thought about Corynne. She was waiting for him to join her in the next life, if there even was a next life. He couldn't say he really believed that to be the case. His logic and science fueled mind wouldn't let him. He wanted it to be true though. "If I die here...I leave no one...behind. No one...to care that I'm gone."

It was a soothing thought. He'd been left behind by her, and the agony he felt was undeniable. He'd never want to subject anyone else to that pain. And he wouldn't. He refused to cause anyone that much hurt. But as he thought that to himself, an image appeared in his head. Flowing black hair, a shining blue tattoo, and those beautiful eyes seemed to breathe life back into his body. He would be leaving someone behind. Someone precious to him. Someone who didn't know what he truly felt towards her. He had to survive.

Pushing himself to his knees, Rhy lance reached into his medical bag and pulled out several bacta dispensers. He jabbed himself in the leg and dispensed the blue liquid into his body, and

then followed suit with another injection into his side. This wouldn't be a permanent fix, but it would hold him over for a while. His hand was shaking as he reached into the emergency bag he procured from the crash and pulled out a flare gun. It held a single round, but the Chiss knew he was close to passing out. He needed to take the chance. So pointing towards the sky, at the edge of the cave's opening he pulled the trigger and the flare burst forth into the black abyss above him. His eyes drifted close as the bright flash of light lit the area around him. He could only hope it was one of the brotherhood who found him.