

[Loadout](#)

Survival

The journey to the surface of Nancora had been a bumpy one, though it hadn't been the worst journey that Sang had experienced during his time in the Brotherhood. He smiled as he reminisced about the rather explosive ride he had during the 9th Great Jedi War, which saw him shot of the sky and grievously injured.

Back then he hadn't been so experienced, nor quite as well trained. The years had passed by since then and the Augur had been through hell and back again. Though as he looked around at his surroundings, one could assume that he was back in hell. The wasteland that sprawled for hundreds of miles around him in all directions was unwelcoming and unforgiving. It would chew him up and spit the Entar back out if he wasn't careful.

Upon landing on Nancora and exiting the escape pod, Sanguinius had rummaged around the pod. The journey down had been rough and his delicate com bead was broken, so he had no chance of asking for rescue from friendly forces above. However, the loss of his ship would lead Warhost forces to search the area of the crash site in the hopes of recovering any friendlies who survived. Staying in the area was the smart thing to do, however the crash site would also attract those who wanted nothing more than to string him up simply for the crime of existing.

Their goal amounted to nothing more than genocide, making them just as bad as the mad man, Pravus. Both parties goals were sick and twisted, but at least Pravus had never pretended to be anything more than the monster he played.

Pooling together his resources, Sang had a canteen of water and a pack of ration bars, but only enough to last him 48 hours if he carefully rationed the water. He also had a flare gun, loaded with a single round tucked in his belt. Finally, he had salvaged a working performance datapad from the escape pod. A combination of atmospheric, the large number of messages being passed over the communication network and a distinct lack of technological know how meant he was unable to get it to emit a simple distress beacon.

Usually, it was enough to push a button and the ship would automatically do it for him. As it stood, Sang was alone and easily put down if he encountered a large group of Collective soldiers. The Anaxsi was thankful for his armour though, as the suit was temperature controlled. The sunshine beating down on the barren Badlands was warm enough to raise a few beads of sweat on his forehead. However, his suit kept his body from overheating as the Augur made his way slowly across the wasteland towards the nearest large column of smoke. His choice was made logically, only a large ship would create such a large plume.

The minutes turned into hours as Sanguinius traversed the landscape. There were few shadows from the lack of flora, however there were several large rock formations dotted across the Badlands. The Entar had decided to travel from formation to formation, as each one could act as a defensible

stronghold if Collective forces found him. He had heard rumours about a unit of women that specialised in tracking, heavens help him if they sniffed Sang out.

Though the journey was a long one, the short rests at each rock formation was allowing to stay as fresh as possible, though the limited water supplies was an issue. He would need to find a water source as soon as possible to replenish the small amount he had used.

It had been five hours since he had started out and the Entar felt like he was being watched. Battle still raged overhead, with brights blossoming every so often which denoted the death of another ship. The feeling of being watched grew as Sanguinius reached the next rock formation. Sitting down to rest for 20 minutes, the Augur threw himself forward as a green bolt of energy impacted upon the rock, passing through where his head had been.

The Force had warned him just in time, but it couldn't protect him from the multitude of bolts that were fired at him. He kept moving, rolling out of the way, seeking to find shelter. Moving out of the rock formation would leave him in the open, no, he had to fight whoever was attacking him here.

Two women charged towards him, intent on driving him out of the shelter of the rock formation. Each one held a stun baton, which would seriously hurt the Jedi if they hit. Sang grimaced as he pulled one of the Westar 35s from its holster and unleashed a torrent of orange plasma bolts that cut down one of them. Sang swore as he realised he had it set to kill, as he hated taking lives. Cursing, he fumbled with the setting and then recoiled in shock as several darts pierced his skin.

The toxins contained within the darts pumped through his veins, carrying the toxin to his heart. Sanguinius fought against it for several seconds, throwing his blaster at the woman, his eyes seemingly betraying him as the woman looked exactly the same as the one he had shot. He staggered slightly as the stun baton descended and smashed him across the face, dropping him to the ground.

Darkness came slowly, but the Augur found he couldn't move. Instead he lay there silently as several people gathered around him. "Looks like we got one, sisters." one of them spoke.

One of the group searched the Jedi, discovering his lightsabers. Hope that Sanguinius would get out of this turned to despair as he realised that his identity had been discovered. Only a Force User would carry a lightsaber, surely?

"Bring him, sisters," the voice came again. "Ordam will want to present him to Antillus."

Sang tried to blink, but his muscles betrayed him. It seemed that he had no choice but to go with the women.

"Oh, and knock the scum out, I don't trust the toxin to work for too long against one of his ilk."

The woman holding his blasters turned one to stun and shot the Entar, sending him into unconsciousness.