Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj took a few minutes to assimilate exactly what had happened. He had been aboard one of Clan Taldryan’s capital ships when it had fallen under attack from the Clan’s new enemy, the mysterious collective. Andrelious had managed to make it to an escape pod, along with a few of the ship’s crew, but a Starfighter had attacked the pod, forcing it to crash land on the nearby planet, Nancora.

A quick glance around the pod revealed that none of Mimosa-Inahj’s compatriots had survived the crash. Andrelious, however, appeared unhurt. The escape pod itself was damaged, with most of its electronics completely destroyed. The Sith briefly tried the comm system, but found that it too was inoperative. Checking around, Andrelious found a flare gun, a performance datapad, and one of the dead crew was carrying a canteen of water and some ration bars in his pockets. It wasn’t much, but, with his own personal equipment seemingly undamaged, the Rollmaster had a fighting chance.

Climbing out of the crashed pod, Andrelious landed on solid ground, and started to analyse the situation. The immediate area was completely devoid of anything other than a few scattered ruins of ancient structures.

*I’ll just pick a direction and go!* Andrelious thought, wasting no time in beginning what he suspected would be an incredibly long walk.

As the former Imperial wandered along, he thought he could see a group of figures approaching. He pressed on, noticing more and more people gathering a short distance in front of him. He could not sense anything about them; not even if they were friend or foe.

Eventually, Andrelious identified the figures as a group of seemingly identical female Kiffar.

*That can’t be right. I must have hit my head. I’m seeing the same damn alien everywhere I look*…

Reaching down for his lightsaber, Andrelious fumbled the weapon, dropping it. He reached for the other lightsaber, but dropped that too.

To his horror, Mimosa-Inahj realised that his hand-eye coordination was gone.

The Kiffar, who were moving into position, didn’t even have to arm themselves before Andrelious keeled over.

Things faded to black.

**-x-**

Kendra Icasta arrived a few minutes later on a speeder bike. She nodded a quick greeting, before examining the fallen Andrelious.

“He’s dead. But there’s no wounds on him. How did you kill him?” Icasta questioned.

“We didn’t even touch him. He tried to activate his lightsabers, but he just ended up throwing them onto the ground. Then he collapsed,” one of the Kiffar explained.

*Must have hurt himself when his pod crashed.* *He could easily have sustained a brain haemorrhage. That would certainly explain his sudden loss of coordination.* Kendra reasoned.

“Do we still get the creds for this one?” A hunter queried.

“We’re better than that. We only claim kills we actually made. What happened here today was an example of what using the Force can do to a person. If this man hadn’t twisted his own body so much, he could have easily survived,” the Chiss explained, almost believing her own rhetoric.

“To the next hunt, then?”

“To the next hunt.”

*FIN*