

Nancora
Badlands

Sylvia Arztin's grey hair shook violently as she coughed. A metallic taste filled the young surgeon's mouth as the coughing subsided. She wiped the blood off her lips after spitting the blood out.

"Well this is just peachy," The Human muttered to herself as she gingerly touched her broken ribs.

"Suppose I will add some punctured organ to the list of injuries." Sylvia's list of injuries had been growing ever since the first salvo of enemy fire had hit the *Solari*. So far she had diagnosed herself with several minor lacerations, minor plasma burns, and two broken ribs. That was before she had gotten into the escape pod, which lay decimated several hundred meters behind her. She had earned herself a few more cracked or broken ribs, a severe concussion, several deep facial lacerations, and now a damaged organ, though she was uncertain of which one.

"Manu just had to go and get damaged to function on the *Solari*. He would have known what to do," Sylvia paused for a moment in thought, "well he would have had a few useful suggestions at least."

The young woman was in truth lost. She had no idea where she was or where friendly forces were located. To add more to her heap of trouble, with each step she was more and more certain that her left thigh was going to have some seriously deep bruising on it.

"Leave Solyiat, be a surgeon on a starship, have an adventure. What is the worst that will happen? Die, die alone on a planet full of heavily modified creatures that hate you for being born with an ability they were not born with. As if I had a choice or wanted this." As Arztin muttered to herself she began to hear and feel the presence of several individuals closing in on her. With a grimace of pain, Sylvia spun around.

"Oh lovely," the Human muttered, her hope evaporating away faster than an ice cube on Tatooine. Several Technocrat Huntress' were walking quickly toward the young doctor.

"Target located, appears to be heavily injured, proceeding with main mission." One of the modified women spoke into a com link as another aimed an energy bow at the doctor.

Arztin let out a scream as the plasma bolt slammed into her right knee. Dust zipped into the air, creating a small cloud around where the Human fell. A wind picked up and blew the cloud away, only to obscure Sylvia's vision with more dust from the foot falls of the Huntress'. It took only a few seconds for the Kiffar women to surround their downed prey.

"I do not suppose that leaving an injured doctor alive is an option." The Jedi asked after rolling over onto her back.

"All Force users and those that help them must die." A Chiss woman spoke sternly.

"No exceptions then. I would really rather not die, but even uninjured I would not be able to fight off even one of you. I'm a doctor, not a fighter you see. I suppose the OEF troopers were right telling me not to treat those wounded enemy combatants." Sylvia's blueish grey eyes watched as Kendra pulled a slugthrower pistol from its holster and leveled it at the doctor's head.

"Any last words?"

"I am sorry, sorry for what twisted men and women did to all of you that made you hate someone for being born," Sylvia spoke slowly as she closed her eyes against the whelming tears. Her breath came jagged as she sobbed. Her sobs came to an abrupt end, replaced with the blast of a single gunshot.