For two days then man and his droid crossed the sea of sand, grains of sand stuck to the man’s sweat soaked skin. He had torn part of his cape and used it as a face mask to breath when the winds would pick up randomly throughout The Badlands. He knew where he had crashed the moment he stepped out of his pod with his HK Assassin Droid Fate. His rations were getting smaller and smaller, less than a third of water left in his canteen, one bar of food rations left to eat, no water or animals seen since he had landed. A single flare rod he didn’t think he would use, the only thing that kept him moving was the data pad that was pointing him to what he had hope is a Technocratic training ground and he was less than a day’s walk away.

No matter the training, the skills, or your ability to survive, it would never match the power of the giant red sun never relenting heat. It took less than a day before the mirages began to form through the strong willed Shi’ido’s mind. At first, they were far away, the image of his wife and daughter. They spoke in the wind as whispers telling him to give up, as the day progressed he saw himself aboard his ship the Fearless, holding hands with his wife as they glided through the stars leaving the path of the Brotherhood far behind him. A smile as big as the galaxy laid upon his face during those moments, if it was not for Fate carrying him when he collapsed during those episodes he would have never made it as far. The cold nights would help sew his mind back together one stich at a time but never enough to be fully the same.

He walked on at times on auto pilot, only adjusting when Fate told him, to think a Battlelord of the Clan Plaguies had become so helpless to rely on his droid to survive. It was the third day that the Battlelord and Fate finally arrived at the training grounds. Having himself dreaming of another reality the HK Droid safely settled his master inside the shaded ruins and slowly poured the cool liquid slowly down the Shi’ido’s throat. The leathery back taste did little to displease the man as he swallowed slowly enjoying the coolness trickle down his throat, his mind snapped back to the present as he looked around the ruins, Fate already checking his surroundings and noticing a drinking hole to refill his masters canteen.

“Statement: Master my scans indicate the waster her to be drinkable, it seems we have reached the training grounds.”

“How long have we been walking and how did we get here so fast.” Silent spoke in a raspy voice

“Statement: The heat had you coming in and out of consciences so I have been carrying you when you passed out and throughout the night.”

“I don’t remember giving you that order.” Silent responded

“Statement: Order is not needed when top priority is my Masters health and wellbeing, I may be a killing machine but I am programmed to protect my Master from any harm.”

“I think I am getting to old or soft to be saying this but…Thank you Fate.” Silent smirked as he replied

“Statement: I was only doing what I must, what are you orders master?”

“TOO DIE!” A voice echoed throughout the ruin halls, Silent was already on his feet with a lightsaber in hand and a quick \*SNAP-HISS\* as he activated it, Fate had his weapon aimed at the newcomer and its backup.

“Who are you?” Silent shouted

“I am Huntress Kendra Icasta, I have been tracking you for some time but if I knew you would end up here I would have saved myself sometime and just waited here.” Kendra said

“The Techno guild, of course.” Silent spoke to himself, taking one last sip of the cool water, he dropped the canteen and pulled out his other lightsaber and activated it.

“Well let’s get this party started.” Silent roared as he rushed forward knowing full well he didn’t have the strength to fight them all even with Fate on his side.