

## Nightmares

**Command Quarters**

**Sky Breach Base**

**Daleem**

**Kiast System**

Mauro Wynter had trouble sleeping most night, this being one of them. He often drank himself to near blindness in order to keep his demons at bay. It had not always been this way. His had been a life of duty, honor, and lies. His youth had been one of shame, firstly, and then of glory. Yet, no matter where he went or who he became, he could not escape his scars.

And so, like most nights, he drank heavily. It had began in his youth, but age had only increased his baggage. There were years – many of them – where he could sleep soundly. And yet, the destruction of New Tython had given him new terrors. Seeing a world engulfed by flames, unable to stop it or to save others had awoken the trauma anew.

And so his drinking returned in earnest. Seeing a world burn had been an odd thing, nothing had ever prepared him for seeing and experiencing the death of millions of innocents. He knew there was never such a thing as an innocent person though. He picked up the bottle and placed it to his lips.

He had stationed a pair of Magna Guard droids at the entrance to his quarters. Another pair blocked the corridor and the lift at the far end of the command spire. He simply could not let his men and women see him resorting to these measures to commit the simple act of sleep. Letting his mind go and his fears subside was not easy. And so he drank.

Sometimes, however, the drinking backfired. Sometimes, the alcohol only brought back more recent and terrible memories. For he had loved only once, and he had seen her die in front of him. Sylvia Tanos had been a beautiful, damaged, and wonderful thing. She had died to protect Wynter and her comrades. All the same, she had died.

He often saw her platinum blonde hair, matted against her brow covered in blood from where the saber had taken her. He also saw the carnage that the grenade had inflicted upon her body. Mortally wounded by the slash, she fell upon the grenade willingly. Perhaps she could have been saved, for a skilled surgeon was amongst them. And yet, she died a hero.

Wynter often saw her also, in better times. Reaching out to him, giving him comfort and compassion that he was not used to in his many years of wandering. It was her image he drank to forget. His terrors revolved around seeing her die where he failed to protect her. In his dreams he saw himself being stronger, faster, and more able to defend her. And yet, each time he had failed. He was forced to live over and again his failure to save his beloved. That was his cross to bear, his albatross, his undoing. And so he drank himself to sleep night after night, as his silent droid guardians kept a vigil.