His head was pounding. The shockwave of the explosion was concussive. He needed to get up, he needed to move. Every fiber of his being was screaming at him from his very core to snap out of it and start moving. But he continued to lay in the mud just breathing. As the smoke cleared from his view and he stared at the dusk colored sky, he realized no one could see him. "If I could just lay here for a while..." he thought. He wanted to close his eyes. The pool of mud that had recently become his residence became increasingly more inviting. "I could just wait it out, just play dead and nobody would know." He began to relish the idea of taking a nap in the midst of a war-torn planet. At any other point in his life the idea would have been asinine.  Who the hell takes a nap in a battlefield? How is it that he was so OK with just laying there? The questions started to fade as the realization sank in. This is probably where he was going to die.

He looked up at the sky as tears started to form in his eyes. He had not cried in years, but now seemed the perfect time for it. Oh well, not like he was saving it for another battle. This was it. He again looked at the now clear sky, listening to the howl of TIE fighters in the distance, hearing teams of soldiers screaming at each other over the net on his com link. But none of it seemed to matter. This was going to be his last moment to feel or hear anything. To see anything to smell anything. He suddenly didn’t care about anything else, except savoring these last moments of life as the species of this planet sorted out their differences.  He was alone, and he just wanted to appreciate one thing before he died, life itself. It wasn't the most poetic death, it was not a clean death, but it would do. He looked around at the trees, watching them sway, he could almost hear the creaking of the branches in the wind despite the sounds of war all around him. It was as beautiful as it was going to get.

 As the sounds of war drew closer, he could hear the footsteps of troopers crunching the forest floor. He raised his head as he saw the last glimmer of sunlight reflecting off the white sheen of a troopers helmet. The helmet drew in closer, faster, and more hurried with every bounce of every step. He was running towards the mud puddle where Lokast lay, as fast as he could. The wounded Lokast watched as the stormtrooper seemed to jettison off his legs in an attempt to jump the mud puddle over Lokast. The jump was supreme, powerful, robust. The white clad trooper looked like a god casting his fading shadow over the body of Lokast, the sun gleaming off his armor as he heaved his weight over the mud with his blaster in hand. But somewhere in the awestricken nature of this magnificent moment of the will to win, Lokast watched as a blaster bolt entered the would-be gods torso, stopping the trooper mid jump flailing him into a tree stump nearby. The moment had been stripped of its confidence and power by a single blaster bolt at just the right moment. Lokast looked over at the trooper, who had apparently lost his helmet during those seconds of intense divine magnitude, watching him gasp his last breaths until his face turned a pale white, and his eyes glazed over. Lokast understood at this moment what had happened, death had passed him over for an easier target. Nap time was over, he had to move.