

Worst Fears

Mauro Wynter fell asleep very frightfully, in fits and stages. He had been drinking heavily as usual at the Gunslinger's Cantina and walked home to sleep off his ale induced stupor. He laid down his armor and kept a blaster in his hand and laid on his back.

He drank most nights, the only way he could find to put his demons at bay and let his mind stop running a parsec a minute. His thoughts began to slow and his mind began to go black as he slowly nodded off to dream.

He was standing on New Tython, with a picturesque purplish skyline as the sun began to set and low clouds languished on the horizon. Native Harakoans and Odanites walked around with purpose and joy in their eyes as the sounds of entertainment and merriment began to fill the air.

In a flash the contentment and happiness the scene conjured off turned black and the sun fell in a second. With a searing white light a flotilla appeared on the horizon launching bombs and incendiary fire. The canopies of trees came alight and debris flew everywhere. The cries of Harakoans and Odanites filled the air as people ran in all directions trying to find safety from the blaze and conflagration.

Wynter reached for his blaster but he found himself unarmed. He tried to cry out to his old comrades but his voice failed him. He reached for his mouth and found there was no opening just a flash of skin. He ran to the first injured Harakoan but as he tried to pull him up his arms slipped right through. He simply could not aid the fallen.

He saw many blue skinned Harakoans rushing to a large building that houses the children of their species. Wynter followed at a brisk pace and as the group approached one by one the adults were shot down. None made it to aid the children as the building filled with smoke and sunk below the ground, swallowed up by New Tython itself.

Wynter woke with a start and sprang right up in bed. He was covered in sweat and his head was pounding. His hand was clenched strongly against his blaster and his eyes were bleary and he could barely catch his breathe. He coughed in rapid succession as the room slowly stopped spinning in his minds eyes.

Mauro slowly got back up and put on his armor piece by glistening piece. He grabbed a nearby bottle of ale and slugged it down as fast as he could. A bottle of pills on the dresser was rapidly opened and multiple pills were swallowed. He glanced at his mirror and saw bloodshot eyes and clenched teeth.

He sat back down and placed his head in his hands. Wynter was reliving the destruction of New Tython and the inability to save the Harakoans and his old allies in his former clan. Clearly,

Wynter did not drink enough to keep the demons at bay. He called down to cantina to bring up another dozen bottles as he stared hard into the mirror.