Equite 1-Hector Ricmore-15134

Major Hector Ricmore

Onboard The *CVS Silent Sentinel*

Clan Vizsla

Zsoldos, Zsoldos System, Wild Space

The Zygerrian known as Hector Ricmore lounged in the pilot chair of his personal ship, the Tie Reaper known as the *Silent Sentinel.* Datapad in hand, he continued to journal his thoughts and chronicle his adventures, a tale he hoped would one day become widespread as the masses fawned in adoration at his greatness.

A brief smirk appeared on his face as he lost himself in the daydream. He still had a long way to go before he could become such a storied adventurer but he was on the right path. Today marked the day of his Trial of Ullr, a test that served both as a coming of age ceremony and a chance for the members of Clan Vizsla to become True Mandalorians, earning their place in the Clan.

For this trial the participants journeyed to Zsoldos where they are expected to brave the dangers found within the forests and prove themselves worthy of possessing a personal armor signet. Hector had not spent much time upon the planet’s surface, preferring instead to live on the number of capital ships which belonged to Clan Vizsla. Because of this, he was quite unfamiliar with the dangers that he would be facing, but even he had a few suspicions.

 If he were in charge of the test he would ensure that a number of exotic beasts were shipped in to test the truly capable hunters while also taking steps to purposefully complicate the test. Whether that meant traps, an ambush or even sending multiple participants in at the same time slot, the Zygerrian was certain that things would not be quite what they seemed.

Finishing his journal entry, Hector stashed his datapad on a pouch hanging from his belt. Glancing down at his cockpit the T shaped visor of his newly acquired Mandalorian helmet. The armor was an improvement in the Zygerrian’s opinion; while not offering as much protection as the Praetorian guard armor that he typically wore it fit far better than a suit of surplus gear.

Placing the helmet upon his head, Hector made sure the airtight seal was secure. The recycled air may grow stale after a few hours but it was far better than risking any possible toxins or contamination which may be part of the trial.

Walking to the exit of the ship, Hector double checked that both his blasters were loaded and working properly and that his jetpack was properly fueled. Satisfied with the state of his equipment, the Zygerrian marched off into the forest in search of possible prey.

The first thing that struck him was how quiet it was. It wasn’t as if the forest was absent of noise, the chirping of avian creatures and the sounds of local wildlife could be heard. But for a clan wide event he expected to hear occasional bursts of blaster fire or some explosives going off. None of the aforementioned sounds reached his ears, which made the feline human increasingly nervous.

Either the Clan had reserved the forest for individuals to enter one at a time, which was extremely unlikely, or there was something out there strong enough to slaughter the previous participants.

Hector’s growing nervousness began to become paranoia when he spotted the first body. Garbed in the shattered remains of a set of Mandalorian armor, the figure lay up against a tree. The corpse's left leg was mangled to the point where it was impossible to identify what managed to pierce his armor. Rolling the corpse over, Hector recoiled in disgust at the stench and the state of the body. Flesh had been torn from the body in strips, the chest cavity had been almost hollowed out, a number of organs missing.

Taking a breath to steady himself, the Zygerrian proceeded further into the forest. Every now and again he would encounter a corpse in similar condition to the first one he found, some of them accompanied by strange areas of upturned dirt and ground.

His trek into the forest was interrupted by the sight of a large insectoid creature crushing a corpse between its mandibles and tearing flesh from its chest.

Hector raised his carbine and began firing upon the massive creature. The bolts slammed into the creature’s carapace before bouncing off harmlessly.

The creature dropped the corpse and turned to face Hector. Blood dripped from its large mandibles as its tentacles twitched threateningly. Normally this would be time for a hero to recognize the beast before formulating a plan to defeat it. There was one small problem with that scenario, Hector had absolutely no idea what this creature was.

Lacking any knowledge of how to defeat the beast, and realizing how ineffective his blaster bolts to its body was, the Zygerrian decided to go with the tried and true tactic; when in doubt shoot it in the head.

Raising his carbine once again, Hector began to fire towards the creature's mandibles. These shots were much more effective causing the creature to flinch back and screech in a combination of pain and fury.

Hector marched forwards and continued to pour fire onto the creature until it stopped moving. Gazing down at the creature he let out a sigh of relief. “Well that wasn’t that hard.”

His relief was short lived as he felt something encircle his leg. “Firefek.” A sharp tug sent the Zygerrian to the forest floor, dragging him across the ground. Turning over he saw another one of the insectoid creatures partially submerged in the ground, one of its many tentacles curled around his right leg. The creature continued to emerge as it pulled Hector towards it. In desperation he fired his carbine, unable to hit the head with wild shots as he was dragged closer and closer towards the monster. Hector screamed in pain as the creature impaled his right arm with one of its sharp limbs, piercing through armor, bone, and poking out through the other side of his arm.

The carbine dropped from his shaking arm. Desperation began to set in as the Zygerrian fumbled in his belt for his backup blaster. Raising *Past,* his DL-44, Hector fired a shot into the side of its head.

The creature shrieked in pain, but refused to die, desiring to inflict pain on the one who hurt it. It wrapped one of its tentacles around the blaster, wrenching it from Hector’s grasp. The feline bit down a gasp of pain, as the sudden motion jostled the creature's limb still inside of his arm.

Tears pouring down his face from the agony he was in, Hector searched his belt for something, anything that would be of use. His left hand closed around a cylinder as he remembered the parting words of his friend. “Take this, you’ll need it more than I do.”

Pulling the cylinder free, Hector ignited the brilliant yellow blade and drove it into the creature's face. “Raaaah!” The Zygerrian gave a primal yell as he pulled the blade free and began to slash the monster across the face, abandoning any thought of technique or skill in exchange for rage and a need to survive the encounter.

Hector panted in exhaustion and pain as the creature stilled beneath him. Not wanting to risk encountering a third creature, Hector cut the limb impaling his arm, leaving the bit piercing his arm within as proof of his kill.

Groaning in pain, Hector stood up and began the long trek out of the forest. ‘This better be a fine signet.” he thought to himself.