

Message 1:

I'm fairly certain I have a concussion following the explosion during my last fight. I vaguely recall being told if you have a concussion that you need to stay awake and keep talking. So, I'm recording this on my vambrace. This whole city is a mess. As near as I can tell the fighting has moved on but there are explosions nearby. My jetpack is damaged so it looks like I'm going to be walking. Assuming the battle lines haven't shifted much it should only be a few blocks before I meet up with Scholae forces that can get me a med-evac.

Message 2:

I can't believe I didn't think of it sooner. I tried my comm and there must be jamming. I reached the old defense line and it was completely overrun. Looks like I'm going to be walking to the next defense position that's about five kilometers away. I don't know what happened at this defense position though. I see some carbon scoring from blaster fire but these gnashes in the armor of the troopers...It's not from lightsabers, there's no melting, and it's not clean like with other blade weapons. It looks...almost like it was torn open.

Message 3:

The fighting seems to be getting worse. I've heard several buildings collapse in the last five minutes. Shelling must be intensifying but that's not what's bothering me. I can't shake this feeling like I'm being stalked. I never really trained my Force senses. I couldn't stand that guy Mom found who kept talking about the Jedi paxum or whatever nonsense it was and Papa's focused me on more practical applications. I just can't help feeling like I'm being watched. Whenever it's quiet I hear scraping noises.

Message 4:

There is definitely something after me. I saw its eyes. These horrible, yellow, reptilian eyes. **sound of panting** I'm trying to lose it in the rubble but I can hear it coming. Oh god, what is that? How can it move with those crystals in its body?!

Message 5:

I've found shelter for the moment. I can only describe those creatures as devolved Tiss'shar. They're clearly intelligent but seem more beastily. Their arms are shorter but the hindlegs and tail are definitely Tiss'shari like. What I can't understand is... **extended silence** they're coming.

Message 6:

Sounds of blaster fire You karking walking trash. I'll make a purse out of you **blaster fire intensifies** I don't care what you are, you do not come at me like that. Oh what the heck is that coming out of your mouth **static**

Message 7:

I was able to get away. One of those karking sithsucking son of a blaster scratched my Beskar. What the kark can even do that? Those crystals, the glow of them. When I tell Papa about them maybe he'll cut a few out and let me make them into some jewelry. What am I talking about? The concussion must be getting worse. I need to keep moving before they find me.

Message 8:

I climbed one of the husks of a building and was able to get a good view of the city. Most of it is completely decimated at this point. Fires are burning wildly and these damn Children of Mortis are advancing. The good news is I can see the Scholae line and they're holding. Woah, look at that. Looks like we're doing more than holding the line. They've broken out and they're advancing on the Children's position. Wait, what's that? Kark me, can those things climb?

"Play the last one again," Kamjin said, looking at Reiden holding the vambrace in his hand. The rollmaster queued up the last message. Kamjin leaned forward inspecting the hazy imagery in the background of Komilia's recordings. "Pause it there," he said. "It looks like she made it nearly to the starport. Where was this found again?"

"Over near the Entertainment district," Reiden said, glancing at the datapad that rested on the table. Kamjin leaned back stroking his beard. His usually short scruff had grown wild with all the fighting and distractions.

"Where could they be taking her?" he mused. "Get me the Praetorian Guard, we're going after my daughter!"