

Get. Out. Of. My. Head.

Zig cursed and swore. She gnashed her fanged teeth, the claws at the end of her slender fingers digging into her own skin deep enough to draw blood. She was on her knees...somewhere. It was cold. She didn't care. Her armor was doing nothing. Meant nothing. She had removed her helmet and hurled it in fury.

The images kept coming, though. Worse than the call of the sirens she'd come to know and had trained against. This was something different.

A caxqette showed up in front of the Zygerrian, cackling and laughing like a deranged Kowakian monkey-lizard. Zig slashed at it with her fist, and followed up with a knee. They passed through nothing. As with all her previous attacks...nothing was working.

I'm more than my muscles, my weapons. I am my mind, I am Zig.

But she was nothing. How was she supposed to out think the enemy, how was she able to help her friends, her Clan? She had, against all odds, used her wit to help save Blindshot's spaceport. But once again, she was suddenly powerless.

Mirror images of warping shapes. Crimson reds stark against inky black shadows swirling around her.

Kark. Off.

Was she even fighting? Or was she crawling up in a ball in the snow, in the cold. Was she alone?

Alaisy had left her. Zuza had shown up and taken her by the hand and given her a new sense of hope, comfort, and confidence. But Zuza was gone too. Her duties to the Clan had kept them apart for this mission. She was probably doing something awesome, and heroic. And stupid.

Zig tried the smile, thinking about her. She felt a small piece of warmth inside her chest. Pride and...love. Yes, she could admit that, fully.

Have...to...fight...

Have...to...survive...

Zig tried to assess. Tried to think. But images kept changing quicker than she could logic-her way through them.

Logic...science. Magic...wasn't real.

She calmed her breathing, and tried to use her martial arts training. Slowly inhale, then exhale through her nose. Quiet her mind. Nothing she was seeing was real. The visions *weren't* real. She knew that. Her mind knew that. She just had to convince her body of that. But how?

She looked over at the floating droid beside her. Her Ascendant Drone —Guilty Spark, named after a character in one of her favorite hologames—floated beside her, clearly worried. As a droid, of course he wouldn't see

“Spark...” Zig called out. “I need you to overlay your optical feed to my helmet's HUD.

She saw the dark purple visored helmet nearby. She blindly reached out for it and pulled it to her, hugged it once, knowing the scars it bore were a testament to her survival and strength. She got the helmet back onto her head, Zygerrian ears sliding into the custom ear molds.

“Now!”

Guilty Spark wasn't a typical droid. Whatever technology the Children of Mortis had engineered, she had been able to learn from and tweak on her own. It was smarter than the typical droid, and so the information it would share would be more detailed and specific than a typical data feed.

It wasn't much, but if she could use technology to overcome her hallucinations...maybe there was a chance.

I will prevail. I will help my friends. And there is nothing you karkin' schutta-shadow-assholes are going to do to stop me.