



Sivall Zoria

CLAN ARCONA - SHADOW - MEDIC

CLAN EVENT - GOD HUNT

PH2 FICTION NOT QUITE ROBINSON CRUSOE

4I ABY - SELEN - TEKPANTLI

Her lungs burned, her legs burned, the massive gash across her abdomen *burned*. Siv twirled her lightsabers in a lazy circle, her chest heaving with effort. In front of her stood a caxquette in just as bad condition as her—a head that was just a massive skull with bone like protrusions, a huge body like a bear covered in putrid smelling and oily fur, with feet like some kind of bird. Blood dripped from its mouth and its front claws, letting out a wounded cry. She had just dealt a devastating blow at the cost of being hit herself. It was close to death now.

She felt Alex call to her across the force, his voice panicked. The tone of his voice caused her heart to twist in her chest. She would finish this quickly then return to his side.

The swirl of her sabers was more purposeful this time, the hum emanating from them sharper. One more good hit, that would be all it would take. She crouched down and focused on pushing the force to her legs. With one huge push, she rushed the monster in front of her at the speed of a blur—but her lightsabers didn't make contact with its flesh. Instead, the blades of them sunk deep into a child who had just appeared in front of her, blocking her from the beast which had collapsed to the ground.

The scream that ripped from her chest bounced on the trees.

"No!!!!"

The chiss woman quickly deactivated her sabers, catching the child as they fell and cradling him in her arms as she sunk to her knees. He was an islander, probably no older than six or seven—just tall enough to block where she had been aiming. She had impaled the child both in their chest and their upper left shoulder. She didn't even have to check—they were fatal. The small boy was gasping in pain, but his eyes burned with determination and rebellion.

"Nononononononono! No! Why'd you do that?! Why?!" Siv's voice had reached a pitch she didn't know she could reach, full of panic and guilt. Her hands quickly went to the spots on the boy where she had hit him, willing the force to her fingers to mend flesh and organs. It had started to work, but then the boy ripped her hands from their position and spit at her, grumbling words in selenian that she didn't understand—but she could feel the venom behind.

She felt his intention across the force: *suffer, like we have*.

"I will suffer enough for the lives I have ended! You don't need to die too!"

The boy smirked. A twisted, defiant smirk. He then drew one last ragged breath and then no more. Siv's eyes grew wide, not even noticing that the beast in front of her had also stopped breathing moments before. Tears filled her eyes, and she shook the little boy gently, willing in her mind for him to wake up. *Wake up, please wake up. Please please please. I can save you! Please!* She screamed mentally, shaking the boy a little rougher this time. But he did not move. His eyes stared defiantly up at her but they were devoid of life.

It felt like the world had been sucked free of oxygen. Her breathing became quicker and quicker but she couldn't get enough air. She hugged the boy close to her chest, panicked sobs coming from her as she began to rock back and forth.

She had just killed a child.

A child.

A child trying to defend something he had held sacred.

She didn't even know his name, or his family. She knew nothing about him.

But she had ended his life.

Never again would he laugh, or play. Never would he reach the age where he would learn to love or give back to his people or the world.

"Sivall!"

Siv looked up quickly at the figure that had erupted from the brush, heavy tears rolling down her cheeks. Alexandyr stood there, his face first full of relief to see that she was okay—but then that expression quickly turned to one of disbelief and shock.

Sivall's bottom lip trembled, her fingers gripping at the dead boy in her arms. She was sure her whole body was shaking as well.

"I don't know where he came from..." She whispered, her voice wavering and interrupted with sobs. "H-He... he just appeared. I didn't even see him r-run... run over."

The Human male quickly moved to her side. With a motion that seemed all too natural he closed the boy's eyes and then carefully took the tiny body out of Sivall's arms. She almost didn't let him, some irrational part of her brain telling her that if she held him tight enough she could bring him back. But she relented, letting her arms wrap around her own torso instead, nails painted in chipped black paint digging through her robes into her skin.

"Are *you* alright? Did the creature hurt you?" She could feel his eyes searching her, looking her over for injuries. Her arms were currently hiding the massive gash in her stomach, but she could heal that later. She stared blankly at the boy, still rocking slowly back and forth.

"Hey, hey! Look at me, eyes up. *Are you okay?*"

"He... H-he wouldn't let me heal him! Why wouldn't he let me help him?! I could have saved him! I... I-I..." Siv couldn't speak past the lump in her throat, it threatened to choke all the air to her lungs. Her vision swirled, hyperventilating now. Sanguine eyes full of sorrow and tears finally tore themselves from the boy's face to look at Alex. The worry in his face only filled her with more grief.

The Chiss woman doubled forward, her forehead pressing against the ground as she sobbed brokenly. The world threatened to go black on her. She heard Alex talk into his commlink, but the words were muffled past her sobs and her hammering heartbeat in her ears.

She had killed a child.

Another mark on the docket for how she didn't deserve this. Didn't deserve any of this.

A child.

She mumbled apologies against the dirt, her nails dug into her side drawing blood.