Harsh winds whipped Hevan’s face as he climbed the cliff. His feet slipped as he climbed, and he swung into the stone wall, nearly loosening his grip on the rope, his face smashing into the cliff, his mind reeling in pain. He shook his head, blinked and continued his ascension. He lifted his arm, grabbing onto the wire cable that stopped him from falling and pulled himself back up. His feet shuffled vertically as he climbed, snow falling past him down into the valley below. He slowly climbed up, puffing in effort as he pulled up.

After what seemed like an eternity climbing, his hand grasped the snow covered rock and he clambered onto a small ledge, only about half way up the mountain. Hevan sat down, closing his eyes for a couple seconds and resting. He pulled his cloak closer as he shivered, lamenting his refusal and optimism not to bring his ARC armour, his past self believing that it would weigh him down.

 He took a drink from his flask, the warm liquid inside giving him a much needed relief from the falling snow. He grabbed a small, dead tree that seemed to cling to the rock face, the roots easily snapping off as he pulled, snapping in a satisfying crack. He cut four branches off, stabbing the ends of these into the snow and Hevan pilled snow around each branch, before putting his cloak over the ends, creating a makeshift shelter from the falling snow. He wrapped the line from his grappling hook over each covered end, tying them together and stabbing the hook into the snow.

The rest of the tree did not evade his needs, cutting it into multiple short logs and branches, piling them together on the opposite end of the ledge, holding his blade nearby until the faint wisp of smoke rose from the new fire.

He blew lightly onto the fire, flames flickering and rising up as he moved closer to the warmth, finally released from the biting cold. He ate his rations, heating them before on the fire, then fell asleep under his cloak, preparing for the morning.

He awoke as the sun rose, the golden rays cutting through the storm that surrounded the mountains, and he pushed the snow that fell overnight off him, slowly reaccustoming to the altitude and time. As he ate, his commlink crackled to life “Target incoming Hevan. Be ready.” Hevan grabbed his NT, setting his sights onto a small house across the valley, eating as he focused on the path that would meet the house. His hands shivered, but he threw the half-eaten rations off the cliff face as he finished locking his scope onto the pathway. 3 cloaked figures appeared out of the storm, snow flying wildly across his sight, following these figures to find his target. A fourth figure met them, and Hevan immediately set his sights, turning safety off and pulling the trigger.

A green bolt struck the target true, the person crumpling and falling to the ground as the others pulled blasters and dropped to the floor. He pulled his blaster up, firing randomly into a large snow drift far above them, the thin layer of ice cracking revealing deep cracks in the snow, and the landscape seemed to collapse. Even from Hevan’s far away location, his ears rang as the snow seemed to roar, falling rapidly and pulling anything in its way into the avalanche.

The figures got up in a futile attempt to run, only to be engulfed in the unstoppable push of nature, their figures momentarily visible, tumbling and twisting in the avalanche before being engulfed once again by the raging force of the snow. Hevan watched for a moment, turning away once the sound of falling snow faded slightly, swinging his rifle over his shoulder as his commlink activated once again “I didn’t expect it to be that… extreme.” Hevan laughed grimly before responding “Might as well put a little personal flare on things. On my way back down now.”

 “No need. I’ll bring the *Breath* over on my way out.” Hevan stopped in his tasks, confused by the act, but grateful. “Thanks TuQ. What’s the catch?”

“I forgot to mention a little fee for my services, just a couple hundred credits” While TuQ whispered the last part, Hevan still heard it and shook his head in amusement. “Sure, sure. Just get over here will you?” TuQ chuckled as Hevan heard engines power up in the background, and a short while later the U-wing shot through the blizzard, doors sliding open as close to the cliff as Kel Dor would dare to bring it, hovering a few meters away from Hevan. He took a running jump, falling into the U-Wing, doors sliding shut behind.