

## **THE ESCORT MISSION OF KAVOL**

***Written By: MickMS***

The Pandje Forest, Planet Kavol. 40,000 meters above ground level, the highest halo jump required of the U.T.E. paratroopers. Beta company was assigned to escort a Kavolkian ambassador to his awaiting Embassy, they had just jumped.

Gin couldn't see his fellow soldiers in the clouds apart from a lightning bolt hitting one of the poor bastards, killing them. He plummeted down towards Kavol's surface and assumed a position to hasten his descent. The ground got larger and larger, he pulled his parachute but nothing happened.

"Fuckin' parachute!"

Just then something fell next to him, it was one of the demolition experts, a female soldier named Vesta. Her mask had fallen off, she obviously suffocated to death, but her parachute was intact. Gin was about to take her parachute, but then he felt the cold circular shape of a grenade.

"Shit."

Vesta was in demolitions, she must have some sort of explosive kit with her. The grenades might go off when she hits the ground, they'll explode, might even cause a forest fire. Gin hugged the dead Vesta and tried to navigate, but 'wap!' his parachute caught on a tree. Below him he could hear blaster fire and screams of help both in common and in a foreign language. Carefully, he climbed down with absolute caution, absolute caution that is until a bolt of light whizzed past him and hit Vesta straight in the face. Her head exploded, skull fragments and brains were everywhere.

Gin ducked but still got splattered with blood. Shaken, he continued the climb down until he saw some sort of reptile dressed in the separatist guard hissing into a radio. Gin noticed it had an odd horn on its belt. He slipped his hand into his boot and pulled out a knife, it gleamed radiantly in his hand, he got into the position and jumped. The reptile only had time to look up before Gin's knife plunged into its face, right between the eyes. Blood spurted out from the serpent's wound onto Gin's face, he tasted the warm metallic blood, which he quickly tried to spit out. The reptile twitched its hands flailing around, then it wheezed until its chest contorted and it hurled up its insides.

A separatist soldier ran up near Gin, screamed and threw a grenade. Everything got super bright.

Gin looked around puzzled.

He could hear shouts muffled by explosions and blaster fire all morphing together. A blurry form ran up to him and shouted something to him.

He couldn't understand what the person saying.

It lifted him up and escorted him across the forest to a tent. Inside the tent was very bright and Gin had to close his eyes. Through his blurry vision he could see two shapes talking. One walked to a table that inexplicably disappeared and reappeared but was somewhat see-through.

It then lifted a box and took out of it some sort of light that seem to be attached to a string that was dangling from its arm.

Jefferson had been through many battles as a medical officer, a rank that afforded him many luxuries. He especially enjoyed travelling with the ambassador. He looked down at the debilitated soldier, the name 'Gin' clearly visible through the blood splatter.

"He's poisoned, probably from Kalacian blood," Jefferson said more to himself than to the soldier standing next to him. Jefferson rubbed his sweaty palms together and consulted with his medical notebook.

"Kalaz venom, Kalbe madness, ah, here we go, Kalacian blood. Use fermented egxel berry and inject into patient's heart".