

Shal limped around the small, windowless, concrete room she'd been unceremoniously tossed into. Her scouting squad had run afoul of a contingent of Garleans while they were on patrol, only this time they weren't able to retreat fast enough. Most of her squad was killed, the rest including herself captured. Her eyes began to burn as her mind drifted to the horrendous slaughter that took place, the recalled explosions making her twitch visibly. She pressed the palms of her hands to her eyes and took several slow, deliberate breaths.

The ache in her ankle grew the more she paced, and it was only matched by the ache in her belly. The last time she'd seen anyone was... three? Four days? At first when she was captured they would give her water and some kind of slop once a day. It wasn't much, but it kept her from dying of thirst or hunger. Her only objective was to make it out of here alive, though... that seemed like it was going to be harder than she thought. Going to a wall and pressing her back to it, she slid down to a seated position, favoring the injured ankle and resting her head upon a single drawn up knee. She was so tired, so hungry, so thirsty. Maybe if she just slept she'd feel better~

Pleasant dreams of large breakfasts with her family were rudely disrupted by a nudging of her leg. Her eyes felt gritty as she slowly opened them, brief confusion rapidly replaced with remembrance and suddenly she panicked, pivoting on the floor and sweeping her leg out. She made contact with the person who woke her, and they tumbled down on the hard floor with a dull thud and a yelp. Scooting away and crouching awkwardly she took in the sight. A woman in Garlean armor lay sprawled on her side, with a tray of food stuffs and medical supplies strewn about her.

"Ach! Look what you did you stupid savage! Here I was trying to help you and this is the thanks I get? Sheesh!"

Shal's head cocked to the side in confusion. "You were trying to help me?" The incredulity in her voice matched the look on her face as she watched the woman sit up and start cleaning up the mess. Shal's stomach growled angrily at her as she watched the Garlean wipe up the spilled food with the napkin she'd brought and put it back on the tray.

"Yeah, well, not all of us are complete assholes. You're still an enemy, but you're also a living person and deserve to be treated with the same dignity and respect that we afford even our own animals." The Garlean looked up at her. Long dark hair plaited into a braid that curled over her shoulder, piercing amber colored eyes, and the prominent third eye showing that she was a natural Garlean and not one of the conquered peoples. The look on her face was one of irritation, and for some reason Shal felt guilty that she'd caused her some trouble.

"I'm, I'm sorry. Um, thank you?" Unsure of what to say given that she'd been unable to provide the help she intended. "It uh, smelled good, whatever it was."

Blowing a strand of hair out of her face, mess finished being cleaned up, she picked up the tray and straightened up, tall even for a Garlean. "Yeah well, it's ruined now, but it was a dodo pot

pie.” Turning she stomped back towards the door, fishing out a set of keys before stopping and sighing. Glancing back over her shoulder, her face softened as she took in Shal’s disheveled appearance. “Look, if you promise not to attack me again, I’ll come back with another and also help bandage you up. Ok?”

Shal’s eyes narrowed in suspicion, wondering what this woman’s endgame was. “No offense, but you’re keeping me prisoner here. How do I know I can trust you?”

The Garlean turned around and faced her, hand on her hip with the keys to Shal’s freedom dangling temptingly. Shal knew better though. Unless she got well there would be no way she could escape. “Let me put it to you this way, what choice have you got?”

Shal couldn’t argue with that logic. And maybe this would afford her additional opportunities for escape, or even just information. “Alright, I promise. No tricks or attacks. Just polite, civil conversation.”

The Garlean nodded firmly, then with swift practiced motions unlocked the various bolts and locks that kept her in, the door opening and shutting behind her with a metallic groan. Shal finally released the breath that she’d been holding, her heart racing. “I just need to hold on for a little longer.”