**Log of Transport *Miracle's Wake***

**Day 1**

While enroute to a trade deal with a neighboring system, our ship was thrown off course. We crash-landed on a cold, hostile world that our databanks indicate is called Hoth. During the crash, I was able to use my Force abilities to brace myself and survive impact with the icy world. Unfortunately, the rest of the crew was not as fortunate and they are dead.

I briefly ventured outside the ship. It appears that, during the crash, the ship plunged through a thin surface ice sheet and into an ice cave below. The cave should shelter me from the harsh winds and blizzards of this world, but the opening has allowed it to begin filling with fresh snow and I am not sure how long it will be before I am unable to leave the ship.

I have few supplies. I only brought my lightsaber and a blaster, and the ship's emergency kit only has a flashlight, some water, a combat knife, and some matches. I am not sure what I could use here to build a fire with the latter.

The ship itself is heavily damaged. The engines are certainly inoperable, and the distress beacon is unworking. It makes me wonder who we buy these things from, that they don't even work in situations in which they should be used.

Tonight, I will use some of the clothing from the other passengers and sleep in the cargo hold, as it seems to be the most well-insulated and is not occupied by any of the bodies of my fellow crew members.

One final note: my foot was hurt when we crashed. I can walk, as long as I drag it, but this will make travel difficult. I am unsure what exactly to do to fix it and doubt I will live long enough to find out, unless i am able to get off this world.

Tomorrow, I will explore the surface and see if there is anything of note out there.

**Day 2**

Today I found a path up to the surface and was able to drag myself up there. It is freezing cold and visibility is almost nonexistent. I encountered a tauntaun. It ran away at first, but I was able to kill it with my blaster. I removed a large section of it's body with my lightsaber, hoping that the meat will help sustain me in the future. This process disgusted me, and I almost passed out from the smell, but it is not the worst thing I could do to survive. I still have not located anything here that will burn, as this world is covered in snow and ice. I tried to use my lightsaber to heat the tauntaun meat, but it barely worked and was one of the most disgusting things I had ever tasted. Still, it was food.

**Day 3**

Today I ventured further out and was able to find some sign of civilization. I located an old outpost that may have once been used by smugglers or rebels. There was little of note in the surface areas. I tried to descend deeper, but encountered a wampa ice creature and was forced to kill it. This attracted other creatures of its species and so I fled. My foot is beginning to hurt more and this is making walking difficult. Furthermore, I am beginning to feel sick, and I think it may be because of the tauntaun meat I ate. The weather has gotten worse and a storm seems to be moving through the area. Tomorrow, I will try to explore the ruins again. They seem to be my only hope of leaving this world, and the snow is rising around the ship. Soon I will not be able to leave.

**Day 4**

This will probably be my last entry, as I lie inside the abandoned outpost, unable to walk further, head swimming with what I assume is oncoming delirium. I was able to locate a console that still had some power, and I used it to send what I believe is a distress call, though I do not know where to. I do not know if anyone will find me, but I have begun seeing things I know are not real. I saw my parents, from back on Bakura, and my sister, who said everything will be alright. As I close this entry, I hear voices that I do not recognize, as if someone is coming, but this base is abandoned. There can't possibly be anyone here.

**Day 7**

The impossible has happened. I have been rescued, after a fashion. Some smugglers or pirates picked me up, and nursed me back to health. They have not commented on my lightsaber (which they confiscated) or clothing, and have allowed me to heal, though they have me under guard and I cannot leave the room I am in. This entry will not be long, as they will undoubtedly become curious. Myself, I wonder what they will do with me. I must be careful. Here comes the guard.

**Day 8**

These are smugglers after all, and they say that we are going to some remote station in the outer rim. I think they believe me a part of the Jedi Order and seek to sell me to some nefarious group or another. They asked a lot of questions about where I came from and what I was doing. I simply stated that I was escorting a transport and it crashed. They recovered the cargo from the wreck, and have confiscated it. It is replaceable, but still, I must find a way home. Though they have my lightsaber, I am not defenseless. I will attempt an escape soon.

**Day 9**

Today, when a guard brought me food, I used the Force to throw him backward and leave my cell. I was able to move quickly enough to incapacitate the other guards, and steal the blaster from one. I do not think they expected a Jedi to use the Force to generate electricity to shock them. The ship I am on is a small light freighter, and I was able to quickly eliminate the rest of the crew. Now, it is just a matter of navigating home. I will keep this record, as a momento of my experience, and will put in a requisition with naval engineering for better distress beacons and navigational computers. Clearly, what we have is not adequate.

***End of Record***

*Written by KE Locke Sonjie*

*ID: 10311*