**A Deep Space Encounter**

**By Locke Sonjie, PIN: 10311**

**Corvette *Hyperion***

**Deep Space**

**Enroute to Orian System**

The corvette had been ripped out of hyperspace by an interdictor, alarms blaring as it's sublight drives struggled to keep up. Locke stumbled against one of the bridge command chairs, looking out the view port ahead of them. The crew shouted orders and reports all around him, but he had eyes only for what was outside.

Two boarding craft were heading toward the corvette, breaching mandibles extended. Locke closed his eyes and reached out with the Force, sensing several beings on each one. He did not recognize the crude markings on the outside of those.

"Who are they?" he asked.

Behind the Consul, the ship's Captain looked up from the data readout he had been analyzing. The communications officer could be heard in the background, frantically shouting at the interdictor that they were a peaceful ship with no contraband or weapons.

"Trandoshan bounty hunters," the Captain said. "I guess the Imperial Remnant is feeling strung out enough to contract out boarding craft."

Locke shrugged. "Or they don't think we're worth the trouble. Can you get all our systems running again?"

"Yes," the Captain said, "but I don't see how that will help with an interdictor sitting out there."

"Just do it and we'll think about that after dealing with these boarders." In truth, Locke didn't know how they would escape, either. He had put out an encrypted distress beacon as soon as they had been dragged out of hyperspace, but was uncertain if they were close enough to the Sadowan sphere of influence to be rescued. Regardless, he wasn't about to give up.

Stepping off the bridge, the Consul held his comlink up, keying it to the bridge frequency. "Captain, I'll take the port entry. Have your men defend starboard."

"You'll handle port alone?" the captain asked incredulously.

"Yes," Locke said, "trust me."

It only took him a few moments to get to the hallway leading to the port airlock. As the ship shuddered and plasma cutters began breaking into it from the outside, Locke leaned against the wall and pulled a thermal detonator from his belt. He waited until there was almost an entire square cut out in the door before rolling the detonator down the hall and ducking behind a bulkhead.

There was a loud crack that echoed down the corridors, followed by screams from the Trandoshans who had been caught in the blast. Locke hefted his blaster rifle and inhaled sharply, summoning the Force to steady his movements. Amplifying his reaction speed with the Force, he stepped into the hallway, training the blaster rifle on the oncoming foes. Enhanced as he was, the new arrivals quickly fell to his fire, but then his eyes set on something he did not expect.

They widened as Locke noticed the large bomb in the middle of the group of enemy bodies. Then he saw the blinking red light in the middle of it.

The Consul cursed. He threw himself back into the ship, seconds before the even louder explosion tossed him off his feet before beginning to suck him back the way he had come, the ship's air lock having been shattered and exposed to space.

Locke scrambled for anything he could grab onto, finally gripping a mangled piece of bulkhead and tearing his hand open in the process. He gasped, but held on, grip strengthened with the Force, even as it hurt painfully. A few agonizing moments passed before an emergency blast door sealed the corridor from the outside and Locke dropped to the floor in relief.

The Captain was on the comlink immediately. "What the hell was that?!" he asked.

"Bomb," Locke breathed. "Tell the oth-"

A second explosion rocked the ship. Locke went tumbling against a wall as it's inertial dampners failed to keep up. He recovered and stood up, head spinning from the impact, back aching from where he had hit the bulkhead. He made it a priority to get to the bridge.

"I don't know how we're gonna get out of this one," he muttered, quoting one if his favorite holodramas of his youth. This was definitely no time for fun.

Locke arrived on the bridge to find three Trandoshans interrogating the Captain, with several of the other crew members dead or injured. Yelling in anger, Locke threw his shoulder against one of the Trandoshans, who barely moved. The action distracted the others, allowing the captain to yank himself free and pick up a blaster, shooting one in the chest.

The other two attacked Locke, who ignited his lightsaber at point-blank range, sunfire blade stabbing through one of the Trandoshans. The other backed away, but the Captain wasted no time putting a blaster bolt in his chest, as well.

The Captain looked at Locke. "What now?"

"Good question," the Consul said, lightsaber still ignited. "I'm guessing the interdictor is still out there?"

"Yep."

"And half our ship vented atmosphere."

"Yes...but the cargo is still safe."

"Great," Locke said. "So we're a sitting duck."

Then a new alarm started up. "What's that, he asked?"

The Captain stumbled over to a console. "New contacts. R-41 Starchasers."

"Pirates," Locke growled. "I'm not going to ask if it could get worse."

The corvette began to shudder as the R-41's attacked. It appeared they were not even going to attempt to disable it.

"Well," Locke said. "I think we'll be okay."

"Really?" the Captain asked, face pale. "Why's that?"

"A hunch."

"Right," the Captain said.

Several moments passed before they heard new comm chatter over the radio, followed by explosions outside the corvette. "This is the Warhost fighter squadrons Dancing Demons and Thunder Fist, anybody reading us?"

*X-Wings and Y-Wings. Perfect.*

Locke breathed a sigh of relief. "Loud and clear, what took you so long?"

The reply was light-hearted. "Oh, you know, just wanted to see how you'd fare on your own. Apparently not well. We'll handle that interdictor. There's a medium transport enroute behind us. It'll offload whatever you're carrying and take you home."

"Thank you," Locke said. "I'll buy you all a round when we get there."

After that, he and the bridge crew tended to their injuries and awaited pickup. They had survived the onslaught of the bounty hunters, the attack by the pirate's, and the Empire's interdictor, and had in turn gained new protection and a new ship.

But they weren't out of it yet.

**(The End, For Now)**