***New Tython’s Outer Orbit, aboard the Ole Bess***

***New Tython
Esstran Sector
34 ABY***

*Talis sat meditating in the common area of the HT-2200 medium freighter, “Ole Bess”. His mind wandered from his many experiences abroad. Most of which involved a fair amount of drinking and dodging his responsibilities long enough. It was time to return home, it was time to return to New Tython. A call came over the loud speaker from the captain announcing their arrival to New Tython’s outer orbit.

“Young master Jedi you should come take a look,” the captain yelled back. There was something in his voice that Talis could feel wasn’t right. He stood in one swift motion and made his way to the cockpit.
“Are those ships leaving the surface?” The copilot murmured to the captain.
“Yes they are,” The captain began fumbling around the flight console before a distinct beeping noise of incoming communications echoed through the cockpit. Talis reached forward and pressed the connect button in front of him underneath a moderate amount of empty candy wrappers.

“This is the Captain of Ole Bess,” the captain paused for a moment.
“This is the tower at…” The tower suddenly cut out and a flash of force energy large enough for Talis to see through the force erupted on the surface. Suddenly a wave of fear, anguish, rage, and suffering washed over him and knocked him to his knees.
“Young Maste...” the Copilot was cut off by the captain.
“Evasive maneuvers all power to the deflector shields,” His voice was hurried and fear exuded from the man like a noxious odor. “Start spooling up the hyperdrive!”*

*“But captain?” The copilot’s confusion was palpable to Talis’ senses.
“That’s a Dark brotherhood flag ship,” he proclaimed pointing off into the distance, “We need to get out of here now, blast right past him and make for wild space, we need to get clear of New Tython now!”*

*Talis was sick with the amount of emotions constantly washing over him from the planet below. He had not expected this homecoming and was not prepared for this. He dug deep into his training and began building emotional walls as fast as they were being torn down. Completely oblivious to his surroundings Talis fought to keep it together. After a few minutes he regained himself. He could still feel their terror as he regained his senses and acclimated to the continual onslaughts but he had managed to lessen the effects. Both the captain and the copilot were trying frantically to get free of a tractor beam that had taken hold of their ship.*

*Talis knew this was it when he cast his gaze to a drifting wreckage not far from the capital ship. He knew it to be the Fey’lya’s Last Stand. It was unmistakable in its silhouette and it pained him for he had known many who served aboard her. To see the ship in its current state hurt him on a level he had not been hurt. Almost on cue a comm request beeped across the console. The pilot and copilot exchanged glances before looking at Talis who had grown pale from his own internal conflict.*

*A voice came through the communicator in about as official of a voice as you could imagine per the situation.
“Unknown cargo vessel, Identify yourself.”
“We,” the captain paused and looked up at Talis, “We are the cargo ship Ole Bess here to drop off cargo at the space port of Seher, we are carrying 2 Crews and 7 passengers with 772 metric tons of various cargo.” The captain shot a glance at Talis who at first didn’t catch on that there were 8 passengers.*

*“We have you registered as carrying 8 passengers captain.”
“We had one jump ship at our last port,” The captain paused and looked at the young Miralukan. “We just haven’t had the time to update the proper authorities with our update in manifest, transferring it to you.”
“Thank you captain,” as the comm cut out Talis turned to leave the bridge cockpit.
“Hey kid,” the captain hollered back. “Be safe down there.”
“I will captain, you do the same,” Talis made his way to the starboard escape pod and began prepping for his launch. He had to time it just right. If he could get over to the Last Stand he could possibly steal a fighter and make his way out of orbit. It was his only chance. Talis finalized his preparations before opening communications with the captain and the copilot.

“May the Force be with you captain.” Talis smiled as he activated the escape pod with a trajectory that put him right into the hangar bay.*

*“And may the Force be with you kid,” the captain replied as the escape pod jettisoned with a lurch that sucked Talis deep into his seat.

Talis’ pod was almost immediately met with a tractor beam. He had made it about half way between the two ships before being caught in the beam. He cut off his engines and sat waiting for the hail but it never came. As he looked out he could see the VSD Endor’s Truimph crashing to the surface of New Tython. The wave of intense emotions swarmed over him and almost broke him. With a flash of red energy two proton torpedoes shot past Talis’ escape pod as a pair of fighters blew past Talis headed towards the flag ship. With a sudden lurch Talis’ pod was free and he pinned the engines and headed towards the Last Stand.*

*He braced himself as he slammed into the ship’s hangar floor and came to a bouncing stop after striking a half dozen damaged fighters. He jumped out of the pilot’s seat and donned the space suit he had commandeered from his friends and made his way to the aft port of the escape pod where he hit the emergency open button. With a burst of air Talis was shot across the hangar bay and into a small fighter. The impact knocked the wind out of him as well as any sort of composure he had left. Talis floated around for a bit and waited until he could regain his breath and composure.

When he finally calmed down he could hear the fighting out in space. Like muffled pops he could recognize the sounds of ships fighting the fleet for an escape route. The noise that drowned out all of that was his heavy breathing, and for some reason that unnerved him more than the constant barrage of emotions. Talis looked around for a few minutes before he found a small freighter with minimal damage. He didn’t need big he just needed something with more defense than that escape pod and something with more maneuverability. He found what he was looking for in the form of an old Dynamic-class light freighter that seemed to avoid the destruction. Pieces of the hangar bay strewn all around the ship but it seemed unharmed almost as if the Force had placed it there for Talis. Talis didn’t stay long on that train of thought but instead got on board and began prepping for takeoff. Half way through preparations Talis looked up and had to slam the emergency shutdown. Two Sith fighters had entered the hangar and were moving around scanning the area for survivors. They landed on the opposite side of the hangar and got out and looked around. They saw the escape pod and investigated it quickly before making their way further into the ship. Talis breathed a sigh of relief as he went back to his preparations.

He quickly finished and spooled up the hyperdrive preparing to jump straight from the hangar. It was only when his hyperdrive had come online and ready that the two unfortunate Sith entered the hangar. They had decided to return upon hearing the running motors. Bursting through the rubble Talis pointed the Dynamic-class freighter to safety and entered some emergency rendezvous coordinates for House Satele Shan. Talis stood up and gave the two enraged Sith a wave and jumped to hyperspace from within the hangar. The concussion had to be intense for the two men and in some perverse way Talis hoped it killed the two Sith.*

*Talis breathed a sigh of relief to have escaped but he knew many were not as fortunate as he was. He felt the dread, the fear, the loneliness, and the sorrow flow over him as he curled into a ball in the corner of the cockpit and wept for his fallen friends, for he could do nothing else but wait as his vessel sped him towards the rendezvous point.*

*The ship came to a lurching halt awakening the young Jedi. He had cried himself to sleep. Talis jumped up and almost fell over as the ship lurched to one side. He stumbled and clambered back into his seat as he looked out from the cockpit through the Force. A smile spread across his face as the unmistaken silhouette of the two Assassin-class Corvettes surrounded by a contingent of various vessels all in varying conditions. Talis could feel the bombardment of emotions. Joy, relief, happiness washed over him but the inevitable happened. The sadness, guilt and fear crept in like a virus. Talis built up walls using his own anger to speed up the process. He was angry and hurt, and he wanted to make those who caused this pay for what they did. A beep erupted from the comm. Talis pushed the button harder than he had wanted.
“Unidentified vessel, please state your business.”*

*“This is Padawan Talis, of House Satele Shan of Clan Odan Urr, reporting for duty.”*