Gone in 60 seconds

Feud story by Zehsaa Hysh

Zehsaa regarded the tome again and smiled. The power within those pages would be hers, if she got the time to study it. For now, it was time to depart from this frozen wasteland.

Looking around her a feeling of loneliness crept onto her, she was alone here, for miles in any direction. Even though Aul had become her enemy after the order, she didn’t feel alone as she did now.

She shook her head. “Why did I follow that order so blindly?” She questioned herself, though she knew the answer to that perfectly well; she feared Cyris for what he would do if orders aren’t followed.

She gathered her rifle and fastened it on her back. Though useless she wasn’t going to leave it behind here. Picking up Aul’s lightsaber she looked at his makeshift grave one last time before she left the room and clipped his lightsaber to her belt. She threw her commlink away, in the odd case they would trace her back to it.

Holding the tome close to her tucked underneath her coat, she left the wreckage and set on towards the city they had earlier during the search for the pirates. She hoped that there would be a way of this planet there.

As soon as she stepped from between the wreckage she felt the cold wind tug on her clothes again and shivered. She trudged further through the snow, pushing herself to reach the city. Focussing on that goal would keep her going before the fear of loneliness would take full control of her, she hoped.

Hours had gone by. It had started to snow again, making her vision limited and her world smaller. The last glisterings of light glinted through the gusts of snow blowing past her from the crystals before her.

“Great, how am I going to get through this when it’s dark and snowing?” Zehsaa muttered in frustration, as she plowed through the snow towards the crystals.

Her fear and frustration had been building inside her all the way, and now it was getting dark too. She was tired, and wanted to be with her friends. Her constant inner battle wasn’t helping either. She had thought about giving up a few times before, only to remind herself that Jorm had shown her she could survive alone when she went in search for the ‘not a Kryat dragon’ creature and eventually getting her own lightsaber.

She plowed on towards the crystals. There she would rest for a bit, and gather her strength. When she reached the crystals, the harsh wind had died down, which was a pleasant relief. Kicking some snow away, she sat down at the base of one of the crystals, batting away the snow from her coat.

Watching her mirror image in the crystal she smiled slightly, “At least I got myself for company now.”

Closing her eyes, she reached out through the Force, letting it flow through her, and slowly felt her strength return. She turned her sense outward, trying to find anyone that might be in these icefields, but only felt some sort of a lifeform far below her.

“That feels more hungry than something friendly…” Zehsaa muttered slowly.

Regaining her concentration, she let the Force flow through her again. All she could feel around her was the icy cold of her ‘shelter’ and nothing else. She began to wonder again why she had followed the order so easily… She knew it would end up like this in the end, but she could not ignore the order either. She sighed and opened her eyes again, the night now having fallen completely. Lucky for her, she didn’t need to rely on her eyes alone, but it would slow her travel even further, which meant she would be alone longer than she hoped to be.

“Grah!” she growled, “Why were you so stupid to follow that order?! You could have waited until you were off this hellhole!”

She glared at the snow around her and muttered in Togruti. This wasn’t helping her, she needed to get on. She got up and dusted the snow from her coat and pants.

Looking at the reflection in the crystal, she sighed softly, “Let’s go… We have still a long road ahead of us.”

“You can do this, Zehsaa,” her image replied. Startled she looked at her reflection again and shook her head slowly when she saw it was just her reflection again.

Smiling slightly she nodded, “I can do this.”

The night had turned the landscape into an eerie place, and now that the worst of the snowfall was gone she could see the outline of the crystals again. She kept close to the crystals, her mirror image helping a little with the loneliness, and wrapped her cloak closer around herself.

“Next place I want to visit must be a warm one… My lekku are starting to hurt from the cold. Why did these pirates have to choose a location that is even too cold for skiing?” she complained at her mirror image, “Probably because they hoped no one would be crazy enough to come looking for them here…”

“But the clans were. They were foolish enough to store great quantities of Sith artefacts, here which lured the clans here.”

Narrowing her eyes slightly at her reflection, “I’m going crazy…”

“You’re not, you don’t want to be alone.”

“True… but this isn’t helping,” she said, looking off to the distance, “I need to go further…”

“I’ll be in each crystal, don’t worry.”

Frowning, she pushed her lekku under her cloak, and she willed herself to continue again. Fighting off her feeling of loneliness she trudged through the snow. After a long time she began to hear what seemed like explosions. Thinking she was going out of her mind, she ignored it and continued on, climbing up a ridge to get a better view of her surroundings. The night wasn’t letting her see much, but in the distance she saw some blinking lights.

“That should be the city. Only this valley left to cross and then I can get off this snowball.”

She started to move faster through the snow, the promise of getting off the planet giving her a new boost. She slided more than walked down the slope of the hill. Her joy at reaching civilisation might have killed her had the Force not sent her a warning. Skidding to a frantic stop, she stopped mere centimetres from the edge of a chasm. Only getting visible when the added weight of the shifting snow made the thin sheet of ice break.

Staring at the big gaping hole before her, she let out a cry of frustration, “You gotta be kidding me!”

Reaching out with her hand, she felt the Force forming to her will and hit the fragile ice plate again. It broke further away, revealing the solid other side of the chasm, some sixteen meters away.

Staring at it she saw more of the ice break away to either side and it didn't look like there would be an end to it on either side. Taking a few steps back, Zehsaa let the Force flow through her and ran towards the edge and jumped. The jump let her travel the distance of the chasm. Landing roughly on the other side she rolled down the slope.

“Urgh… that could have gotten better,” she said as she got up.

Dusting off the snow, she made sure the tome was still safely tugged under her coat and set off again towards the city. Traveling go a little heavier, as the loose snow was deeper here. It seemed like it had pooled inside the valley. Panting she fought herself through the snow. She cursed at those who had made her do this. Slowly she got to the other side of the valley and she took a moment to rest. The wind was picking up again and before her she had one climb left before she got to the city, her ticket out of here.

She rubbed her eyes and her face, “Please let this be the last hurdle.”

The sun was slowly rising at the horizon, turning the whole landscape in pastel colors. Zehsaa shivered, the cold was getting to her. Her pants and cloak were wet by now, after fighting through the deep snow.

“I have to get out of this, quickly.”

She glanced up the slope and sighed as she pulled herself back onto her feet. Hugging the tome close to herself, hoping it would give her some comfort, she started to climb the slope.

Sliding back a few times it was at least going faster than fighting through the snow below in the valley. The last part she scaled on her hands and feet, until she reached the top and gazed down at the city below her. There wasn’t much livelyhood, but there were a few shuttles that could take her off the planet.

It didn’t take Zehsaa long to reach the city. The city seemed to be on high alert, officials were patrolling around, making a fuss at everybody trying to get into the city. Looking over Zehsaa found another route that hopefully lead to the spaceport. Staying out of sight Zehsaa snuck through the small streets and then took to the roofs. Sensing another dark Force in the city she frowned and hid herself from the Force.

*This is going to be a problem… but I need to get out of here.*

Quickly she continued on, but was spotted not to far from the spaceport. A few officials showed up and demanded her to halt. Zehsaa stopped and watched the three officials before her.

“What is your business here?” one of them asked while the others trained their rifles at her.

“Nothing, I just need to get to the spaceport,” Zehsaa stated.

“You are going nowhere, missy, the spaceport is off limits for outsiders.”

Narrowing her eyes at the work missy, Zehsaa raised her hand as the Force snaked out and grabbed the official, “No one calls me missy.”

Startled at what happened to their chief the others opened fire at her. Quickly she flung the chief into one of the others and dived out of the way of the incoming fire. Taking out her Relby, she opened fire at them, taking out the one standing. She heard more coming for her. Breaking cover she ran towards the next building and jumped, landing in a roll and continuing her run. A few small patrol ships started to chase after her as she jumped from roof to roof.

*Time to turn this chase around.*

Zehsaa rounded a corner and pulled the shadows around her, hiding herself from vision. She watched the patrols flying by her and smirked. One of them lingered behind, looking around, trying to find her. Jumping into action, Zehsaa pulled the official from his speeder and quickly jumped onto it as it started to fall from the sky. Clambering onto the speeder, she kicked it into action again. It reacted with a loud whine and sped off. Quickly the other speeders were upon her, glancing over her shoulder for a moment, she smirked. Pulling more speed from her speeder she blasted through the streets. The one behind her having trouble keeping up with her, but before her they threw up a roadblock. Concentrating, she balled her fist and threw it forward, as if throwing a punch, a wave of Force crashed through the street, sweeping it clean and punched through the roadblock.

Chucking at the attempt, she raced through the remnants of the roadblock. A bigger ship gave chase to her, flying over the roofs and started to open fire at her.

“Hey! No one invited you to the race!” Zehsaa yelled at it, only to be rewarded with more laser fire.

Narrowing her eyes, Zehsaa sped off and rounded a few corners and hid beneath an archway. Glancing around the structure of the archway she saw the ship thunder forward, in search of her. Glancing the other way she saw a few higher towers and a shuttle take off. Turning her speeder she sped off in the direction of the spaceport. The dark signature she felt earlier also moved towards the spaceport.

“So another contender in the race, eh?”

The ship and the speeders found her again as she sped through the streets. The larger one opened fire at her again. She evaded the shots and took a quick glance behind her and fired a few times at the speeders casing her. One of them got hit and veered off, hitting the one next to him. The two behind them narrowly escaped from the crash and gave chase. The big ship kept firing at her.

“I need to get rid of that one… fast,” Zehsaa said as she rounded another few corners.

In the distance she saw a ramp coming up and grinned. Slowing down she waited till the bigger ship passed by her. Revving up her speeder she raced down the street and up the ramp, angeling it just so it would hit the ship. Jumping off at the right time, she landed on the roof of the building at the other side of it and looked back. A big explosion erupted as the speeder rammed into the side of the ship and the two of them came crashing down.

Turning around the saw the towers of the spaceport and ran towards them and slowly jumped down the buildings to street level.

She heard more explosions behind her, in the same direction as the dark aura. Smirking she ran faster towards the spaceport. Staying further out of sight of the officials searching for her.

After a few more turns she came up to the spaceport and glanced around. She had to find a way in there without getting more attention at her again. There were a few workers working on big crates, which were loaded onto one of the smaller freight ships.

*Good, that will be my way off the planet*

Sneaking towards one of the workers who was sitting lazily on the side. She quickly knocked him out and snuck around him into the building. There weren’t many people around here, most of the guards seemed to be called off to another part of the spaceport.

Slowly she crept forward, the workers going about their business, paying little attention to her. There she spotted a small freighter, which was warming up it’s engines. A grumpy looking man was standing on the boarding ramp watching the last of his load being carried aboard. As he stepped back inside, she quickly followed one on the boxes going past the ship. As it passed the ship she made a dash inside and hid amongst the other crates, the ramp going up behind her.

The ship rumbled and vibrated and then lifted off, she heard the grumpy man talking over the comm, giving his clearance codes to the towers. The ship then flew up higher and set off to space.

Glancing around the ship there was little else than the cargo and the pilot of the ship. Reaching out through the Force that hunch got confirmed.

Sneaking up to the pilot she pressed her Relby against his head and spoke coolly, “Don’t do anything stupid and hand me the commlink.”

The pilot froze for a moment and hesitatingly reached over to give her his commlink, “Please don’t hurt me… it’s my last day of work.”

She took the commlink and changed the frequency, reporting in to her clan that she got off the planet in a small freighter. She got an acknowledgement back and some coordinates.

“Bring me to those coordinates and nothing will happen.”

Obediently the pilot punched in the coordinates and flew his ship towards it.

Finally she would be home again and then she could have a good look at her tome.