The Journey Home

 Delak used the glow of his purple blade to illuminate the hole Fallax had trapped him and his clan mates in. It was as black as a dirty bantha in this hole, it didn’t smell any better either. Delak searched to and fro for an exit from this cavern but he didn’t see any in the immediate vicinity. Delak motioned to Dante and Sparky to come with him as he searched further into the cavern. With Dante and Sparky in tow close behind they ventured into the cavern. He was unsure about how far underground the trio were at this point but that would not stop him.

 The cavern system seemed to wind downwards but after an hour of stumbling around in the dark and muddy tunnels they found what seemed to be a man-made passageway leading upwards from where they were. There was a noise coming from above them and it seemed to be coming down into the tunnelway. Delak ducked just fast enough to avoid getting smacked in the face by a mynock as it flew by deeper into the cave.

 “What are mynocks doing here?” Delak asked Dante and Sparky.

 “Perhaps they found their way here onboard some of the mining freighters and found the dark to be an inviting home. They probably only venture into the open when they want to munch on the power conduits of the workers. That means we are in luck,” Dante said. “That must mean we are heading the right direction.”

 “Well that is fwecing great.” Sparky chimed in.

 “That is great Sparky, it means we will soon be out of here and back to Judecca to find Fallax.” Delak said with hatred in his voice. “That ancient Sithspawn is going to die by my hands.”

 There was no more time for talk. The three compatriots continued their journey towards the surface until finally they saw light coming from the main mining cavern. He couldn’t believe that they had found a way out of their imminent doom to fight another day. There was no time to lose though. None of the companions knew what Fallax had done with the rest of the Clan or where they were. The miners lay about the ground lifeless. The ancient Sith had spared no one of his carnage. No one knew when Xen had become possessed by this being, however he was no longer strong enough to keep Fallax at bay. Would they even be able to save Xen? Time was of the essence now.

 Delak, Dante, and Sparky headed for the landing zone to find a shuttle still there. It had not been sabotaged or anything like that based on their inspection. Three military men knew a thing or two about fixing a landing craft in any case. After they were satisfied that they weren’t going to die leaving the atmosphere or hyperspace they took off from the planet. The ground shrunk away into the distance as they climbed for the upper atmosphere. It wasn’t long before they were in space and heading into the blueish white swirl of hyperspace. Judecca would be in their sights soon.

 What seemed liked days had passed as they traveled through hyperspace back to their home planet. The warning klaxons finally blared that they were coming up on their target destination. Judecca. The greenish blue world shone like a shiny marble in the night sky and it was coming up fast.

 “Judecca control this is Delak Krennel on approach to the palace hanger. Please grant us immediate clearance to land.” Delak requested through the communicator.

 “Delak Krennel, this is ground control. You are clear to land in hanger bay zero zero two. We will prepare for you. Control out.” Ground control signaled.

 “Something seemed off about that transmission.” Dante deduced.

 “Yea. They will prepare for us?” Sparky said. “Yea I will take my chances on the ship. Let them try and take me.”

 “Calm down Spark plug. We will figure this out.” Delak ordered.

 They entered the atmosphere and headed for the hanger bay. They didn’t see anyone waiting for them as they landed which was very odd. Delak put the ship down kissing the ground soft as a leaf on the wind. Everything seemed ok until just that second. An explosion rocked the shuttle and one of the landing struts buckled and the ship fell forward and fire filled the cabin as the three men fell unconscious from the blasts.

 Delak awoke in a strange room. He was finally able to gain his bearings and focus his mind to find that it was a dungeon in the palace. He was in some sort of cell, probably set up by Fallax. As he gained his full composure he realized he was chained up and that his arm was missing. It had been removed at the shoulder and some special device was mounted there. It looked like it was charged with electricity. He was unsure of what was going on and he really didn’t want to know. Just then Fallax walked into the room.

 “Hello Delak. It’s time to tell me what you know.” Fallax said with an evil smile.