The Last of my kind.

 The stars are beautiful as specs of light streaming past the windows of the ship. White and cold and so close but so very far. The aspects of space can be numbing to the mind if you really think about it. It would only take a speck to kill Obsidian in this ship if not for the shielding that protected the ship in Hyperspace. Obsidian now in his 50’s has been roaming the known galaxy looking and listening but hadn’t found anything about anyone being alive.

 Roughly about 15 years ago an alien species came out from the outer limits of the known galaxy and decided that all life within this galaxy was not worth their time and felt as everyone was specks to them only deserving elimination. The known galaxy for one time in more years than any memory could remember came together to fight the aliens. Even the species of yuuzhan vong that hated the known galaxy because of their hate of technology came to fight.

 The fight was very long and at every turn the forces of the known galaxy, were defeated almost too easily, but the galaxy and the force proved to be a true annoyance to the aliens and they decided that none of their resources was worth fighting such insects so they decided to engineer a plague that ravaged the galaxy killing about 90% of all life. At least that is what Obsidians calculations seems to point out. Those like himself was now so few, running into anyone with those odds is neigh impossible. So Obsidian has been traveling across the galaxy just seeing what he can find and use. The ship he is traveling in has every possible convenience that he could ever use and more.

 Obsidian has been preparing himself mentally and physically in case he was to run into anyone and needed to defend himself. He has practiced using the force to a level that he can now pick up a needle from 100 feet and manipulate it as if he had it within his very hand. He can now push the upper limits of his ability to manipulate the force and is capable of lifting the very ship he lives within off the ground. Not for more than about 2 minutes but the duration is getting longer and longer the more he practices. He has been working on all aspects of his powers. Who knows what or whom he will meet out here?

 Obsidian for the last ten years has not meet but one being roaming around similar to himself and they only gave rudimentary acknowledgment of one another and went their own way. There was one day that Obsidian was looking over the star charts and realized that the trade routes were all mapped but there was vast gaps between different sectors along trade routes. So either there was nothing or they have never been fully explored. So Obsidian went to the system of Byss and decided to make a run toward Rakata Prime. Setting a straight line course from one to the other. He scans the area as far as sensors will reach and then only hops to the end of that range and scans again.

 The ship drops out of hyperspace and comes to a stable all stop. This causes Obsidian to come out of his daydreaming of a better time when he was the top assassin for Clan Plagueis. Those were good times. Sensor’s chime in that something is in the distance. Obsidian moves to the sensor panel and begins a routine check of the area. Again the sensors chime in that there is a system just at the edge of sensor range. Inputting the information into the navigation system Obsidian is surprised to find out that the information is not in the system.

 “Oh Obsidian you are a lucky man.” He says out loud.

 At top vessel speed it will still take about a week to get to the system. Obsidian sets sensors on full so that it will collect as much information as possible till he gets within a good range. Obsidian is excited now because he has found something that either has never been discovered or someplace that has been stricken off any recordings. Two days later the sensors start beeping again and in some kind of urgency. Obsidian stops his routine workout and heads over to the sensor array. The panel has a couple lights that are blinking asking for attention.

 The sensors are can’t seem to lock onto any one thing in the approaching system and feels there is something wrong with that. Obsidian silences the immediate alarms and sits down to scratch his head. There isn’t much that will block sensor readings but who can really tell for sure until he gets closer. So even though this makes his pulse rise in anticipation he returns to his training routine. Re-focusing he begins again. For another 4 days the sensors still have the same issue at least once a day and every time Obsidian does what he did initially. Two more days and the system comes into visual range and the sensors are still crying out that it can’t pinpoint a darn thing.

 Obsidian brings the ship to a stop and attempts to run more pinpointed scans on the system ahead but the sensors complain that there is too much of a specific radiation being emitted by the systems sun. That radiation is causing sensor readings to be impossible. Using a pinging type of sensor reading rather than specific readings Obsidian has determined that there are 9 planets within the system. A good mix of sizes and some even have moons of considerable size. Obsidian is now excited because the inability to get life form readings means that there is a possibility of there being exactly what he can’t find.

 The sensors now are giving him some information that he isn’t liking at all. The sensors say that the radiation being sent out by the systems sun is bad for the ships systems. With the shielding up he himself will be ok for a duration of approximately two weeks beyond the three weeks of the ships systems.

 “Stupid computer!” he laughs out loud at the readings.

 “If you go down I go down, what part of that do you not understand?!” He taps the panel in jest and then moves to the navigation system to set a course that will bring him within visual range of each planet with an escape vector that will take him out of the system quickly after that. Moving to the ship controls he programs in the navigation route and punches the throttle. The ship lurches forward and at top speed begins its route into the system. He links up the basic navigations and sensors to the pilot’s area and allows the ship to fly but keeps himself ready for anything.

 Obsidian begins to wonder if this could have been a trap set by that alien race long ago to catch unsuspecting groups attempting to escape. Obsidian now sees a small sized planet coming into site and just by looking at from here it looks like the planet Hoth. Looking to the communications system he sets up a message to automatically send out the signal until he turns it off. A greeting to communicate back if possible. The next planet coming up is a very pale green color. Beautiful he thinks as the vessel approaches within 400,000 Kilometers. By distance and position within this solar system this planet would be cold upon its surface as well but still not response to any communication. The vessel turns and moves out toward the next planetary body and this one is much larger and has rings spanning around its mass. Another unique event in the planets creation but not new to Obsidian.

 Looking to the communications Obsidian still sees nothing. He reaches over and thumbs the alert button so he won’t have to keep looking. The vessels vector brings them both with kilometers of the rings and now anyone could see that it is composed of small rocks. A unique result of the planets make up and gravitational effects on the literal debris. Next coming into a good visual is the largest so far. Obsidian has seen very few planets of such size. The planet has what looks like possible gases that form what looks like a pattern of rings around the gases surface and a single spot within one of those rings. Obsidian wishes the sensors were able to scan these planets. Obsidian isn’t an astronomer or geologist but just to see if they are similar to those he does know of and to see if there might be new indigenous life forms.

 Next on the slate is a smaller, much smaller planet that has a reddish color to it. It is a good size similar to those Obsidian knows of that can support life. Passing that planet the communications alarm goes off. Obsidian throttles the vessel down to a slower speed and moves over to the communications console and starts looking at what the system has detected. According to the communications system there are a numerous amount of a varied forms of communication coming from ahead of the vessel. Obsidian locks into some of the signals and finds that there are pictures and sound within the signals. He steps over to the controls and brings the ship to a full stop so he can look into the signals better.

 The planet coming up seems to be the source of the signals. There are a lot of various communications going on and just a mass of various communications. Too many to split up and attempt to listen to specifically. Obsidian can understand a portion of it because it sounds very similar to galactic common but there are other languages that the communications system has to translate before he can understand them. With all these signals there has to be someone here but whom or what? Obsidian returns to the main controls and sets a course for the planet. He wants to take it slow to ensure there is no trap. He gets closer and just begins to enter orbit when the ship suddenly lurches to the left and alarms sound.

 With the systems being impacted by the suns radiation the proximity alarm didn’t sound off.

 The control panel begins lighting up that there is a hull breach and the door to the flight deck shuts behind him and Obsidian focuses on the controls. Whatever hit him done some good damage because the controls are acting funny too? If it was intentional it was a perfect hit to disable him and almost kill him in one shot. Down the vessel starts its decent and not with a lot of control. Whatever hit the vessel did its worst. With the radiation affecting the ship already and now this, what else could go wrong? The vessel lurches as it enters the atmosphere and the hull heats up. Obsidian can see the heat coming off the hull in the front window. No planet looks good when you’re falling toward it out of control, but his planet is currently in a night cycle because the sun is facing the far side right now. After the vessel makes it through the atmosphere Obsidian can see lots of lights twinkling on the surface of the nearest land mass. So with every bit of effort he aims the vessel in that direction. Lights means beings who need to see in the dark and that means they are alive. Hopefully.

 The ship isn’t responding well to Obsidians urging and it is going to crash. Obsidian begins to prepare himself for the impact. The ship veers to the right and the nose takes a downward angle and Obsidian tries with all his might to pull up. Its dark outside the ship and the ground comes up fast and it hits hard. Obsidian is taken by the impact. He loses consciousness.

 Obsidian can hear the sounds of machinery close by. His vision is still blurry from the impact but he draws in the force and used it to enhance his senses. There is about a dozen people outside and the machinery doesn’t sound familiar. The voices are speaking in common but with a slightly different accent or dialect. Suddenly Obsidian is aware that two of the individuals have opened the doors behind the flight deck. The two men finally after about two hours have gotten the doors to open. They pull the doors open and are shining some kind of lights about the room. Voices from outside can be heard now asking what have they found. The two men move forward but with all the consoles having been knocked off their pedestals they have yet to see Obsidian.

 Obsidian makes a quick assessment of himself and finds that he is intact. He reaches out and darkens the flight deck and the lights from the two men dim. They are vaguely aware of it and keep moving into the flight deck.

 “We haven’t found anything yet Captain.” One of them yells to someone outside.

 “Wait!” The other says just as his light flashes across me. He has apparently gotten a glimpse of something.

 Obsidian reaches out with the force and moves an object behind the two men. They both turn and that is the moment Obsidian acts. Jumping to his feet he pulls the lightsaber from his lower back and clubs the closest man, and soon as the second hears the thump of the hit turns just in time to have the lightsaber handle catch him in the forehead. The two men crumple to the floor along with the lights they are holding. Obsidian is not liking the moment right now. He is feeling a lot of shock from the men outside the ship mixes with excitement. Well at least he found out that he isn’t the last being in the universe anymore.

 Obsidian decides it is time to meet the rest of these beings and see if they can help him get his ship off this planet and back into space. Obsidian moves out the now open flight doors into the living area of his ship and there he sees the side ramp had been partially ripped open and the night air wafting in. The smells are different than most the worlds he has been on. Sweater and yet hints of contamination. Obsidian holds his lightsaber hilt in hand and slowly climbs down and out the partially torn open ramp into the night. Even completely dark he can see very well. Looking around he sees the other men rushing around picking up the pieces of the ship that had come off on the impact. Within moments a small group of men rush up to him and are holding obviously guns of some sort up and at the ready toward Obsidian.

 “STOP!” yells one of the men holding his weapon up and pointed at me. Obsidian stops and watches them. Obsidian can feel their fear. It permeates from each of them. Each of them are dressed in some type of uniform but they don’t seem to be armored at all. Not good for a bunch of soldiers. From behind them steps another human dressed a little differently but definitely in charge.

 “Everyone hold your fire!” He demands as he moves towards Obsidian but stops short of five feet.

 “Captain Cavitt, be careful we don’t know what it is!” the soldier pleads.

 “Relax soldier if this being was going to do anything I would think it would have done it by now. Maybe it is hurt?” he turns to Obsidian and looks him over.

 Obsidian decides that it would be best to not kill these men but follow their direction for the time being. At least now he knows he isn’t the only Human still alive in the universe, but this planet is unusual and he has never heard of this place. Maybe in time they will help him get off this planet.