I’m out of here.

 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 it’s 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 ground comes up fast and the ship 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.

 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 is wearing his Assassins armor and cloak, with his sith mask. This is giving his eyes a red glow and that has put some beings on edge. Obsidian can sense this is true with whomever this leader is. The force is weak here with these beings.

 Obsidian decides that it would be best to not kill these men but follow their direction for the time being. But this planet is unusual and he has never heard of this place. Maybe in time they will help him get off this planet.

 Time seems to creep here but Obsidian knows that time is constant, it is just the matter of being out of his technological element. This planet is a low tech planet. They have according to their history only made it to the single moon that circles this planet. Even that was hard pressed and very limited. Obsidian has managed to take control of the group that was holding him and now have worked them into a strong and compliant team that has been working diligently to repair the ship with the limited ability they possess. The main effort is on Obsidian making the pieces work for the ship and always a hands on with the physical repairs.

 Obsidian knowingly could take control of this planet with the ability of the force he has mastered but this planet would serve little purpose to him and his desires to be the galaxies greatest assassin. So he works to the effort of getting off this planet and into space. He needs to get back to that task. It takes him what normally would be weeks to repair the damage to Kybor but here it takes a couple years to fix and test. Obsidian if nothing is patient and this is no better time to hone his skills with the force and fighting.

 When not working on the ship he is deep in training and keeps his skills honed to the best he can be at what he does. Obsidian has taken the training to levels that the beings of this planet cannot even compare. Obsidian even finds the best of their combatants that can be brought to fight. They do not prove too strong because Obsidian dispatches them with little issues. There were a few whom had promise if they could push the boundaries of their species but this planets lifeforms were limited to what there physic could achieve.

 The day came about 4 and a half years into his exile to this planet where Kybor his ship was ready once again to take to space. The seals will hold and the engines will get it up and away. No the plus side is that some of the materials here will give Kybor a little more shielding from the unique radiation found within this galaxy. With little flourish Obsidian boards Kybor and begins his flight checks and readies the ship for takeoff.

 “Obsidian?” The head scientist that has for the last couple years assisted Obsidian in the repairs calls out from the ramp.

 “Joe what is it?” Obsidian replies.

 “I just want to tell you before you take off that it has been a learning experience all these years to work with you.” He stumbles over his words a bit.

 “Joe I will say this. It has been a unique experience here and I will not be back. If I do it will not be good. Take care Joe.” Obsidian says. Then he thumbs the switch for the ramp. The sound of the motors raising the ramp can be heard as Joe the scientist clambers down and off the ramp. The engines come to life and the ship begins to hover. Turning Kybor toward the doorways Obsidian guides the ship out and into the sunlight. He then pulls the controls back and up the ship rockets toward the atmosphere. Kybor takes it well and makes the escape into space and then he begins his programming the computer navigation to take him back to known space.

 The ships makes it back into known space with no issues. Obsidian then heads to the nearest planet with repair port for ships.