

# Extraction

Sylvia Arztin #7640

*The Solari  
Medical bay  
Morgue*

Sylvia Arztin stared at the results from the chemical analysis on her datapad. With each foreign compound, a new sense of dread filled her. This was the third Force user in the last six hours found dead. Their autopsies, performed by Sylvia herself, had all turned up different entry methods for the poison. Ingestion, injection, and this last one inhalation.

“Manu,” the young woman paused as her eyes shifted to her medical droid, “contact Councilor Sorenn, and Admiral Cortel. Send the autopsy reports to them.”

“Of course, is there anything else you require? Food, rest, a massage?” Manufactured Friend, the surgeons medical droid replied as overeager to please as ever.

“No, just send the report. And Manu... after last time, we agreed no more massages.”

The ship’s loud speakers crackled to life as the droid raised one of its multi-colored arms to emphasize its retort.

*“Rescue and fire control teams report to the Hangar bay, rescue and fire control teams to the hangar bay. Doctor Arztin to the hangar bay.”*

“Manu, go help in the medical bay,” Sylvia spoke quickly as she rushed past the droid, a medpac already in hand. Hatchways rushed past as Sylvia ran full tilt through the maze of corridors. Subconsciously, her senses reached out as her thoughts repeated, *‘Please no, please! Death has won enough for today!’* As the 18 year old doctor came to a stop with a skid, the rescue and fire control teams stared at the Force user until their leader, Commander Vezren Dest, began to speak.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the *Dac’s Lament* was struck by a multitude of suicide bombers not more than five minutes ago. The ship sustained heavy and extensive damage, core containment is failing. Their Captain has ordered the crew to abandon ship. Make no mistake within several minutes the *Dac’s Lament* will explode. As we speak the bridge crew is doing what they can to maneuver their dying ship to a safe distance from the rest of the fleet and to angle the escape pods to shoot towards the Solari. I want two men on a retrieval ship, fire control, I need half of you here to help contain any fires on their incoming vessels and the rest of you out there helping to collect pods. Stay alert; the enemy is still in the area. Doctor Arztin,

please set up triage here in the hangar bay to begin treating the incoming wounded as quickly as possible.”

With loud grunts, the OEF troops ran to their positions as Sylvia fell to her knees tears falling from her blueish grey eyes, one slender hand covering her mouth.

“Doctor Arztin?” Commander Dest inquired as he rushed to her side.

“So many, so quickly,” Sylvia spoke slowly as *The Solari* gently rocked from the shockwave. The older man sighed, he had been around the Jedi long enough to know what this innocent young woman had just felt.

“On your feet deary, we have work to do.” Vezren half-pulled the Sylvia to her feet. In all his years of service, the Commander had never meet a Jedi like this one before. For all the Force users that were seemingly just a maelstrom of power proving the Collective’s point, to Vezren, Sylvia Arztin single handedly dismissed it. His heart broke inside for this innocent and inexperienced young woman.

Sylvia nodded to the elder human as her mind cleared, her focus returning. He was right, she had to save those she could. Her slender fingers danced over the datapad, which sent orders and requests to the rest of the medical team.

As the first escape pods and shuttles began to arrive the back of the hangar bay stood ready to receive them. Medical personnel swarmed forward checking the survivors for injuries, directing or carrying the injured to Doctor Arztin. Sylvia, in turn, worked quickly to assess the injured, treating what she could, and sending the worst off to the medical bay or surgical suite. The Force moved through her as she worked, a tool to be utilized, no different to Sylvia than a bacta pack or a scalpel.

After several hours, the hangar bay finally stood empty of injured. After the final count more than three quarters of the crew and personnel from the *Dac’s Lament* were dead, or missing in action. Force users and Non-Force users alike brought to ruin from the Collective’s malice. Her datapad dinged as Sylvia slowly trudged back toward medical. Her heart dropped even further as she brought up the new autopsy request, suspected poisoning, Force user.