

# Collective Strike

Sylvia Arztin #7640

*Nancora, Badlands*

*Odan-Urr OEF Medical Tent*

A tendril of Force energy drew a sponge slowly across Sylvia Arztin's brow. It was but a temporary relief from the sweat that was pouring down the young woman's face. While the sealed and sterile surgical tent kept the sand from getting into her patient's wounds it had a serious downside. The last dust storm had shorted out the generator that provided the energy to the climate control system for the Surgical suite. OEF mechanics had stated it was unlikely they would be able to get the generator running again.

"Well this blasted heat does not seem to be bothering you any now does it, uhm," Sylvia looked over at her propped up datapad, "Private Kavelsh. Sorry for forgetting your name there. That typically never happens to me. But I suppose between this heat and so many patients back to back I should expect to forget names."

"Oh that's ok Doc," Sylvia smirked under her surgical mask as she voiced Private Kavelsh's side of the conversation, complete with a mimicked boys voice.

"Manu, I'm finished here have them switch out table 2, starting on table 3," the Human called out to her medical droid as she stripped the bloody gloves from her hands and turned to her next patient. It happened quickly, far too quickly for Sylvia to fully react even as the Force set her spine a tingle with a preemptive warning.

The thermal detonator ripped through the far corner of the Surgical tent, carrying in burnt dust, sand, and contaminants. Sylvia, having been tossed to the ground, scrambled away from the smoking hole. A flurry of blaster fire coursed at table level through the tent. The young doctor huddled in a ball behind a fallen table. She had never experienced combat before, seen the results plenty of times. But never personally been there to witness what caused them and it terrified her. The Force sent another warning trembling along her spine, instinctively Arztin pushed her hands forward.

The shrapnel and body parts bounced off the wall of solidified Force energy, then the shockwave of the Thermal imploder hit. The protective wall of Force energy shattered away, leaving the Doctor to be flung and savaged by the explosively destructive energy.

Blood flowing freely down her face, Sylvia stared from the ground at a short Twi'lek standing amongst the dead in the space where her surgical tent once stood.

“Why?! This was a medical facility. We treated any and all injured here.” even as injured as she was, the young woman was furious.

“All Force users and their help must die,” Gwendolyn stated simply. Her arm raised slowly, bringing the wrist rockets to bare.

“Those were injured men, under anesthesia you killed!” Sylvia’s reply fell upon deaf ears, the rocket shot forward with perfect aim. With a wave of her hand the rocket redirected, harmlessly flying past the doctor.

“So you are a Force user, thought I could smell power hungry scum here.”

“As if I can help it. I was born with this cursed power! If it was possible to get rid of it I would have long ago. I tired of feeling everyone’s pain around me. The only good thing about these abilities is it helps me heal others. If you can take it from me do so! Just leave me alive so I can mend those you have broken.”

The human’s words gave Gwendolyn pause from firing a second rocket, if only for a moment. But a moment was all that was needed. The hum of lightsabers echoed across the wastes, the Jedi of Odan Urr and their OEF troopers had arrived. As the bloodied doctor watched the Twi’lek made her escape, she couldn’t help but feel that she hated this planet, this war.