Survival

Jurdan Krennel stirred with a headache like he had been stepped on by a bantha. His vision was blurred as he opened his eyes and looked around the interior of the vessel. His escape craft had been hit by laser fire and forced to the planet. The battle was still raging against the collective forces in orbit. As he took measure of his circumstances he noticed only a few things that had survived the crash with him. His E-11 blaster rifle and Lightsaber were still in working order, he also had a datapad, a canteen of water, ration bars, and a flare gun with one round. “This is not good,” he thought to himself. He knew that someone would have made his position as he crashed and he didn’t know how long he had been unconscious for.

Jurdan pulled himself out of the wrecked escape craft and scanned his surroundings. He could see nothing but deserted city for as far as the eye could see. He could see distant patrol craft making a search around the once massive city, now left to the desert sands. He made his way out of the hot sun and into the shadows of the massive ruins that had once been some sort of government building from the looks of it. He would try to make his way to one of the higher points of the city to try and get Dark Brotherhood forces attention for extraction. He could tell from the ruin pattern that they had been heading for this area to try and sneak up on the main enemy base. He hoped he hadn’t missed the op.

Jurdan walked from building to building heading for a building that looked like some sort of observation spire. He knew this building would be the best building to head to for a point of view over the area to see troop movement and any Dark Brotherhood forces. He made his way bobbing and weaving through the wreckage, he jumped over and went under downed buildings that had walls that were disintegrating horribly. He had so far not seen any enemy forces. Then he saw a couple of the Collective’s foot soldiers on the ground. There was a squad of four standing in the middle of an old intersection. He knew that there may be more here so he went around them quietly. When he was sufficiently behind them he picked up a rock with the Force and sent it flying in the opposite direction. The soldier heard the noise and ran after it in the opposite direction of where he was. “Idiots,” Krennel thought to himself as he ran.

He made it to the spire with little to no more interference from the enemy. He climbed up stairways that were falling apart. Some spots he had to jump up to the higher levels augmented by the Force. He would get to the top of the spire if it killed him. He made it finally to the top level and could see Brotherhood forces making their way across the battlefield. He could also make out some Sadowan fighters flying overhead. He pulled out his flare gun and shot it straight into the air. His flare was colored purple so they knew it was a brotherhood member. He saw a shuttle heading in his direction bearing the Sadowan crest.

“Finally, I can get off this rock,” he thought to himself as the shuttle moved in to swoop him up.