

The escape pod spiraled into the atmosphere of Nancora, before crashing into the ground. A cloud of dirt, sand and smoke flying into the air and billowing from the downed pod. Junazee winched as she unbuckled herself. The smoke was starting to fill the cabin and she knew that she had to get out as soon as possible or she was good as dead. Opening the cabin door a strong wind hit her like a ton of bricks. Once the gust passed she quickly looked for a bag and searched for anything within the pod. Luckily she had a canteen of water and a pack of ration bars within the supplies bag. Looking around the cockpit for anything else she could use she came upon a data pad and a flare gun with one shot.

“Well, better than nothing I suppose.” Juna mumbled to herself. Grabbing everything she could with haste and started moving away from the wreckage.

Just a few yards away was a wrecked x-wing. Juna stopped near it to assess the area around her. After she'd taken in the surroundings she was sure this was the area they called the Badlands. This wasn't a bad thing but it had its con's too. For she knew where she was. She remembered it was the Badlands from the briefings and there was wreckage everywhere and old ruins of a once was here. She'd also remembered the stories of people not returning from the badlands. This was supposedly where the Technocratic Guild and others in the Collective that would train here. So, she needed to not linger and get out, quick if she wanted any chance of survival.

Minutes passed by that felt like hours. Junazee was already starting to get exhausted from fighting to stand up against the winds. Finally she came to a spire to sit and rest for a moment. Collect her thoughts and take a sip from her canteen. Within the far distance she could barely make out what seemed to be a city. She'd believed this was Faron City, she hoped. For this is the city the brotherhood was planning to attack and if she had a chance to be seen by a fellow comrade, that would be her best chance.

Juna felt herself getting weaker. The crash had affected her more than she'd thought at first. Then she a presence of something nearby. She focused all of her energy towards the north. There was not one but several huntress' from the Technocratic Guild closing in on her tracks. She tried to search amongst the wreckage to find somewhere to conceal herself. For she knew that she had no chance at running. Junazee found a place within an empty shell of a container under some wreckage. However she could feel the huntress' closing in around her.

Juna tried to use concealment to hide herself. But they were already surrounding the container. She still tried as hard as she could. It was too late. A couple of the huntress' pulled out their bows and shot Junazee.