Phase II Fiction - Survival

By Locke Sonjie, 10311

Locke groaned as he dragged himself out of the crash-landed escape craft. He freed himself from it and rolled over, looking up at the sun that baked Nancora from overhead. It took him a little bit of work to get up to his feet, but once he did, he swayed a little, taking in the expanse of barren earth all around.

Then he realized that he was in the Badlands. That was great. If the reports they had been given were correct, it was a barren and inhospitable place. His only consolation was that it seemed unlikely anyone would be nearby.

That caused him to chuckle a bit. The one time that he was away from a fight and actually wished he could be in one. At least, then, he would be near civilization, and not at risk of dying in the middle of nowhere.

Locke quickly searched through the craft and made inventory of what he had. A canteen with some water, some rations, a flare gun, and a datapad marked with some model number that made Locke guess it was supposed to be impressive.

Well, he supposed if he got stuck out here he could play holo games until he died.

It was just then that by happenstance he glanced up and saw the small black object hovering over a rock nearby.

A droid.

Locke muttered a curse, summoning the Force as quickly as he could. Using it, he picked up a piece of debris and hurled it in the droid's direction, but he missed, and the droid escaped.

"Great," Locke said. "Now they do know I'm here."

Well, he didn't have a map, and he had to do something, so Locke decided to start walking in a random direction. "Trust the Force," he told himself, mocking the ways of the Jedi. "It wil guide you."

He chuckled at that thought.

It wasn't long before he heard footsteps. Locke looked behind himself to see figures wearing red, and carrying...

Was that a bow?

An energy-made arrow struck near him and confirmed what his eyes saw. Instead of walking, Locke took off running. He didn't have much in the way of weapons, and he didn't intend to stick around just to see if he would win a fight with Force powers alone. He ran and ran, only looking back occasionally. Locke could keep this up for a long time, but it looked like the figures would catch up before he tired them.

"That's great," he said to himself, but kept running.

Then, he turned back ahead of him, and found there was no ground. He tried to stop himself, but tumbled over the edge of a cliff he had not seen before.

Moments later, Locke hit a ledge halfway down, feeling his bones creak, his ribs crack, and a leg break. It was agonizing, but he grit his teeth and fired the flare gun into the air.

The enemy already knew where he was, so now his only hope was if help came.

"Maybe," he muttered, quickly losing consciousness, "they'll just give up and go home."