



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO GJW XII COMPETITION -
SURVIVAL

The Badlands

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Colonel Zentru'la of the 2nd Imperial Regiment coughed and spluttered as he escaped his ship. He was lucky to even escape the crash with his life, but he knew that escaping the planet would be a bigger challenge entirely. Dust and sand whipped at his face in the strong wind. He had crash landed in the Nancora Badlands.

Luckily his weapons and equipment had survived the crash: a heavy repeating cannon and a grenade launcher, as well as food, water, a flare gun and a datapad. Smoke rose high from the flaming ship behind him, a beacon to all collective forces that a ship had crash landed on their planet. 'Calling all forces of the 2nd Imperial Regiment. This is Colonel Zentru'la. My ship has crash landed on the badlands of Nancora. Requesting air support and evac!' he shouted urgently into his commlink, broadcasting to a large portion of the army and landing craft.

Turning his attention to his immediate surroundings, he lifted his blaster support off his back, using it to support the repeating cannon. Through the motion detector on his heads up display he monitored for any sign of motion outside of his range of vision while scanning the horizon for targets. 'Copy Colonel.' He recognised the voice of one of the Navy's Upsilon Class shuttle flight leads. 'ETA 8 minutes!'

The colonel stayed close to the downed ship. It provided useful cover as opposed to being alone in the open wastes and was a more permanent signal of his location to the shuttle pilots than a flare gun shot would be. Seeing a dot at the bottom of his heads up display, he realised the patrol was coming from the other side. Abandoning the mounted cannon, he picked up his grenade launcher and peered around the side of the ship.

The patrol seemed to approach cautiously, as if expecting some sort of trap. If not for his motion detector it would have been difficult to judge distance in the vicious dust storm, figures that appeared faint on the horizon could just as easily be a hundred metres away.

Not really expecting to hit anything in the strong wind, he fired a volley of grenades at the approaching patrol, just to try to slow their approach until the shuttle flight arrived. After the grenades exploded he heard a shout to get down. Mere seconds later the ship was peppered with blaster fire from a distance. Zentru'la took cover behind the ship, safe in the knowledge that a precise enough shot to hit him at that range would be near impossible even without the smoke and dust. He lifted the cannon off its stand, peering around the ship and firing a volley of return fire in the vague direction of the advancing

patrol.

The high pitched hum of shuttle engines sounded in the distance. Zentru'la lit the flare gun, sending it high into the air. The heavy laser cannons of the Upsilon class shuttles made short work of the infantry patrol before swooping in for landing, and to take the Colonel back to the ISN Sidious.