

# *Aylin's Survival*



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--- Nancora, Badlands ---

Dark smoke billowed up from the wreckage, parts of it were thrown around the crash zone. It had been a rough landing after being shot from space, the ship had rocked down towards the planet and explode into pieces upon impact. Parts of it had started to burn shortly after and was creating dark curls into the evening sky.

Aylin coughed as she crawled from underneath one of the pieces. The sand still hot to her hands even though the sun had already set. She looked around to see if something was left of her ship, but sadly there wasn't. Lucky enough she was still in one piece. Getting up she felt a sharp pain in her leg and fell to her hands and knees again. Looking at her leg she saw a piece of shrapnel sticking out of it.

"Just my luck..." she muttered as she gingerly poked against the piece and another shot of pain ran through her.

She ripped a piece of her shirt and started to carefully pull the piece from her leg. Wincing as it finally moved and pulled it out of her leg. Quickly she wrapped the cloth ribbon around her leg to stop the bleeding. Resting against a piece of the wreck she sighed deeply. She knew she couldn't stay here, they more then surely saw her fall from the sky and were probably searching for survivors.

Getting up, she looked through the wreckage for usable stuff. It took her some time, but she found a still working datapad, a canteen of water and ration bars. She also found a flare gun with a single flare.

"It's not much, but it will have to do."

Looking off to the distance she could make up some lights on the horizon. They were stationary, which could mean it was a building of sorts, so she head out that way, limping slightly from the cut in her leg.

The sky had darkened further when she stumbled upon a scrap junkyard. Everywhere around here were skeletons of ships and ruins that looked like there were buildings long ago.

She chuckled softly. "It feels like a giant bird made a nest here with spaceship parts," she mused to herself.

Hobbling over towards one of the wrecks, she hoped to find something useful inside it. The inside was torn apart, guts from the ship were thrown everywhere. There were no useful devices left behind either. She sighed deeply and slumped down against one of the panels, reaching for her canteen. Taking a sip from the cool water made her feel a little better, but the dry air was

getting annoying. She fought the idea of splashing water into her face as it was too valuable to her in the canteen.

A light rustle startled her from her thoughts and made her look around, "Hello?"

Another rustle, but now from the other side, made her get up and move back into the wreck. A few moments later she saw some kind of rodent scurry over the field and she let out a sigh of relief.

"Don't be such a scardy pants," she muttered to herself as she sat back down and grabbed one of the ration bars from her pockets, "Stupid Forcies... they probably knew something like this would have happened when they send me out for this mission of theirs."

"I'm a tech kid, not some magic user!" she let out in frustration before she bit down on her bar.

A head popped up through what was left of the door opening and a grin appeared on its face. Letting out a cry of surprise, Aylin crawled further back into the wreck. The Huntresses followed her further into the ship, her grin almost feral making her eyes no more than dark slits.

"No! Please, don't kill me! I'm not one of them! I'm... I'm more like one of your Technocrat people... please!" Aylin blurted out.

This seemed to startle the Huntresses for a moment, but it didn't do so for long, she went after her. Aylin scrambled further away, crawling through the narrow openings of the ship. But the Huntresses had no problem following her and attacked. Aylin got hit and then everything turned black.

--- Inside one of the outposts ---

Aylin woke up inside a holding cell. It was a small cell, only a slab that was supposed to be a bed was inside it, and a forcefield zoomed where there was a doorway. Slowly she sat up, but felt the world spin as soon as she moved her head to fast. Holding her head she sat still for a moment, hoping the sensation would subside soon.

“What kind of trouble did you get yourself in this time?”

Looking towards the door she only saw a dark corridor going straight from her cell and a few dim lights going to the right. She searched for her tools and other belongings, but found they had stripped her from everything, even her belt was gone. Looking further around her cell, she saw nothing that could help her, everything was welded together.

“What do they keep in here that needs such measurements?”

“How about kids with too many tools to escape?” a voice over the speaker said.

Aylin frowned and looked up, trying to find where it came from, “What if I want them back?”

She heard a chuckle and then the voice continued, “I think I will keep them, they provide nice information about your friends.”

“They aren’t much of a friend...” she spoke softly, her mind trying to find a way to get out.

“Oh? But you did fight for them, didn’t you?”

“True, because I believed I could help them, but look what it gave me, a cell of 2 by 2 and a faceless voice. I should have stayed, getting my droids to fight for me.”

She heard some muffled whispers, then the voice spoke again, “Prove it. If you survive, you can escape these grounds, if not... well, you got the idea.” The humm of the forcefield stopped and Aylin curiously looked towards it. “You got 10 minutes before we come after you. Welcome to the hunting grounds.” a chorus of laughter could be heard before she cut the line.

Aylin got up and moved slowly towards the doorway, her head still slightly spinning and dared to glance outside. There was no one in the corridors, but she was a few doors. Quickly she moved to one of the doors and found a workroom with a few tools on the table and some junk in the corners. A grin started to form on her face and she ran to the table, grabbing the tools and took a look at the junk in the corners.

“This might actually work,” she said hopefully as she got a few droid pieces and dumping them on the table.

She moved towards the other rooms and found a locker that had a simple lock on it. It didn't take her long before she had cracked the code and opened it.

"Yes!" and grabbed the contents. She had her toolbelt back and her grenades.

From the other rooms she got more droid parts and a few other items that could help her and ran back to the workroom. Getting everything on the table she set to work. First getting the mouse droids working again and installing one of them with the fragmentation grenade and the other to overload. Setting them on the ground she programmed them to scout around. Then it was on to getting the parts together to build a new droid. She had no idea how much time had passed, but she got some activity from the droid and her grin only grew wider. Getting her slicing tools she got into the brains of the droid and started programming, glancing at the door each time.

"Come one, you can do it!"

She heard an explosion coming from the corridors and new one of the mouse droids had found one of them.

"Not good..."

Pulling her slicing tools from the droid, she gave it a good whack with a wrench, "Work!"

There came a beeping sound from the droid as it booted up and it started to move. The droid moved slowly on its 3 legs, but with its gun arms trained at the door it started to move out.

As she had worked in the room she had spotted a grate she might escape through and quickly moved to remove it from the wall. It didn't take her long before she was crawling through the tight ventilation shaft and hearing her droid stomp through the corridors below her. She continued to crawl and ended up above another room. Down below she could see all kinds of torture devices and other creepy things.

Carefully she crawled over the grating only to have it fall down as she passed it. Seconds later she heard the door open of the room. Slowly and trying not to make any sound she crawled further, but it was no use the duct groaned under her weight as she moved further. Quickly she continued on as she heard something move behind her. She found a split in the duct and crawled to the left, hearing mechanical sounds coming from that direction.

The crawling sounds behind her grew closer as she tried to pry the grating open and she let out a soft 'yes' when it did. Climbing down into the room she saw a generator and different consoles, also something like special suits in some kind of tubes.

Looking for something useful she saw a welding torch and some other items. A grin appeared as a plan fell in place and quickly she set up a simple trap with the torch and some iron plates.

Not a moment too soon the trap was ready as the huntresses showed up at the opening. Aylin grabbed her flash grenade and stood ready near the door and watched the huntresses struggle getting out of the narrow opening. As soon as she was nearly out she tossed the flash grenade and fled out the door. Behind her she hear a slur of curses and then a sickening zapping sound as her trap went off.

Running through the corridors she looked for another place she could build a trap or get some droids to work for her. Rounding a few more corners she ended up in a large area, there were heavy lifting worker droids and a few speeders. Counting on her luck she ran towards the consoles, but skidded to a stop as two of the huntresses showed up and dived behind a lone crate.