

# Survival

## **Nancora Wastelands**

Rulvak pulls himself from the burning pile of wreckage, barely able to find the perfect spot to make it through the crash while sustaining hardly virtually no injuries. Observing the desert wastes around him for signs of other life, he remembers that he had a datapad. Unable to remember how his ship went down, he took a look to see what course they were on before impact.

*This isn't good.*

Instead of landing just on the edge of the battlefields, he had crash landed far away from any structures. He was unlikely to see any signs of life out here except for the occasional glimpse of wildlife. Luckily he had a canteen of water, but there wasn't much left.

*I must have been shot down, but I thought we disabled their anti-air?*

Then he remembered. A second ship had dropped out of hyperspace behind him, but he had already turned on his cloaking technology. Rulvak was used to losing people this way and wasn't expecting his adversary to be able to track him.

*There are very few people that even know what to look for...it can't be.*

A ship was approaching. He quickly hid within the wreckage, hoping that they would think he will have died and then continue on their way. He sat there, listening carefully. The ship came, passed, and flew away.

The Sephi let out a weary sigh. He was tired of this conflict, and all the trouble it had been causing him. As he thought about what to do next, a familiar voice came from nowhere.

"Rulvak....Rulvak can you hear me?"

He turned to look but found no one. He followed the voice.

"Come in Rulvak, we need to chat!"

He finally found the source of the voice. It was a comm unit, but not one he was familiar with, a few paces away from the wreckage.

Rulvak was cautious about answering the call, but his gut told him to respond.

“Who is this?”

“Who else could find your sorry hide?”

“Arcia? I thought you would have been mid-battle by now.”

“I’m on my way there. There are troops approaching your location due North of you. If you head West, you will reach our encampment. Looks like an hour hike. See you soon!”

“Is Arcona collaborating with Odan-Urr again?”

“The clans are all dispersed still; however, I would never leave a fellow DIA operative stranded. Now stop your yabbering and hurry up! I have a use for you!”

Rulvak set out immediately. Arcia always pointed him in the right direction, even since before he was a part of the Brotherhood. He was positive this would be no exception. In haste, he headed West toward salvation.

Upon reaching the encampment, he found Arcia.

“Thank you again, ma’am,” he spoke while rendering a salute.

“Make this the last time I save you, please. Our intelligence tells us that your forces are grouped Southwest of here. It is quite a distance. Take one of our land speeders. You owe me, Qurroc.” She spoke with her usual clear-cut tone, adding a bit of scold at the end.

“I always make good on my debt, but you know that.”

“I do, now go.”

Rulvak jumped into the nearest speeder and took off towards the Arconan forces.