

Peacekeeper Droveth Kathera Vectivi (Jedi) / Battle Team Wildcards of House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr [SA: VI] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VII]
ACx3 / DC / Cr:3R-6A-9S-18E-1T-5Q / Clx43 / CGx41 / DSSx2 / LS / SoL / S:1D-5Rv
{SA: MVHL - MVLD - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SVWP}

GJW XII: Survival

Idiot's Array

Nancoran

Kiast System

Droveth leaned back in his seat, holding tight onto his chest restraints. His escape pod was set to launch for over a minute and he was beginning to get anxious. Suddenly the Jedi heard the distinct sound of metal scraping, the familiar pull of the G-force as his pod ejected.

From his seat he had a perfect view of the heaping wreck the Idiot's Array had become. Luckily he had been one of the only occupants on the ship at the time, but that also left the Peacekeeper by himself, hurtling towards an enemy planet currently being sieged. The odds were certainly stacked against him. The Wildcards' ship detonated and the interior of the pod was illuminated for a moment.

It's contents were scarce, Droveth knew already. They had not kept them well stocked because none of them had ever thought they would need one. Each Wildcard had their own ship, some distinguished pilots. They hadn't really planned for this. He knew there was a flare gun, for sure, but how many rounds was a mystery. Maybe a ration kit, but doubtful. Perhaps he'd get lucky.

As the light from the explosion faded a Z-95 roared past, nearly clipping the pod. Droveth strained in his seat, trying to get a better view. Hopefully he completely missed the pod. He closed his eyes and reached out into the Force, trying to see if anyone was within range for telepathic communication. He could not sense anyone.

"Frak!" Droveth yelled as the pod was hit by a blaster shot. He felt the contents of his stomach lurch up as the G-forces pulled him in all different directions. In the brief flashes out the viewport he could see he was now spinning to the planet's surface. His vision began to fade as he started to lose consciousness but he tried to fight it. The last thing he saw before everything went black was the barren wastes of the Badlands.

When the Peacekeeper awoke all he could smell was smoke. He opened his eyes, but the light forced them closed. He could feel a pounding in his skull and his right arm was definitely broken. The Jedi leaned forward and crawled towards the door of the pod, which now laid ajar. Slowly he made his way out onto solid ground and rolled over onto his back.

Droveth couldn't heal these injuries but could fight through the pain. Hopefully. After a few moments of slow, deep breaths, he was finally able to stand and assess the situation. He was in the Badlands, that was certain. But where, there was no way for him to know. He reached out again with the Force, but still no reply.

In the distance, however, the Peacekeeper could see a dust cloud moving across the horizon, steadily growing larger. He knew those must be soldiers coming to intercept him. Maybe even the Shikari.

"Well frak you then," He angrily shouted, spitting in the direction of the incoming combatants. "Come and get it."

Droveth moved hastily now through the crash site, using his gear to plot a trap. He retrieved the flare gun from the pod and tossed it to the ground. He pulled his hilt from his cuirass and removed his armor weave cloak. The Jedi ignited his blade and begin to make precise cuts, cutting long, thin strips.

Tying one end to the inside of the pod door, the Peacekeeper strategically placed his blaster pistol inside with the barrel facing out. He set it to rapid fire and wrapped the other end of the strip to the trigger. He then carefully slid through a small opening in the door.

Next he dug a small hole in the ground and jammed the handle of the flare gun into it, refilling the hole so the barrel pointed straight up in the air. Droveth then walked five paces to the right and sat down cross legged, placing his hilt firmly in his lap and holding on tight with his left hand.

The Jedi focused on the image of a large boulder, projecting it over himself with the Force. Once he was confident in his disguise, he opened his eyes and waited. It wasn't long before the first Huntress rounded the pod, creeping stealthily. Close behind were two more, both with bows drawn. The lead one moved to the door while the others began to scout the perimeter. She used her stun baton to lift the door from the side, carefully avoided the front.

As the door came up blaster fire tore from inside, past the Huntress who opened the door and crashing into the back of one that was walking the perimeter, who went down instantly. They both ran over to check on her, but she was gone.

Droveth seized his opportunity and lunged forward, taking both Huntress' by surprise as he crashed into them from behind. His lightsaber ignited and he cut them down with ease. He

sensed an incoming attack and raised his blade to deflect it, but instead a thick cord wrapped around his wrist. The Jedi turned and saw the leader of the Shikari, Kendra Icaste, standing with her whip in hand. She tugged and ripped the Peacekeeper to the ground.

He rolled away at the last second as slugs sent a shower of sand into the air. Droveth pulled the whip down, bringing Kendra down with it. He reignited his saber and slashed at the whip, but an intense electric shock sent his body into a spasm. He tried to fight it, to pull himself out, but he was in so much pain already. He could not help with writhe around on the ground defenseless.

Kendra walked over to the convulsing Jedi and emptied the remaining clip of slugs into him, silencing him for good.