

Greed

A thin veil of smoke filled the entire cabin of an escort shuttle as the sole survivor of a wreck assessed his situation. The high pitched whine of the engines, still under power, drown out all other sounds as a Evant Taelyan found his footing on the uneven floor and began to stretch his muscles and and roll his neck. He had called on the Force to protect him on impact, and it had.

“Frak,” the human spat trying to suppress his frustration and keep mindful of the present as he peered towards the windows on either side of the simple transport to see where he might be but could make out nothing except that they were planetside.

Wrecked on the forest moon they had started their approach of some minutes prior.

Bodies of a dozen other passengers, an eclectic mix of species and backgrounds lay broken across their seats or on the floor around him. He recalled the pathetic rabbel playing some role in their own demise and found slight retribution in the sight of it all. A smile cracked on his face.

The Force told him some of them might yet be alive. But the Dark Jedi didn't care.

He carefully collected himself, his hand reaching to feel the familiar touch of his lightsaber as he walked towards the cockpit. Inside he quickly confirmed what he already knew, the Rodian pilot's head split in half against the viewscreen.

A crimson blade illuminated with a snap, effortlessly penetrating the durasteel walls and superheating it to a brilliant flash of orange and white as it melted away. The blade carving a hole in the side of the ship that quickly fell away with a muted thud against the soft forest floor where the ship sat.

Soft white smoke began to pour from the cabin through the opening followed by the Dark Jedi, far from an imposing figure in his drab olive jacket and tan slacks. He fit in well in the forest, far more than the ship that beckoned to all around with a stack of black smoke that poured from the engines and took to the sky stretching far beyond the canopy into the bright blue mid-day sky.

Evant secured his lightsaber back to his simple belt and pushed his hand into his pocket to find a comlink and a few republic credits, likely worthless this far into the Outer Rim.

“Well, it looks like none of you are going to get that open space on Otz crew,” Evant said with an exhausted sigh in reference to the argument that put them in this predicament, “Idiots.”

He had hoped for an uneventful trip. Some time away from the stresses and duties of the Dark Council. The politics that permeated every element of his life these days. It was perhaps almost fitting that such misfortune followed him through the galaxy. He intended to follow up on a lead

of a place of power, a place possibly of the Force that lay somewhere in this forest he was now wrecked in.

Perhaps the smoldering wreck in the forest was sign of some truth to the rumors. Or more likely, it was perhaps a sign that pirates were as predictable and self serving as ever.

Stepping a few paces away from the shuttle he tucked the comlink and credits back in his pocket and looked around. A line of snapped trees and foliage carved through the thick forest in the direction of their descent providing the only clear shot of the sky above through the thick canopy. The trail of black smoke still pouring out of the humming engines and out through the opening.

“Well, if someone was expecting this shuttle. They will sure be able to find it,” Evant said under his breath as he admired the forest around him.

It was quite beautiful, in a way that was almost bewitching. Deep green trees so thick they darkened out the sky, with a twisting path of roots and bushes covering the forest floor as far as his human eyes could see before light no longer penetrated deep enough to illuminate it.

Closing his eyes the Adept reached out in the Force and sensed all that was around him. A forest that was at peace. The wreckage did little to disrupt it. Yet in the distance, sentience approached. A rescue party.

Evant quickly moved into the forest as the sound of speeders approached. He would leave nothing to chance with these rescuers.

A pair of Joben speeder bikes arrived and stopped. Their weathered finish and terrible sounds of their engines showing signs they hadn't been well serviced in some time. A couple of poorly dressed humanoid figures got off and drew blasters. Evant raised an eyebrow. Clearly not rescuers.

“Looks like we got here first,” one of the men said.

“Let's hurry Nindo, it's better if we're out of here before others arrive,” the other called as they approached the wreckage.

“What did this?” Nindo asked as he approached the chunk of shuttle removed by the lightsaber. Both men looked down at it before looking around, their blasters pointing into the forest.

“Help me,” a faint voice called, a figure had reached the opening in the hull of the ship and saw others. Someone who had survived the wreck.

Evant reached for his lightsaber. His hand on the hilt still attached to his belt.

A single blaster shot rang out through the dense forest, then silence.

“What’d you do that for you fool?” Nindo asked his partner.

“I helped him,” he responded with a laugh. Nindo joined.

“Well help me up inside this ship, I want to get out of here as fast as we can, we don’t have much time to find anything of value,” Nindo responded, moving towards the opening and pulling himself up inside with his partners help. Hand reaching out after him and pulling the other inside.

Evant rolled his eyes and shrugged and quickly made his way to the Joben speeders. He quickly looked back and forth between the two before deciding which one was in a better state of repair and mounting it. He quickly pressed down on the accelerator and in moments was deep in the forest dodging trees and making his way towards what he hoped would be an outpost. For information, and a ticket off the planet.