

Indiana Jones & the Galaxy Far, Far Away

When Khryso Mallus, Knight of Clan Plagueis of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, opened his eyes, his surroundings were entirely unfamiliar. A hilly plain with green and brown grass, an overcast grey sky, and the sounds of foreign wildlife chattering away around him. The Chiss couldn't remember where he'd been or how he'd gotten here. Immediately, though, he felt alone and isolated. Something was wrong, some part of him was missing. He reached out for the familiar touch of the Force and felt nothing.

A moment of panic began, but Khryso fought back against the instinct. Something was definitely wrong here, but he needed to think in order to find the solution. Letting his mind run wild was not something he was interested in permitting. A cold breeze blew by, making Khryso starkly aware of his nakedness. Somehow, wherever he was, his equipment had vanished entirely along with his connection to the Force.

The Chiss began walking, folding his hands behind him as he began to wrack his brain, doing his best to delve into his memory to recall just what had brought him here. No matter how hard he fought to remember, unfortunately, nothing came to him.

At some point he found himself on a dirt and gravel road, so he elected to follow it. Mountains were beginning to appear in the distance, so Khryso studied their profile as he walked, hoping to discover some clue about his location. The sound of an archaic motor brought his attention back to the road, however, as some kind of wheeled vehicle neared, travelling in the opposite direction as him.

Khryso moved off of the road to allow it passage, but as the vehicle neared him, it slowed. The driver, a young adult human, turned a crank on the inside of the vehicle as the window next to them rolled down. They came to a full stop a short distance from Khryso, who approached the window.

"Uh, Dr. Jones..." the driver said as Khryso neared the vehicle.

"What's the hold-up?" came a gruff voice from the backseat of the vehicle.

"You're gonna want to see this."

A human man leaned forward into the front section of the vehicle, looking through the windshield of the vehicle. He was clearly nearing the end of middle-age, but still looked plenty fit and able. His short gray hair was mostly obscured by a brimmed brown hat and he was also wearing a small pair of glasses. Stubble covered the lower half of his face and his eyes were sharp. As he saw Khryso approaching, the man's eyes went wide and he pulled off his glasses.

"What fresh hell is this?" the man muttered, reaching for something.

“My name is Khryso Mallus,” Khryso said, pausing a few strides away from the front of the vehicle as the man produced an ancient-looking slugthrower. “I see no need for weapons. I’m clearly unarmed.”

The man exited the vehicle, keeping his gun trained on Khryso. “Your name’s not a pressing concern. In this case I think a ‘what’ is a bit more relevant than a ‘who’.”

“I am a Chiss, my people are native to the planet Csilla of the Chiss Ascendancy located in the Unknown Regions. Can you tell me what planet I’m on?”

The man shared an incredulous glance with the driver. Clearly they were unfamiliar with the Chiss as a species and, perhaps even unaware of the greater workings of the galaxy. That would at least explain their defensiveness and uncertainty when faced with a non-human.

Over what felt like quite a long time, Khryso was able to convince the pair that he was at least non-hostile. Whether they believed he wasn’t from this planet or not was a different matter entirely, but he managed to convince them to take him to a nearby city that they would be passing through. Fortunately, they also had some spare clothes. While the clothes weren’t Khryso’s usual style and he wasn’t fond of their condition, the Chiss accepted if only because he didn’t want to remain naked.

Their vehicle continued its traversal through the country-side, eventually passing through a small village. It was at this point that Khryso’s vast difference in appearance to the humans would become a problem. The two he encountered on the road seemed to be much more open and accepting of Khryso than most others, and that was after taking into consideration their initial caution and disbelief.

Khryso decided to petition his two companions, apparently named Indiana and Short Round, to allow him to continue to travel with them. They seemed uncertain, but eventually relented. Then they went and had some big cool adventure that I wish I had the time to write out, but I’ll have to end things here. Feel free to use your imagination to fill in the gaps.