**What if Klyn Jaxx’s First Atempt At Escape From Slavery Failed?**

It had been 4 years since his first and final attempt.

This botched bid for freedom had killed any chance of Klyn ever leaving this life of foul servitude. It had crushed him, removed the last sliver of hope that had danced so tantalisingly across his mind. But more importantly, all it brung was daily torture from those of whom he had tried to escape. Incredible amounts scars now peppered his body, miraculously avoiding the now seemingly loving embrace of death.

It was at this point, Klyn was awakened from his self pity by the command of the day.

“JAXX!” the voice of the Overseer blared, “YOUR *EXPERTISE* IS NEEDED AT A20!”

Groaning, Klyn pried himself from the boards he had been given for bed, growing ever annoyed that the Overseer insisted on over accentuating the “*expertise*”.

“Back to Anxiety for you again then Jaxx?”

Normally, Klyn would overreact if a small and wiry voice seemingly came out of nowhere, but this was a normal occasion everyone got used to in the Bed Pit. Afterall, Old Ach isn’t exactly a threat, something he tells everyone he hasn’t been for approximately 30 years, though it is worrying that he never shows his face.

“Yeah, 20 should be some new scenery though, might see a different coloured rock.” I replied.

“Well you better go then, don’t want Marcy being mad at you again.”

Klyn responded by nodding, being sure Ach could see him from his numerous crawl spaces.

Although he would’ve loved to stay and chat, Marclonus wouldn’t pass up an opportunity to take a few whacks out of his favourite punching bag. So Klyn set out through the winding path littered with beds, with the only occupied ones being those that had been given breaks, are too sick to work and the dead that nobody had noticed or cared to dispose of. He headed towards the slave specified skiff, taking it to the nicknamed Anxiety ridge, aptly named due to the one and only feeling anyone could have while traversing it.

Upon arrival, he had to take a precarious track towards Zone 20, passing many other slaves like him, some new and young, others old and experienced, all of them destined to work themselves to an early grave. Klyn knew better than to disturb them, their punishment was not worth his time to bring about. He only had to focus on his task and then he may be left without a punishment for the day.

That being said, today's labor has an equal chance of being as completely benign as furthering some tunnels, or as interesting as dismantling some old ships when their uncovered. That was the extent of his *heavily praised* expertise, but seemingly the most important one for the operations on this backwater planet, of which its name was unknown to Klyn, despite the numerous years he had endured on the system.

When Klyn arrived at the designated site, he was met with what appeared to be a crashed cruiser. Definitely a step up from old ships. The site supervisor, Klyn was glad to see, was the Ithorian, Kasche Solaris, the only one employed by the slavers that held sympathy for their sentient stock.

“Ah Klyn Jaxx,” Solaris always spoke with optimism in his voice him “It's been a while.”

 “Yes it has Kasche, I haven't seen you for three years now, right?”

“Near on four I believe. After what you pulled, I’d say it's a miracle I’m allowed to work with you again.”

“Anyway, what we got here?”

“Well, as you can see, this is a MC75 Cruiser, it was dragged from a bundle of debris floating somewhere in the Outer-Rim,” Kasche started to explain “It’s mostly intact, and the scouts I sent in have reported that there are seemingly undamaged starfighters in there.”

“And that's where I come in” Klyn interjected.

“Yes, I need you to look over the fighters to see if there is anything salvageable in them. Then report back to me with your findings, I’ll then send in a cutter crew to retrieve the parts you select for extraction.”

“Got it. Well there’s no point in me staying here, I’ll head in.” He said as Klyn started his trek up to an opening in the hull.

“Good luck Klyn”

The path to the cruiser was much easier than the walk to the site, maybe because there wasn’t the same risk of falling down a ridge. The opening in the hull was much narrower than Klyn had originally suspected, making it a much tighter squeeze, but he could manage.

After venturing further into the cruiser, Klyn stumbled across one of the hangar bays, occupied with a singular starfighter, a Fang Fighter to be exact. Klyn had identified it from It’s design. It did also look intact, so he immediately scanning the ship for salvagable parts. It was at this point that a voice in the back of his mind flared, telling him to see if the ship could fly. Klyn, deciding it best to listen to his curiosity, climbed into the cockpit. He already knew what he had to do, as he had scrapped many of these fighters before, but this time felt different.

After pressing the ignition sequence, the fighter let out a small puff of smoke, and Klyn, considering his curiosity satisfied, made to exit the cockpit when the engines sporadically roared to life, startling him and making fall back and smack the button to close the cockpit.

All this gave Klyn a feeling he hadn’t felt in years, the way his heart palpitated at increasing speeds, they way his breathing quickened. He was feeling hope once again, a hope that he will not let go of again.

“Maybe it’s time for a second run of this,” he thought out loud, while dialing Solaris on the ships communicator “Hey Kasche, I won’t be reporting back.” Klyn hung up before Kasche could respond.

Klyn then started to rise, feeling excitement in the bottom of his stomach, he pulled out of the hangar and immediately began to escape the atmosphere. Without looking back, he input one of the preset routes on the navi-computer and prepared to jump.

Kasche watched on as the fighter, that undoubtedly held Klyn, left the system for good.