

The Last Slave

Gui Sol (PIN 4224) - 582 words

"Ahh, the Vengeance of Florrum, a fine vessel." Spoke the Zabradi Quaestor of House Sunrider.

"Yeah, totally." Gui replied. "The thrusters are working, the nav-comp." He tapped the contraption and it rambled off coordinates in a monotone robotic voice. "Is working. All is well."

Streaking fluorescent light snapped back to reality and revealed that the glow was merely the trailing incandescence of hyper space travel.

The ship drastically reduced speed and through the viewport a world teeming with life became bigger and bigger still. "You ever been to Felucia?" Revak asked the Kid who was becoming irritated with the game of Sabacc he had been playing with his Droid Barry to pass the time.

"Nah, never left Tython until it was glassed." He replied, slapping a card down onto the table that he was certain would secure him a victory.

"Oy, bad move." Revak chuckled.

"Eh?"

Barry whistled and retaliated causing Gui's confident smile to droop.

"Stupid game."

"Dont worry about it Kid. We need to focus on these Quorahi slaves. We've had enough setbacks."

Gui's eyes innocently shifted around the room.

"Afterall, those repairs you made. I mean.."

"Easy, Revak. How was I to know that the array was goi-"

The ship shuttered as it entered orbit and burned through the atmosphere. Gui stood and placed his palms against the viewport as he anticipated the action about to unfold. Flora sprawled out as far as the eyes could see and an outpost could be seen in the distance.

"I know Barry, we're almost there. These Zygerrian pieces of filth won't know what hit'em."

Revak on the other hand was not as optimistic as he felt the Force whispering of tragedy. It had been a long time since he felt..

"I'm not sure what we're going to find down there. The slaves, the slavers, a fight.. Just be ready. Something is wrong here. I didn't feel it until now but I have a bad feeling about this."

The Transport's engines whirred down and decreased in power until the landing gear rested upon Felucia's soil. It was quiet, too quiet. Eerily calm as the two men and the little droid made their way down the ramp.

Gui's emerald eyes scanned their surroundings and he couldn't help but to rest his hand upon the hilt of his lightsaber. Typically when things were this calm at an outpost it meant something had gone terribly wrong.

"Kid, what's that, behind the crate?"

Gui's focus shifted to the toppled container and he knelt down beside it. Cracked and leaking there laid a vial. The Kiffar peeled his glove from his hand and as soon as his flesh met with the shattered glass he could hear wailing and felt an enormous weight pressing down on him. He felt panic and loss. In fact it was so unbearable he recoiled.

"Revak, I don't think this mission is going to go as planned."

"What's wrong?"

Gui stood to his feet and continued to look around. The facility felt like it was haunted by tragedy but they had no idea to what extent. There was no one to talk to, to question, to get answers from. Supplies were hurriedly packed and shipped away or taken. The lingering smell of death polluted the very air.

"I think you already have an idea, Revak. They were supposed to be here. Were we too late?"

"I'm not sure, Gui. Let's take a look, we didn't come all this way for nothing."

"Maybe we did."

Revak Kur
#12656
Words:

The atmosphere of emotions that still lingered grew heavier as the two Jedi walked around the field of shipping containers that lay neatly stacked, three or four high. Many were slightly ajar

and a strong stench emanated from them. As they got closer it was apparent what the smell was. It was the smell of death.

“Gui, I think we found them.”

Gui walked over to one of the open containers and pulled on the door slightly. Startled, he jumped back as an avalanche of bodies fell out in front of him. A pool of rancid ooze began pooling at his feet.

“Ah, that’s gross,” he said as the rancid pool started traveling closer to his boots.

Revak moved in closer to examine the bodies. The bodies looked to be Gungan, though they had been left for so long they could be from any humanoid species. They appeared to have been there for quite some time already, apparently longer than the reports of the Quorahi slaves capture. Still as heart wrenching as it was, they couldn’t return without knowing exactly what had happened to the slaves. So they pressed on.

Container after container they searched. The slavers had no small operation. There had to have been thousands of those containers with hundreds of thousands of bodies. The mission was starting to weigh down on both of them. They had both seen death many times before, but always on a battlefield, never before had they seen the inexcusable gore that surrounded them.

“Gui, this is getting to be a lot, we need to find those slaves and get out of here.”

“Yeah, we have looked through dozens and still nothing that looks like our Quorahi. Maybe they’re not even here.”

“Let’s hope not Gui.”

A loud bang startled both men... followed by what sounded like a low grumbling. They followed the noise to a small container, cleaner than the newer ones, trying to listen to what was going on inside.

“Last to drink... last to live...”

“I told you I’d live”

“I’ll be free, I’ll be free”

Revak looked at Gui then back at the container as more ramblings echoed from it.

“Last to drink... last to live...”

“Revak, this looks like it could be it.”

“I told you I’d live.”

“We need to open it.”

“I’ll be free, I’ll be free”

Gui positioned himself behind the door of the container and held a firm grip on the door’s handle. Barry stood underneath him to help him pull the door. Revak stood across from them, lightsaber in hand, ready to deal with whatever was in the container.

With a nod from Revak, Gui and Barry yanked the door open. Once again the three were hit with an overpowering stench, though slightly not as bad as the others they have encountered. Revak peered inside. The ramblings ceased, but now only a heavy wheezing could be heard. The air was stagnant and the light from the now setting sun cast gold hues off the dust that reflected it. Revak ignited his single hilt lightsaber and used it’s light to peer into the dark corners. That’s when he saw it.

“No, no, don’t hurt me. I had to. They drank.” A frail Sephi male clung to the far corner of the container, crazed from his time in solitude. Scared that the Zabrak was one of the slavers, he grabbed a large bone, and held it up defensively.

“Calm down, I’m not going to hurt you. Are you the Quorahi that was taken recently?”

“Quorahi? Yes! Quorahi of Kairn River village we are! We unite! Even now! They drank. I lived.”

“What did they drink? What happened to the others?”

Gui walked up behind Revak, “Remember that vial we found? It makes sense now. They poisoned themselves. The entire camp poisoned themselves. He looked at the crazed Sephi, what is your name?”

“I Wern” he said as he began nibbling on the last few pieces of flesh that still clung to his bone club.

“Wern, what happened to the others here.”

Wern put down his now clean bone and grabbed another. The gnawing continued. “They left us. They left us, they did. Many dead already. Smell grew as suns fell. Others came, took slaves. Left us. Left vials for us. Many drank. Many died. I didn’t die. Others feed me. I live.”

Revak looked at Gui, “Doubt he can tell us where the slavers went.”

Gui nodded in agreement.

"I'll be free, I'll be free!"

The two Jedi looked at each other, then with a quick flick of his wrist, Revak brought his violet blade across the Sephi's throat. The body collapsed and now lay with the bits of all the others.

Gui typed a few things into his datapad then looked at Revak. "Just informed Aura that we found them and nobody survived. Now let's get off this rock. I need a shower."