

A Fallen City

Eos City

Arx

Arx System

Gunfire. Screams. The sound of a thousand footsteps, marching to a song of death and destruction. The morning air was metallic with the scent of blood. Gone was the bustle of the metropolis. Absent was the medley of hovervehicles on their morning commute. No more were the pedestrians passing each other on the streets. In their place was a symphony of slaughter, and a harmony of hopelessness.

As the sun rose over the city's fall, a streak of orange was rushing towards a blockade with streams of red in his wake. Tassk, a Togorian, circled around a duracrete pillar and dropped to a knee, breathless as the air around him was filled with the hum of deadly energy. Behind the makeshift wall of debris were the brave troops of Odan-Urr, accompanied by those civilians unfortunate enough to have their misery prolonged past that of their peers.

The Togorian was exhausted, panting and only managed to deliver short bursts of words. "Down the road. They're coming. Too many." His fur was covered in the gray dust of duracrete shattered by the force of a unified adversary, their might immeasurable. There were scratches along the right side of his face, shallow but many. Many they were, just as the challenges ahead of him.

He looked to the troopers around him. The determination in their eyes, the grimaces upon their faces showing the pain each and every one of them had endured. The civilians, in no better shape, bore their hardships upon their shoulders. Their faces betrayed their fear and desperation.

There were too many enemies. Too few allies, more falling each minute. To stand their ground was death, to move was to risk the blaster bolts. The Togorian was weak, but he knew he must do something.

The air was thick with suffering, and he felt the dread of those around him in his bones. He attempted to tap into the Force, but was overwhelmed by the flood of negative emotions around him. Fear, hate, sadness, yet nothing but clean efficiency from the advancing cyborgs.

The stark contrasts reminded him of one thing. The enemy was here to kill and destroy for no reason other than power or domination. Those around him consisted of innocent people, fearful for their lives, and those brave enough to defend them. Failure was not an option, so he tried again. He felt a rush of clarity as he tapped into the omnipresent energy of the Force.

With this newfound insight, he touched a finger to his commlink. "We need evac, pick us up two blocks north of our current position. We're pinned down and it's not safe for landing. We'll meet you there." He turned to those around him and addressed them, "Get ready to go, cover me!" With that, he stood up and focused deeply yet again. He reached out to a nearby house, and slowly, lifted an immense piece off the building. As a blaster whizzed past his ear, he let out a gasp of exertion. The muscles upon his face were clenched, his heels dug into the dirt around him. As much as he was lifting was his mind, there was a seemingly equal toll upon his body. Beads of sweat ran down his face, which was illuminated a shade of scarlet by the streaks of death all around him.

With a final cry, he launched the remnants of the once unremarkable structure into the emissaries of death that had marched upon the city. An exclamation of triumph escaped his lips, just as an arc of crimson misfortune collided with his left thigh. With his victorious moment turned to that of pain, two soldiers propped him up between them. Together, the tired refugees and the tenacious soldiers hurried off as fast as they could, the smoke and death count ever rising behind them. The enemy was slow to regroup, but once accomplished fast to pursue. The requested LAAT was landing in front of them, its hull scorched from the deadly dogfights it had endured. Its turrets swiveled and fired, providing cover for the closing group of desperate survivors. Its doors swung open, and they were half dragged aboard by their rescuers. The ship took off amidst the hail of blaster fire, cruising onward above the ruins. They were nothing but a speck of courage amongst the massacre beneath them, the fallen city of Eos.