

A Strange Sort of Hunt

By Aura Ta'var

Aurora Ta'var sat just outside one of the Force healing stations on the Haven-class Medical Station and sipped her cup of tea. The medical station was filled to the brim and people were rushing back and forth. Doctors, gurus, and Force Users all rushed back and forth helping those they could. Crying children punctuated the busy station every once in a while but at this point it had faded into background noise. It was hardest on the littlest ones, whether they were sick or not. The line for the napping rooms from the Hidey Hole was out the door, the rooms always full as of late. The nearby food shops were operating near non-stop. The once immaculate floor was a bit lived in after several weeks of treating patients.

Cleaning droids patiently swept back and forth across the floor in a sort of existential existence, perturbed it couldn't reach all of the floor it was programmed to medically clean. The Zeltron sighed and kicked it away from her. She was trying to work. The Jedi took another sip and tossed the tea a distance away from her so the droid would leave her corner of the station. Once it was a few meters away, she pressed her hand against the seat next to her and reached out to the Force, asking it for guidance. Images and flashbacks flew through her mind one after another like cascading images in a datapad. She saw a public transport, a family gathering, a festival of some sort, and it went on and on.

"This is getting me nowhere..." she whispered to herself as she got up and relinquished the dirty corner to the cleaning droid.

CD-7 angrily beeped at her and went to sanitize the corner. Aura rolled her eyes and walked back into the Force healing clinic. Elyon de Nerverse was putting down her healing crystals as another patient slowly walked off. Her fellow Jedi had tired eyes but smiled when she saw her friend.

"Any luck?" asked Elyon.

"No, much the same as before. A lot of hanging out with each other. I might have to use the sample directly..." pondered Aura.

"I wouldn't do that," said Elyon with worry. "I don't want to have to heal you next."

"Yeah," she said non-committedly.

4 hours later

Specialists Lab

The Zeltron Jedi picked up the culture sample and wondered how something so small could be so dangerous. She slowly took off the lid and placed the open culture on the table in front of her. She looked at her hand, which trembled slightly. She thought of her family and what she was

risking. The virus had killed many and she would be risking so much. But what about all the other families who had lost loved ones and even children? *Elyon should be able to heal me, right? And I can heal myself too..*

Aura stared at the wall in front of her and then stared down at the culture resolutely. She had to try. She would live. She ignored the warning from the Force as her hand went closer and touched it with her finger. She reached out to the Force once more, images flashing by once more. The Zeltron watched them closely. At first they were much the same and then it took on a different look. Images of organic life faded away to an industrial complex to labs with doctors in white coats to a solitary researcher playing with a culture. She was watching what she thought was a eureka moment and could clearly see the symbol on the labcoat.

Lifting her finger off the sample she pressed the emergency alarm in the room and could already hear doctors nearby checking it out. Elyon de Neverse was already asking what was wrong.

“Sorry, but I found out where it came from. I had to do it,” said Aura as the doctors nearby were angry or curious or both. Elyon was about to start to reprimand her friend but the Zeltron didn’t give her much time. She closed her eyes and engaged in her own emergency Force trance, letting her body collapse onto the floor and putting her life into the hands of her very capable friend.