

Zeak Maru stared out the window at the approaching Storm, his hands clasped behind his back. He heard footsteps and turned around.

"Come. It is time."

"I'll be right there."

It had been 3 days since the Prophecy, which detailed the exact time and location of this storm, had come true. This storm was like no other: it could wipe out his entire culture if no action was taken.

He had been given all the resources to try and formulate a plan to escape the inevitable; however, the only logical plan was evacuation. The past days had been used to pack up all the historical data and any essential items.

Now the last members were boarding the escape shuttles to leave the planet. Zeak had waited, not wanting to leave the planet he had already begun to call home, despite only arriving 5 months earlier, but he pushed himself away and departed on the last shuttle.

As the ship left the hangar, the Storm swept over the place where he had lingered, obliterating it in a maelstrom of Force energy.

Zeak pictured the aftermath: twisted, crumbled buildings; mangled corpses of animals, with no flies to aid decomposition; seas, dry and barren; no one to tell the tale of their survival, because there would be no survivors.

He pitied those who had ignored the warnings until it was too late, believing that the Prophecy was false, that it would be a simple thunderstorm, nothing more.

His last glimpse of the planet showed the true horror of the Storm: it covered whole continents and swallowed cities whole. Then even that was swept up as the shuttle launched into hyperspace.

They exited hyperspace at the last planet Zeak could have imagined, and the one he hoped he would never see again: his home planet. But it, too, was covered with a Storm.

Again, a hyperjump. And again, a Storm.

Drifting in space, low on fuel, the transport waited for help it feared would never come.

A flash. Then another, too bright to be natural.

Two ships, exiting hyperspace. They approached the doomed ship and opened a comm channel with the pilot.

"Everything OK?"

"Well, we're low on fuel, and looking for a place to go. We're fleeing a storm that destroys everything in its path."

"Oh, you're with them. Follow me."

The first ship sent hyperspace coordinates to the shuttle's main computer and jumped away. Zeak's shuttle followed soon after.

They popped out at an asteroid field, and entered a small base built inside one of these asteroids. They were greeted in the hangar by the rest of the refugees. When Zeak exited the ship, he was met with a large cry of thanks from the assembled people. The leaders were among the first to congratulate him on his (mostly) successful endeavor, and expressed lament for those who had ignored the information.

Soon after, he commanded a salvage ship back to the planet. When it entered the atmosphere, he collapsed, his energy drained by the great calamity's impact through the Force.

Once the ship had landed, he noticed the blatant lack of ruins, as if the Storm had never occurred at all. They returned to the base to spread the word.

As the first return shuttle left hyperspace, Zeak saw that the planet was only untouched on the side facing its sun. The other side was a complete wasteland. As the planet rotated, the wasteland spread with it, until the planet was covered.

The leaders made the sad decision to return to the asteroid field and set up a permanent home there, deep in space.

It was a depressing time as they rebuilt, but they had done what they had to do and they were stronger. In the next years, many forgot the great horror that they had experienced and became happier, though the event left a mark in the history books that no prospering could ever erase.