

# Gravity Party for Thran

*Camera zooms in into a destroyed Caestis City on, directionless laserbolts are flying, explosions are exploding and between the chaos an Iktochi and an astromech droid are running, running for their life. Hunted by an impressive flock of people, they make their way through the shambolic chaos.*

“Hurry up R3, we must reach the ship, before they reach us. And they look not happy”

He shouts panic-stricken to his companion R3-T6, while firing some blaster shots directionless behind him. His other hand is holding a blood-red robe with golden embroidery, carefully packed, protected with his body from any danger like a baby.

His astromech responded with a sequence of angry whistles and beeps.

“Yes, it’s my fault and with fashion, the last-minute trip to Ragnath for the proconsul was exactly as I dreamed yesterday, terrible.”

Cade Tezo speeded up a bit as he hits his foot on a metal bar, which launched all his momentum forward, he almost fell, but just as he was slinged forward, he actually flew forward.

The damaged gravity generator once again fails, where before was a comfortable gravity, there now was almost nothing.

“Not again, these stupid machines did it again, like a clockwork, dammit, I really liked this setting.”

Yeah, the gravity generators of Ragnath, they were perfect set, emphasis is on were. Now they are an utter mess. When the Children of Mortis destroyed Caestis City they failed with style, the artificial gravity of Ragnath was now nonexistent. There was just a random chaos now, every thirty minutes they restarted themselves into a new degree of damage, resulting in strange gravity settings.

Since Tezo landed on this planet, he experienced 7 different forces and only one of them was normal.

“All for this stupid ceremonial robe of Lap’Lamiz, that he apparently only wears when going to the toilet.”

Tezo navigates himself through debris and the the occasional blaster shots with the force. His attackers were whirling around, and the crowd formed a big ball of people

“Looks good, R3, we gained some ground. The raiders are falling back. Where is our shuttle?”

The whistles of his droid indicated not far away, at least with normal gravity.

However with this fraction of force, it will take a little bit longer. The Iktochi maneuvered himself into a better position until he could see the wingtips of the lambda shuttle and pushed his body away from a near structure towards the target and pulled himself closer with another structure floating a few meters. The astromech behind him follows up with another sequence of almost angry beeps.

“Yes, R3, this item is very important, that’s why Thran wants to have it as a personal gift for the consul. And that’s why I’m holding it safe and sound in my arms”

Then Cade looked down, realizing he used both of his arms for his little float technique, losing the robe in the process.

But the astromech was already flying under him, catching the robe with one of his arms while already holding his blaster with another one.

“Thanks, buddy”

Tezo says almost remorseful.

“Now please give me the blaster and fly the robe to the shuttle. You are faster than me. But stop. Hold on. I need the Blaster for self-defense”

The droid flies away to the shuttle with the stupid robe, while Tezo tries to anker himself to another structure. His blood is rushing from his head in his body, he needs a break, and the generator should start up any minute now. As soon as he positioned himself, he could feel the gravity returning and he watch it too. His body got pressed onto the structure, the whirling crowds of raiders are falling like flies to the ground, some hit debris with power. He hears cries and screams as a few of them break their limbs on durasteel bars and permacrete remnants. His chest is pressed down, and air is leaving his lungs.

“R3, hurry up, this is not survivable. I have trouble breathing and only power for one force jump.”

He hears a few whistles than the earth starts to shake, and the last air leaves his lungs.

Cade Tezo awakes in the shuttle. His chest hurts like something heavy dropped on that.

The trip was a disaster, that was sure. Groaning in pain he stands up and slowly walks to a holo-com.

“Acolyte Tezo to the Proconsul. Mission accomplished, item saved, Calestis City not savable.

Please prepare a bed for me. Out”

