

Arcona Godhunt
Fiction Week One
Return of the Jedi

“Hmm,” the old Jedi looked around. How interesting, it does not appear to be chemical as I had forgotten to include breathing in my meditations.

“Hmm,” Slowly the Neti undid his harness and got out of his chair. With a mental movement and a clenching of a hand, the automatic pilot took over. As the ship righted itself from its short fall, Ood could feel others in nearby vessels doing the same thing. A few vessels seemed to be having trouble and were rapidly descending in semi-controlled fashions.

“Hmm,” A quick nudge at the Force seemed to indicate everyone had the same odds of survival. Ignoring the other ships for now, he refocused himself out of the Unifying Force and into the Living Force. He could do little for them at this point, let’s focus on these sleepers now. It had to be a form of sleeping, maybe dreaming, as he’d already mentally ruled out just about every type of hallucinogenic input.

“Hmm,” their lifesigns were not diminishing. They were simply asleep, but how? Could it be Force based? With a creak, Ood sunk down in the exact center of the transport and dropped into a deep meditation...

“Hmm,” Light... clean and calming waves crashed into the Neti from all sides. If Ood wasn’t an adherent of the old slightly heretical belief that the Force had a sentience behind it, he would now. The Light had missed him. For 38 years his madness had driven him forcibly into the darkness. But now, he was back, and the Force was greeting his return home like a loyal pet...no a loving parent.

“Hmm,” It kept showing him what he’d missed in the last 300 years of exile and madness. Young Master Yoda had made it to Grand Master... Ohh, Del Gormo would have been proud of the little one...

“Hmm,” Slowly the Adept began to discuss the situation with the Light, asking it to assist him in setting up a Force powered shield around the ship with options to expand it to any other ship that didn’t seem to be able to pull themselves free of the influence on its own. Already the Arconan was using telekinesis to somewhat hold 3...no make that 4 ships level and was slowly moving them back to their original altitudes. How interesting, nothing appeared to change yet, maybe patience would be what was needed? As the Neti continued to meditate, his left hand started to slowly move, across the way, on the control panel of the ship, things started to be manipulated. Unseen, the same was happening on 4... make that 7 other ships.

“Hmm,” The Force flew through the old Jedi, as strong as it had been in the grandeur of the High Republic, a set of random coordinates was being fed into the autopilot. Having no idea

what the coordinates meant, Ood assumed the Force had something in mind and was more than willing to go along with it. It felt good to fully trust the Force again, instead of warping it to do the bidding of an insane madman.

“Hmm,” A warm comforting feeling intimidated to him that the Light felt the same.