

Quiet Vigil – Fiction Submission #2 – GN La’an (#10540)

The streaks of hyperspace snapped back into stars, bright against the dark background as La’an’s TIE dropped from its microjump, his sensors immediately reaching out to check the immediate area for danger. Seeing no immediate threat he cycled his shields, redirecting engine power to top off his weapons and defences. While his navicomputer laboured to calculate his position he slowly turned the fighter on its axis, looking for a constellation or fixing point he might recognise. The computer offered no solution for nearly a minute, during which time he thought he had narrowed himself down to a half light year to the galactic north of his previous position, a surprisingly long distance for such a short jump, but nonetheless what he had been after. He was pleased to note that his computer agreed, proving that while he had lost many things over the years his navigational skills were not one of them.

Noting that the computer was working to calculate a new route, rather than one of his now invalid preplanned routes, he estimated that it would take close to 6 minutes for it to produce a workable new series of jump co-ordinates. Rather than waste that time sitting dumb and happy he cast his sensor net wide, boosting power to scan beyond his immediate vicinity. Getting an immediate return he warily focused his scans on the target area, picking up a faint power signature 12km distant, something the size or scale of an astromech. Noting the computer still had 5 minutes to run he toyed with ignoring.

“Of course that’s what it is, stupid of me” La’an chided himself as he slowly drifted past the object, a Viper model probe droid wearing an EH icon stencilled across its body, manipulator arms tucked protectively under its armoured torso. The bulbous sensors on its head section turned to track him as he coasted by. It was one of thousands of droids sown across the exercise area by the Aggressor to record missions and engagements for review and later dissection. When he departed the area his own interaction with it would be dispatched to the Aggressor’s waiting databanks by a high frequency holonet burst – no doubt to the confusion of the analysts that would comb the day’s data.

“Sithspawn!” he cursed out loud as the droids defences clearly registered his proximity as a threat, it’s short range blaster spitting a crimson bolt at him twice, full power and certainly not exercise strength. His shields were still up and at full power, but the surprise alone had caught him off guard. He smiled a moment later, pulling the TIE away as the droid returned to its quiet vigil, no doubt modifying whatever report it was about to send.

The navicomputer counted down to zero, pinging again to confirm a solution. His curiosity fulfilled, La’an returned to his original position, reaching once again for his hyperdrive actuator and the first of several jumps home.