

Forsaken

Why did this happen? Am I really the only one left? If so, should I be grateful for being spared? *Did you even survive the crash?* That's a good point. I might already be dead. This place could very well be punishment for all the evils I have done. *Either way, you're stuck here.* Maybe, but how did it even come to this? A few weeks ago we were drinking to Frank retirement and now I am stuck on this unknown planet at the edge of the known galaxy. My ship is in pieces, my crew is either dead or missing, and the last transmission we got before all hell broke loose was 'The Company sends their regards'.

With each passing week on this planet, it is getting harder and harder to remember my past. *You can't even remember your own name, now can you?* I can remember the times I spent

with Sarah, but everything else from back then is a blur. So while I still can, I have decided to start this journal in the hopes that this will help me stay sane.

After serving twenty year military as a pilot I was able to retire with particle benefits. The thing was, after spending the majority of my life flying I didn't know what else to do. So I became a spaceline pilot, but it wasn't the same. I started craving excitement. I began doing stupid and dangerous things. *You became an alcoholic and a gambler.* I did. I also started picking fights with anyone for the hell of it. I eventually lost my job from spacelines, which just gave me yet another reason to drink.

After accumulating a substantial diet to multiple casinos I was arrested and sentenced to 10 years in jail. Out of pity, my childhood friend Sarah went to an intergalactic underworld organization known as The Company. She somehow was able to convince The Company to pay off my diet. *There was a catch though.* Of course there was a catch. There's always a catch. For this kindness, I would had to work three years for The Company without pay. They reassured me that they would provide basic necessities like room and board. Under The Company I would be both a captain and pilot for a small team of couriers that transported rare & illegal items; however if my actions ever impacted The Company in a negative way, they would let me go. To be let go by The Company meant death.

A week later I met my team for the first time. Up until that point, I had been forbidden to leave the room The Company had given me. I was led from my room to the hangar bay. There they took me aboard the smallest cargo ship I have ever seen. Inside I was introduced to my new team. First up was Sarah. Turns out she had been working for The Company since she was ten. She was recruited by a passing agent of The Company because of her talent as a mechanic. The

agent saw her potential and brought her in. Sarah became the team's Engineer as well as my handler. *It is her job to make sure you earned your keep.*

Next was Elisabeth. Elisabeth was to be our Navigator. She was recruited the day of her College graduation. She graduated with a PhD in Archeology as well as a minor in Linguistics. She was fluent in over twenty-five languages; seven of which were are not from Earth. *Combine that with an almost unhealthy thirst for knowledge and blatant lack of respect of the law, made her an ideal candidate for The Company to recruit.* Before joining my team, Elisabeth had been leading teams sponsored by The Company on expedition to uncover and recover artifacts in illegal zones.

Last of all was Frank. Frank was recruited by The Company after he was discharged from the military after twenty years of covert operations. He suffered from PTSD. It was so bad, that it started effecting his performance on missions. Thinking it would have been a waste of talent to throw away; The Company got him the best treatment and medication that money could buy. He now works for The Company to pay off that diet. Until then Frank had been tasked with body guarding key members of The Company. He was also close to paying off his diet. *In an attempt to keep him as long as possible though, he was reassigned to basically be the muscle of your team.* Both Elisabeth and Frank were reassigned to this team for the nature of our missions. The task of locating and delivering rare & illegal items.

That was four years ago. Now you wouldn't be able to find a closer group of friends. *You were close friends. They're all dead.* Maybe. You never know. Some of them might still be alive. *Still alive? Don't kid yourself. You saw what happened to Frank. Do you honestly believe anyone else survived that crash? Do you remember that crash?* Of course I remember. How could I ever forgot that? It happened so quickly, yet I can remember ever detail. We were scheduled to

deliver supplies to a buyer on the edge of the galactic frontier, but something went wrong with our hyper drive on the way there.

There was a huge explosion in the engine room and we dropped out of hyperspace over a planet that wasn't on any space chart. Sarah ran to the engine room to see if she could do anything. Our ship course was flying straight into the planet's atmosphere and we were coming down fast. That's when that other explosions began. One in the living quarters and the other in the right wing. Frank look back at me and Elisabeth and told us to get to the escape pods. I told him to come with us, but he smiled and shook his head. He said with some luck he would be able to land the ship in some body of water. I tried to ague, but it was no use.

With Elisabeth leading, we ran to the escape pods. When we got there, there was a hole in the haul and only one left. I pushed Elisabeth in it and sent it down. She screamed at me with tears in her eyes. That was the last thing I remember before the next explosion launched me across the room knocking me unconscious.

Now here I am. All alone. Forsaken.