

UnNamed scifi project

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Lor'ii a captain in the Go'Rathian Confederate is faced with hardship when her ship is attacked by an unknown enemy. Lor'ii, being Shar'iki and not human, must overcome the fierce racism that plagues the Confederate in order to save it.

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1 - The Attack

Chapter 1

Red lights flashed and the entire ship trembled. The tremors intensified as I rolled out of my rack and slammed my head on the cold metal floor. I sat up slowly as I felt warmth running down the back of my neck.

"Captain... Ok?... " a voice from afar said in a distant, hushed, concerned tone.

My consciousness was wavering as I groaned with intensifying agony. The source of the voice got closer to me, kneeling down and leaning over me. Through my blurred vision all I could make out was a mass of matted blonde hair on a distinctly male head.

"Oh damn..." the voice said as I was lifted up into his arms.

"What... Ahh... Happened?" I managed to inquire through the seething pain, fighting to stay awake despite the massive hemorrhaging.

The man carrying me softly set me down in a desk searching for something, anything to stop the bleeding. In an act of desperation he ripped the sleeve off of his uniform and proceeded to wrap it tightly around my head and pressed until the bleeding was under control. He spoke to me but I couldn't quite make out what he was saying. Everything was becoming fuzzier and fuzzier as I was lifted once again and we proceeded through the ship. Although I couldn't see much, something didn't feel right. I closed my eyes for a moment and began to fall asleep.

"C'mon Captain! Stay with me here!" and he began to shake me awake.

I had regained some of my vision, enough to recognize the human male who was trying to rescue me. Constantly reminding himself that the effort wouldn't be in vain and that the escape pod was just a few rooms away. Even in my state of partial incapacitation I could tell that he was simply trying to reassure himself and that, in all honesty, we would probably suffer the same fate as the rest of my crew. However, I hoped, for Jori's sake and mine, that he was right.

Just at that moment, the lights failed. Everything went pitch black, even the sparking of the severed wires ceased. We stood there, in silence, for about five minutes, terrified of what could be lurking in the darkness. After the ten minute mark, the emergency generator kicked in, the pale orange emergency lights illuminated a path that could lead us to the escape pods, which would be powered by the emergency systems. Setting me on my feet, Jori began to inquire about my condition.

"I'm fine, Lieutenant. Let's just move on."

"But Captain--"

"That's an order, Lieutenant!"

"Yes ma'am..."

He began to lead the way, our location was still slightly hazy to me, due to the fact that I sustained a massive head injury. Once we reached the door, he slowly grabbed a rifle off the ground and pushed me against the wall. He held me there for a moment to make sure I understood that I was not to move, I smirked a little at the thought of me taking orders from him, but I nodded. He pressed the button to open the door, then held the rifle steady, ready to kill anything that may be a threat. He jumped in front of the doorway and... Nothing? I don't understand...

"Captain, follow me!" Jori said as he ran, not paying much attention to where he was going.

"Jori! Stop!"

Before he could register my warning, it was too late. He disappeared into the large, dark void plunging

into the lower decks of the ship. I ran to him screaming his name in terror, to find him hanging on the edge by one a hand, reaching the other one out to me.

"I've got you, Jori!" I reached my small, pale blue hand out to him. He grabbed onto it for dear life.

I attempted to pull him up with all my strength. Despite all of my physical training, I just couldn't manage to pull him to safety. I had to think fast, I could feel him slipping, and just then I thought of it. I reached into a toppled locker and threw a dark blue jumpsuit to him. I made use of the extra distance to gain enough leverage to pull the terrified young man to safety.

"Oh, lord, thank you!" he said, relieved, as he threw his arms around me.

"What kind of Captain would I be if I left one of my men to die? Now lets go, and be careful!"

Very carefully we moved onward, watching for any dangers. I take the lead, but not without protest from Jori. Treading through the smoldering debris and massive destruction, it becomes apparent that whomever, or whatever, caused it all must've left, thinking that nothing inside could have possibly survived.

"It's too quiet..." I said in a hushed tone, stopping dead in my tracks. "What could have possibly caused all this death and destruction, and just leave without leaving a-"

"Let's go!" Jori demanded as he grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the door leading to our freedom.

We piled into the small pod, barely enough room for the both of us. Not soon after the pod jettisoned it became apparent that the landing mechanism was damaged. We came in too hot, the walls trembled and we were tossed around, I slammed my head against the wall and everything went black...

2 - Two

Chapter 2

A foul smell wafted to my nostrils. My eyes fluttered and I began gasping for fresh air. I sat up abruptly, however a feeling of vertigo overwhelmed me and I fell back onto the hard cot beneath me.

"Whoa! Miss, pleez be careful, yes?" said a strange voice, with a thick Tercian accent.

"Ow... Where am I?"

"Yous crasheded here on Coresa. Beat up, bad bad. Rest, rest!"

"Where is Jori?" I asked in a fearful tone.

"I assumes you mean tah hu-mans yous was with? Hes went to tah hu-mans hospital..." the way the small Terc man said the word human... Such disdain, such anger, such pain.

"Ugh... I need to find him... Make sure he's okay..." I could tell out of my peripheral vision that the small red-faced man didn't seem to quite understand my concern for my dear friend. "I need to see him..." I began to fling my legs over the side of the cot, despite the "doctor's" protests.

I put on my tattered boots, conveniently located next to the cot. Nothing was going to stop me in my search for Jori. Nothing.

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I groaned as I awoke. The walls around me were a blinding white. Something wasn't right. I could feel it. The room reeked of bleach, the strong smell intensifying my already skull-splitting headache.

"Lieutenant! Good you're awake," a very shrill voice exclaimed.

A slender human woman with raven black hair made her way toward me. She was tall, her eyes were bright, and she carried herself with a sort of arrogance. She glared at the short alien woman beside and slightly behind her, after noticing blue skin and obsidian eyes characteristic of Shar'iki I nearly jumped out of the hospital bed to hug who I thought was Lor'ii.

"Whoa, steady Lieutenant. Are you in any pain?"

"L-Lor'ii?..." I groaned as my head continued to throb.

"I'll take that as a yes. Nurse fetch the Lieutenant some painkillers will you?" and with this simple command, the young Shar'iki woman scurried away. It couldn't be Lor'ii...

"Doctor... Have you seen a small blue woman? Black hair? Looks a lot like your nurse, only more confident and in a military uniform?"

"I can't say I have... The only aliens in this hospital are nurses and janitors. And even I despise them for taking those jobs from us hard working humans."

Jori just sighed and shook his head. He knew that discrimination was prevalent in the Confederate but he didn't realize what a strong hold it had in the capital.

The doctor looked at his saddened expression with curiosity, "Are you alright Lieutenant?"

"Yes ma'am," he replied with a slight grin, "I'm just not used to how things work here in the capital. I'm from a small farming settlement on the outskirts of the galaxy. Plus I'm always deployed, so I'm never here for too long."

"Coresia was once a great planet. Before the aliens started moving in. Things are changing Lieutenant... I heard that the Army awarded the rank of Captain to one of them. A Shar'iki at that. Little blue devils... They'll rule us all one day. Anyway, sir, you are free to go once you sign your discharge

papers. Have a great day and I do hope you find your underling. She must be so lost without you giving her orders," and before Jori could correct her she was gone in a twirl of white robes.

In fact, it was quite the opposite. It was he lost without her. Without much time to evaluate his own condition, Jori signed the discharge papers and was on his way to searching for his dear friend.