


Kotor promised land

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Kotor promised land



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I've had a wonderful idea for a short story: those who've played Knights of the Old Republic will surely remember visiting the underworld of Taris and hearing the tales of the Promised Land.This short story will be centered around that: a Tarisian following the people of the underworld to the Promised Land and how exactly that went.So, here's the first installment!*The Promised Land: Part 1*The underworld of Taris was no place for any being, unless of course they liked the seclusion, lack of sunlight or fresh air.Asori was not a being who enjoyed such things. Of course, she should've been used to it by now, after all, she had been born there. It was hard to forget why they were all in the Undercity in the first place; after the Galactic Republic abandoned Taris, the Tarisians began using a cheaper power source which produced terrible toxic waste. It polluted the oceans, killed the marine life, and more. After that, famine spread, and the wealthy Tarisians hoarded food and other things needed for survival, resulting in the poor revolting against them. In the end, the Rebellion was crushed, and the poor (now labeled Outcasts) were banished to the Undercity of Taris.Then there were the Rakghouls to worry about when living in the Undercity. Where Asori and the other outcasts resided, they had built tall metal fences to keep the beasts out. But the disease was quickly spreading among them, changing friends into foes..And if the story of why they were Outcasts hadn't been told enough, there was a story that was repeated on the daily; the story of the Promised Land.The Promised Land was said to be a paradise below even the Undercity, where droids tended to your every need. Most people had given up on the idea, save for one man; Rukil, or Rukil Wrinkle-skin, as the children liked to call him.Asori got tired of Rukil Wrinkle-skin preaching about how they were destined to reach this Promised Land. He was mad, she always thought. Asori had long ago stopped believing in the tale, accepting her life in the Undercity, like all the rest.Today seemed worse for Rukil. Many weeks ago, Rukil's apprentice, Malya (one of the last people to truly believe in the Promised Land) had ventured out to find three journals Rukil's father and grandfather had left behind, supposedly depicting a way to the Promised Land, but she had never returned. Rukil still kept watch at the west entrance to the sewers of Taris every night, where Malya had ventured out into several weeks ago.Asori was sitting upon an overturned crate, watching Rukil stand at the west entrance and feeling sorry for him. Malya wasn't coming back, he ought to know that by now."You need rest, Rukil." She called to him. He only glanced back at her, the lines in his face looked deeper in shadow. "I will not rest till Malya returns." Rukil grunted back and crossed his arms.Asori shook her head. There was no talking about Malya to him, he would have to accept her fate by himself, no one could make him. Yawning, Asori went to the small shack near the middle of their village to get some rest... When she next awoke, not knowing if it was morning or night as always, Asori hopped out of her cot and greeted her older sister, Baral, who was opening ration packs for them to eat."Has Rukil moved since last night?" Baral asked. He'd been standing at the gate since before she had decided to sleep. Asori shrugged, went to the door, moved it aside and checked the gate in which he had been standing at."Yeah, surprisingly, probably back to shouting nonsense about the Promised Land." Asori replied and yet again joined her sister at the large crate they called a table. A faintly glowing lamp sat on the crate, illuminating their small shack, but just barely.Baral did not believe in the Promised Land anymore as well, and shook her head at Asori's guess. "One day, he'll move on from that as well, and accept his fate like the rest of us.""Maybe, who knows." Asori finished off her ration bar and swallowed a mouthful of dirty water to wash it down.The outcasts gathered water from cleaner parts of the sewer and tried to purify it as best they could with fires, to boil the bacteria away.As they ate, the heavy clunk of working machinery alerted them both."What was that?" Baral inquired, earning a shrug from Asori. They both rushed out of their shack and looked to the massive turbolift that separated them from the surface. It was working, in motion, bringing a turbolift car down to the Undercity. "Who would be coming down here?" Asori muttered to herself."Our time to journey to the Promised Land is almost at hand!" Rukil could be heard shouting. "Prepare yourselves brothers and sisters! Our time has come!" Nobody bothered to listen."The turbolift works and suddenly it's bringing our savior down? Not likely!" Asori scoffed and Baral chuckled. Gendar came up beside her, arms folded over his broad chest. "I say we stay on alert." He suggested. Gendar was the leader of their village, and despite the harsh world they lived in, he was the kindest person Asori knew, besides Baral."Don't we always?" Asori replied. It was common sense not to trust any Upworlder's, after all, they're ancestors had been the ones to send them down here in the first place.The turbolift doors swished open, revealing a dark skinned human female and a pale skinned human male. They were intercepted by two youths trying to finagle credits from the Upworlder's."Our first visitors in however many years and this is how we greet them?" Asori grunted, she lurched forward to put a stop to it, but was beat to it by another outcast girl, Shaleena."I'll be at my tent, send the Upworlder's my way if they have questions." Gendar sighed, watching the young female outcast speak to the group. "Will do, Gendar." Baral replied and watched the older man walk off."This is so strange.... Upworlder's, coming to the Undercity, and they're not attacking us?" Baral sounded astonished. "Makes you wonder why they're here." Asori added, eyes narrowing as the group headed off to no doubt meet with Gendar."I'm sure we'll find out soon enough, this village is pretty small." Baral stated. This made them both laugh, slapping each other on the back.

:star2: To be continued... :star2: *I hope you enjoyed this first installment of Star Wars the Old Republic: The Promised Land. There will be more to come!* :hibiscus: Kaida Boradin :hibiscus: #TFL

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