



The Prehistory of Planet Riddick



By Ardath Rekha

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Synopsis: A Planet UV historian presents her findings regarding some security entries made by the civilization's founder, about the arrival of his wife and his embroilment in a galactic conflict.

Category: Fan Fiction

Fandom: *The Chronicles of Riddick*

Series: None

Challenges: Ardath Rekha's TCOR AU / "Kyra is not Jack" Challenge

Rating: T

Orientation: Het (Plot)

Pairing: Riddick/Jack

Warnings: Adult Situations, Harsh Language

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Total Word Count: 2,139

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Researcher's Note [1]: The following is a partial transcript of one of the security log cards found by archaeologists at Site R-1. It appears that whatever device was used to record the log was portable and that the Founder took it with him during his brief off-world foray. These entries occur approximately five years after his arrival on our planet and are the first time he discusses anything other than the technical specifications of his security system, or his hunts. Voice-print analysis does indeed confirm that this is the voice of Richard B. Riddick, the Founder of our civilization. The “kid” he calls Jack appears to indeed be his wife, Jacqueline Riddick. Previously, historians had believed that they had met here on what was, at the time, still known as Planet UV, but it is clear from these logs that they had known each other before her arrival. We still do not know how.

Entry 5745

Intruder alerts going off. I appear to have a visitor. Not a local. The bioregister says it's a human. Will provide more information after I deal with the threat.

Entry 5748

Not a threat. Jack. What the fuck is the kid doing here? Guess I have to wait for her to wake up. She didn't see me coming and I had her out cold before I realized who she was.

Entry 5749

This is too fucked up. Did I really hit her head that hard? She doesn't remember me.

Entry 5750

Not my fault. Someone stole her memories before she ever came here. So how the fuck did she find me?

Entry 5751

Jack is coherent. Her story is starting to make sense. I don't like it.

The kid ain't a kid anymore. She's maybe seventeen, eighteen. I can't remember and she doesn't seem to have the first clue. Two months ago she woke up in her bed on New Mecca with no idea who she was or how she got there. When she was trying to figure out what was going on, she found her diary and read it. She must have written down everything she knew or thought about me because it led her here.

Gonna have to rethink my security system and maybe relocate. If a teenage amnesiac can find me so easy, anybody can.

Entry 5752

You can learn a lot about a person by taking away their memories.

I still don't know what happened to the girl, but it's interesting to watch her fumble around. Most people would be crying and scared and who knows what else. But this girl's got the instincts of a wild animal. She never told a soul she couldn't remember things. Not even Imam. She just hunted for answers on her own.

They had to know something was up with her. But nobody said a damn thing to her or asked her why she was acting funny. Which means they had to know what was wrong with her even if she didn't.

I don't like the idea that the Holy Man is in on whatever this is. Tightening security.

Entry 5753

Fuck. I'm the galaxy's biggest asshole. Couldn't keep it in my pants. Jack seemed to have a good time but I feel like a fucking user.

Entry 5754

I can't seem to stay away from her. I tried, but she's pretty determined. Wants me to teach her "life skills." How to fight, how to hunt, how to live here with me. I tell her it's dangerous and she just shrugs. Next thing I know, we're fucking. The girl's incredible. All instinct. Takes me forever to tire her out.

Entry 5755

Been reading the girl's diary. She brought it with her just in case. And damn if it isn't enlightening. I knew she had a crush on me before. Part of why I left... didn't want to have to deal with coming home from a hard day to find a naked girl in my bed because I might just take her up on the offer. She was planning to do just that, too, before I left. I maybe got away just in time.

I was worried that she'd obsess over me, but she didn't. Two months after I left she eased up on the All About Riddick entries and started writing about other stuff, like school. Smart kid. She was getting really good grades and shit.

Damn. Just read one of her sexual fantasies about me, though. Gonna have to try the thing with the cuffs.

Entry 5756

Coming up on the last entries. She's writing about some kind of ambassador visiting the Holy Man. People are acting strange around her. They stop talking when she comes into rooms, shit like that. She's nervous.

Entry 5757

She must've known what was going to happen to her, or she had a really good idea. She just wrote a long entry about all of her suspicions, about where I am, how to reach me. The entry says she put money in the diary, enough to get her to me. Don't know where she got it. Her diary doesn't say and of course she doesn't remember. Then she hid it and left herself puzzle clues to find it again. Like she knew she wouldn't remember.

What I don't get is, if someone stole her memories, why they didn't know where to come, or where that diary was. Something's up. Tightening security again.

Entry 5758

Caught Jack crying. Guess the strain of all this finally got to her. Comforted her the only way I knew how, but she seemed to like it. She's easy to talk to. Always was. That hasn't changed just because she has no memory. Her personality is pretty much intact. I've decided that if nothing happens in the next month, we're going to Helion Prime and I'm going to make the Holy Man tell me what was done to her. There's gotta be something behind all this.

Entry 5759

Long range proximity detectors say visitors are on the way. I'm putting Jack in cryo. She doesn't want to go but I've promised her whatever happens, I'll be back for her. Of course she kicked up a fuss about that. She's still got that whole thing going where she wants to ride to the rescue of people stronger than her. Guess that's just her nature.

Entry 5760

Fuckin' Hoodoo Holy Asshole sent mercs after me. Leaving Jack in cryo, she's safer there. Gonna go beat the answers out of him.

Entry 5761

Son of a bitch is in on something big. Don't know all the details yet, but they're trying to sell me on a save-the-world mission. Necromongers coming to Helion Prime, help us, save us, blah blah blah. Asshole really pissed me off when he told me HIS version of what happened to Jack. Supposedly she ran away to look for me, got in a lot of trouble, and ended up in prison. Yeah, right. I've decided not to mention to the shithead that I have her on ice. Let them think they've snowed me.

Entry 5762

So the Necromonger threat turned out to be real. Ever had days when you feel like the whole galaxy is out to get you?

Entry 5763

Can't stop thinking about Jack. Bout the way she called to me for help back in the canyon. And the way it felt to pin her down on my bed, a week ago, and take her. This game's getting crazier by the minute.

Entry 5764

In Crematoria. Who the fuck came up with that name? I guess they must have discovered this pathetic shithole of a planet AFTER they used up all the good names.

Entry 5765

The puzzle's starting to come together. There's a girl here, named Kyra, who has Jack's memories. Did they really think I'd fall for her act? Okay, she doesn't think it's an act. Or she doesn't seem to. But Jack was never this bitchy... and she doesn't really look or smell much like her at all. I'm playing along. Figure if I can get her out of here with me, I can maybe find a way to get Jack's memories back out of her head and where they belong.

Entry 5766

Kinda like this Kyra kid. It's probably the memories. She's a damn good fighter. I wonder what her story really is.

Entry 5767

Stupid kid ran for the Necromonger ship when she should have stayed put. She may have Jack's memories but she doesn't have her instincts, that's for sure. Going after her. Yeah, I know. I'm being played here. But I want Jack whole again and this girl's the ticket to that.

Entry 5768

Kyra's dead and apparently I'm now the new ruler of the Necromongers. The universe IS out to get me. Jack's memories are gone forever, I guess. I kinda feel bad for Kyra. Still don't know her story. Maybe this Aereon bitch knows what's going on. She was there for a lot of it. Jack mentioned her in her diary.

Entry 5769

Well, when I get played, do I ever get *played*.

On my way back to Planet UV. Got Jack's memories encoded on a disc, and the machine to put them back in her brain. That bitch Aereon traded it to me in return for control of the Necromonger fleet. I was a fucking stalking-horse. They knew exactly what I'd do and why. I don't think they meant for the Holy Man to get dead, but maybe they didn't care.

Fine with me. I don't care. I'm just going to go back to Planet UV, put Jack back together, and then the rest of the universe can fuck off and leave us alone.

Entry 5770

Home again, home again, jiggity-jig. Heard that in a movie once.

Entry 5771

Jack has her memories back. Damn. I think she's gonna wear ME out. Good news is she says she was about to turn eighteen when they did all this to her. So by the time she reached me, she was completely legal. Not sure why that's important to me, exactly. But good to know. Her scent's changed a little.

Not sure if Planet UV is a good place to raise even a psycho-fuck family like I'd have, but we'll give it a try.

Researcher's Note [2]: At this point, the entries return to standard security entries. A log is made approximately nine months later of the birth of Daniel A. Riddick, the eldest child of our founder. We are still verifying the sequence of events described here, but this document has enormous historical implications.