

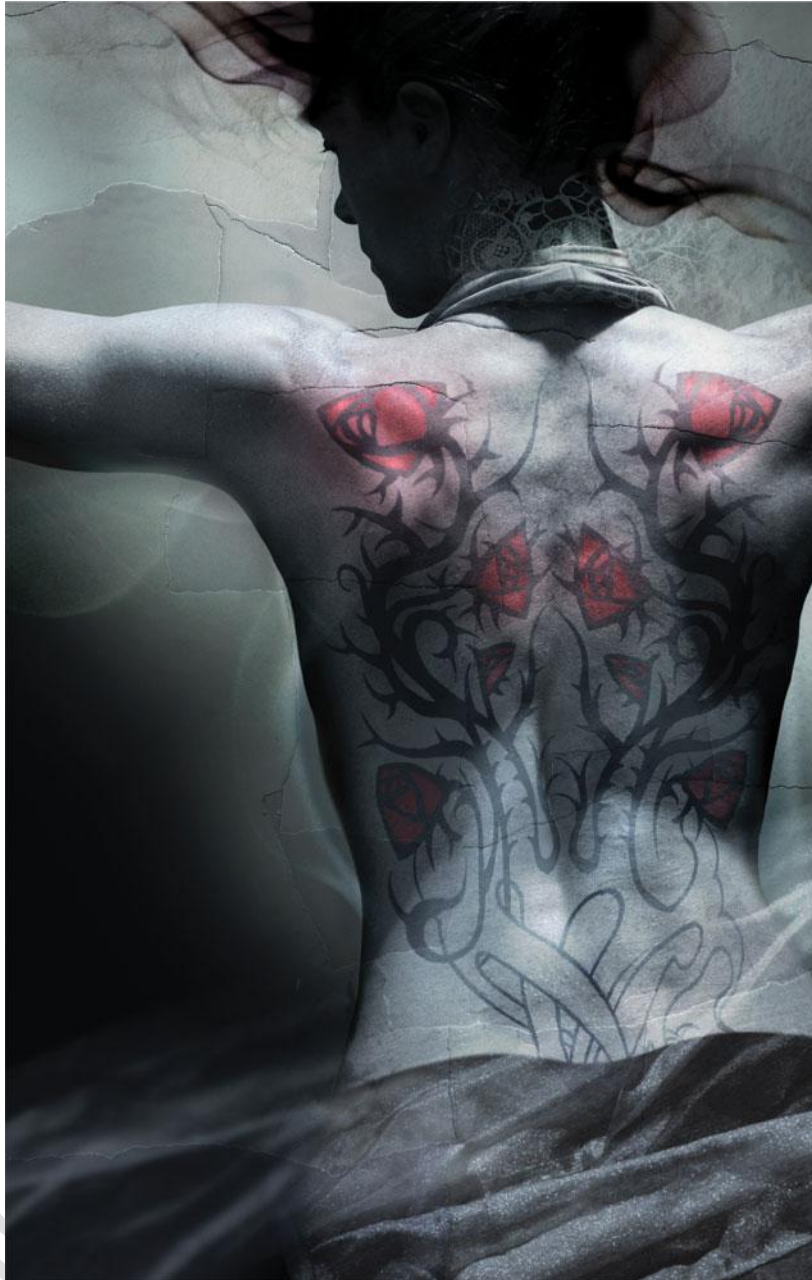
# STAR WARS

## Dark Age I: Ascension:



Written by: Sean P. Funk; Edited by: Robert A.M. Renz

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*Forty years after The Battle of Yavin, Luke Skywalker has unified the  
Jedi Order into a cohesive organization*

*The galaxy is rewarded with a time of unprecedented peace*

*On the horizon, a darkness looms*

*One hundred and twenty-seven years after The Battle of Yavin, the  
galaxy has been plunged into conflict once more*

*Darth Krayt, Dark Lord of the Sith, brilliantly engineered the brutal  
war that would pit the Galactic Alliance against the Empire once  
more*

*Three years later, the Empire, under Emperor Roan Fel, emerge  
victorious*

*Their Sith allies betray them, and with a single usurpation, the Sith  
once again place their grip on the galaxy*

*The Jedi are once more purged from the galaxy*

*For seven more years, the Sith rule the galaxy with an iron  
grasp*

*Skirmishes occur throughout the galaxy, where a handful of  
remaining Jedi and exiles retaliate against their Sith overlords*

*A Skywalker still lives during this era*

*He is mercilessly hunted down by Darth Krayt, hoping to corrupt him*

*Darth Krayt is dying, and his failing body threatens to destroy the  
galaxy, and once more, plunge the galaxy into civil unrest*

*Darth Krayt's final order is the genocide of the Mon Calamari on  
their homeworld of Dac*

## *Dramatis Personae*

\**Amelia*: Sith Lord

\**Cypher Pohar*: Admiral of the Sith-Imperial Maritime Navy

\**Darin Bardok*: Mercenary; leader of *The Raven's Claw*

*Fehlaaur*: Moff; Head of the Imperial Diplomatic Corps

*Geist*: Moff; Head of the Imperial Army

\**Grymm, Darth*: Sith Lord

\**Havok*: Admiral of the Sith-Imperial Starfleet; Sith Lord

\**Hayden Korr*: Jedi Master

\**Kane, Darth*: Sith Lord

*Konrad Rus*: Moff; Head of the Imperial Mission

*Krayt, Darth*: Emperor of the Empire; Dark Lord of the One Sith

\**Krypt, Darth*: Sith Lord

\**Kurupt, Darth*: Sith Lord

\**Luffa Dwen*: Jedi Sage Master

*Maladi, Darth*: Sith Lord; Head of Sith Intelligence and Assassination

*Morlish Veed*: High Moff; Grand Admiral of the Imperial Forces

\**Nekreto*: Sith Marauder

*Nihl, Darth*: Sith Lord

*Nyna Calixte*: Moff; Director of Imperial Intelligence

\**Oro, Darth*: Academy Sith Battlemaster

\**Otto*: Commander of the Stormtrooper Corps.

\**Rau, Darth*: Sith Sorcerer

\**Renz*: Gemstone smuggler

*Rulf Yage*: Moff; Head of the Imperial Navy

\**Sareth Dorn*: Jedi Watchguard

\**Saul Tye*: General of the exiled-Imperial Army

*Stryfe, Darth*: Hand of the One Sith

*Talon, Darth*: Hand of the One Sith

\**Tarc Spero*: Admiral of the Sith-Imperial Starfleet

*Wyyrllok, Darth*: Regent of the One Sith

\**Ze Orunitia*: Jedi Weapons Master

\* Denotes original characters



# *Massacre*

## **The Jedi Temple, Ossus: 130 ABY:**

The galaxy has been plunged into a ravenous war that threatened to tear the galaxy apart. Known as the Sith-Imperial War, the Fel Empire, led by Emperor Roan Fel, fought against the Galactic Federation of Free Alliances, led by the Triumvirate. A hidden and secretive society of Sith, calling themselves the One Sith Order, appeared out of nowhere, and fought alongside the Empire. The Jedi were helpless against the new threat. After the fall of Coruscant, and the Imperial seizure of the Galactic Capital, the Empire and the Galactic Alliance engaged in one final battle, the Battle of Caamas; the result ended with the defeat of the Galactic Alliance, and ultimate Imperial victory.

The Ossus Academy, a symbol of Jedi dominance in the galaxy, was designed to appear serene and reflective. The main building was built in the common Jedi style of a ziggurat, with the base stepped leading up to a large transparisteel block, topped with an inverted pyramid. The main structure had an hour-glass shape, and was relatively symmetric. The tan stone was used to build the interior and the exterior of the academy. The main entrance was located at the top of one of the south set of stairs outside the academy. Inside, the hallways were usually filled with Jedi and Ossus citizens going about their business. Classrooms and living quarters for the higher-ranked Jedi were housed in the ziggurat structure. Smaller, one story dormitories outside the academy are occupied by padawans and younglings. Over five hundred Jedi could be sustained at the academy.

A transparisteel block in between the two pyramid-like structures housed the Garden Level. The Garden Level was a greenhouse that is used by Jedi and Yuuzhan Vong shapers to undo the damage done by the Yuuzhan Vong during their invasion over a hundred years ago. During the course of the Yuuzhan Vong Invasion, several worlds, including Ossus, were severely devastated by the invading force. Planets like Sernpidal were destroyed outright, while worlds like Ithor had their entire ecosystem ravaged. Following the invasion, the Galactic Alliance, the New Jedi Order, under the leadership of Jedi Master Kol Skywalker, and the Yuuzhan Vong shaper caste, under the guidance of Master Shaper Nei Rin, undertook a plan to reform the devastated ecologies the Yuuzhan Vong had thwart. Ossus was the first world to be terraformed, although many more were planned. The project had failed; painful bony growths sprouted from the skin of the inhabitants in a plague that affected all the terraformed worlds, bringing the project to a catastrophic end. The public, some still recovering from the original invasion, began an uproar. Although the terraforming had worked in the laboratory, it had failed otherwise; Yuuzhan Vong shapers could not locate the problem, and the public grew angry. With public confidence at a low, the Empire seized



the opportunity, and finally declared war on the Galactic Alliance, thus starting the Sith-Imperial War three standard years prior.

The Jedi Council chambers and various other conference rooms and offices are located inside the inverted pyramid. Outside the academy, Ossus provided beautiful scenery for the Jedi. The jungles of Ossus were thick with beautiful flowering flora, and many training structures were erected to allow Jedi students to train in its beautiful environment. The academy was situated between a lush mountainside filled with beautiful flora, and a wide rift valley.

It was mid-day at the academy, and many of the Jedi are training outside in the Jungles with their Masters. However, the hallways of the Ossus Academy are nevertheless filled with people and aliens. In the lower levels of the ziggurat structure, Jedi Sage Master Luffa Dwen was meditating in her living quarters wearing the typical tan and brown Jedi attire demanded of them to wear. Like many other Jedi, she kept little attachments, thus leaving her room very bare. Jedi Sage Master Luffa Dwen was one of the most gifted Jedi currently at the academy, and worked both as a teacher and a scholar. Despite being nearly fifty-years-old, she still commanded a strong connection with the Force, and her skills with a lightsaber have not dwindled. Although, because she is human, her movements are not as fast as they used to be; even she would admit that.

Suddenly, Master Dwen felt a disturbance in the Force; just then, an explosion rocked the upper levels of the academy. Master Dwen got to her feet and ran towards the door leading into the hallway. She looked down both directions of the hallway only to see Jedi fleeing in all directions. She quickly ran down the hallway towards the stairs that led to the main entrance; suddenly, she ran into two other Jedi Masters.

"Master Orunitia! Master Dorn!" Jedi Master Luffa Dwen shouted.

Both turn around, and saw Master Dwen running down the hallway towards them.

"What's happening?" Jedi Master Luffa Dwen asked.

"I don't know; there are reports of an explosion in the Jedi Council chambers." Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia informed.

Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia was possibly one of the most skilled Jedi with a lightsaber. She was still a young, thirty standard years old, humanoid. Her skin and hair were pale white, and her eyes were steel gray. She commonly wore bleached white

Jedi robes to match her complexion. She was a former student of Master Dwen, during her earlier residence at the academy.

"An explosion? How?" Master Dwen asked.

"Don't know. That's what we're trying to figure out." Jedi Watchguard Sareth Dorn replied.

Jedi Watchguard Sareth Dorn was a particularly skilled Jedi Master. Although she didn't excel in any one particular aspect in being a Jedi, she generally excelled at everything. She was the youngest of the three, at only twenty-eight. Her beauty was second to none. Her long, flowing brown hair, and her bright blue eyes were quite captivating. She too wore the traditional Jedi garments, similar to Master Dwen.

Now all three were heading down the hallways, past several rooms, towards the main entrance. Before they could get there, they ran into a squad of white, plastoid armoured stormtroopers armed with BlasTech E-11 blasters. The stormtroopers fired their blasters into the oncoming crowd that comprised mostly of Padawans and younglings. Several fell at their feet before they could retreat; scorched holes burned through their clothes and skin. Quickly, Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia took out her two lightsaber hilts and activates them. The *snap-hiss* sound resonated off the tan stone walls of the academy. She charged at the stormtroopers with a blue-bladed lightsaber in one hand, and a silver one in the other. Following right behind her was Watchguard Sareth Dorn with her yellow-bladed double-edged lightsaber. Together, they cut down the stormtroopers quickly; the stormtroopers bodies littered the stone ground with slash and stab marks covering their white plastoid armour. Sage Master Dwen stayed back to protect the Padawans and younglings that did manage to escape the stormtroopers.

"Invasion." Master Dwen replied while looking down at the stormtroopers that lay down at their feet.

The other two Masters nodded their heads in agreement.

"We have to get these younglings to safety." Master Dwen replied.

"We have to stay and fight!" Master Orunitia rebutted.

"I agree." Master Dorn added.

"Let's just get to the upper levels and see what we're dealing with." Master Dwen suggested.

Accepting the wisdom of an older, more experienced Jedi, the other two agreed to follow Master Dwen's lead. They quickly made it up several flights of stairs, most filled with fallen Jedi, until they made it to the main level of the academy. The hallway heading towards the main entrance was lined with dead bodies of fallen Jedi. Around the corner were five Sith Knights armed with their yorik coral crimson-bladed lightsabers. The Sith Knights all had red and black tattoos in the classic Sith geometric style.

"The Sith!" Master Orunitia shouted, "I should have known!"

"I'm taking the younglings out of here!" Master Dwen shouted.

Without saying a word, Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia and Watchguard Sareth Dorn charged the Sith Knights. Although the Sith were skilled in lightsaber combat, they wouldn't stand a chance against these two. The clash of their lightsabers resonated within the narrow, stone hallway. The lightsaber clash was fast, and brutal. The Sith Knights struck with anger and rage, while the two Jedi Master's expertly parried and blocked their strikes. Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia utilized an aggressive, and powerful lightsaber style; Watchguard Sareth Dorn used an acrobatic, and Force augmented lightsaber form, coupled with her double-edged lightsaber.

Quickly, Master Dwen took them towards the main hangar, but two Sith were guarding it. Both were humanoid, with red and black tattoos and similar lightsabers to the others she saw. Master Dwen activated her green-bladed lightsaber; the Sith Knights did the same. She stared into their red and sulphur-yellow eyes for a moment. Before she could strike at her Sith enemies, another appeared behind her, and used a powerful Force Push that sent her into the stone wall, temporarily incapacitating her. In the moments when she was down, the three Sith Knights slaughtered and killed the defenceless younglings she was protecting. With lightning fast slashes, cuts and stabs, the younglings fell by Sith blades.

No.

Sage Master Dwen picked herself up, and used a powerful Force Wave that sent one of the Sith Knights into and through the stone walls; the impact of the attack broke nearly every bone in the Sith's body. The other two quickly attacked her, but she defended herself using the techniques of Soresu. The defensive style of Soresu was perfect at deflecting the unrefined, and wild attacks of these two Sith Knights. She utilized tight, efficient movements that exposed a minimal area, while only attacking when the Sith Knights left her an opening. The lightsaber battle that ensued was fast

paced, and energetic. However, the lesser skilled Sith Knights were no match for the fury and precision of Master Dwen's lightsaber attacks. She quickly disarmed one of the Sith Knights with a quick slash across his forearm, a perfect *cho sun*, then sent him flying into the stone wall with a powerful Force Wave attack. The other Sith Knight managed to block the powerful Force attack, and re-initiated his attack against Master Dwen. The Sith Knight, wild and unbridled in his attack, was incredibly hard for Sage Master Dwen to parry. The unpredictable nature of his attack meant she relied heavily on her ability to see through the Force, a technique of foresight. However unrelenting the Sith Knight's attacks were, his body tired, and Master Dwen capitalized. She thrust her lightsaber through his chest, the act of *shiak*, and beheaded the Sith Knight, the act of *sai cha*.

Looking behind her, she saw nothing but dead bodies, and emptiness. She rushed into the main hangar, prepped and got into a the J-1 shuttle, colloquially dubbed the Jedi Shuttle, and took off. As she left the main hangar, she could see smoke billowing from the inverted pyramid structure, as well as fallen Jedi littering the steps and training grounds of the academy. Among them were the bodies of stormtroopers, and Sith Knights. The sudden and violent act of murdering so many Jedi had left a scar on Master Dwen. As Master Dwen was about ready to leave Ossus orbit, she felt through the Force that her former students were indeed among the dead. She cursed herself for being weak; she cursed herself for not having been there to protect her pupils; she cursed herself for not having seen it coming. Almost immediately, she fell into sorrow, mourning the death of so many Jedi; she was so stricken with grief, she almost fell into tears. As she rose out of the atmosphere of Ossus, she saw the stern of an Imperial *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer, no doubt the one that brought carnage onto Ossus. She passed behind the gigantic, glowing red ion engines that propelled the massive capital ship; the stream of ions actually shook and jolted her shuttle as she passed by. She looked back at the Star Destroyer; the slopes on either side of the Star Destroyer was smooth, and covered by a unique sliding panel, while the spine was terraced and entrenched with turbolaser emplacements and various other weapons, capped off by the bridge. The *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer looked more like a castle than a warship.

Reluctantly, she plotted a course for Corellia, and sat back in her seat and reflected on the day's events.

# *Hope*

**One Standard Month Later: Rural Farmlands of Corellia: 130 ABY:**

Luffa Dwen, fully knowing what must have taken place on Ossus a standard month ago, followed the Jedi of the past, and went into hiding; the Massacre at Ossus, as it became known, and the attack on Emperor Fel, marked the conclusion of the Sith-Imperial War. She didn't like the idea of hiding, in fact she resented it, but it must be done in order for the Jedi to survive. With the Sith in power, a Third Jedi Purge had begun; news of the Jedi's demise, less from the HoloNet, and more of word-of-mouth crossed her ears. She purchased a log cabin in the mountains of Corellia where she could keep isolated from others, only to venture outside when she needed supplies from the local stores in the small towns that littered the countryside. The log cabin was small, but cozy; outside, there was endless snow-covered forest and mountainside to hike in. Everyday Luffa Dwen would go for a run through the forest, then meditated in the snow.

One day, a day unlike any other, Luffa Dwen climbed down the mountain pass, a five kilometre hike, and headed towards one of the small towns to get supplies, about another ten kilometres away. The small town was like any other town; the buildings were made of stone and wood, and the goods they offered were simple. Luffa Dwen still wore the tan and brown Jedi attire she always did; in the countryside, it didn't stand out much. It started to rain as Luffa Dwen started walking back to her mountain home. About midway back, the rain started to really pour, and Luffa Dwen pulled over her head the hood of her Jedi robe. Sitting uncomfortably on the roadside, a young girl, sixteen, maybe seventeen standard years of age, was sitting in the rain. The girl, although quite cute, was dirty with mud covering parts of her face and her clothes. Her dark red hair, about shoulder length, was tangled in knots, as if she hadn't combed it in weeks. Her eyes were the most striking of her features; they were heterochromic blue and green. Luffa Dwen could feel the Force through her, but it was untapped and unrefined.

*Raw.*

Luffa Dwen walked up to her, and offered her some food, a sandwich, that she just bought. The girl took it.

"Thanks." The girl replied.

"What's your name?" Luffa Dwen asked.

She took a bite of the sandwich, "Amelia." She answered.

"Amelia." Luffa Dwen repeated, "That's a very pretty name."

Amelia finished the sandwich in a couple more bites.

"What are you doing out here alone?" Luffa Dwen asked.

"What business is that of yours?" Amelia replied.

"None, I guess. But such a young girl as yourself shouldn't be out in the rain like this." Luffa Dwen replied.

Amelia said nothing.

"Do you have a home that you can go to?" Luffa Dwen asked.

"I ran away from home." Amelia answered.

"Why?" Luffa Dwen asked.

Amelia just stared into Luffa Dwen's eyes with anger and rage. Then, her eyes dropped, and she saw the lightsaber hanging from Luffa Dwen's belt through her open robe. Amelia's eyes went wide, surprised from what she just saw.

"You're a Jedi?" Amelia half-asked.

Luffa Dwen looked down to see that her lightsaber was visible through her robe, and quickly covered it up again.

"I guess there's no point in lying." Luffa Dwen replied, "Yes. I am a Jedi."

Amelia was completely taken aback. Never in her life did she think she would meet a Jedi.

"I thought all of you were killed." Amelia replied.

"It's very hard to kill that many Jedi." Luffa Dwen replied.

Amelia thought that was a reasonable answer. After all, they were Jedi.

"Amelia—" Luffa Dwen started, Amelia's eyes met hers, "You have potential to be a Jedi." Amelia's face went into shock, "Let me teach you."

Unsure with anything she just said, Amelia replied, "You're kidding, right?"



Luffa Dwen shook her head, "No, I can sense the Force is strong in you. But it is untrained. Let me train you; become a Jedi."

Amelia took a moment to absorb everything in. *A Jedi?* Never in her wildest dreams would she ever think she could accomplish that much. She lived a simple life; she was a farm girl with no expectations, no dreams, no desires. Jedi were the beings of myth and legend; nothing tangible for her. After all, some people might think she was off her rocker.

Reluctantly, she said, "Okay." Amelia replied, "Sure! Let's do it!"

Luffa Dwen smiled, and gave her a hand getting up. Together, they headed back to the mountain cabin where Luffa Dwen resides.

Immediately, Amelia began her training. The first lessons that Master Dwen taught the young girl were techniques that allow her to calm herself down, and call upon the Force. Various meditative trances that channel the Force, allowing the Force to flow easily through the user. Amelia, however, is incredibly gifted and enthusiastic about her training, and she has quite an affinity with the Force. Days after her training began, she can readily call upon the Force to levitate objects in the air. Along with Force training, Master Dwen teaches Amelia some of the philosophies of the Jedi Order, one of which was the Jedi Code:

*Jedi are the guardians of peace in the galaxy.*

*Jedi use their powers to defend and to protect.*

*Jedi respect all life, in any form.*

*Jedi serve others rather than ruling over them, for the good of the galaxy.*

*Jedi seek to improve themselves through knowledge and training.*

Master Dwen asked Amelia to memorize and recite this code, and understand its deeper meaning. Along with the famous proverb, Master Dwen explained certain insights the Jedi have acquired over its long, and often rugged, history. There are three subjects a Jedi must understand, and put into practice; those are, self-discipline, responsibility, and public service.

Among other things, Master Dwen instructed Amelia in the various steps of training that a Jedi student must undergo in order to call themselves a Jedi Knight. The





most important being The Trials; a set of five tests that a Jedi must undergo during his or her training that proves that he or she is ready to take on the responsibilities of being a Jedi. The first, and most easily understood, is The Trial of Skill, where a student must prove that he or she is proficient with the use of a lightsaber and the Force in use in combat. The second is the Trial of the Flesh, a brutal test where a student must undergo tremendous physical pain, hardship or loss, and remain detached. The third is known as The Trail of Courage, where a student must face insurmountable odds and emerge victorious. The fourth trial, known as The Trial of Spirit, was also known as 'the mirror'; students must look within oneself, and face whatever he or she saw. The last, and only exclusive to Jedi Consular's, was The Trial of Knowledge, where a student must prove proficiency with multiple Force powers.

Coupled with teachings in Force abilities and philosophy, Amelia was extensively taught unarmed combat and sword play, but with a wooden blade. Early lessons involved understanding the technique and philosophy of Shii-Cho, the first form of lightsaber combat. Shii-Cho involved basic attack, parry and body target zones. Amelia caught on very quickly, but she was wild with a blade, usually losing herself to her emotions, and becoming more and more aggressive. Master Dwen continued teaching her calming techniques, but they did little to calm Amelia down during sword training. Nearly two months into her training, Amelia proved to have an equal affinity with a blade as she did with the Force. Master Dwen started teaching her the techniques of Makashi, an elegant and powerful form of sword play that represented the ultimate refinement in lightsaber-to-lightsaber combat. Amelia took it up with a flash, and began training vigorously to master its complex and precise movements. Although not at a level to compete with other Knights or Masters, she was quite adept for an initiate.

She had also grown incredibly strong in the Force, already able to call upon the Force to levitate objects, affect the minds of individuals for short periods of time, use it to gain a temporary boost in speed and agility, and use it to gain immense physical strength. Amelia was quickly turning into the most gifted and talented student Master Dwen had ever trained. As time progressed, her training became more skewed towards training with a sword, and harnessing the Force, and less on philosophy and meditative techniques.

Her training was strict; an early wake up where she and her Master would go for a run through the mountain forest. The mountain forest was beautiful; a sea of pine trees that rolled along the mountainside for as far as the eye could see, were perpetually covered in snow. At dawn, the red-orange sun lit the landscape in a soft, gentle light. The run through the forest would take a normal human about five hours to complete,

but they would complete the run in half that time. Obstacles, such as rocks and puddles of mud, made the run harder than usual, but nothing a Jedi couldn't handle. Day after day though, Amelia always finished after Master Dwen, arriving to see her Master meditating in the snow.

"Always late, aren't we?" Master Dwen replied.

Amelia sighed; her breath visible in the crisp, cool morning air. She sat in the snow in front of her Master in a cross-legged position and began her meditation.

"Sorry, Master." Amelia replied humbly.

Together, they slipped into a meditative trance that allowed the Force to flow through them and between them; a connection between Master and student that had been established months earlier. As they slipped further into their meditative trance, the Force called upon with ever greater strength, and their bodies grew stronger because of it. Their aching muscles, and bruised flesh from the run, were soothed through the Force. They would remain in this trance for nearly an hour. Slowly, and carefully, they would both come out of the trance, and into waking consciousness. Amelia opened her eyes just as her Master did. Master Dwen stood up in front of Amelia; her eyes locked on her Masters.

"Come child, let's begin." Master Dwen said.

Amelia rose and followed her Master towards the makeshift training apparatus that they both built. It mostly consisted of wooden logs that were arranged to train the physical body in agility, strength and speed. Amelia would begin with simple weight training, lifting and carrying logs across a muddy trail without the assistance of the Force. The logs were heavy, nearly a hundred pounds each, but over the months of training, Amelia was able to carry each one across the one hundred metre muddy trail. As soon as she completed her task, she would begin the obstacle course; an arrangement of logs and rocks from the mountain that tested speed and agility. Climbing rocks, swinging on logs, and various jumping and leaping exercises were typical obstacles. The final task in physical training was core body training; this consisted of pull-ups, push-ups, abs-crunches and various other exercises. Months of training shaped Amelia's body into a hard, and toned version of her former self.

After physical training, Amelia was always exhausted. To recover her strength, both Amelia and Master Dwen would begin their meditative trance again. Her muscles relaxed and eased, her bruises and cuts healed. Although Amelia was not proficient

enough in the Force to call upon the Force Healing technique, her Master certainly was. She couldn't heal herself, but she could relieve the tension in her muscles, making the strain more bearable. There were aspects to the Force that were unknown to Amelia, but her Master told her one day that knowledge would be hers.

She couldn't wait.

Once again, they slowly eased out of the meditative trance, and regained waking consciousness. Master Dwen once again rose before her student.

"Enough training for today." Master Dwen replied.

"Master?" Amelia asked.

Master Dwen was a strict woman; she never cut training short. Master Dwen always told Amelia that she was training her so that one day she may be strong enough to avenge the Jedi, and take down the Sith. Master Dwen's training was heavily biased towards physical and Force training, and lacked the typical philosophical aspects that a normal Jedi would have received. That was all fine with Amelia; she never liked philosophy. Sometimes, if Amelia was running behind on her daily, Master Dwen would keep her up all night until they were completed. Amelia would usually get four or five hours of sleep every night; six if she was lucky.

"We have a great task tomorrow." Master Dwen replied, "You'll need your strength."

"What is it, Master?" Amelia asked.

"Tomorrow, we travel to Coronet City, the capital of Corellia." Master Dwen answered, "Tomorrow, we will find the necessary parts for which to build your lightsaber."

Amelia's eyes went wide with excitement. She always saw her Master practice sword play with her green-bladed lightsaber at night when Amelia was supposed to be resting. The lightsaber sliced through the air elegantly, leaving behind it a trail of green light that arced through its movements. The beauty, the power. The elegant weapons of the Jedi; the envy of the galaxy.

Master Dwen recognized the excitement and joy in her Padawan's face. She smiled at her.

"Come child, let's eat and rest." Master Dwen replied, "We have a big day tomorrow."

### **The Next Day: Coronet City, Corellia:**

Both Master Luffa Dwen and Padawan Amelia exited the public transport and gazed at the busy city. Both were wearing civilian clothes; nothing more than simple trousers and a simple shirt and jacket.

"Coronet City, the Jewel of Corellia." Master Dwen told her Padawan.

Coronet City was a bustling and alive urban metropolis located near the coast on the southernmost continent. It was a technologically advanced city, with beautiful architecture, close to that of Coruscant. The airways were filled with traffic; everyone was trying to get somewhere all the time. Together, they exited the Corellian spaceport, and headed into the city.

"Have you ever been to Coronet, Padawan?" Master Dwen asked.

"Never." Amelia said in awe.

"You have to avoid detection, especially from CorSec." Master Dwen answered; CorSec stood for the Corellian Security Force, the primary law enforcement organization on Corellia, "So, you should head towards the Blue Sector. But be careful; the Blue Sector is notoriously dangerous."

"Master? What about you?" Amelia asked in a confused voice.

"I have other things to attend to. You will have to find the parts on your own, and then contact me." Master Dwen replied.

Master Dwen handed her the list of parts that she will need to acquire, as well as a credit chip and comlink.

"Take the maglev train to the Blue Sector." Master Dwen suggested.

Amelia read the list; although it was relatively short, she didn't understand any of it. *Emitter matrix, lens, power cell, power conduit, and a focusing crystal.*

"Master, where will I find any of these?" Amelia frustratingly asked.

"Check local electronic stores for the parts, but the crystal will be much harder to acquire." Master Dwen contemplated for a moment, "Check jewellery stores for the crystal."

"Master, how will I know if it's a focusing crystal?" Amelia asked.

"All focusing crystals are connected to the Force; you can feel them through the Force." Master Dwen answered.

Amelia contemplated her task before her.

"Okay, I'll try, Master." Amelia replied.

Amelia started walking away towards the nearest magnetic-levitation train terminal, when Master Dwen shouted towards her for her to come back. Amelia walked over to her.

"By the way, here, don't talk like a Jedi." Master Dwen replied, "No more 'Master', okay?"

Amelia nodded her head, and headed for the maglev train terminal. Luffa Dwen watched as Amelia got onto the train and left for the city. Amelia was scared for the first time in her life; she wasn't scared of being alone, she was alone for almost a month before she met Master Dwen, but she has never seen a city so large and so full of people. The crowds, the busyness, the atmosphere; it was all new for her.

By the time she reached the Blue Sector, the sun had gone down, and the night-time crowd was beginning to come out. Tired, and not wanting to risk her life this early in her search, she decided to stay in a local motel for the night.

The next day she immediately started with her search for the parts she needed. She headed for Treasure Ship Row, a large, open-air shopping mall. The clerk behind the motel desk told her that it supposedly housed everything a person could want. The mall was crowded, as usual, packed to the brim with humans, Selonians, and Dralls; Amelia had to shove her way through in order to get from store to store. There were several electronic parts stores within the Treasure Ship Row, and by the end of the day she had acquired everything she needed, except for the focusing crystal.

The following days, Amelia tried every jewellery store on Treasure Ship Row, but none of them had any focusing crystals that she could sense. After a while, she was

getting very frustrated with herself for not being able to find one. Late in the afternoon, she headed for one of the last stores that she hadn't been to, named '*The Jewel of Corellia*'. Amelia looked up at the sign:

*Of course it is.*

She took out her comlink and called her Master.

"Dwen?" Amelia asked.

"Yes, Amelia?" Luffa Dwen replied.

"I've been having a hard time finding the crystal, but I've got everything else." Amelia informed.

"How much have you spent?" Luffa Dwen asked.

"One-thousand three-hundred and thirty seven credits." Amelia informed.

*What an odd number.*

"Yeah, I would have expected that much from these crooks." Luffa Dwen informed.

Amelia gave her a little laugh, "I'm going to try a few more places, but what happens if we don't find it?"

"Think positively, Amelia." Luffa Dwen replied.

"Right. Okay. Over and out." Amelia ended.

She entered the store; it looked like every other jewellery store she had been to, but much larger. The counters were made of transparisteel that housed the various items of jewellery, including rather large gemstones; there were stools in front of the transparisteel counters for customers to sit and try on jewellery. The floor was carpet; few stores in Coronet City had carpet floors since they got dirty really fast. There were several video cameras in the corners of the store. She had hope for this store. Behind the counter was a male Rodian.

"May I help you?" The male Rodian asked in Basic.

"I'm just browsing, thanks." Amelia replied.

Amelia didn't know how strong the focusing crystals were in the Force. She could have missed one in the previous jewellery, antique and pawn stores simply

because she wasn't paying enough attention, but now she was determined to take her time and really focus. She closed her eyes, and concentrated. She came across diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and various other precious gemstones, but none that had a strong affinity with the Force. The male Rodian clerk stared at her with confusion as she scanned the jewellery. Surprisingly, Amelia was the only one in the store, and the entire time she was there; no one else entered the store. As she made her rounds to the other end of the counter, Amelia cursed under her breath. Not even a whisper of the Force from any of the gemstones. Once again, she failed to find a focusing crystal. The male Rodian approached her.

"Can I help you find anything?" The male Rodian asked in a confused voice.

Amelia contemplated the question for a moment, "I was wondering if this is all you have?" Amelia asked.

"Excuse me?" The male Rodian asked.

"Do you have any other gemstones that are not displayed here?" Amelia asked again.

"I'm sorry, but everything that we have is on display." The male Rodian replied.

"Frack." Amelia whispered to herself.

"What exactly are you looking for?" The male Rodian asked.

Amelia stared at the male Rodian for a moment, searching his intensions through the Force. She saw no threat, and decided that she might as well try.

"I'm looking for a rare and exotic gemstone; not something that you would commonly find." Amelia began to explain, "These gemstones have... unusual properties."

The male Rodian thought about it for a moment.

"The only person that I know that might carry such an item is Renz." The male Rodian replied.

"Renz?" Amelia asked, "Who is that?"

The male Rodian leaned towards Amelia.



"Renz is a gemstone smuggler; he might have what you are looking for, especially if it's... illegal. He mostly operates out of the lower levels of the Blue Sector." The male Rodian explained, "But it's very dangerous down there, especially for such a young girl like yourself."

"I can take care of myself." Amelia replied.

"Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you." The male Rodian cautioned, "Renz can be found at one of two places; either at his store right here on the Treasure Ship Row called GAR/NET, or at one of the lower city raves. It's a place called '*DA FUNK*.'"

"Okay, thanks." Amelia headed out of the store, when the male Rodian called for her again.

"It's pretty late, and I'm pretty sure that Renz already closed up shop." The male Rodian informed, "You might just want to try the rave right now."

"When does the rave open?" Amelia asked.

"It's always open." The male Rodian answered, "But you won't get in dressed like that."

"Okay, thanks." Amelia said again, and headed out.

Amelia quickly headed back to her motel room and changed into something that would fit a rave goer. She changed into a pair of skin-tight fitting low-cut black pants, and a revealing matching black top. She prettied up her dark red hair so that it was flowing down towards her shoulders, but with a few curls to add bounce to her hair. Then, she hired a taxi and left for the lower levels.

That night, she reached the lower levels of the Blue Sector. It was dark and dirty, but alive with activity. She found the rave, '*DA FUNK*', the Rodian was speaking of, and there was a huge line-up in order to get in. Most of them were young males and females, all of them human; just like her. She saw someone come out of the club; a young, dark olive-skinned, black haired, dark brown eyed individual wearing a nice black business suite with white shirt and a red tie walked right up and past Amelia. She looked back at him, curiously, and then turned her attention to the rave.

She decided to just walk right up there and go in. She bypassed the entire line-up and walked up to the bouncer who was standing by the doorway, letting people in. Immediately, the bouncer, a tall, big muscled, pale-skinned, bald man stopped her.



"Excuse me, but you're going to have to wait in line like everyone else." The bouncer said.

"I don't need to stand in line." Amelia said, using the Force to manipulate his mind.

"You don't need to stand in line." The bouncer said.

"I can go right in." Amelia said.

"You can go right in." The bouncer replied, and stood aside.

Amelia walked into the main entrance of the rave. She was nervous that her powers weren't going to be strong enough; the bouncer was physically strong, but not mentally. She walked past two drunk young ladies carrying and holding one another up as they attempted to walk out the rave. The closer she got in, the louder the music became. The music had a strong electronic beat to it, with a bass that shook the floor as the powerful speakers pounded soundwaves into the air.

She finally entered the rave itself, and the place was completely crowded with young, over-the-top, drunk people; the sight was something she had never seen before, ever. Her senses were overwhelmed for a moment, and she had to catch her breath. The massive dance floor was filled with people dancing to the electronic music, as two people dressed as robots, one with a chrome, slick dome, the other with a silver helmet and red visor, played the music on turntables and various other electronic equipment. Vocals were sung by either of them, but altered through an electronic synthesizer. Lasers, holovideos and various other light effects filled the rave. Coupled with the music, the lasers were perfectly synchronized and made the live show just the more entertaining. People were dancing, screaming and cheering with the beginning of every song, craving more. The music was louder than in the lobby, and she almost couldn't handle it.

She looked around the rave, and tried to spot Renz. If he was in the crowd of people dancing on the dance floor, it would be impossible to locate him. She looked to her right and walked towards the booths and bar. She walked up to the bartender; a white human male.

"Do you know where I can find Renz?" Amelia shouted.

The bartender shook his head as if he didn't hear her.

"Do you know where I can find Renz?" She repeated in a louder voice, almost screaming into his ear.

The bartender pointed towards one of the corner booths, and Amelia nodded her head, thanks. Amelia walked up to the booth, where two big, muscular, bodyguards stood up in front of her.

"I need to talk with him." Amelia told the bodyguards.

The bodyguards crossed their huge, muscular arms across their thick chests in defiance.

"What is it?" Renz asked, as he sipped his durindfire drink. A glowing green alcoholic beverage that tastes quite sweet, but packs a strong punch. Renz, a well groomed, thirty standard years old or so, handsome human male with short brown hair and green eyes, wearing a nice fitting navy blue business suit with a black pin-stripe, a white shirt with a pearl pin-strip, and a red and black tie with diagonal lines across it.

"You Renz?" Amelia asked.

He nodded his head, yes.

"Then I think that you and I have some business to do." Amelia shouted as she leaned in towards Renz.

"Listen kid, the business that I deal with is too expensive for your blood." Renz explained, "So, I'll tell you what, you leave me alone and I won't tell those bouncers over there that you're underage."

"I have credits." Amelia replied.

Renz shook his head and smiled in surprise. Amelia then slammed her credit chip on the table, and stared into his eyes. The table bounced, from the impact, nearly toppling over the empty glasses on top of the beer-soaked table.

"Lot's of credits." Amelia informed.

Renz stared at the credit chip, and then back at her. He thought it over for a few moments.

"Okay, we'll do some business." Renz finally replied, "After I finish my drink."

Renz rose his glass to down the last of his durindfire drink, when Amelia grabbed it from him, and drank it in one gulp. Surprised, Renz laughed.

"You got some spirit kid." Renz said, "Alright, meet me at my store in one hour. You know where that is right?"

Amelia nodded her head, yes.

Renz, and his two bodyguards left the rave, while Amelia hung back and waited to leave for a while. Leaving with Renz might bring some unwanted attention. She listened to music for a little while longer, then decided to leave. She was actually starting to enjoy the music they were playing; it had a good beat to it. She exited the rave via the front entrance, and took a look at the line-up. It was still just as long as when she went in, and it was getting late. She hailed a taxi, and got it to take her to the Treasure Ship Row.

At night the Treasure Ship Row was eerily vacant. All the stores and shops were closed, except for some of the cantinas, tattoo parlours and casinos. It was also darker, and quiet. Although she continually complained about Coronet City being too crowded and busy, this was just strange. She walked down the open-air mall, until she reached Renz' store, GAR/NET. Renz hadn't got there yet, so she waited for him outside the store. She looked across the other side of the mall, where an all-night pawn shop was open. The red lights lighting up the store sign PAWN SHOP, was flickering. Then the A went out completely.

*Interesting.*

Finally, Renz arrived.

"You're late." Amelia said.

"You're early." Renz replied.

Renz then went up to a number pad next to the durasteel gate protecting the front of the store and punched in his nine-digit code.

Two-nine-nine-seven-nine-two-four-five-eight.

The number pad then flipped open, revealing a biometric scanner. The biometric scanner then scanned Renz' retina and thumb-print, and the durasteel gate began to rise off the floor. Finally, the gate rose off the ground completely, and Renz opened the front door to his store, and they both entered. Renz turned on the lights to the store, and it

was surprisingly small. There was only one transparisteel counter with a modest quantity of jewellery displayed. Amelia felt her heart sink.

"That's it?" Amelia asked, "That's your collection of gemstones?"

Renz smiled, and walked into the back room without saying a word.

"I was told you had rare and exotic gemstones... and this is all you have?" Amelia replied, "Fantastic." She whispered under her breath.

Renz then emerged from the back room with two large, black, durasteel suitcases and placed them on the transparisteel counter. Renz then went back and got two more identical suitcases and placed them next to the ones on the transparisteel counter. He then opened all four of them using a thumb-print scanner. Inside each of the large suitcases were panels and panels of gemstones of varying sizes, colours, shapes and luminance. The sight was beautiful to Amelia.

"Wow." Amelia whispered.

"So, what exactly are you looking for?" Renz asked.

"I'm looking for a focusing crystal." Amelia answered.

"I'm not sure what that is; I'm not sure if I even have it." Renz replied, "All I have are exotic gemstones."

"Well, maybe one of these gemstones is what I'm looking for." Amelia replied.

"Okay, well, take a look then." Renz said.

Amelia took a stool and started sorting through each of the gemstones, piece by piece. Individually sensing through the Force if the gemstone had any connection to the Force or not. There were thousands of gemstones to go through. Renz patiently waited by the door of the backroom as Amelia sorted through the gemstones.

"So, tell me Renz, how does one become a smuggler of gemstones?" Amelia asked while going through a small box of gemstones.

"That's a long, sad story little girl." Renz replied.

Amelia looks around the thousand or so gemstones she has to go through and looks back at Renz.

"I've got time." Amelia said with a little laugh at the end.

Renz considered it. He wasn't much for talking, but he was pretty bored standing here waiting for her to finish. He just wanted to get back to the rave; they had his favourite drink there.

"Fine. My mom and dad were both chief geologists working for Lant Mining Corporation on Genesisia." Renz started, "Have you ever been to Genesisia?"

Amelia shook her head, no.

"Too bad; it's a gorgeous planet." Renz continued, "So at an early age, I was exposed to geology and gemstones. But when I was sixteen, both my parents were killed in a mining accident. I had no one. So, Lant Mining Corporation offered to hire me. The money wasn't all that good, and the mining operations were on decline for a long time; they just weren't producing as much as they used to. But, I had no other choice."

Amelia looked up at him, then continued sorting through gemstones.

"So, I worked at the mines for a couple of years. But then some of my friends and I got wind of some underground smugglers that stole the gemstones and precious metals that the mines produced." Renz continued, "A guy by the name of Blake was recruiting miners to steal gemstones so he could smuggle them out. I didn't really know what he was smuggling them for, but rumours said he was helping finance some civil wars on off-world planets. Well, I didn't really care; the pay was better, and I just wanted to get the hell off Genesisia. So, I was recruited to smuggle gemstones. I worked for a while, bought my own ship with the credits that I earned, and here we are."

"That's some story." Amelia replied.

Renz just shrugged. Suddenly, Amelia got really excited. One of the gemstones was giving off massive Force energies that Amelia could sense flowing through her body. Renz recognized that she was excited.

"So, is that the one?" Renz asked.

"I think so." Amelia said with a smile.

The gemstone was beautiful. It was an Ankarres Sapphire that displayed an impressive asterism, a star-like optical phenomenon. Renz took it from her and examined it.

"I remember this gemstone; Ankarres Sapphire." Renz reminisced, "I was quite taken aback when I found it; beautiful gem. Its twenty-five carats, but it has a lot of impurities within its crystal structure which gives it this purple-violet colour instead of the pure blue it should be."

"Uh huh." Amelia said, staring at the gemstone.

"I got it appraised once; the guy told me it was worth twenty seven thousand one hundred and eighty two credits." Renz informed, "I found that to be a rather peculiar number, now that I think about it. Anyways, it would be worth more, if not for the impurities."

"Uh huh." Amelia replied again. She didn't have that many credits with her anyways.

"Tell you what, make it an even twenty five thousand, and it's yours." Renz replied.

"Make it twenty, and you got yourself a deal." Amelia counter-offered.

Renz looked at her oddly, "I thought you said you had the credits?"

"You going to take advantage of a naive, young girl now?" Amelia asked.

Renz thought it over for a while, "Fine, twenty thousand." Renz finally reasoned, "But only because I want to get back to the rave."

They exchanged the credits for the gemstone, and Amelia was on her way out.

"Hey, girly!" Renz shouted, Amelia turned around, "You didn't get that from me."

Amelia nodded, and left the store. It was still dark out, and she was utterly exhausted. She quickly hailed a taxi, and went back to her motel room. She immediately collapsed onto the soft, overused mattress, not bothering to change out of her street clothes, and fell asleep as soon as she laid down.

The next morning, Amelia used her comlink and called her Master from her motel room. The sun was just starting to come up too.

"Dwen?" Amelia asked.

"What is it, Amelia?" Luffa Dwen replied.

"I got it; I got a focusing crystal." Amelia answered.

"That's great!" Luffa Dwen replied, "How much did it cost?"

"Twenty thousand credits." Amelia replied reluctantly.

"Wow, that's expensive." Luffa Dwen replied, "How much do we have left?"

"I think we have three thousand one hundred and forty one credits left." Amelia answered.

"Okay, that should be enough for us to still get out of here." Luffa Dwen replied, "Meet me at the spaceport in one hour."

Luffa Dwen then hung up before Amelia could say another word. Amelia, excited that she finally has all the parts she needs to build a lightsaber, packed up her things, paid for the motel room, and hailed a taxi heading for the Corellian spaceport. The traffic was lighter than usual, but that was probably because it was still early in the morning. The sun was rising, illuminating the sky with red and orange light. The skyline of Corellia was silhouetted against the morning sun; it was an awe inspiring sight.

Within the hour, Amelia arrived at the Corellian spaceport. The spaceport was empty, but Luffa Dwen was already waiting for her; she finally spotted her.

"Amelia!" Luffa Dwen shouted.

"Mast—" Amelia stopped herself, "Dwen. Nice to see you again."

"I'm so glad that you're safe. I was worried about how you'd fair in the Blue Sector." Luffa Dwen confessed. Then gave her a hug.

"I'm alright; I got everything that we need." Amelia said excitedly.

"Good; that's good to hear." Luffa Dwen replied.

"So, when are we leaving?" Amelia asked.

"Soon, the next shuttle out of here comes in about an hour." Luffa Dwen informed.



Amelia just sat back, and relaxed with her Master sitting next to her. Amelia was eager to begin learning the Jedi art of lightsaber combat; she just wanted to ask Master Dwen about so many things, but suppressed the urge to do so. Both of them sat there; not one of them saying a word to one another. Soon enough, the shuttle arrived, and they headed home.

That night, Amelia was eager to build her lightsaber. Although both of them were exhausted from the days long travel, Amelia wanted to build it now. Master Dwen led her outside to meditate in the snow; they sat silently in the snow, breathing slowly, and deeply, falling into a sleep-like trance. The crisp mountain air was cool; their breath visible as they breathed. Master Dwen began instructing Amelia on how to construct a lightsaber.

"The act of building a lightsaber is a long, and exhausting process." Master Dwen started, "It takes great communication with the Force, and great attention to detail. Use the Force to manipulate the parts such that they fit together perfectly."

As Master Dwen was instructing her, Amelia used her abilities over telekinesis to levitate the mechanical parts in order to fit them together. The individual mechanical parts must fit together perfectly in order for the energy blade to function.

"The crystal is the heart of the blade. The heart is the crystal of the Jedi. The Jedi is the crystal of the Force. The Force is the blade of the heart. All are intertwined: the crystal, the blade, the Jedi. You are one." Master Dwen reciting a classic Jedi philosophy of lightsaber construction.

Amelia, using the Force to make the most minute changes in the crystals position. Hours pass, and finally Amelia got them all to fit perfectly. Master Dwen was surprised. It was an incredible feat; most lightsabers would take days or even weeks to be built. The hilt of the lightsaber fell into Amelia's hands, and she activated the blade. The *snap-hiss* of the lightsaber was followed shortly by a meter long blue-violet blade that hummed as Amelia held it. The weapon was impressive, but it felt odd in her hands. Lightsabers were particularly difficult weapons to wield since all of the weight of the weapon was located in the handle, resulting in a very unbalanced weapon. Only Force-users had the necessary skills to safely wield such a weapon.

"Very impressive, my Padawan." Master Dwen replied to her efforts.

"It's so beautiful." Amelia whispered.



"Yes; it's an elegant weapon, from a more noble time." Master Dwen replied, "However, I'm exhausted, and I think you are too. So let's head back inside and we can get you started training with it tomorrow morning."

Amelia reluctantly agreed; she was extremely tired after the construction of her lightsaber. That night, both of them slept well.

The next morning, Amelia was up earlier than usual. Amelia had already gone on her mountain run; even before Master Dwen had awoken. Master Dwen found Amelia sitting in the snow, cross-legged, meditating with her lightsaber in her lap. Master Dwen smiled at the sight, and decided to join her.

"Did you sleep well, Master?" Amelia asked.

"Yes I did, Padawan." Master Dwen replied, "Did you sleep with that thing under your pillow?"

Amelia smiled while her eyes were closed. Together, they called upon the Force to rejuvenate their bodies. After an hour of meditation, Master Dwen eased off and slowly regained waking consciousness again.

"We begin your training now then." Master Dwen replied.

Amelia immediately got up onto her feet and looked her Master in the eyes. Master Dwen activated her green-bladed lightsaber; followed by Amelia activating her blue-violet-bladed lightsaber.

"One of the most fundamental philosophies in lightsaber combat is known as The Three Rings of Defence." Master Dwen instructed, "These are three target zones, or rings, that you must protect in order to survive a lightsaber duel. The outer ring has four guard positions; upper right, upper left, lower right and lower left." Master Dwen shows Amelia the angled blocking motions as she is reciting them, "The outer ring gives you a stronger defence against more powerful strikes; however, they take long to erect. The middle ring also has four guard positions; right, left, top and bottom. These are close body, horizontal and vertical blocks that are used to deflect quicker, and less powerful strikes." Master Dwen again showing her the blocking motions. "These are also most effective against blaster bolts. The last, and most important, is the inner ring. This ring is the closest to the body, and is primarily used to parry against lunges and

other attacks directed at your core body." Master Dwen showing Amelia the close body lightsaber parries to deflect incoming thrusts and lunges, similar to fencing techniques.

Master Dwen and Padawan Amelia practice the movements and blocks using their lightsabers, but at reduced speed. The movements were essential to understanding lightsaber combat, and without The Three Rings of Defence, a duellist would perish quickly. The training took hours, but Amelia got the hang of it quickly.

"Now to begin giving you a combat style. There are seven classical lightsaber techniques or forms that all Jedi must know and understand, as well as three hybrid forms. Makashi is an elegant lightsaber form. It teaches that timing, accuracy, precision, skill and great focus will break your enemy; not physical strength." Master Dwen started.

Master Dwen and Amelia were standing side-by-side about five metres apart. Master Dwen showed Amelia the opening stance of Makashi; the single-handed low guard salute. Amelia copied the move.

"Makashi requires you to concentrate on every single movement, whether it be your lightsaber or body, with great care. The movements of Makashi are fluid and elegant; your lightsaber is part of your body, and if you move fluidly, your lightsaber will as well. The point is to make effortless parries through elegant, efficient and fluid movements, that tire your opponent, but leave you feeling fresh." Master Dwen instructed.

Master Dwen went through a simple set of single-handed fluid movements integral to Makashi. The movements were basic single-handed parries, quick thrusts, and small but precise cuts at certain angles for disarmament. Amelia attempted to copy her movements, but the lightsaber, a new weapon in her hands, made her inelegant and clunky. The lightsaber was an unusual, and unbalanced weapon, where all the weight of the weapon was held in the hilt, and not the blade.

"The Force is simply used for focus; multitasking is an integral part of Makashi. Anticipation is key." Master Dwen continued.

Master Dwen fell into a waking trance, allowing herself to call upon the Force to help guide her movements.

"Footwork, body movements, everything must be kept in check for Makashi to be effective. Makashi requires a single straight approach, and simple backwards and forwards movements while using the single-handed fluid movements to parry, and

strike at your opponent while they tire themselves." Master Dwen continued, "Makashi is a style based on balance, back-and-forth movements, thrusts and sudden retreats. Elegance, gallantry, enchantment, finesse, artfulness, and economy are core aspects of Makashi. Master this form, and you will be unstoppable in lightsaber combat."

Amelia was completely taken aback the incredibly complex nature of lightsaber combat, and in particular, the combat philosophy of Makashi, the second lightsaber form.

"Master..." Amelia started with a wide-eyed expression.

"This is a complex set of lightsaber movements, Amelia. I understand. But I believe that you can master this form, if you really want to." Master Dwen replied, "But in order to succeed, you must calm yourself; you must focus yourself at the task at hand."

Amelia nodded her head in agreement.

"However, as with every lightsaber form, with certain advantages, there are weaknesses. Makashi is no different." Master Dwen informed, "Makashi has certain weaknesses against blaster bolts; and multiple adversaries tend to be a problem. However, these two can be overcome with great skill and great communion with the Force. The greatest flaw in the form is that more powerful attacks can breakdown the Makashi defence. This is where economy becomes ever more important. If you cannot break down an opponent's defences quickly enough using Makashi, then you run the risk of having your defences broken down. Understand?"

Amelia nodded her head, yes.

"Okay, then let's start teaching you the basic footwork." Master Dwen suggested.

For the entire day, and for most of the week, Master Dwen taught Amelia the precise footwork and body movements that she would need to integrate into her fighting style with a lightsaber. From footwork came arm, wrist and shoulder movements that, when combined with body and footwork, give the practitioner a fluid and elegant lightsaber form. Padawan Amelia still remained rigid and unfamiliar with the lightsaber form, but kept at it for the months she trains with her Master. Her physical and Force training remained an integral part of her training to become a Jedi, but she was much more enthusiastic about her lightsaber training.

**One And A Half Standard Years Later: 131.5 ABY:**

One and a half standard years have passed since Amelia constructed her own lightsaber. During that time, Amelia has grown powerful in the Force. Master Dwen has taught her many Force techniques that allow her to use the Force during combat in order to enhance her already extraordinary physical abilities. Amelia can already use the Force to enhance her lightsaber and other combat skills, Force Valour; use the Force to shield and protect her, Force Aura; provide a temporary boost in speed and agility, Burst of Speed; use telekinesis effectively and efficiently; resist certain Force and energy attacks; and manipulate the minds of the weak-willed. Her progress has been incredible, much faster than any other Jedi that Master Dwen has taught. Each technique requires months and even years to be able to call upon at will, but Amelia required only weeks to understand.

There is only one technique that Amelia hasn't learned yet; it's a healing technique whereby you call upon the Force to heal and mend injuries that you sustained during combat. Master Dwen has used this technique in the past to heal Amelia's aching muscles so that she could train more and harder, but Amelia never knew how to do it herself.

Amelia and Master Dwen were duelling with one another. Amelia's progress with a lightsaber has been equally impressive. Although she only knows the basics of Shii-Cho, she has excelled in the complicated but elegant form of Makashi. Master Dwen has told Amelia that she now possesses knighthood-level of proficiency in Makashi, meaning she possesses the necessary skills to advance her into knighthood, but she hasn't passed the Trials yet.

Master Dwen was using a defensive form, known as Soresu, in order to repel Amelia's fluid and elegant one handed attacks of Makashi. The lightsaber duel, although just training, was still fast and furious. The clashing of the lightsabers could be heard reverberating off the rocky cliffs and outcrops of the mountains; the small explosions of light as the energy blades clash temporarily lit up the late afternoon. Amelia tried using many of the small cuts, thrusts, and complicated wrist work to breakdown and defeat her Masters superior defensive form.

Frustrated, Amelia employed the simultaneous use of Force Valour, Force Aura and Burst of Speed to defeat her Master. These three Force techniques, when used in conjunction, make for a formidable opponent. Amelia's strikes are harder, stronger, and more precise; her reflexes are faster, and stronger; the speed and agility, that much more enhanced. Master Dwen had a hard time trying to defend and block all of her quick and fluid attacks. Each of Amelia's strikes flowed from one to the next, making it

hard for Master Dwen to anticipate the attacks. Amelia, getting more frustrated, broke technique and went for a big overhead, downward strike. Master Dwen parried with a horizontal block, then used a powerful Force Wave that threw Amelia up and backwards. Amelia's eyes widened from shock, then the powerful pressure wave hit her. Amelia was lifted off the ground, then she hit the snow covered ground hard; her lightsaber fell out of her hands as she slid backwards through the mud and snow. Then, all of a sudden, Master Dwen was on top of her with the tip of her green-bladed lightsaber pointed directly at her. Amelia slammed her fist into the ground in anger.

"You should never break technique." Master Dwen instructed, "Once you broke your technique, and gave into your emotions, and the duel was lost to you."

Amelia laid on the snow covered ground, not saying a word; she brooded, angrily. She was frustrated with herself.

"Calm child, winning shouldn't be your main intention." Master Dwen instructed, "When winning becomes all you desire, the act of winning itself becomes worse than losing. It is better to lose well, than win badly. It is always better to end a confrontation peacefully, rather than win or lose. Understand, Padawan?"

Amelia pondered the statement for a while. Amelia then got up, and looked into her Master's eyes.

"Yeah, I guess." Amelia replied, "But it's a lot cleaner to win."

Amelia looked down to see her chest and the back of her robe completely covered in mud. They both laughed, and Master Dwen gave her a hug.

"Don't feel too bad; although you lost the duel, you accomplished something else." Master Dwen stated.

"What, Master?" Amelia asked curiously.

"By utilizing three powerful tier one Force techniques simultaneously, you have proven yourself proficient in both the understanding and execution of Force powers during combat." Master Dwen informed, "This is crucial for a Jedi. I believe that you just passed your first trial; The Trial of Knowledge."

Amelia was overjoyed.

"You have taken your first step towards being a Jedi Knight." Master Dwen stated.

"Thank you, Master." Amelia said.

"Now, it is time that you learned another Force technique, however, this one is incredibly difficult to harness and call upon." Master Dwen instructed, "It requires deep concentration, incredible thought, and a profound understanding of the Force and of the light-side."

"What is it, Master?" Amelia asked.

"It is a Force Healing technique; you may call upon the Force to heal your injuries, and with greater skill and concentration, possibly those around you as well." Master Dwen informed, "Let's begin."

Together, they sat in the snow with their legs crossed, and their eyes closed. Master Dwen and Amelia slip into the common Force trance that they have done every day for the past year and a half. Then, with careful instruction, Master Dwen began teaching her the art of Force Healing.

The technique was incredibly difficult to understand and even more difficult to call upon. Weeks pass as Master Dwen and Amelia attempt to call upon this most sacred of Force techniques. All other training ceases; Amelia and her Master only concentrate on trying to learn this technique. Nearly a month passes, and Amelia thought she finally understands the technique, and is able to call upon it. The technique was exhausting mentally, but was able to rejuvenate aching muscles, and heal injuries; a powerful technique indeed.

"Let's begin your training once more." Master Dwen suggested.

"Anything that gets my butt off that cold, wet ground." Amelia joked.

Amelia activated her blue-violet-bladed lightsaber and took a single-handed low guard; the Makashi salute. Master Dwen took the classic Soresu stance, single-handed mid-guard with the tip pointed directly at Amelia. They stared at each other for a moment; their lightsabers hum in the background.

"Today's the day, Master." Amelia said.

Amelia, using a Burst of Speed, attacked Master Dwen using a series of single-handed strikes. The lightsaber duel was incredibly fast; the movements appear as a blur to outsiders. Amelia's attacks were stronger per strike, faster and more precise than ever



before. Master Dwen struggled to keep up with the blows; she sometimes even had to retreat into the inner most ring of defence to block them. Amelia used the small, precise cuts of Makashi perfectly; the thrusts, dangerous. Master Dwen only struck back at Amelia when she left herself open to attack; not an often occurrence, but often enough. Each time Master Dwen struck at Amelia, the green-bladed lightsaber blade came dangerously close to her body. Only because of her speed and incredible sense of anticipation does she block her Master's strikes. However, Amelia all of sudden must take the defensive; her Master now took the offensive. Amelia's concentration had been broken down, and Amelia was retreating backwards in the duel. Amelia was used to being on the offensive; she never really had to defend herself. Amelia's technique breaks down; her Master's strikes were unrelenting. Suddenly, Master Dwen smacked Amelia's lightsaber aside, and slashed downward across Amelia's leg. The lightsaber strike, although just a surface nick, was incredibly painful; a quick jolt of pain surged up her spine, then a throbbing, almost radiating, pain started to emanate from the lightsaber wound. Amelia's left leg was completely incapacitated, and she fell towards the ground, gripping her leg in agony. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she screamed in anger and pain. Suddenly, Amelia unleashed a violent burst of uncontrolled Force energy that miraculously heal her wound. But instead of utilizing the control and discipline of the light-side of the Force that she was taught, she used her raw emotions to fuel her powers; thus using the perverted dark-side equivalent.

Master Dwen was completely taken aback by her Padawan's actions; the sudden surge of dark-side energies almost toppled the Jedi Master off her feet. Amelia, kneeling one knee, was face down and crying. Master Dwen knelt down in front of her, and checked her wound. The strike across her leg has been healed, but she sensed something wrong inside her Padawan. Master Dwen lifted Amelia's face; tears freely ran down her cheek, and her iris' were red and sulphur-yellow. Amelia has just had her first encounter with the dark-side.

### **The Temple of the Sith, Coruscant:**

The Temple of the Sith, a former vestige of the old Jedi Order. The temple itself was made of black and grey stone in the typical ziggurat style of the Jedi, with four spires at each corner. Crimson transparisteel windows line the steps of the ziggurat structure, making for a dark appearance. A large gaping hole sits at the top of the ziggurat, as well as each of the four spires, where a constant stream of fire and smoke billow out. The air and atmosphere surrounding the Temple of the Sith was murky, dusty, smoggy and dark because of it.

Darth Krayt, self-proclaimed Emperor of the galaxy, sat on his throne in his chambers. His chambers was large, empty and the black stone created vast shadows; stone pillars held up the high ceiling. Behind Darth Krayt's throne was a large window with the skyline of Coruscant silhouetted against dark skies; through the towering skyscrapers and the infinite lines of airspeeders, Darth Krayt gazed upon the faint whitish illuminated Rings of Coruscant, a remnant of the Yuuzhan Vong invasion when they annexed Coruscant and crushed its largest moon to make the system of planetary rings.

Darth Krayt had a menacing appearance; his helmet was dark grey with thorns and horns protruding from it, similar to that of a Krayt Dragon on his homeworld of Tatooine. His eyes were terrifying and strong; one iris was blue, while the other was blood red. Tattoos from his former days as a Jedi still covered his face, although they were slightly faded with age. His chest, appendages, and back were completely covered with a dark grey and black, spiny and jagged surge-coral from his capture by the Yuuzhan Vong. The Yuuzhan Vong used the surge-coral as implants for slaves; the surge-coral was able to receive commands from a telepathic creature known as a yammosk, also known as a war coordinator. His back, in particular, had massive spiny, rough, and razor-sharp growths protruding from out the flesh because of the surge-coral. The rest of his armour, including his chest plate and gauntlets were in similar styling, modified from a Yuuzhan Vong vonduun crab armour, or Vonduun Skerr Kyrric; vonduun crabs were literally individual living creatures with exoskeletons strong enough to resist lightsabers.

Suddenly, Darth Krayt sensed a powerful Force user in the galaxy; a touch of the dark-side rippled throughout the galaxy. The newly formed Sith Empire that Darth Krayt had forged was still in its infancy; for it to grow, powerful dark-side users must be gathered.

"Darth Nihl." Darth Krayt ordered; the sound of his voice echoed off the stone walls of the dark and nearly empty chamber room.

"Yes, my Lord." Darth Nihl obliged, "What is thy will?"

Darth Nihl, the Dark Lord's Hand, was a frightening figure. A Nagai, he bore the black geometric tattoos that was commonly found among the present members of the One Sith Order, but with his pale white skin intact. His long black hair, blood red eyes, and muscular body all struck fear into his enemies. He sported black and red armour in a menacing fashion, coupled with his unusual yorik coral lightsaber staff.



"I sense someone powerful in the Force; I need you to bring this person before me at once!" Darth Krayt ordered.

"Yes, my Lord." Darth Nihl obliged.

"Make no mistakes this time, Darth Nihl." Darth Krayt warned, "Take Darth Krypt and his knights with you."

"Yes, my Lord." Darth Nihl obliged.

Darth Nihl calmly walked out of Darth Krayt's chamber room and prepared for his hunt. Darth Krayt simply stared off into the darkness as he awaited his return.

### **Master Dwen's Cabin, Corellia:**

It was now dusk, and several hours since Amelia's touch with the dark-side. The sun was setting behind the mountains, and a blackish-blue night was filling the sky with stars. An eerie purplish-blue aura seemed to hover just above the mountains, like a halo. Her body still showed signs of the dark-side; her skin was paler, and her iris' still showed the classic red and sulphur-yellow colouration. Amelia had a brown blanket covering her as she and her Master sat next to a crackling fire outside the cabin. Both stared blankly into the orange-yellow flame as the sun went down.

"Amelia, what you've just experienced is the dark-side of the Force." Master Dwen explained, "It is the more seductive path of the Force; but undisciplined and unchecked."

"It felt powerful." Amelia stated in a shivering voice.

"No, Amelia. What you felt was your emotions fuelling the Force." Master Dwen explained further, "Although you might have felt stronger in that moment, over time and with extensive use, the dark-side will corrupt and corrode your body, and eventually destroy you."

Amelia said nothing; she simply stared into the large roaring fire in front of her.

"You must learn to detach yourself from yourself." Master Dwen explained, "You must learn control, calm, peace, balance, and harmony. If not, the Force will control you, not you it."

"I see." Amelia whispered.

"It is a trait that every Jedi must learn." Master Dwen informed, "That is The Trial of the Flesh."

Amelia lowered her head in shame, "I'm sorry, Master."

"A Jedi's true mastery, is that of yourself. Discipline is the Jedi way." Master Dwen stated.

"Have you?" Amelia asked.

"Have I... touched the dark-side?" Master Dwen replied.

Amelia nodded her head, yes.

"About a year ago, after the attack on the Ossus Academy, I was in a dark place." Master Dwen answered, "Maybe not the dark-side, but not a good place, nevertheless."

"You never talk about it." Amelia added, "Your past, I mean."

"It is not a place of pleasant memories." Master Dwen replied.

"Why?" Amelia asked.

"It's hard to go back." Master Dwen answered, "During the attack on Ossus, two of my former Padawan's, Ze Orunitia and Sareth Dorn, were killed. Younglings, students and Masters were all massacred during the attack."

Amelia simply sat and listened to her Master speak of her past.

"After I escaped the attack, I was in a dark place. I felt angry, and hateful for those that participated in the attack; I felt sorrow for those that died. The weeks after the attack, I wallowed in self-pity and doubt. That is, until I met you."

Master Dwen looked at Amelia. Amelia was shocked.

"You gave my life purpose again." Master Dwen replied, "Thank you."

Amelia pondered the words for the rest of the night. They both sat silently on wooden logs staring at the roaring fire in front of them for the rest of the night.

Over the past standard week, both Amelia and Master Dwen have been sparring and training with their lightsabers. Amelia has become very proficient with Makashi,

but her only failing was that she often loses focus during long duels. However, her technique was flawless; as good as any master of Makashi could be.

Today, however, was one of the few days where Amelia got a break from training. Her Master has instructed her to head into town to get some food and other supplies. Although it was a thirty kilometre hike there and back, it was a lot less challenging than most of her training had been. She headed down the mountain pass five kilometres, wearing only the typical tan and brown Jedi garments and robes. It was a clear and warm day. As she reached the end of the mountain pass, four figures wearing black robes were waiting. She thought nothing of them, and continued walking. Suddenly, she felt a disturbance in the Force.

*Danger.*

A red blaster bolt from her right side coming from the forest streaked past her, just missing her. A second blaster bolt came straight at her, but she managed to deflect the bolt; the red bolt ricocheted off her blue-violet-bladed lightsaber wildly. Her training, thus far, hadn't trained her against blaster bolts; they have been mostly biased towards lightsaber combat. However, her incredible speed, instincts and reflexes made up for the lack of training, and she managed to deflect the bolts hurdling towards her. A barrage of red blaster bolts were fired towards her. Most of them struck just to the side or just in front of her, and the few that actually came towards her, she managed to deflect.

Amelia reached out with the Force, and sensed the attackers. They surrounded her, and they were in much greater numbers than she would have originally thought. She quickly made a mad dash into the forest, directly towards the closest attacker. Amelia leapt into air and drove her lightsaber in front of her. The blue-violet-bladed lightsaber pierced the attacker through the chest; it was a stormtrooper.

*Imperials.*

The red blaster bolts followed her movements, but most struck the trees surrounding her. She manoeuvred through the forest; weaving in and out, jumping up and down, ducking below branches while deflecting blaster bolts on the run. Her rigorous and difficult training proved valuable. She used the Force to speed her movements through the forest; she quickly dispatched the stormtroopers that were taking cover behind trees and fallen logs. After she dispatched five of the stormtroopers, the rest began to move towards her and flank her. She charged straight at them with a fury, slashing and stabbing through the muddy white plastoid armour

the stormtroopers were wearing. They didn't stand a chance against her. She leapt into the air and jabbed her lightsaber into the stormtroopers neck or chest; taking powerful strikes across the chest, or stabs them in the heart. Ten, then twenty stormtroopers lay dead at her feet. Some were decapitated, others were simply stabbed in the heart or slashed across the chest. Others that particularly infuriated her had arms and legs severed before she ended them. However, in her unrelenting fury, she lost focus of her surroundings, and was caught off-guard.

"Hand's up." A stormtrooper said behind his white helmet.

The stormtrooper was standing behind her with his ARC-9965 blaster rifle fixed directly on her. Amelia looked over her shoulder slightly, in order to gauge his distance from her. He was too far for a simple slash across his chest. She then looked forward, she noticed she was standing in front of a large tree. With lightning fast movements, Amelia cut the tree at the base such that the tree would fall towards her. She quickly moved out of the way as the tree toppled forward. The stormtrooper, confused and frightened stood helplessly as the tree fell on top of him. The rather large trunk of the tree crushed the stormtrooper, shattering his muddy white plastoid armour, breaking bones and puncturing vital organs. Blood spilled out of the wounds and pooled on the dirt ground on which he lay. The stormtrooper wasn't dead, not yet, but soon would be. His muscles started twitching as his body slowly died. Amelia stared at the fallen stormtrooper as he slowly died.

Amelia walked out of the forest, quite pleased with her performance and ability to improvise. When she looked up towards the path, she could see the four black robed individuals standing there, looking down and holding something in their hands. One individual, the tallest and largest of the four, was standing behind the other three, who were standing side-by-side. Amelia reactivated her lightsaber and presented the Makashi salute; the *snap-hiss* sound caused the front three to activate their crimson-bladed lightsabers. They took off their hoods, and revealed their faces. They were frightening; one was a male Duros with red and black geometric tattoos covering his bulbous face; another was a female Theelin, she had wild red and black hair, black spots on her face, neck and upper chest, as well as the red and black geometric tattoos; the last was a male Nautolan, with gold rings on his fourteen head tentacles and similar black geometric tattoos darkening his already dark-green skin.

Without warning, the Duros leapt into the air with his crimson-bladed lightsaber raised above his bulbous head, preparing for a downward slash. Amelia reacted quickly; she sprinted forward and thrust her lightsaber upwards into the Duros' chest.

The Duros fell straight onto her lightsaber, impaling himself on the blue-violet blade; then with great power, Amelia used the Force to push the Duros off her lightsaber and backwards. His dead body fell hard, and his yorik coral lightsaber rolled on the ground; a trickle of blood ran out of his lipless mouth, and his red eyes rolled back into his head.

The two remaining adversaries charged at her. Both were using aggressive lightsaber forms that she had never seen before, but her skills with Makashi were able to deflect and defend their powerful strikes. She still employed the classic single-handed style, but occasionally had to use two hands on the hilt to deflect more powerful strikes. Their movements were a blur, and Amelia could only defend herself by using the Force to anticipate their movements. The clash of the lightsabers was deafening to Amelia, and her muscles were wearing down faster than they had during training. Their strikes were strong and powerful, but she was graceful and fluidal. She was sweating profusely; the sweat was getting into eyes, obstructing her vision.

*Makashi isn't good for multiple opponents.*

Suddenly, both opponents struck at Amelia at the same time, using an overhead downward strike. Amelia blocked the attack with a high guard horizontal block. They were engaged in a sabre-lock, with her two opponents pushing down on her with all their strength. She looked into their eyes, their faces; they had pure anger in them. They were harnessing the dark-side; it made them stronger. Not what her Master told her. In a desperate move, Amelia pushed the Theelin with the Force, knocking her back and into a tree, while she broke the sabre-lock with the Nautolan. Amelia kicked him in the chest, knocking him back. Then, with a fury, Amelia unleashed her lightsaber against him.

*Makashi is ideal for one-on-one combat.*

All of her skill, all her training, were used against her opponent. Her movements were faster; her strikes were more precise. Her footwork was completely in sync with her body; her lightsaber was an extension of herself. The Nautolan had a hard time defending against her attacks. The lightsaber duel was furious; the clash of lightsabers was deafening. The explosions of light were all Amelia could see at times, as she twirled, and spun following the precise movements and motions of Makashi. As the fight progressed, the Nautolan's defences were wearing down, and Amelia's attacks were getting more savage, but never broke form. Suddenly, Amelia broke his guard, and in one perfect fluid motion, severed his fighting arm, *cho sun*, and decapitated him, *sai cha*. The Nautolan's dead body fell onto the muddy ground with a thud, while his

head rolled to a stop; his black eyes were wide open, and his face was contorted into an expression of shock.

The Theelin leapt into the air and lashed out at Amelia. Amelia had to side-step and parry the vicious attack, defending her inner ring. Once again, Amelia used all her skill of Makashi to attack and defend herself, but her muscles are weak and tired. Amelia used Force Valour and Force Aura to give herself a boost of strength and endurance in order to compensate. The Theelin's strikes were hard to defend against with the elegant form of Makashi. However, Amelia managed. In desperation, the Theelin sent out a single bolt of lightning from her fingertips hurdled directly towards Amelia. Amelia was taken completely by surprise, and the first bolt struck Amelia in the left shoulder, burning the flesh and making the shoulder muscle twitch and spasm uncontrollably. Amelia anticipated the second bolt of lightning, and managed to block it; the electrical energy surging through her blue-violet-bladed lightsaber. The lightning bolt crackled and sizzled as it touched the energy blade. The Theelin suddenly broke off the lightning attack and charged at Amelia. The Theelin leapt into the air and over Amelia. Amelia, anticipating the move, slashed upward over her head with her lightsaber in pure anger. Two halves of the Theelin fell to the muddy ground, a *sai tok*, a motion usually frowned upon by the Jedi because of its dark-side nature. Amelia, just for a moment, stared at the dead Theelin's body; her skin was pale grey, and covered in cracks.

Amelia looked up at the last remaining opponent, who has just been standing in the same position observing the fight. He took off his black hood and revealed his face to her. The large opponent is a male Devaronian, with similar red and black geometric tattoos as the other three. His eyes are red and sulphur-yellow, just like hers when she touched the dark-side. His two massive horns are black and sharpened at the tips for an even more frightening sight. He was huge, standing nearly twice as tall as her; his muscles were enormous, his arms were like the trunks of the trees surrounding her.

"Impressive." He said in a deep, rumbling bass voice, "I am Darth Krypt."

Amelia didn't respond. Every instinct inside her told her to run, but she stood her ground. She readied her lightsaber for an impending attack.

"We don't want to hurt you." Darth Krypt said, "We just want you to see our Master, the Dark Lord of the Sith."

"I've got one, thanks." Amelia replied sarcastically.



Darth Krypt shook his head, "Shame."

Suddenly, with Master Speed, Darth Krypt charged at her. She couldn't even see him until he was right in front of her. He slammed his crimson-bladed yorik coral lightsaber down hard on top of her head; she barely had time to block the attack. A short burst of light emanated from the smash, followed by a shower of sparks. The sheer power of his attack sent her backwards and off her feet. She laid there in his massive shadow for a moment, before rolling to the side to avoid another overhead slam that struck the ground that she occupied just moments before. Amelia quickly got to her feet and began her attack against the hulking mass of muscle. Her rather elegant, but delicate attacks did nothing to off-balance Darth Krypt. Darth Krypt easily blocked and parried her attacks, and occasionally attacked himself. His attacks were long, over-arching powerful attacks; each impact of his lightsaber against hers knocked her off-balance, throwing off her concentration and focus, and sometimes off her feet completely.

"You can't defeat me, child. You will perish by my hands." Darth Krypt taunted. It was a common Sith-technique where you verbally break your opponents will to fight, called *Dun Möch*.

Amelia laid there for a moment. She held up her lightsaber to block the relentless overhead smashes Darth Krypt was dealing. Finally, she Force Pushed him away, and quickly got back onto her feet, and continued her strike. She used every technique she could muster; Force Valour, Force Aura, Burst of Speed. But even together, they didn't seem like enough to defeat him. He was faster, and stronger; but, his weakness seems to be the lack of control. His attacks, although strong, were wild. His long, over-arching strikes, if they connected, were devastating; however, more often than not, they missed her completely. Coupled with that, he was slow on his feet; the hulking mass of muscle hinder his ability for agility. Amelia had speed and agility on her side; she decided to use it. She would lose a straight-up lightsaber duel with him, but if she could manoeuvre around, and strike his body elsewhere, she could bring him down.

Once again, the massive Devaronian charged up a massive overhead downward smash against Amelia, aiming straight for her head. Amelia blocked the brutal attack, barely, and held against his lightsaber for as long as she could. The sabre-lock was tough for Amelia to hold; Darth Krypt was using the entire weight of his body to force his lightsaber down onto hers. Suddenly, Amelia used a powerful Force Push directed upwards at the lightsaber to break the sabre-lock. This caught the Devaronian off guard, and got him off-balance. Amelia then quickly reversed the grip on her lightsaber, then



spun around in a circle twice, slashing his belly and knees with her lightsaber, causing the Devaronian to drop to his knees. The Devaronian, realizing his fate, tried a last-ditch effort to strike at Amelia; however, her fluid movements allowed her to cut off his weapon arm, *cho sun*, and decapitate him, *sai cha*. The Devaronian's head dropped into the mud and his lifeless body followed. Amelia stared down at the four lifeless bodies of her opponents before her feet, as well as the twentyish muddied white armoured stormtroopers that littered the forest. She felt a surge of strength and power return to her as she stared at their lifeless bodies. The feeling was confusing, but she emerged victorious, none the less. Quickly, she grabbed the Devaronian's yorik coral lightsaber, and ran up the mountain pass towards the cabin to inform her Master.

Darth Nihl on the other hand, watching from a vantage point high on a cliff overlooking the mountain pass, was displeased with the performance of the Sith Master and his knights. He watched her as she sprinted up the mountain with a Force-enhanced stride. Darth Nihl followed her on the cliff that he stood on with thirty more stormtroopers following behind him.

It took Amelia nearly thirty standard minutes for her to travel the five kilometres, uphill, to get back to the cabin. Master Dwen was confused about seeing her back so early. Master Dwen went outside to greet her, but sensed from afar that something was wrong.

"What is it, Amelia?" Master Dwen asked.

"I was attacked!" Amelia shouted.

"By whom?" Master Dwen demanded to know.

Amelia handed her the yorik coral crimson-bladed lightsaber. Amelia was out of breath, and exhausted by the battle and the run up the mountain. Master Dwen stared down at the weapon with a rage; she gripped the handle firmly, almost hard enough for the black, jagged yorik coral to dig into the flesh of her palms. She looked back up at Amelia, who was doubled-over, and wheezing.

"Breathe, Padawan." Master Dwen responded.

"What were they, Master?" Amelia asked while out of breath.

Master Dwen paused for a moment, pondering the words she will use to describe the situation.

"Sith." Master Dwen answered, "The sworn enemy of the Jedi."

"I could sense the dark-side in them." Amelia stated.

"Yes; they are slaves to it." Master Dwen confirmed.

"Slaves!" A deep voice shouted from the forest, "The Jedi are the slaves; slaves to discipline, and peace."

Both Amelia and Master Dwen activated their lightsabers. They stood side-by-side, awaiting the attack. The hum of the lightsabers at rest was all they could hear for a moment.

"The Jedi don't give into emotions; we control the Force, not the other way 'round, Sith!" Master Dwen confronted.

"Typical. Another ignorant, idealistic Jedi." The voice spoke.

Out from the path which Amelia came, Darth Nihl appeared, and behind him was another platoon of stormtroopers. The stormtroopers marched in front of Darth Nihl and fired their blasters at the two Jedi. Master Dwen took charge and deflected the blaster bolts directly back at the shooters. Amelia also aided in deflecting bolts, but hers were wild and undirected. Quickly, several stormtroopers fell by their own bolts.

"Cease fire!" Darth Nihl ordered.

Darth Nihl walked past the stormtroopers and stood in front of the two Jedi. He smiled, and activated his lightsaber staff; it was an unusual weapon, the hilt is nearly two-thirds his body length, and at one end was a ring big enough to fit his hands. He activated the weapon; Master Dwen took a one handed high guard opening stance, while Amelia took the classic Makashi salute.

"Welcome to your doom, Jedi." Darth Nihl taunted.

Together, they attacked Darth Nihl. Master Dwen was using a lightsaber form that she had never seen before; a perfect balance between attack and defence. Amelia continued to use her Makashi-based attacks. Darth Nihl, however, was both strong like Darth Krypt, but more elegant and agile than he was. Darth Nihl was the most difficult opponent that either of them had ever faced.

Darth Nihl used his lightsaber staff with deadly accuracy; using long, over-arching attacks, coupled with quick cuts and powerful thrusts. The long reach of the lightsaber staff also kept Amelia and Master Dwen from getting close enough to deal a killer blow. The acrobatic motions of Darth Nihl was surprising; he used the Force to

leap, jump, roll and evade attacks. Both Master Dwen and Amelia tried everything they could, but they couldn't defeat his defences. Their lightsabers would clash hard against his, but that didn't bother him. Both Amelia and Master Dwen were fighting in harmony; when one would attack high, the other went low. Yet, Darth Nihl was still able to hold his own.

Then, both Amelia and Master Dwen attacked Darth Nihl simultaneously with overhead downward strikes. Darth Nihl blocked the attacks with a horizontal parry, then kicked Master Dwen in the chest and flipped backwards, breaking the sabre-lock. Master Dwen got the wind knocked out of her, and she fell backwards, hitting the trunk of a tree; she struck the trunk of the tree with tremendous force, knocking her out cold. Amelia was now all alone fighting Darth Nihl. Amelia charged directly at him with her lightsaber wildly swinging at him; she lost her focus and concentration, and her technique broke down.

In a flash, Darth Nihl leapt into the air and kicked her in the jaw. The force of the impact, coupled with the sudden pain, knocked her off her feet and into the snowy, muddy ground. Amelia pointed her lightsaber at Darth Nihl, futilely trying to defend herself, but Darth Nihl knocked the lightsaber out of her hands. The lightsaber deactivated and flew into the forest out-of-sight. Amelia tried to crawl away from Darth Nihl, but was exhausted from the over-exertion. Quickly, Darth Nihl stabbed Amelia in the right shoulder, pinning her to the ground. She screamed in pain, and tears ran down her face as a result. Amelia looked up at Darth Nihl, her eyes red and sulphur-yellow; he smiled, then kicked her in the face, knocking her out cold.

Master Dwen regains consciousness, only to witness her Padawan fall at the hands of the Sith Lord, "No!" Master Dwen screamed in agony.

Master Dwen got back up onto her feet, and charged at Darth Nihl. Her attacks are precise, her will stronger than ever. Their lightsabers clashed; the sounds of the explosions made are thunderous. However, Darth Nihl grew bored and tired of the fight. He unleashed a powerful Force Wave that sent Master Dwen flying through the air, finally hitting a thick tree trunk, shattering her left arm upon impact. Pain weaved through her body; she clutched her arm to support it. The white armoured stormtroopers approached her with their blasters drawn.

"We don't need her. Eliminate the Jedi." Darth Nihl ordered.

Master Dwen's eyes went wide, then blaster bolts were fired towards her. Using only her one good arm, and all the strength she could muster, she deflected the blaster

bolts back at the stormtroopers. She retreated into the forest, and the stormtroopers pursued.

Darth Nihl stared down at the unconscious Amelia, and picked her up off the ground. She was covered in sweat, blood, dirt and mud from the battle. In the distance, Darth Nihl could hear the stormtroopers firing wildly, and the distinctive sound of blaster bolts being deflected off a lightsaber. Without looking back, Darth Nihl walked down the mountain trail with Amelia in his arms. As he walked down the mountain trail, the sound of blaster bolts become fainter, and the deflections were only *cracks* as they reverberated off the mountain cliffs.

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*Fall*

### The Temple of the Sith, Coruscant:

Deep in the Temple of the Sith, Darth Maladi, Sith Head of Intelligence and Assassination, worked on Amelia. Darth Maladi was one of Darth Krayt's most loyal and gifted servants. She was a Devaronian, with long, black, flowing hair, and red and sulphur-yellow eyes. Her skin had been tattooed with red and black geometric patterns.

Darth Maladi's laboratory was located in the former Jedi Temple infirmary. The laboratory was dark, with black and grey stone walls, bacta tanks that glowed red and torture droids. Amelia, meanwhile, was chained to a black durasteel torture table that was oriented vertically, standing her up. She had been stripped down to her undergarments, and sweat was pouring down her face and chest. Darth Maladi had already injected a high-dose of ixetal cilona, the main ingredient in death sticks; the hallucinogen worked fast, and Amelia immediately saw terrifying visions of her surroundings. She both saw and heard terrible things all around her. Through her eyes, her visions were waving and undulating, with glowing greens and purples. Suddenly, Darth Krayt and Darth Nihl emerged together from the darkness. Both their images were terrifying. Amelia tried to use the Force to heal herself, but the toxins were far too powerful for her to purge from her body.

"Do you know who I am, child?" Darth Krayt asked.

"No... Should I?" Amelia said while quaking.

"I am Darth Krayt, Dark Lord of the Sith and Emperor of the galaxy." Darth Krayt stated, he then pointed to Darth Nihl, "You already know Darth Nihl."

Amelia immediately screamed in anger, and tried to attack Darth Nihl in a futile attempt.

"Go." Darth Krayt ordered quietly.

Darth Nihl said nothing, simply nodded in compliance. Darth Nihl casually walked out of the laboratory and back into the darkness. Darth Krayt once again approached Amelia.

"Well... this is some.... party... you've thrown." Amelia said sarcastically.

"I sense the dark-side in her." Darth Maladi stated.

"Yes; she knows how to bend the will of the Force to suit her." Darth Krayt added, "But I wonder if she is ready for a different set of wisdom."



"There... is no... wisdom... in the... dark-side." Amelia, quivering, rebutted.

Darth Krayt simply laughed, "Do not hold to the ideals of the Jedi so readily, child. You have yet to fully grasp the full power of the Force. You must realize, young child, that in order to understand the true nature of the Force, you must open your eyes to all its aspects! Not just the dogmatic, narrow point-of-view of the Jedi. "

"The dark-side... has... no strength." Amelia continued.

"The dark-side is the only strength." Darth Krayt countered, "You have felt the dark-side; you have touched it, yes? It gave you strength then, and it can again if you follow my teachings."

Amelia screamed in agony, trying to resist his words.

"Yes, that's right. I know everything about you; your thoughts betray you. You ran away from your home so that you wouldn't have to live a life of insignificance. You can still achieve that goal, but only if you follow me." Darth Krayt stated; Amelia resisted his words, "The Jedi that taught you, she has done well, but there is only so far the Jedi can take you before their blinded, dogmatic philosophies break down."

"You know nothing!" Amelia screamed at the top of her lungs.

"I don't? It might surprise you to know that I was once Jedi, a long time ago." Darth Krayt stated, "I came to realize the Jedi had no answers. They are misguided fools, blind by the supposed light-side of the Force."

Darth Krayt walked up to Amelia, and stared into her eyes, face to face. Sweat poured down her forehead, and she cringed from the pain caused by the toxins.

"They only mean to hold you back." Darth Krayt added, "Back from your true potential. They don't understand the impeccable order of the Sith, as I have."

"The Jedi..." Amelia started, but paused.

"A Jedi's life is about self-control; but that loss of control is what gives you real power." Darth Krayt explained, "You know this to be true. You felt it; you used it when you were injured by your Master."

Amelia was surprised by the words.

"Yes, do you see clearly now?" Darth Krayt asked.

Amelia continued to squirm and cringe in pain, but the toxins were starting to wear off. Amelia started manipulating the Force to try to purge herself of the toxin. Darth Krayt simply watched her resist. Darth Maladi moved forward and behind Darth Krayt.

"What is your bidding, my Lord?" Darth Maladi asked.

"Bring her to the Embrace of Pain." Darth Krayt ordered.

Darth Krayt simply walked out of the laboratory into darkness as Darth Maladi and the droids bring her deep into the underlevels of the Sith Temple. Darth Krayt ordered her into the Embrace of Pain, a rack-like device that the Yuuzhan Vong used to torture its victims; its surface was wet, slickened with orange and green slime that smelled of rotting flesh. The rack-like device, an implement made of organic matter that glowed orange and red, continually stimulates pain receptors in the victims brain, causing unbearable pain. The more the victim struggles, the worse the pain becomes. Amelia hung upside down horizontally, stripped completely naked, was suspended about two metres off the cold black stone floor in the dark lower level room.

Muscular tentacles wrapped around her torso, neck, arms and legs, holding her firmly within its powerful embrace; other tentacles swung outwardly like prehensile eyestalks with ends of glowing orange orbs. The glowing orange orbs danced, twisted and stared at her. A claw-like device, sharp and powerful, clamped onto her skull, preventing her from moving her head side-to-side; her arms were drawn wide, pulled to full extension and twisted into an uncomfortable position. A powerful tentacle wrapped around her ankles, pulling them together, gridding up against each other; another set of tentacles wrapped around her wrists, and persistently and forcibly knifed its way into her flesh and bone. Amelia, drenched in sweat and blood, screamed in agonizing pain and unbridled anger.

"Make it stop!" Amelia pleaded.

Darth Krayt approached her calmly.

"The Vong called this the Embrace of Pain. The more you struggle to escape, the more pain it inflicts." Darth Krayt coldly informed, "This will make you an implement of the dark-side."

"No..." Amelia whispered.

"No! You still do not believe me about the Jedi!" Darth Krayt shouted.

"The Jedi are noble!" Amelia screamed as the Embrace of Pain inflicted its will upon her.

"Nobility! That is a false concept used by the Jedi to keep you and others in line!" Darth Krayt countered, "The Jedi are only about preventing you from reaching your true potential."

The Embrace of Pain eroded her willpower with persistent waves of pain. Amelia tried to ignore his words, but they seemed to reverberate in her mind. Deep down, she knew this was correct; she didn't know why she knew, but she knew.

"You are stronger than this. You can become so much more than what the Jedi would teach you." Darth Krayt planted the seeds of thought into her mind, "You can be more than the Jedi themselves."

"Your wrong! The Jedi have strength!" Amelia countered, opposing Darth Krayt's will, "I defeated your minion's!"

"Yes; this is true, child. But you only did so when you let go of the Jedi teachings and let your emotions guide your blade." Darth Krayt corrected, "The strength was that of the dark-side, not of the Jedi's teachings."

Amelia considered the possibility. *Master Dwen always told me to hold back.*

"You used the Force to manipulate its will to heal yourself; you used emotions to fuel your skill and blade against overwhelming odds." Darth Krayt continued, "The dark-side of the Force did that; not the Jedi."

Amelia remained silent for a moment.

"I can sense in you your turmoil; two conflicting ideologies battling inside your mind." Darth Krayt stated, "I can see you are playing events of the past back in your mind." Amelia wasn't surprised this time, "You were on your way to becoming a Jedi, weren't you. You were going through the Jedi Trials at the time."

Darth Krayt looked directly at her as she hung upside down in the Embrace of Pain. His eyes pierced through hers, seemingly as if he gazed into her mind.

"You are skilled with a lightsaber, defeating three Sith Knights; that is The Trial of Skill. You also defeated a much stronger and more experienced adversary, Darth Krypt; that is The Trial of Courage. I, however, sense that you failed The Trial of the Flesh. And you've never looked in the mirror; The Trial of the Spirit." Darth Krayt

explained, "Never let go of the flesh. The flesh keeps you alive, makes you a survivor. It makes you stronger!"

Amelia continued to ponder his words, even as the pain got to be unbearable, and her sweat dripped into her eyes. Blood trickled down her wrists and ankles. She felt like she was dying a million deaths; she squirmed and resisted as the Embrace of Pain inflicted its agony onto her. The Embrace of Pain was smart, however; it seemed to know exactly how much pain and agony her body could take, and once that limit was reached, it backed off. When in relaxation, the Embrace of Pain flooded her system with pain-killers and other chemical to stimulate healing; various needles, made of organic matter rather than durasteel, injected her body with nutrients and water to keep her alive during the process. Her muscles twitched from the long duration of constant pain; she clenched her teeth tightly, fighting through the pain. Darth Krayt walked away, down a long, dark hallway that was only lit by crimson panels. Darth Krayt got about five metres down the hallway before Amelia called out to him.

"What are your intentions for me?" Amelia screamed, as she was inflicted with pain.

"To unleash you." Darth Krayt said without turning around.

"Then why are you doing this to me?" Amelia shouted back.

"The Embrace of Pain will teach you about pain; it will teach you about anger and hatred." Darth Krayt explained, "The Embrace of Pain will focus that anger into power. Only then will you be able to pursue your own dark path."

Darth Krayt continued walking down the hallway. Amelia watched Darth Krayt disappear into the darkness as she hung upside down, naked, and in terrible pain. In a long and agonizing tone, she screamed; it was the only way she could deal with the pain. She felt like she was going to pass out from the pain, but the Embrace of Pain also stimulated the brain such to keep you awake at all times. For the rest of the day and throughout the night, she bathed the pain; what was actually hours, felt like years. She could feel the pain coursing through her body, and slowly, her mental toughness began to erode away.

*What Darth Krayt was saying is true!*

Throughout the night, she replayed the events of her life, especially those with her Master during training.

*She was holding me back! Always told to be calm; always telling me to keep in check!*

She recalled the time where she 'failed' The Trial of the Flesh. She remembered how powerful she felt when she manipulated the Force in order to heal herself. She remembered.

*Perverted? How was it perverted? It was raw power!*

She felt like a goddess at the time; her Master made her feel ashamed. She replayed her attack against the Imperials. The only way she would have survived over twenty stormtroopers firing blasters at her was to let go and attack with savagery. The duel with the Sith Knights was a major turning point in her life. She remembered the way it felt to be completely out of control, the sensation of freedom; yet, her technique with a lightsaber and communion with the Force remained perfectly in control. How could this be?

*The Jedi lie. Control of a lightsaber does not mean control of one's emotions. One can lose oneself to their emotions, and be perfectly in control of their actions. They are not one in the same.*

She also recalled her battle with Darth Krypt. She recalled the feeling afterwards; the feeling of besting a better opponent.

*That was power. That was what it felt like to be a goddess!*

She also recalled her battle with Darth Nihl. He had such an elegant lightsaber form, similar to her Makashi, but different too. He was powerful, both physically and mentally. He utilized the Force to enhance his combat skills, as well as the dark-side to fuel his attacks. He was able to repel the attacks of two Jedi, and come out the victor.

*He bested my Master.*

Darth Nihl embodied the lure of the dark-side; uncontrolled rage that fuelled strength and power, but the control of a lightsaber to successfully dispatch enemies. By the time she finished recalling all of the events of her life that pointed her down the dark path, it was already morning of the next day. She could hear Darth Krayt walking up the dark hallway towards her.

*The dark-side is power.*

Darth Krayt and Darth Maladi entered the dark room where the Embrace of Pain lay. Amelia was wide awake, still in pain, and sweat poured from her chest and face

and blood from her wrists and ankles. Unknowingly, her eyes had turned red and sulphur-yellow; a classic sign of the dark-side of the Force. Darth Krayt smiled.

"Have you learned anything, child?" Darth Krayt asked in a deep voice.

Amelia growled and screamed at the top of her lungs; she fought against the Embrace of Pain, causing a surge of agony to flow into her body. The influx of pain caused her to scream more; a flood of emotions poured out into the Force.

"Anger." Darth Krayt stated, "A useful emotion."

"Power!" Amelia growled, "I want the power the dark-side can provide!"

"Excellent; I can feel your hate and anger starting to grow." Darth Krayt stated, "You will be taken to Korriban, where you will be taught the ways of the dark-side by one of our Sith Masters."

"Korriban?" Amelia strained to ask.

"The tomb planet of the ancient Sith." Darth Krayt explained, "It is a powerful dark-side Force nexus. You will grow powerful there."

Darth Krayt then ordered that Amelia be removed from the Embrace of Pain. Slowly, they dragged her body from the contraption; her muscles were stiff from pain, and she could barely stand. The moment she was released from the Embrace's hold, she absorbed a sense of relief. Her entire body was soaked in sweat and blood, and her knees trembled. Her vision was slightly blurry, more from exhaustion and pain rather than anything else. Darth Maladi approached Amelia with a needle in hand.

"This will ease the pain." Darth Maladi stated.

"No!" Amelia shouted.

Amelia quickly grabbed Darth Maladi's wrist with her left arm, and threw her aside. Darth Maladi fell onto the black stone floor, and the needle broke. Angered, Darth Maladi activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and attacked Amelia.

"You retched little thing!" Darth Maladi screamed.

But before Darth Maladi could strike, Darth Krayt grabbed her lightsaber away from her, and kicked her down onto the floor. Darth Krayt deactivated the yorik coral crimson-bladed lightsaber and stared at Amelia. Amelia stared back into Darth Krayt's eyes with anger and hatred.

"I want the pain; I need the pain." Amelia stated, "It gives me focus; makes me stronger."

"So, you did learn something." Darth Krayt said in a pleased voice.

Amelia grabbed a black robe off the wall and covered herself up. Darth Krayt began walking down the dark hallway, and Amelia quickly followed. Darth Maladi simply laid on the cold black stone floor, staring at Amelia as she walked with Darth Krayt.

"There is a shuttle already waiting to take you to Korriban." Darth Krayt informed.

### **Three Days Later: Korriban:**

A *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle transporting Amelia finally reverted to realspace, and entered the hot, arid atmosphere of Korriban. Korriban, the ancient homeworld of the Sith species, is a desolate, barren desert world that houses the remains of ancient Sith Lords. Ancient ruins scatter the world; most of them were looted ages ago by bandits and smugglers looking for ancient treasure. The sun that lit the surface of the world was a ghostly orange-yellow, giving the world an even harsher tone. Powerful sandstorms lay waste to the planet's surface.

The *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle travelled low across the surface of Korriban; dunes of sand, ancient ruins and peculiar fauna were a common sight. In the distance, mountains seem to rise up from the planet's surface from out of nowhere. Massive canyons are like gigantic wounds, gouging the surface of Korriban. The shuttle approached the Sith Academy, a large ziggurat structure made of the same tan-beige coloured sandstone that outcropped throughout the surface of the desolate planet. The shuttle touched down on the academy's stone landing platform; a gust of wind carrying sand and dust welled up from beneath the shuttle. The ramp lowered, and Amelia walked out wearing a long, flowing black Sith robe with dark red lining, and the typically Sith attire; black overtunic and undertunic. Another gust of wind caught Amelia by surprise; her robe puffed up and out. She covered her face and eyes with her arm to protect them from the sand. The pilot, a tall human male with short blonde hair and blue eyes, walked down the ramp after her. He walked forward into the academy; Amelia followed.

The halls of the academy are dark, and poorly lit. The entire building was built with the same tan-beige sandstone that every other building on Korriban seemed to be



made out of. While walking down the hallway, she passed several rooms, but the doors were closed. The academy was eerily quiet; she saw no one as she walked down the hallway. They approach a large set of twin stone doors at the end of the hallway. The pair of doors were at least fifteen metres tall, and must be incredibly strong. The pilot stopped at the entrance and waited for Amelia.

"The Masters of the academy will see you now." The pilot informed.

Amelia simply pushed the doors open; they were both massive and heavy. The pilot returned to the shuttle. Amelia stared into the large room; inside was dark, filled with shadows. The only light source were small candles that were scattered everywhere, but they didn't illuminate the majority of the room. The dim, orange-yellow light from the candles added an eerie atmosphere to the vast, dark room. The pair of large doors closed behind her with a big thud.

"Welcome, Amelia." A deep, sinister voice spoke. The voice echoed in the room, indicating it was quite large, "We've been expecting you."

Amelia couldn't see those who were talking to her. They were speaking from the great shadow in front of her. She stood where there was some light.

"Why have you come?" Another deep, sinister voice asked.

"To learn the ways of the dark-side." Amelia answered.

"Ah yes, of course." Another voice spoke, "But the dark path is not for the weak. The Sith are warriors."

"I crave power." Amelia answered.

"Do you?" Another voice spoke, "Yes, I can sense that in you."

"You have much power in you; untapped." Another voice added, "You crave much, young one."

"Your connection to the Force is strong." Another voice added, "But we will see if your will is as well."

"What must I do?" Amelia asked.

"You must travel to Rhen Var, and collect an item of great importance." Another deep, sinister voice answered, "Bring it back to us, and we shall begin your training."

Amelia nodded, and exited the dark room. She walked down the same dark hallway towards the shuttle. She started jogging, then running. As she reached the landing platform, she saw the pilot fuelling up the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle. This was the first time she saw the shuttle in the light of day; the shuttle was a tall structure, equipped with folding-wings in a flat dagger-like configuration. Suddenly, the pilot caught sight of her at the end of the platform, and looked at her.

"That was fast." The pilot said, "They usually take longer."

"Oh?" Amelia questioned.

"Yeah. I thought I'd have more time to fuel up." The pilot replied, "Just give me a few more minutes and we can get to wherever it is you're going."

Amelia nodded her head.

"Just take a seat inside, and I'll be up there shortly." The pilot suggested.

Amelia walked up the ramp and took a seat in the co-pilot chair of the shuttle. She sat there impatiently, waiting for the pilot. It seemed like hours, but in reality it was only ten minutes. The pilot entered the cabin, a little surprised to see her sitting up front.

"You know, there are plenty of more comfortable seats in the back." The pilot suggested.

"I know, but I want to sit up here." Amelia replied, "It's the first time I've ever been in a shuttle, or off-world."

"Fair enough." The pilot said as he strapped himself into the pilot's seat, and prepared the shuttle for takeoff, "Too bad you had to come to Korriban. There's a lot of better places to travel, you know?"

"Yeah, I know." Amelia whispered.

"So, where you headed?" The pilot asked.

"Rhen Var." Amelia answered.

"Okay, let's go." The pilot replied.

The shuttle took off, and the pilot set a course for Rhen Var. The shuttle left the gravitational well of Korriban, and the pilot punched in the coordinates for Rhen Var.

Amelia glanced over at the navicomputer's viewscreen; it showed a simple pattern of vectors that traced the path between Korriban and Rhen Var. The planet was about one jump away, so it didn't take that long to get there. During the entire trip, however, Amelia didn't say a word. She just sat up in front, quietly staring out the transparisteel windshield.

### **Rhen Var:**

Rhen Var was an icy tomb world. The planet was covered in perpetual snow and ice; blizzards and icestorms constantly blazed on the surface of the planet. The planet was almost completely barren; only the toughest of creatures could survive on this planet. The only signs that life used to live here were ancient Jedi ruins that the shuttle seemed to be heading towards. The brown spires and crumbling terraces from ruined pyramids and other structures seem to rise out of the snow; Amelia couldn't determine any immediate structures, but she assumed there once was. Outside, the temperature fluctuated between minus sixty to minus one hundred degrees centigrade. Amelia stared out of the windshield in awe.

"What the hell is so important about this place?" Amelia asked in a confused voice.

"This is the ancient tomb world of Ulic Qel-Droma." The pilot answered.

"Who?" Amelia asked.

"Ulic Qel-Droma; an ancient Sith Lord that fought alongside Exar Kun during the Great Sith War." The pilot elaborated.

"How do you know all this?" Amelia asked.

"My job is to send you Sith-types all around the galaxy." The pilot answered, "You learn things."

Amelia nodded.

"Okay, I'm taking her in." The pilot replied.

The shuttle experienced terrible turbulence as it dropped through the atmosphere. The winds were shearing the shuttle violently. The shuttle rocked violently left and right as the pilot tried his best to keep it together. Amelia clutched the armrest of her seat in a vice-like grip. Finally, the shuttle got close enough to the Jedi ruins and

landed. Amelia let a big sigh of relief, and got out of her seat. Amelia walked down the ramp, the sudden hit of cold air and snow sent chills down her spine.

"Hey! Do you even know what you're looking for?" The pilot asked.

"No." Amelia replied, shouting above the wind.

"First place I'd check is deep in the ruins." The pilot answered.

"Thanks." Amelia said.

The ramp closed behind her, and she ran into the Jedi ruins. Inside was just as cold, but with no wind; that made a difference. Inside, the stone walls and floors were tan brown, but the cold weather had cracked and shattered them. Piles of snow, and slicks of smooth, crystal clear ice, filled the hallways. Surprisingly, most of the structures inside were intact. As she walked down the deserted hallways, her footsteps echoed. She could see her breath it was so cold.

Amelia spent hours in the Jedi ruins trying to find this 'item', but with no luck. She had more places to search, however. At the end of the ruins, there was a large set of doors made of cracked black stone. Amelia immediately walked towards them. She tried to push them apart, but they were too heavy, or she was too weak. In a blind rage, she summoned the Force and shook the door open. Chunks of stone and metal fell around her. The ground beneath her trembled, the walls crumbled. Finally, she got the doors open enough that she could slip through.

Inside was a large, icy, cold room. Large icicles hung from the ceiling and the floor was covered in a thick sheet of crystal clear ice; piles of snow covered the corners of the room. At the end of the room was a throne made of grey stone. Amelia walked up to it. She examined the stone throne; she could sense something, but she couldn't figure out what. She sat down to take a rest and close her eyes. She could sense something in the chair, but she couldn't figure out where. Finally, she sensed a button underneath the seat. She pressed it, and the right armrest opened up. Inside was an unusual crimson pyramidal structure with strange symbols etched onto its surface.

*This must be it.*

She took the object into her hands; she immediately felt a ripple of dark-side energies flow through her. After a few moments of handling the mysterious object, a cold chill ran down her spine; she had completely forgotten about the icy cold of the world. She quickly ran out of the Jedi ruins and towards the shuttle. Thankfully, the

shuttle was still there and intact. The ramp lowered, and she boarded the shuttle. She immediately headed for the cabin and sat in the co-pilot's chair. Amelia's lips were blue, and she was shaking uncontrollably.

"Let's get the hell off this snowball." Amelia ordered.

Without saying a word, the pilot took off and headed back up through the turbulent and bone-chilling atmosphere. As soon as they got out of range of Rhen Var's gravitational pull, the pilot punched in the coordinates for Korriban, and they jumped into hyperspace. Once more, Amelia didn't say a thing during the trip.

**Korriban:**

Once the shuttle landed on the landing platform, Amelia immediately rushed down the ramp and ran towards the pair of stone doors. They opened, as if anticipating her arrival. She walked in, as if with a purpose, and present the crimson pyramidal object.

"Ah, good!" A deep voice proclaimed, "You have done well, child."

"What you have found is a Sith holocron." Another voice informed, "It is an object that possesses either great knowledge from the past, or great power from the present."

"I can feel the dark-side flow through me." Amelia stated.

"Yes, the holocron has that effect on those worthy of the dark path." Another voice replied.

Suddenly, seven dark figures appeared in front of her from the shadows. They were cloaked in black robes that covered their entire bodies. Their heads are covered under large hoods. From what she could see from their faces, they had the same black geometric tattoos as she has seen before, but their faces were pale grey and rotten-looking. Odd looking pustules, and boils covered their skin, and the flesh seemed cracked and flaky. One of them stepped towards and held out his hand. Amelia placed the Sith holocron in the palm of his hand.

"You shall begin your training very soon." The figure said in a deep, rumbling voice.

The seven black cloaked figures surround the Sith holocron, and began chanting; the dialect was completely unknown to her, but as they spoke the words, she felt a

tingle run down her spine. Suddenly, a bright red beam emitted from the top of the pyramidal object. The figure showed Amelia the holocron, and hovering above the holocron within the beam of red light, a crimson red synth-crystal floated.

"You will begin training, once you've completed building your new lightsaber." The figure replied.

"We have determined that your dark path lay with the Force itself." Another figure replied, "Thus, you will train with Darth Rau here. He is one of our best Sorcerers."

Suddenly, another figure emerged from the shadows. He took his hood off and revealed to her his face. Darth Rau was human; he had black geometric tattoos all over his face, and presumably all over his body as well, however he didn't colour the rest in red. His skin was grey; he had black hair and the classic Sith eyes. He was tall, but only slightly taller than her. He appeared lanky however, not as physically fit as her.

Amelia bowed her head, "Thank you, Masters."

Amelia walked out of the dark room through that pair of huge stone doors with Darth Rau following closely behind her.

"So begins your training, Apprentice." Darth Rau spoke.

### **One And A Half Standard Years Later: 133 ABY:**

Amelia has been an incredibly gifted student at the academy. Her progress, unparalleled. Already she had learned, with great proficiency, several of the classic dark-side manoeuvres and techniques. She can readily call upon the Force to unleash devastating lightning attacks, Force Lightning; incapacitate an opponent by choking them, Force Choke; drain an opponent of the Force and vitality; instil fear into her enemies, Horror; and sicken an enemy, Affliction. Darth Rau, her Sith Master, has also taught her two of the most important Force Forms that a Sith Mage must know; Force Channel, the technique of channelling the Force to flow through oneself, as if in meditation, but while in waking consciousness; and Force Potency, the technique of enhancing the Force flowing through oneself in order to deal greater damage and inflict greater pain onto others. She has also created her own lightsaber, a crimson blade with an unusual hilt. The hilt is made from a pure black metal, and at the emitter end, four thorns protrude from it, and at the other end, a large knife edge lay. Built after the Sith lightsabers of the ancient times, it was quite unusual since most Sith bore yorik coral style lightsabers.

She has had much trouble learning lessons of philosophy however. She doesn't easily conform to the ideal belief that the Sith under the singular and absolute rule of Darth Krayt will bring peace to the galaxy. She doesn't doubt the logic of a singular, all powerful being could rule the galaxy such that peace would be maintained, but she doubts this being is Darth Krayt.

Despite all that she had learned, and the power she had gained, she was still not satisfied. Her skills with a lightsaber had not progressed at all. Her Master, Darth Rau, in fact was less skilled than her when it came to lightsaber combat. Her ability to wield the fluid, elegant form of Makashi out did the seemingly non-technique of her Master. Time and time again, she would best him in lightsaber combat, but her Master was able to deal devastating Force powers for which she was no match for. She felt short-changed. She came here to unleash her full potential, but it seemed that this academy was holding her back.

*Just like the Jedi.*

She knew she could better herself in lightsaber combat, just as she knew she could learn more about the Force. Today, she stared out at the ring where Sith Marauders, those trained to use the lightsaber in deadly combat, trained. The ring was located at the top of one of the mountainous peaks of the academy, outside on a ledge, in the harsh environment. There was a good five hundred metre drop onto jagged, razor-sharp rocks at the bottom, were someone unfortunate enough to fall. The ring was partially covered by the side of the mountain, and that was where most of the students watching were standing. Although she knew she could easily kill every single one of them with the Force, she still envied them, for they had skills that she didn't. She found herself staring at them train, watching them duel, more often as time passed. Suddenly, her Master appeared behind her.

"They are brutes among the Sith." Darth Rau proclaimed.

Amelia continued to watch the duels. The clash of the training sabres was enthralling; the arches of light as they sliced through air were beautiful. They were using manoeuvres and movements, acrobatics and leaps that she had never seen before. Completely foreign lightsaber forms.

"The Force is the true path to greatness and enlightenment, Amelia. The Force is power." Darth Rau continued, "That is why the Masters set you on this path, and not on that." Darth Rau pointed at the Sith Marauders.



She always wondered what laid down the path of the blade, rather than the Force. Although she knew the Force harnessed far greater power, the blade had its own unique intrigues. The lightsaber was a symbol, a symbol of power. That's what she wanted; that's what she needed.

*Power.*

"Although, I do suppose they serve a purpose." Darth Rau added.

Darth Rau turned and walked away silently, headed towards his personal chambers. Amelia, however, decided to walk down to the ring and watch the duels from a closer vantage point. They were just about to begin the challenges; a time, once every standard week, when students would challenge other students. This was done to encourage competition, rivalry, and bloodlust; however, they used training sabres, lightsabers with the energy turned down such to only injury, not kill.

As she got down there, a match was already in progress. A large crowd of students surrounding the ring cheered them on as they duelled. She had to push her way to the front in order to watch. The acrobatic flips, the leaps and fancy footwork, the raw strength coupled with elegant dexterity; they were spectacular lightsaber duels. The match ended when one of the students sliced his training sabre across the other's chest, incapacitating him. The crowd cheered ferociously; the bloodlust was unquenchable. Then, a green-skinned male Rodian, named Nekreto, entered the ring. Everyone went silent; he was one of the best duellist's at the academy. He looked around at the faces of the crowd, then seemed to fixate on her. Nekreto pointed the hilt of his training sabre at her.

"That one." Nekreto proclaimed.

Everyone cheered at the challenge. She knew the Sith Marauders didn't like her; they didn't like that she got more attention than they did because she was a Sith Mage. The Sith behind her started pushing her into the ring; she resisted at first.

"Silence!" Darth Oro ordered in a stern, powerful and deep voice.

Darth Oro was the Sith Battlemaster at the academy. A male Zabrak with the classic red and black geometric tattoos. He was a hulking mass of pure muscle and stood nearly twice as tall as her. His crown horns were incredibly long and sharp, nearly seven centimetres long. His eyes showed confidence and rage; his teeth were razor-sharp. He commonly only wore the black trousers of the Sith outfit, opting for nothing else so to show-off his incredible physique.

Everyone in the crowd went silent; they all stopped moving. Darth Oro walked towards her, his feet striking the ground seemingly making it tremble. Suddenly, he was standing right in front of her, and looked her down.

"What do you think you're doing here?" Darth Oro commanded.

"Just watching the matches." Amelia answered.

"No one 'just watches'. Everyone is fair game." Darth Oro corrected, "Either fight, or leave."

Amelia could feel everyone's eyes staring at her, but she looked straight back into Darth Oro's red and sulphur-yellow eyes.

"Okay, I'll fight." Amelia proclaimed.

Everyone in the crowd cheered at the information. Nekreto, who was still standing in the middle of the ring, simply smiled. Darth Oro stood up and handed her a training sabre. She took off her robe and walked into the ring, staring directly at Nekreto.

"You know the rules?" Darth Oro asked.

Amelia shook her head; she didn't even know there were rules.

"No Force powers, unless it's used to enhance your sabre combat." Darth Oro informed.

Darth Oro walked outside the ring and sat on his stone throne at the end of the ring. Without saying, Nekreto activated his crimson-bladed training sabre. Amelia did the same with her crimson-bladed training sabre.

"I'm going to enjoy taking you apart." Nekreto replied, "I've been waiting for this for a long time."

"You're going to have to wait just a little longer." Amelia countered.

With a flash, Nekreto attacked her with a powerful overhead downward strike. Amelia blocked with a horizontal parry; the two energy blades sizzled and cracked against each other. Almost immediately, Amelia broke the sabre-lock. She still employed the fluid motions of the single-handed Makashi form that she was taught years ago. Nekreto, however, was using a more acrobatic and powerful lightsaber form, called Ataru. She had seen this form used by Darth Nihl, but never experienced it since.

Ataru was an aggressive, offensive style that relied on a combination of power, strength, and speed. Practitioners of Ataru were always on the offensive, attacking with wide, fast, and powerful swings. They commonly used the Force to aid and enhance their acrobatic styling in order to confuse and distract their opponents.

Nekreto used the Force to enhance the strength and precision of his strikes, while also using it to leap, jump and dodge out of the way of her own attacks. Her Makashi was horribly under matched by the aggressive and complicated form of Ataru. Her one handed technique was underpowered, and Nekreto would smack the training sabre to the side as he charged towards her. Although her fluid and elegant movements of Makashi were still as solid and crisp as when she first learned them, she was greatly outmatched here.

Suddenly, Nekreto somersaulted over her head. She turned around, only to get a foot in her face. The sudden force and shock of pain sent her reeling backwards. Tears flooded her eyes, obstructing her vision for just a moment. But that was more than enough time for Nekreto to strike. Nekreto, with a Force enhanced strike, hit Amelia hard in the chest. Amelia partially blocked it, but her own training sabre struck her chest. Her chest felt numb; she could barely breath. Suddenly, a gust of wind carrying some sand blew by. Confused, she accidentally stepped off the ledge. She fell, but grabbed onto the edge of the ring, letting go of her own training sabre. She stared down at the jagged rocks below as her training sabre disappeared. Calmly, Nekreto approached her.

"This is where you fall." Nekreto, using *Dun Möch*, said with a smile.

With a sudden sensation of rage, Amelia leapt into the air, and somersaulted over Nekreto's head. But his reflexes were too fast, and he slashed at her with a powerful overhead strike. The training sabre struck her in the ribs hard; the wind got knocked out of her. She landed on the stone floor hard, breaking her arm and a few ribs. She coughed up blood, and she heard the crowd cheer for more. Nekreto then flipped her over so that she was staring up at him.

"This is where you die." Nekreto said as he stared down at her.

Nekreto places his black boots on her throat and started pressing down. With her left hand, she grabbed the boot and tried to get it off, but she was too weak from the fight. The pain was coursing through her body. She could hardly breath as he slowly choked her to death. Finally, Darth Oro stood up from his throne.

"Enough!" Darth Oro ordered.

Immediately Nekreto took his boot off her throat and began walking away. Darth Oro took Nekreto's arm and held it up high.

"Nekreto has achieved *Dun Möch*!" Darth Oro proclaimed.

The crowd cheered and celebrated Nekreto's victory. They storm up to him and celebrate.

"That is enough for today." Darth Oro stated, "Hit the meditation room."

They left cheering Nekreto for his accomplishments. Within minutes the ring was completely deserted except for Darth Oro and Amelia, who was still laying on the stone floor, gasping for air and riving in pain. Blood poured out of her mouth, and tears filled her eyes. She was covered in dust, impeding her breathing further. Darth Oro kneeled next to her, and shook his head. He then stood back up and walked away. Moments later, two medical droids appeared and took her to the medical infirmary. The last thing she remembered before passing out was being placed in a glowing red bacta tank.

#### **One Standard Week Later:**

Amelia finally woke up, still in the glowing red bacta tank. She felt groggy, and she felt as if bugs were crawling underneath her skin. She stared out the transparisteel tube to find her Master, Darth Rau, standing in front of her. He appeared very disappointed with her. She still bore the cuts from the battle, but her ribs and right arm were healed. The medical droids took her out of the bacta tank, and placed her on a gurney. She is still wearing only her undergarments.

"What you did was foolish; irresponsible even." Darth Rau continued, "I do not see why you are so fascinated with lightsabers, so much so that you lower yourself to the level of inept brutes."

Amelia didn't reply. She simply stared at the glowing red lights on the ceiling, waiting for her Master to leave. Instead, Darth Rau sat down next to her, and placed his hands on her chest.

"I was worried about you." Darth Rau informed, "You are a gifted Sith, and you have a far greater potential than I do."

Amelia then looked into his eyes.

"You're also beautiful." Darth Rau proclaimed, "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Darth Rau leaned in, and they embraced.

Several months have passed, and Amelia has continued her Force training under Darth Rau. Her training in the Force has accelerated, having learned two more Force Forms, Force Affinity, which allows concentration and replenishment of the Force even through complex and furious combat; and Force Mastery, allowing for longer durations for Force powers to take place. She has also reached the second tier of Force powers, now able to use her scream as a weapon, Force Scream; and control fire, Force Engulf. She has also made quite an accomplishment in telekinesis; she is one of the few people in the entire academy that can effectively and efficiently use telekinetic lightsaber fighting.

However, the months after her defeat at the hands of Nekreto have been rough on her. The Sith Marauders continually harass her, and rumours about her getting involved with her Master have been spreading around the academy. During the months she thought she could deal with it; ride it out. But now it was just infuriating her. She decided to do something about it.

One night, after curfew, she sneaked out of her dorm room and walked down the poorly lit stone hallway towards the Master's quarters. Her movements were silent; not even making a sound as her feet touch the stone floor. She arrived in front of Darth Oro's living quarters, and knocked on the door. Darth Oro immediately answered the door, wearing only his black trousers. He immediately pulled her inside his room and shut the door. His room was dark, lit only by a few dying candles. The room is simple; it was made of stone, the bed has a fur blanket and pillows, a bookshelf filled with volumes on the dark-side and fighting styles, and not much else.

"What do you want?" Darth Oro forcibly asked.

"I want you to train me in lightsaber combat." Amelia requested.

"I instruct those deemed worthy of training." Darth Oro stated, "What makes you think you are worthy of my training."

"You know that I have just as much potential with a lightsaber as any of your Marauders." Amelia countered, "I want to learn."

"Why?" Darth Oro asked.

"I want to humiliate Nekreto, just like he did to me." Amelia proclaimed, "I want to defeat him on his own ground, and crush his soul."

Darth Oro crossed his huge, muscular arms across his hulking chest. He could feel the rage well up inside her. He could also sense that she did have potential to be a great duellist.

"If I teach you, what's in it for me?" Darth Oro asked.

Amelia simply unwrapped her black Sith robe, revealing her sexy, smooth body. Although there are cuts and bruises that scar her sleek body, she is definitely desired by men, and envied by women. The candles in the room illuminated her sleek body perfectly, outlining her perfect, athletic figure. Darth Oro simply laughed as he gazed at her body.

Weeks pass, then months. Amelia received two sets of training from two different paths. During the day, she would receive her formal training as a Sith Mage from her Master, Darth Rau; but during the night, she would receive extensive lightsaber training from Darth Oro. She took to her training with great enthusiasm, despite the brutal and exhausting regiment of having two training regimes. She barely slept, only maybe three hours every night. However, she would off-set this with the Force, rejuvenating herself artificially.

Her training with Darth Oro was the most difficult she had ever attempted. He trained her in the art of lightsaber combat, but most of the techniques were completely new to her. Darth Oro taught her the art of lightsaber combat from a perspective that she never knew existed; the lightsaber was not only a tool, it was a philosophical statement. She grappled with the mental side, as well as the physical; at first she was incredibly inelegant, and hacky, but over time she developed better movements. In the past couple of months, she had only progressed as far as learning an initiate understanding of Soresu, the third lightsaber form that teaches defence above all else, and an initiate understanding of Djem So, the fifth lightsaber form that teaches power and strength against your opponent will bring victory.

Darth Oro told her that she already had a knighthood understanding of Makashi, although he helped her refine and fine-tune the technique to be more aggressive and more deadly. She was completely surprised with the vastness of techniques required for

lightsaber combat. Amelia was being honed and moulded into a powerful Sith Marauder. She creatively integrated powerful Force techniques with the lightsaber forms Darth Oro would teach her, making her twice as deadly.

Before she could learn any more however, her Master, Darth Rau, approached her, "Amelia, the Seven Masters have asked me to talk to you." Darth Rau told her.

Darth Rau pulled her aside down an empty hallway.

"What is it?" Amelia asked.

"The Seven Masters have told me to tell you that you are to begin your path towards Lordship." Darth Rau informed.

Amelia was taken aback from the news, "What does that mean?" Amelia curiously asked.

"It means you are to begin training to become a Sith Lord." Darth Rau clarified, "A *Darth*."

"Well, what is required?" Amelia asked.

"Formal training, such as you have already been receiving, are insufficient for the task." Darth Rau answered, "In order to begin your path of Lordship, you must break down The Three Pillars of Weakness; the past, your enemies, and your greatest fear."

Amelia looked into Darth Rau's eyes in a confused manner.

"What does that mean?" Amelia asked.

"These three pillars may be torn down either metaphorically, or literally." Darth Rau continued, "They typically involve undergoing missions off Korriban, which you must complete."

"I see." Amelia replied.

"The Seven Masters have also instructed me to tell you that they foresee that you must travel to Dromund Kaas, another world within Sith Space." Darth Rau informed, "Your shuttle is waiting."

Amelia took a step back, "Yes, my Master."

Amelia immediately walked down the crowded, dark, stone hallways headed towards the landing platforms. Another sandstorm hit the academy. She saw her *Nune-*



class Imperial shuttle waiting for her, as well as a similar face. It was the same pilot that brought her here.

"Oh, hello again." The pilot greeted, "Didn't think I'd see you again."

Amelia stared at him with cold eyes, "Get in. We're leaving." Amelia ordered, "Now."

"Yes, ma'am." The pilot obliged, "Where to?"

"Dromund Kaas." Amelia answered.

Amelia sat in the back of the shuttle as the pilot made quick pre-flight checks and lifted off. They streaked through the reddish-orange atmosphere, finally arriving in orbit around Korriban. Once clear of Korriban's gravity well, he punched in the realspace coordinates; Amelia glanced over at the navicomputer's viewscreen and saw the complicated hyperspace vectors to take them out of system, across the gulf of space, and into the Dromund system. Without saying a word, the pilot activated the hyperdrive, and the stars began streaking across the windshield.

#### **Dromund Kaas:**

The *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle entered the smoggy atmosphere of Dromund Kaas. The planet was a wet, marshy world with vast swamps and bogs scattered throughout the continents. Oceans dominated what swamps didn't. The vast number of swamps on the planet collectively released methane gas, a very effective and flammable greenhouse gas, resulting in a humid and hot climate. The swamps were treacherous, where vegetation would choke the region with massive twisted, dark-wooded trees growing from the sludge and water. The swamps had other dangers however, particularly the Sithspawn and other dark-side abominations created as a result from the planet's massive dark-side Force nexus.

They arrive at night, and the moon's light reflected off the mist of the swamp. The pilot tried to locate a landing spot, but the vast swamps make finding solid ground difficult. He finally found one, and they touched down. Amelia walked out of the ramp wearing her Sith robes and other black attire.

"The Dark Force Temple is about one kilometre north of here." The pilot informed.

"Thanks." Amelia said as the ramp started to close.

Amelia looked around at the dark, smoggy swamp. Amelia took out her lightsaber just as a precaution. She started walking through the swamp; the murky water was about chest high. Vines and other flora hung from the twisted, dark-wooded trees. The trees would create vast areas of shadows, concealing the true dangers of the planet.

As she waded through the swamp, she noticed that something was following her. She looked behind her slightly, and noticed a pair of Vornskr's following her. Vornskr's were savage canine beasts that had the unusual ability to hunt using the Force. Suddenly, with lightning fast speed, they attacked. Amelia immediately activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber and slashed at one of the lunging Vornskr's. She cut the creature in half, while the other one prepared for another strike. The Vornskr appeared to lunge at her, when suddenly, another one leapt onto her back. Amelia immediately threw the creature off her using a powerful Force Repulse, then stabbed the creature in the belly. She looked around, and she saw several pairs of glowing red eyes gazing at her. Another Vornskr lunged towards her; she immediately caught the creature in mid-air, and threw him into another lunging Vornskr, breaking several bones in both creatures. Another attacked her from behind; Amelia unleashed a devastating Force Lightning attack at the creature; the single bolt of lightning scorched and burned its flesh and partially ignited the beast in flames. A fourth beast attacked from her left, swiping at her with its terrible, razor-sharp claws. It attacked with its venomous tail, but Amelia cut through it with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. Amelia then used a vicious Force Choke on the creature, crushing its larynx and trachea.

Amelia turned around, anticipating another attack, but instead she saw that the glowing red eyes of the Vornskr's retreating into the dark swamps. Relieved, she continued north towards the Dark Force Temple; she was completely soaked from the confrontation. She waded through the dense vegetation, and the murky, dirty water. After a few more minutes of wading through the swamp, her surroundings went very quiet all of a sudden. She looked around, then reached out with Force. She sensed something, but couldn't figure out what.

*Danger, whatever it is.*

Suddenly, in front of her, the trees moved and rustled. A large swamp wampa appeared in front of her. The towering creature, standing twice as tall as she, had a thin coat of black and grey fur, terrible yellow and red eyes, and fangs like razors. Its body was pure muscle, with arms that could crush a human being. The swamp wampa sensed her, and charged straight at her like a creature possessed. Amelia immediately

activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber and leapt out of the way of the massive creature. The towering creature pounded the water, trying to crush her under his massive ape-like hands. Amelia somersaulted over the creature and slashed the back of the beast. It cried out in pain, and swung its right arm into Amelia, knocking her into the water. Temporarily dazed, the creature attacked once more. Amelia immediately unleashed the fury of Force Lightning, a single bolt of lightning, against the creature. The electric bolt struck the creature, sending him backwards. However, the electric bolt did nothing but anger it further. The swamp wampa attacked again, and Amelia unleashed more Force Lightning, trying to hold back the approaching creature. Suddenly, Amelia realized the swamp wampa was standing in the fog of methane gas. Amelia uses Force Engulf, and ignited the methane gas. The swamp wampa immediately caught on fire and screamed in pain and terror. Amelia barely made it out of the fire.

Amelia, soaked in water and covered in mud and dead leaves, watched as the swamp wampa succumbed to its wounds. The swamp wampa screamed and roared as he burned to death. Amelia then continued towards the Dark Force Temple. She encountered other creatures during her journey, but easily dispatched them. Finally, after nearly an hour of trudging through the vicious swamp, she reached the steps of the Dark Force Temple.

The Dark Force Temple was an ancient temple made of black and grey stone placed in the middle of the bog. It is guarded by Watcher statuettes, motionless Sith statues that can sense dark-siders. Most of the temple has been taken back by the swamp, but large amounts of the ruins remain intact. Carefully and cautiously, she entered. The temple is vast and empty. The echo from her footsteps hitting the grey stone floor gave her chills. As she walked further into the temple, its dark-side energies grew stronger with every step.

As she walked along, she could sense other's following her. She turned around, but saw nothing but shadows. Suddenly, something took a swing at her with a battle axe. Relying purely on instinct and the Force, she dodged the attack that would have decapitated her. The attacker was a mutated Noghri, one of the Sithspawns created here ages ago that somehow survived in the temple. Several more mutated Noghri, hideous abominations of their former selves, surround her; they were armed with axes, swords and lances. They attack simultaneously, and Amelia leapt into the air to avoid being impaled by their weapons. While in mid-air, she attacked using a powerful Force Repulse, sending them backwards. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber upon landing, and charged at them. Using an inefficient and unrefined Djem So, she still laid

waste to their numbers. Her lightsaber movements were edgy, and sluggish, but she was adept enough to counter the mutant Noghri's attacks. She decapitated most of them, which only fuelled her bloodlust and her desire for battle. Within moments, they all fell at her feet in a pool of reddish-black blood.

She continued running through the temple, following only her instincts and the sensation of the dark-side of the Force growing stronger. As she does, several more mutated Noghri and swamp wampas attack her. She dispatched them with a combination of lightsaber attacks and massive Force powers. The seemingly endless dark hallways gave rise to only more mutated Noghri. However, with each kill, she became stronger, more in touch with the dark-side. It fuelled her anger and rage; she needed that bloodlust.

Suddenly, she realized where the focus of all that dark-side energy was coming from; it was coming from the top of the tallest cylindrical spire in the centre of the temple. As she reached the centre of the temple, a large clearing appeared that looked like a black and grey stoned ring with a large pool of green, bubbling water. Methane gas seemed to be bubbling up from the stagnant green water. The stone ring had both a lower level, and an upper level; she was currently standing on the upper level. Although she sensed a great amount of pain and anguish coming from the pool of murky green, bubbling water, it was not the source of the massive dark-side Force nexus. The room is poorly lit; the only source of light is a dim, green glow coming from the bubbling pool. From what she could see, the side of the pool was covered in black blood, and body parts and bones from various creatures that she encountered on the planet's swamp and temple. An incredibly fowl stench hit her like a punch in the face; the pungent smell of sulphur, ammonia and rotting flesh was overwhelming.

*What an incredible smell I've discovered.*

Amelia looked up towards the top of the spire, trying to find a way up. She spotted a set of broken stone stairs on the other side of the massive stone ring. She immediately ran towards the set of stairs, when suddenly, she felt a disturbance in the Force. She looked towards the massive pool of stagnate, murky green, bubbling water and senses something.

*Danger.*

A massive tentacle came roaring out of the water and nearly crushed Amelia under its massive weight. The tentacle, nearly thirty metres long and about as thick as a tree trunk, lined with thorns and spikes, laid in front of her; the slimy, gelatinous flesh

pulsed and undulated with eerie rhythmic vibrations. She ignited her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the *snap-hiss* sent the tentacle attacking her. The tentacles suction cups peel off of the stone floor, and attacked her directly. She took a swipe at the tentacle, nicking it. A massive grumbling and roar bellowed from the pool as the tentacle went wild. It appeared that the lightsaber wound was starting to heal as well. Amelia was completely shocked.

*What the hell is this thing?*

Suddenly, a second tentacle emerged from the murky pool below. Caught by surprise, the second tentacle wrapped itself around Amelia, squeezing the life out of her. She could hear her bones creaking and ache as the massive muscles of the tentacles crushed her from the outside. Quickly, she slashed at the tentacle, severing it completely. Amelia fell back down onto the stone floored ring with a twitching, massive, muscular tentacle laying next to her. A massive roar emerged from the pool again.

*I have to get out of here.*

Suddenly, a massive, colossal, creature emerged from the murky, green, bubbling water. A huge maw, with rows of razor-sharp fangs roared at Amelia. The creature was an unusually large, deformed, corrupted and mutated dianoga. Suddenly, several dead bodies of mutated Noghri, and swamp wampas emerge from the depths of the pool. They are partially eaten, and they look hideous. Seven huge, muscular tentacles with spiny thorns also emerged from the pool. The tentacles start attacking Amelia with slams and swipes. Amelia jumped and dodged the attacks, but eventually she got caught by one of the tentacles. The massive, muscular spiny tentacle wrapped around Amelia. The tentacle lifted her off the ground again, and Amelia slashed at it with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. After several strikes, she cut straight through the tentacle. The mutated dianoga roared in pain, and the severed tentacle fell into the murky water below. Amelia dropped onto the stone ring once again, and prepared to defend herself again. She was surprised to see the two tentacles that she severed from the massive creature start regrowing. Within minutes, the amputated tentacle had completely regrown.

*I really need to get out of here.*

The tentacles slammed down on her again, and she slashed upward against the tentacle. Amelia slashed wildly at the incoming tentacles, but they were too many. From behind, a tentacle slammed her down onto her face, then lifted her up into the air.

The tentacle wrapped around her, and started crushing her body. Her bones started aching again, and she screamed in pain. Amelia, harnessing the power of the dark-side, unleashed a massive Force Repulse that forced the tentacle to let go of its grip on her. She dropped onto the floor again, and reactivated her crimson-bladed lightsaber. She continued to dodge and evade the tentacles that slammed the stone floor around her, sometimes with so much force that it cracked the tiles. The tentacles that came too close, she simply slashed at them with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. However, another tentacle wrapped around her body and lifted her up into the air. The tentacle lifted her above the gaping mass of fangs and muscle below; the dianoga let out a massive, rumbling roar. The tentacle squeezed her so tightly that her body felt like it was going to break. Her muscles spasm under the tremendous pressure the tentacle is exerting on her body and she dropped her lightsaber into the creatures toothy mouth.

*Frack.*

In desperation, Amelia unleashed a massive Force Lightning attack down the tentacle. The tentacle lets go of her as the creature writhed in pain. Amelia dropped into the murky water next to the massive creature. The water is so murky, filled with various particulate matter, that she couldn't even see thirty centimetres in front of her. She emerged from the water and took a big gasp for air. The air smelt of sulphur, ammonia and rotting flesh. The colossal mutated dianoga was right next to her, its tentacles plunging into the water after her. She tried to swim away, but one of the tentacles picked her up by the leg and lifted her up and out of the water. The tentacle positioned her above the gaping mass of razor-sharp fangs. She unleashed another lightning attack, but this time directed at the mouth. The mouth closed immediately, and the tentacle let go of her again, and she fell into the water. She quickly swam out of the pool and managed to evade the tentacles that were attacking her.

*I've got to kill this thing, and soon.*

She pulled herself up and out of the pool of water, and onto the lower ring made of the same black and grey stone. However the lower ring juts out a little more than the upper ring, and there were several pillars all around supporting the upper ring. She turned around and saw the gaping mouth with rows of razor-sharp fangs coming towards her, with its tentacles striking forward. She dodged and jumped behind a black stone pillar, which is about one metre in diameter. The tentacles wrapped around the black stone pillar and crushed it under its immense strength. Amelia tried to run away, but the tentacles prevent her from doing so. In a fury, she tapped into the deep wells of her dark soul and unleashed her Force powers. She attacked the mutated dianoga with



a terrible and devastating Force Storm, the third tier of Force Lightning. Several powerful and damaging lightning bolts left each of her fingers and impacted the soft, thorny skin of the mutated dianoga. Suddenly, its massive gaping mouth rolled over, and revealed its hideous black and red eyeball at the top of its head. She unleashed another Force Storm attack directed at the eyeball. The lightning bolts struck the creature's eyeball, causing it to flinch and spasm in pain. The creature uses its tentacles to protect its eyeball, then rolled over again, revealing its gaping, hideous mouth. Suddenly, the mutated dianoga charged at Amelia with its mouth wide open. Amelia ran towards the staircase at the far end, but the mutated dianoga crashed into the lower and upper ring, breaking, cracking and shattering the stone flooring. The mouth started chewing and crushing the stone blocks that fell into its mouth, turning it into fine powder.

*Time to end this.*

Once again, Amelia unleashed another massive Force Storm attack against the creature. The lightning bolts struck the creature's soft skin again, but her control over the power is waning. The lightning bolts struck the surface of the water, and ignited the methane gas that bubbled from the pool's depths. Suddenly, the entire pool ignited into flames, burning the mutated dianoga along with it. The creature screamed and roared in pain as it slowly burned to death from the outside in. The huge, hulking creature even tried to climb out of the pool, but its huge mass prevented it. Amelia leapt onto the upper ring before the pool and the mutated dianoga burst into flames and her with it. She watched as the creature burned to a crisp, then slowly sink back down into the water depths.

*Great.*

She stared at her hands. Never in her life had she ever wielded such a powerful attack as Force Storm; the experience was intoxicating. Then, wielding those same massive Force powers, she used all her strength to lift the dead creature from its water grave. The dead creature resurfaced from the still burning surface of the pool. Then, with immense concentration, she ripped the creature in half. Greenish-black blood oozed from the cavernous wound, and Amelia retrieved her crimson-bladed lightsaber from the depths of its belly. Then, unceremoniously, the creature plunged back into the pool where it sank to the bottom. Amelia took a step towards the stone staircase, but then collapsed from a sudden surge of pain. She gripped her chest; her ribs were sore, possibly broken. She took a deep breath, but her chest hurt. Amelia closed her eyes, and focused on the pain; the pain was excruciating, but she manipulated it, making her



stronger. She got up, still clutching her chest. She started walking towards the stone staircase at the far end of the upper ring, when she sensed the presence of others watching her. She turned around and saw several mutated Noghri, armed with axes and swords, staring at her. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber in preparation for another attack, but the mutated Noghri started backing off. After a few moments, they disappeared into the darkness of the rest of the temple.

*Finally, some luck.*

Amelia then leapt onto the unstable and failing stone staircase that led up the spire. She finally reached the top of the staircase and came to a large, circular room covered with black stone and a massive black pyramid in the centre. The pyramid seemed to be focusing the regional dark-side energies from its surrounding, enhancing and concentrating it. Amelia sat in front of the pyramidal structure with her legs crossed and her eyes closed. She focused on the Force, and the dark-side energies flowing through her. The dark-side flowed through her like a raging river. She felt herself grow stronger with every passing minute; her ability to command and manipulate the Force enhanced. Suddenly, a ripple.

*Another threat approaches.*

She quickly turned around and activated her lightsaber, just in time to deflect a direct strike from another crimson-bladed lightsaber. Amelia kicked the attacker in the chest, causing whomever it was to take a step backwards and double over. Amelia readied her lightsaber in the classic Makashi salute. The attacker revealed herself to Amelia; it was herself! The attacker had the same face as Amelia, but with grey and pale skin, as if dead, with cracks and scars running across her cheeks and forehead. Her hair was darker, almost black; her iris' were even blacker. She was wearing the same clothes as her, and wielded the exact same lightsaber. It was a doppelgänger of herself; the sight was eerie and disturbing.

Without warning, the doppelgänger attacked Amelia with a sudden and shocking fury. Amelia blocked and parried the doppelgänger's attack using a single-handed Makashi style. The doppelgänger used the same lightsaber form, but seemed more proficient at it. They were like mirror images when they fought. The lightsaber duel was a blur; Amelia mostly relied on instinct and the Force to guide her movements as the doppelgänger attacked unrelentingly. The clash of lightsabers was incredible; the explosions and bursts of light were blinding. Both used elegant, fluid motions to attack and block one another. Amelia was getting tired and exhausted from the over-exertion from both battles.

In desperation, she unleashed a powerful Force Storm. The lightning bolts were deflected by the doppelgänger and struck the walls surrounding them. The lightning bolts carved into the black stone, turning it into dust; the flashes of electrical energy lit of the dark and shadowy room. Frustrated, Amelia unleashed a powerful Force Repulse that sent her doppelgänger across the room and into the black stone wall. The doppelgänger quickly recovered, and tried a similar attack; Amelia anticipated the attack, and blocked the powerful attack. The doppelgänger charged at Amelia, its lightsaber swinging wildly at her. Amelia countered the attack and struck back at the doppelgänger with a powerful overhead downward strike. The doppelgänger was off-balanced, and Amelia somersaulted over the doppelgänger's head. Then, with a single powerful thrust, Amelia plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the spine of the doppelgänger with the tip of the crimson-bladed lightsaber piercing through the heart. Amelia felt a quick jolt of pain flow through her heart, then dissipated quickly. The doppelgänger dropped to the floor, and then slowly faded into dust. Amelia could feel her heart pounding; the dark-side of the Force flowed through her. She started feeling stronger, and more powerful.

After a moment, Amelia climbed down the black stone staircase and calmly walked through the Dark Force Temple. She noticed that the mutated Noghri, swamp wampas and Vornskr stared at her from the shadows, but kept their distance, and never attacked. They look vicious, and angry. She walked outside the temple; it's still night out with a full moon illuminating the swamp. She walked into the swamp again, and waded through the murky, smelly water. The creatures living in the swamp seemed to keep their distance from her. Quickly, she returned to the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, where the ramp lowered. She quickly walked up the ramp and into the cabin. The blonde pilot was sitting in the pilot's chair, with his feet up, sleeping.

"Hey!" Amelia shouted.

The pilot immediately woke up and stared at Amelia with a blank expression.

"We're leaving." Amelia ordered, "Now."

"Where to?" The pilot asked.

"Back to Korriban." Amelia informed, "And away from this god-forsaken planet."

The *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle took off from the unstable ground of the swamp. Methane gas whirled up and partially ignited from the thrusters behind the shuttle. The pilot brought the shuttle to orbit, and plotted a course for Korriban.

## **The Next Day: Korriban:**

The shuttle entered the Korriban atmosphere and landed on the academy landing platform. Gusts of wind and dust swirl up from underneath the shuttle as it landed. The boarding ramp lowered, and Amelia walked out casually. Darth Rau was waiting for her on the landing platform. Amelia's eyes lock onto his, but she continued walking forward.

"What happened?" Darth Rau curiously asked.

Amelia continued walking down the dark, stone hallways. She bumped, shoved, and pushed through the crowded hallway until she got to her room. Darth Rau was right behind her; he could sense through the Force that she was agitated and furious, although he was not sure to whom it was directed. He followed her into her room, and shut the thick, wooden door behind him.

"You going to tell me what happened?" Darth Rau asked.

Amelia tore off her Sith robes and other attire; her muscles ached as she furiously ripped off her clothing. Her bare skin was soaked with swamp water and sweat; her clothes were wet, dirty, and smelly from the swamp.

"The swamp was, literally, a nightmare." Amelia commented, "The temple itself was worse."

Amelia threw her dirty clothes on the ground and grabbed some clean clothes. She was obviously angry. Darth Rau watched her as she changed out of her clothes. Her body was sexier than ever, and her skin was sleek and smooth. He noticed that there was a large massive bruise running across her chest and back, as well as a few more cuts and other lacerations all over her body. It appeared that she must have been involved in quite a battle.

"How did you get that." Darth Rau asked, while pointing to the big bruise across her chest.

"Oh that!" Amelia answered sarcastically, "Well, one of the residents of the temple... a dianoga, I think it was, gave me that."

"That's intense." Darth Rau replied.

Amelia slipped into her new clothes as Darth Rau watched.

"But, that's not all! When I got to the temple's meditation spire, you wouldn't guess who I met." Amelia added, "Myself! I met and fought myself!"

Amelia stared at her Master intensely, now fully clothed in her new Sith attire. As always, her clothing, although simple and dark, highlighted her athletic physique. Darth Rau looked her in the eyes; she had so much fury and rage inside her now.

"The temple has many abominations; peculiar emanations of dark-side energies." Darth Rau explained, "What you experienced was a doppelgänger; a Force anomaly, if you will, that manifests itself as yourself."

Amelia listened to the comment with pure hatred in her heart.

"The temple has been known to do that." Darth Rau added.

"Well, whatever it was, I killed it." Amelia replied as she turned around with her back to her Master.

"Amelia, these tests and trials are necessary for your advancement; both in terms of your connection to the Force, and in your own life." Darth Rau commented, "Did you feel anything from the Dark Force Temple?"

"Hate, anger. Rage." Amelia answered, "Fighting the dianoga, I was able to do things with the Force that I never knew I could."

"Such as?" Darth Rau asked.

"The lightning that I wielded... it was like yours. Several bolts of lightning leaving my fingers, rather than just one or two." Amelia answered, "It felt like I had a greater connection to the Force at that moment."

"That's incredible." Darth Rau said in awe, "A lightning storm is incredibly hard to wield, and rarely does it just manifest spontaneously in an individual."

"I think it was the temple." Amelia replied.

"Oh, most certainly." Darth Rau agreed, "But, I believe the temple has left a permanent mark on you; it has, somehow, enhanced your abilities and communion with the Force."

"So, what does that mean?" Amelia asked.

"It means that we need to accelerate your training." Darth Rau explained.

"How?" Amelia asked.

"Well, more intensive training, and a greater understanding of the Force must be reached." Darth Rau explained, "Although, we must be careful."

"Why is that?" Amelia asked.

"The dark-side is a pathway to immense power, but from that incredible power comes certain unfortunate consequences." Darth Rau answered; Amelia stood still awaiting him to continue, "The dark-side corrodes one's body, deteriorating it with extensive use. You have shown incredible potential, but I fear that extensive use of the dark-side will wither you away much faster than usual."

Amelia narrowed her eyes, and stared at him, "I doubt it."

### **Two Standard Years Later: 135 ABY:**

Two standard years pass; Amelia and Darth Rau trained extensively, trying to get Amelia to focus and concentrate on the Force that flowed through her, infuse it with all the hate, anger and rage that she possessed, and unleash it in one fury of an attack. Her progress has been slower than usual, due to the complex thought that must go into these higher level techniques, intricate body and wrist movements, and unusual philosophy integrated into each lightsaber form. She has, however, successfully managed to wield some of the most powerful Force techniques known to the Sith. At will, she can wield a devastating, multi-bolt lightning attack, Force Storm; she learned how to squeeze the life out of someone, Kill; more efficiently drain several opponents vitality and Force; sicken a person to death, Plague; and corrupt several peoples' minds so completely, it breaks, Insanity. She is now the most powerful student at the academy; even more powerful than some of the Masters.

In secret, however, Amelia has also received lightsaber training from Darth Oro, the academy's Sith Battlemaster. At night, after everyone is asleep, Darth Oro and her practice advanced lightsaber movements at the ring. Her enthusiasm, as well as her talents, allowed her to progress faster than most of the Sith Marauders that Darth Oro has taught in the past. She has become quite proficient at Djem So and Soresu, both at knighthood levels, as well as mastery over Makashi. Surprisingly, Darth Oro has also begun teaching her Vaapad, the hardest, most complex, most aggressive lightsaber form created.

While studying the ancient texts in the Sith library, she came across accounts of Naga Sadow, and The Great Hyperspace War. The war took place over five thousand

years ago and was fought between the Sith Empire under the leadership of Naga Sadow, and the Galactic Republic and the Jedi. It was the first galactic-wide conflict to strike at the Republic. Amelia was fascinated with Naga Sadow, and the ancient Sith Empire. She was amazed with his ability to control his vast empire during a galactic-wide conflict efficiently, as well as manifest false opponents to trick his enemies. She was also impressed with his ability to wield Sith Alchemy, and create and corrupt the hideous creatures that she fought two years ago at Dromund Kaas. Unfortunately, Naga Sadow lost The Great Hyperspace War, and was forced into exile on Yavin Four. Nevertheless, she was fascinated and interested in learning more about the ancient figure.

She decided to travel to Khar Delba, the supposed fortress world of Naga Sadow. She walked out of the library and headed towards the landing platforms. She ran into the blonde pilot that always sends her around.

"Hey, you!" Amelia shouted.

The blonde pilot turned around, and stared at Amelia.

"You free?" Amelia asked.

"I was just fuelling up." The pilot replied.

"Then you're sending me to Khar Delba." Amelia ordered.

"Yes, ma'am." The pilot replied.

Amelia boarded the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, and took a seat up front on the co-pilots chair. The pilot unhooked the fuel lines, did a quick pre-flight check, and took off.

#### **Khar Delba:**

The *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle entered the atmosphere of Khar Delba. The surface of the planet was covered in a sheet of perpetual ice, and snowstorms and blizzards were common on the planet. Naga Sadow's fortress lied on its icy surface. The sky was constantly covered in dark grey clouds, giving the surface a dark tone. Amelia spotted the grey stoned fortress. It was in ruins, with large gaping holes in the side of the walls and some parts of the roofs were collapsed.

"There!" Amelia shouted and pointed to it.



"I see it, but there are no good landing spots." The pilot replied, "Too many jagged rocks."

The pilot brought the shuttle around, and landed on one of the few flat outcrops on the surface. Suddenly, the weather picked up, and a massive blizzard swept in. Amelia walked down the ramp, and stared into the icy cold landscape.

*Great. More cold.*

The pilot appeared behind her.

"The fortress is about two kilometres towards the west." The pilot informed.

Amelia nodded her head and began walking into the icy abyss. The ramp closed behind her, and the wind picked up. Snow and ice scratch and abraded her face. Amelia covered up her face with her robe and sleeve, and proceeded moving towards the fortress. Her movements through the knee-high snow was slow. Her extremities were freezing; she tried to use the Force to keep her body warm. Suddenly, she heard a noise coming from behind her. It sounded like a thud. Amelia stopped dead in her tracks and looked around. She couldn't see more than three metres in front of her because of the blizzard. She heard the sound again, but louder.

*It's getting closer.*

Amelia took out her crimson-bladed lightsaber and activated it. The *snap-hiss* of the lightsaber resonated around her, and the energy blade cast a crimson aura around her. Amelia stood her ground and the sound approached her; the humming of the lightsaber rang in her ear. Suddenly, out of the blizzard, a massive creature appeared in front of her. The creature was three times taller than her, and was covered in a thick, brown fur. It stood on its two hind legs, and had two small arms with two razor-sharp claws. The creature also had two bony horns protruding from the cheek bone, like tusks, and a short furry tail for balance. It was a Sith War Mountaineer; a creature the ancient Sith used as mounted cavalry during The Great Hyperspace War. These creatures were usually docile, but the dark-side taint that lingers on this planet has corrupted them into vicious, predatory creatures.

Amelia looked up at the face of the creature. The creature gave a big roar; its fangs were razor-sharp. The creature lunged at Amelia with its massive jaw open. She leapt into air and out of the way and landed behind the creature. She slashed at its hind legs with her lightsaber. The thick hide protected the creature from harm; the lightsaber only left a scar on its flesh. The creature turned around and attacked Amelia again. She



rolled out of the way; snow covered her back. Instead of fighting the creature, she used a powerful Mind Trick that caused the creature to become docile again. Amelia approached the creature slowly, and carefully. When she got close, she leapt onto the creature's back and rode it towards the fortress. The creature is incredibly fast, and they got to the fortress in a manner of minutes.

Amelia leapt off the back of the creature, and looked up at the ruined fortress of Naga Sadow. The fortress was like a castle; it had successive walls and barriers, former cannon emplacements, and a series of strongholds, including, in the middle, a tall spire. The entire fortress was made of the same grey stone that outcrops above the ice and snow on this planet. Surrounding the fortress were mountains of ice that seemed to arch inward towards the fortress, like an incomplete dome. During her readings on The Great Hyperspace War, it told her of an event where Naga Sadow's rival, Ludo Kressh, bombarded his fortress. The records were incomplete however, and some details had been lost over the millennia.

She entered the ruined fortress. Inside was cold and silent; she could see her breath as she exhaled. She walked down the empty, dark and cold hallways, seemingly lost in the vast fortress. She walked down to the prisoners level; all the cells were empty. She entered the former hangar; the vast open expanse that used to house warships was completely empty. The gaping holes from an aerial bombardment allowed snow in; a thin veneer of ice and snow covered the floor and walls. She then walked up the stairs and into the strongholds. The rooms were completely empty, devoid of anything that would indicate former-life.

*What the hell is going on?*

She made her way up the top of the tallest spire, supposedly where Naga Sadow's throne room was located. The climb up the cold staircase was slow going, and difficult. She reached the top and entered the room. Empty. Completely empty; not even a throne, or anything else. Just a stone room with snow covering the floor and blown out walls from a former bombardment.

*Something's wrong here.*

She looked around for anything that she could use to piece together the puzzle of this fortress. She was frustrated with herself; she couldn't believe what was happening. She sat down in the middle of the cold room with her legs crossed. She began to pound her surroundings. Suddenly, it hit her.

*Decoy.*

This must be a decoy fortress. Naga Sadow was known to have a decoy fortress. However, she knew that if this was the decoy fortress, Naga Sadow's real fortress must be close. She walked down the tall spire and walked outside onto one of the balconies to get a better reception. She took out her comlink.

"I need you to pick me up." Amelia ordered

*"Amelia, I should warn you, you've got very large creatures heading your way."* The pilot informed.

"How many?" Amelia asked.

*"Lot's."* The pilot informed her, *"I'll be there as soon as possible, but it's going to take some time."*

"Where the frack are you?" Amelia asked.

*"I had to take off 'cause the weather was getting rough."* The pilot informed.

Amelia was going to start yelling at the pilot, until she looked up along the horizon and saw the horde of creatures heading her way.

"Get here fast." Amelia ordered.

The creatures were colossal. They were the Sith War Behemoths; creatures that stood almost twenty metres tall, had massive bony tusks that protruded from their cheek bones, and two massive rhino-like bony horns that protruded from their hardened beak. Their heads were covered in a dark grey bony cap with a razor-sharp beak. The creatures were covered in thick reddish-brown fur, and their leather hides were incredibly thick, even able to repel turbolaser blasts. They had legs like tree trunks, and could crush almost anything they stepped on. Like the Sith War Mountaineer she encountered earlier, these creatures were once docile animals, but the dark-side of the Force has corrupted their minds and physiology into raving, murderous monstrosities of their former selves. She could see it in their eyes; their blood-red and black eyes were filled with rage and the dark-side.

As the creatures approached, she could feel the ground shake beneath her. The ground literally trembled beneath her feet. There were numerous behemoths, at least twenty from what she could see. Following underneath and beside the massive behemoths were the bipedal mountaineers. As the creatures closed in on the decoy

fortress, their anger and rage began to well up; they sensed her dark-side presence, and craved it. Amelia used their anger and rage to fuel her own, giving her strength. She prepared for the coming attack by focusing and harnessing the dark-side of the Force.

A behemoth broke through one side of the ice mountain that surrounded the fortress and charged straight at her. Amelia used an incredibly powerful Force Wave, the most powerful form of Force Push, to attack the creature. The powerful Force power sounded like thunder as it moved through the cold, dry air. The creature's high centre-of-gravity caused the creature to stumble. Amelia used Force Wave again, this time toppling the creature over. The enormous creature smashed into the ground, shaking it violently, and shattered the ice underneath it. Its tusks broke, and shards of ice and rock impaled the creature upon hitting the icy ground. The creature didn't die instantly, but its blood soaked into the snow; it was slowly bleeding to death. Right behind the fallen behemoth came another. Amelia barely had time to react, and used a devastating Force Storm attack against the creature. Its thick hide protected it from the worst of the lightning bolts, and some of its fur did catch on fire; the behemoth continued its charge against her. The behemoth crashed right into the fortress; the stone walls and roof crumbled and collapsed under its massive weight and from the force of the impact. Amelia managed to leap out of the way. The behemoth seemed to be stuck in the jumble of rock and stone from the impact. Amelia charged at the behemoth with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. She stabbed the creature in the throat, severing an artery. The behemoth riled up and lifted its head into the air; blood poured from its wound. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eyes, another behemoth charged at her. Using the power of the Force, she forced the bleeding behemoth into the charging one. Their two massive bodies crashed together; bones broke and punctured vital organs. They roared in pain and slowly died.

Amelia looked down and saw a small horde of mountaineers charging at the fortress. She was well above their reach, but she was infuriated. With a powerful Force Storm attack, she sent lightning bolts into the hearts of the creatures. Although their thick hides and thick layer fur provided some protection, they were no match this time for Amelia's attack. The lightning bolts seemed to pierce through their flesh and electrocute their hearts directly. Their hearts literally exploded inside their bodies. The mountaineers, at least five of them, collapsed instantly with smoke coming from their mouth and nostrils; their eyes were bloodshot and bulging from their sockets.

Another behemoth charged at the fortress with a great roar. Amelia leapt into the air and landed on the back of the great creature as it crashed into the stone walls of the decoy fortress. Amelia immediately started slashing and stabbing the creature in the

neck and spine. The thick, leathery hide made her forcibly drive her lightsaber deep into the creature in order to cut through. She finally managed to cut through the thick vertebrae of the behemoths neck, and it started to collapse towards the ground. Amelia looked up and saw another behemoth charge at her. Again, she leapt into the air and onto its back before the creature could crush her under its great feet. As she landed on the creatures back, she noticed that the behemoth that she was standing on had crushed the behemoth that laid on the icy ground under its feet. Flesh and bone grinded together with red blood oozing out from under the behemoth's massive foot.

*Wonderful.*

Amelia turned around. She couldn't see very far because of the blizzard that howled constantly, but she noticed another behemoth charge at her. She reached out with the Force, and sensed the creatures heart and lungs; the heart was beating heavily because of its rage and exertion, and the lungs were breathing rapidly. Then, she gripped onto it, and began squeezing and crushing it. Amelia summoned all her rage, and persistently and relentlessly squeezed the vital organs. Within moments she literally squeezed the life out of the behemoth, and it crashed to the ground.

Suddenly, the behemoth that she was standing on was becoming agitated, and started shaking. Amelia grabbed onto its fur before she could fall; the creature was trying to get her off. While holding onto the creatures fur, she saw another behemoth charge at her. She leapt off the behemoth she was holding onto and leapt onto the charging one. The behemoth crashed straight into the other one, breaking its tusks and shattering bone. Amelia landed on the head of the behemoth, then plunged her lightsaber directly into its skull. The behemoth began to collapse, and Amelia fell towards the ground. She landed hard against the rocky and icy ground, hurting her right arm. Slowly, she began to pick herself up off the cold ground.

All of a sudden, another behemoth was right on top of her, with several mountaineers charging at her. She picked up the two mountaineers that were charging at her and threw them into the tusks of the charging behemoth. They were immediately impaled by the bony shaped tusks. Then, Amelia used Force Storm to attack the charging behemoth. The lightning bolts struck the beast in the face, causing it to rile up onto its back legs. As it was standing on its two hind legs, Amelia used a devastating Force Wave to knock it over. The creature was unbalanced, and toppled and crashed downwards.

"Amelia!" The pilot shouted from her comlink.

Amelia looked up and saw the Imperial shuttle approach her. She charged at a behemoth with her lightsaber in hand. She skilfully dodged its feet, and managed to get onto its back by climbing up its tusk and jumping onto its head. She looked around from atop the behemoth's back, and saw dozens more in front of her. She looked up at the shuttle; its ramp was open. She leapt into the air and grabbed the edge of the shuttle with her left hand.

"Go!" Amelia ordered.

The shuttle immediately started climbing in order to get some altitude. Amelia managed to pull herself up onto the ramp and crawl inside. The ramp closed behind her, and she stormed into the cabin. She was exhausted, enraged and full of anger from what had just happened. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber and placed it under the pilot's chin. The pilot was consumed with fear.

"You pull anything like that again, and I swear I will sever your head and place it on a pike!" Amelia threatened.

"I had to take off!" The pilot countered, "The weather was very unstable!"

Amelia just stared at him for a moment, then deactivated her lightsaber. She sat down in the co-pilot's seat and brushed the snow out of her hair.

"I'm plotting a course for Korriban." The pilot informed.

"No." Amelia ordered, "We're going to Khar Shian."

"The moon?" The pilot asked, "Why?"

"I've still got some business to attend to." Amelia informed.

The pilot followed Amelia's orders, and took her the short distance to Khar Shian, the dark moon of Khar Delba. Khar Shian was a small moon, but large enough that you could easily walk on its surface. One side of the moon was also plunged in perpetual darkness because of its unusual rotational axis and because of the shadow of Khar Delba. The moon was icy and rocky, just like Khar Delba, but right now at least, there wasn't a blizzard. They flew low on the dark side of the moon, through canyons of rock and ice. Finally, in the distance, they saw a massive, castle-like building in the middle of the canyon.

"Let me guess where we're going." The pilot sarcastically said.

Surprisingly, the hidden fortress was mostly intact. Craters lay adjacent to the massive structure itself, but the stone fortress looked as it did several millennia ago. Cliffs of rock and ice surround the fortress, giving the illusion that it was the centre of attention. The fortress stood on a massive block of grey stone, with a single massive triangular spire protruding from its centre. Located off to one side was a still intact landing platform. The shuttle landed on the platform. The ramp lowered, and Amelia anxiously got out of the shuttle.

"Wait here this time." Amelia ordered.

The pilot said nothing, but he did nodded his head. The moon's landscape was eerie and disturbing; vast shadows covered a majority of the planet, making it more mysterious and strange. The ramp closed behind her, and Amelia walked into the massive building. The building was made of the same grey stone as the cliffs and other outcrops on the moon. The hallways were dark, full of shadows, and incredibly cold; the sides were lined with piles of snow and ice, with icicles hanging from the ceiling. She looked down on the floor; there was a layer of snow and frost covering everything. Then she noticed something interesting.

*Footprints.*

They were pretty recent too, because the wind hadn't blown them completely away. She followed the footprints. They were chaotic, and didn't seem to lead to any particular location. She just continued walking towards the centre of the fortress. She looked around, but she didn't see anything of importance.

"Hello?" Someone said in basic in an unusual, scratchy voice from behind.

Amelia turned around, and saw a young Selkath. He was short, maybe standing five feet three inches. His skin was blue, and he was wearing a leather Jedi combat attire. She stared at the Selkath with a surprised and shocked expression. She noticed that there was a lightsaber on his black leather belt.

"Who are you?" The Selkath asked.

Immediately Amelia activated her lightsaber; the crimson blade being an immediate indicator to the Selkath that she was an enemy. The Selkath activated his blue-bladed lightsaber and began running down the hallway from which he came.

"Master!" The Selkath shouted, "The Sith are here!"



Amelia pursued the young Jedi with her crimson-bladed lightsaber on. The Selkath was not fast enough to outrun her, and Amelia struck at him with her lightsaber. The Selkath blocked the attack, and began engaging in a lightsaber duel. The young Selkath was proficient with a lightsaber, but not as proficient as the Sith Marauders she encountered at the academy. Amelia relied on her mastery over Makashi, a single-handed, fluid form, to combat the young Jedi. The young Selkath seemed to be using a more defensive form, probably Soresu. Their movements were fast, only a blur to a normal person's eyes. Their lightsabers clashed; the explosions of light temporarily illuminating the dark hallway.

The Selkath moved down the hallway, and into a large open area at the middle of the fortress. He was surprisingly good with a blade, but her movements were quicker, her attacks more precise. She would attack at unusual angles, causing the young Jedi to stumble or become off-balanced. Her skills with a lightsaber had really improved under the training of Darth Oro. The Selkath started moving down another hallway.

Suddenly from behind, another figure appeared. This one was a beautiful, slightly older woman. She was humanoid, with pale white skin, bleached white hair, and the oddest silver-blue eyes. She was wearing an all pearl-white Jedi attire and had two rather long lightsabers, one in each hand. The second figure was standing on the other side of the wide, open area.

"Kal!" The humanoid woman shouted.

Amelia used Force Wave to force the Selkath down the hallway, further from his Master. The Selkath got hit by a massive wave of energy, pushing him back and knocking him against the wall. He collapsed onto the snow-covered floor. Amelia turned around, as if to face her new attacker, but looked up.

*A trap door.*

Amelia grabbed hold of the trap door with the Force and slid down it. The stone wall closed the hallway off from the white humanoid attacker. Amelia charged down the hallway towards the lone Selkath. He activated his blue-bladed lightsaber again, and Amelia viciously attacked at him. Now resorting to Djem So, her attacks were wild, but in control. They were strong and powerful, yet somehow not as tiring. The dark-side of the Force, possibly augmented by the natural dark-side energies of the fortress, fuelled her rage and her skills with a lightsaber. Their lightsabers often struck the walls of the narrow, dark hallway, leaving behind a temporarily glowing scar. The Selkath's



ability to block her furious attacks were breaking down. The second figure, however, was cutting through the stone wall with two lightsabers, one blue, the other silver; the stone wall glowed white hot as the two lightsabers slowly cut and melted through. Amelia knew that she had to finish off the young Jedi before facing another.

*I cannot fight two enemies at the same time.*

The white humanoid female cut through the grey stone wall, and quickly ran down the dark hallway. The Selkath moved into another open area, and Amelia followed. For a moment, the Selkath lost his concentration on the battle at hand, and Amelia capitalized. Amelia smacked the blue-bladed lightsaber off to one side, and plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the heart of the Selkath. The young Jedi growled and screamed in pain, and then fell, face first, onto the snowy floor. Snow billowed out from under the dead Selkath's body.

"No!" The white female humanoid screamed.

Amelia grabbed the blue-bladed lightsaber from the dead hands of the Selkath with the Force, and threw it at the attacking humanoid like a javelin. The lightsaber speared through the air with impressive speed, but the humanoid dodged the lightsaber. She ran towards her, and suddenly leapt into the air with both her lightsabers overhead. Amelia blocked the downward strike with a high, horizontal block, but the concussive force of the strike sent her flying backwards. The white female humanoid ran to the fallen Selkath.

"Oh, Kal. No." The white female humanoid whispered.

She started to cry as she held him in her arms.

"Unless you know how to bring back the dead, I'd leave him be." Amelia taunted as she picked herself up from the snowy floor, and brushed herself off.

"Sithspawn!" She screamed, "I knew the Sith would come looking for us. It was only a matter of time."

"No, actually, I was looking for some answers about Naga Sadow." Amelia corrected, "But instead, I found you two."

The white humanoid female stared at Amelia with tear-filled eyes.

"What are you doing here?" Amelia forcibly asked, "Who the frack are you?"

"I am Jedi Weapons Master Ze Orunitia, and this is... was, my Padawan, Kal Silth." Master Orunitia informed.

Amelia was surprised by the name, "Then you must know Master Dwen, from Ossus." Amelia stated.

"Master Dwen? Luffa Dwen?" Master Orunitia asked, "How do you know her?"

Amelia stared at her, and smiled, "She taught me the ways of the Force."

"She would never teach you the ways of the dark-side!" Master Orunitia shouted in protest.

"No, that was me. I left her training and followed my own path." Amelia corrected.

"A fallen path." Master Orunitia countered, "Enough talk. It is time to correct your dark ways!"

With astonishing speed and strength, Master Orunitia struck at Amelia with grace. Amelia recognized her fighting style; it was the incredibly powerful, but incredibly complex form known as Vaapad. Amelia's skills with it were initiate; Master Orunitia's were masterful. Amelia, once again, relied on her skills with Makashi to counter Master Orunitia's attacks. Their lightsabers clashed with might and fury. The explosions of light seemed to blend into one another, the movements were so fast. The sheer power of Vaapad rendered the elegant form of Makashi almost useless. Amelia's skill with a lightsaber were not adapt enough to fend off Master Orunitia's attacks.

*I've got to finish this soon!*

Suddenly, Master Orunitia leapt into the air, and struck downward onto Amelia's head. At the last possible moment, Amelia blocked the attack with a high horizontal block. The impact from the two lightsabers were so strong that Amelia fell to one knee. Master Orunitia forcibly pressed down on the lightsaber, seemingly attempting to force her lightsabers through Amelia's and into her skull.

"You will die by my blades, Sithspawn!" Master Orunitia taunted.

Amelia, infuriated with her inept lightsaber skills, managed to push up against Master Orunitia's two lightsabers with the aid of Force Wave, and break the sabre-lock. For a split moment, Master Orunitia was incapacitated, and Amelia managed to destroy one of her lightsabers with a quick cut. Master Orunitia recovered, holding her silver-

bladed lightsaber in the classic, arrogant opening stance of Vaapad. Amelia smiled at her.

"One down." Amelia taunted.

Surprisingly, Master Orunitia twirled her silver-bladed lightsaber, and activated another blade. The unusually long lightsaber hilt was actually a double-edged lightsaber; the double-edged lightsaber was an intimidating weapon, used only by the most proficient lightsaber duellists. Master Orunitia smiled back at Amelia.

"Two to go." Master Orunitia countered.

Master Orunitia continued to use Vaapad, using the unusual double-edged lightsaber to create long, sweeping, over-arching powerful strikes against Amelia. Master Orunitia was surprisingly acrobatic and flexible as well; she was able to perform somersaults and back flips to evade Amelia's single-handed, fluid strikes. Because of the powerful nature of the double-edged lightsaber, Amelia was forced to retreat to a more defensive stance, Soresu.

Amelia kept blocking Master Orunitia's attacks with the silver-bladed double-edged lightsaber, until an opening presented itself. Because the hilt of the double-edged lightsaber was so long, it provided a large target to strike against. With an incredibly fast slice, Amelia managed to cut the lightsaber in half, destroying one side of the hilt completely. The crimson blade cut through the hilt, causing it to spark at the broken end. Amelia then quickly kicked Master Orunitia away, and she fell backwards onto her back. Master Orunitia quickly picked herself up and charged at Amelia again with a single bladed silver-bladed lightsaber. Amelia's muscles were completely exhausted; she could barely hold her lightsaber up to block the strikes.

In desperation, Amelia unleashed a Force Wave attack. The wave of energy hit Master Orunitia, sending her flying into the grey stone walls. Amelia then unleashed a powerful Force Storm attack at Master Orunitia. Master Orunitia attempted to block the lightning storm with her lightsaber, but her lightsaber got shocked out of her hands as the electric bolts struck her energy blade. Master Orunitia attempted to harness the Force, Master Force Barrier and Master Energy Resistance, to absorb the powerful electric discharge. However, Amelia's unrelenting Force attack penetrated Master Orunitia's defences, overloading them.

Suddenly, the electricity near Master Orunitia's hands were so unwieldy that the electric discharge scorched her hands. Master Orunitia screamed in pain, and stared at

her smoking, black, burnt hands; the burnt skin barely clung to her flesh underneath, and a horrible smell wafted in the air. Amelia walked up to Master Orunitia; Master Orunitia looked up at Amelia, staring directly into her red and sulphur-yellow Sith eyes. Suddenly, Amelia grabbed Master Orunitia by both hands, her left hand behind her head, and her right hand directly on her face. Amelia commanded a masterful drain of vitality and Force energy from Master Orunitia body. Lightning bolts coloured red and orange emanate from Amelia's hands and into Master Orunitia's body. Master Orunitia's body convulsed and spasm as, literally, the life from her was drained. Soon, all that was left of Master Orunitia was a dusty husk of her former self. Amelia let go of the dead body, and it collapsed onto the cold stone floor and disintegrated into nothing. Amelia felt a surge of power flow through her; the energy she stole from Master Orunitia empowered her with even more power than before. Amelia let out a scream of triumph; the shockwave from the scream crumbled the stone walls around her, and chunks of rock fell towards the ground.

Amelia looked around the room and picked up Master Orunitia's silver-bladed lightsaber. She gripped the half broken hilt in her hands, and stared at it for a moment. She hooked it onto her belt and continued roaming the deserted, cold fortress. As she looked from room to room; there appeared to be nothing. Remnant artefacts from several millennia ago remained, but nothing that would help her advance her knowledge in the Force. She left the fortress and walked towards her shuttle. The ramp opened, and Amelia walked onto it. She entered the cabin.

"Where to now?" The pilot asked.

Amelia stared through the windshield for a moment, "Korriban." Amelia said plainly.

### **Korriban:**

The *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle landed on the landing pad, and the boarding ramp descended. Quickly, she walked off the shuttle in a fury. Standing at the end of the dusty landing pad was Darth Rau, with his arms crossed across his chest. He looked up at her, but didn't smile. She radiated frustration and anger into the Force; Darth Rau must have sensed it as well. Amelia was exhausted from the trip, and her body was quite badly beaten up over the entire ordeal. She walked right passed him without saying a word. Darth Rau immediately fell in behind his apprentice.

"So?" Darth Rau asked.

She stopped, and turned to stare into Darth Rau's eyes.

"So? So!" Amelia screamed, "This is unbelievable!"

Amelia stormed down the narrow hallways of the academy, and walked into her room. She slammed the door open in a rage; Darth Rau followed her in, and shut the door behind him. She quickly looked over to him with an angry expression. She tore off her beaten up robe.

"What happened?" Darth Rau asked.

Amelia laughed, "I get to that frozen planet, almost get trampled by some gigantic beasts! That's for one." Amelia started, "Then, I find out that I'm in the wrong place. I get into the real fortress. Completely deserted! Oh, except for two Jedi hiding out there!"

"Jedi?" Darth Rau asked.

Amelia nodded, "Yeah, Jedi!"

"How did you deal with it?" Darth Rau asked.

"She nearly took my head off!" Amelia screamed.

"But you're alive." Darth Rau replied.

"Yeah. I barely managed to get out of here alive." Amelia answered.

"So, you killed them?" Darth Rau asked.

Amelia nodded her head, "In fact, one of them was a student of my old Master."

Darth Rau straightened out his posture, and stood upright. He flooded worry and surprise into the Force; Amelia picked up on it immediately.

"You're old Master?" Darth Rau asked.

"The Jedi there was a student of my old Master." Amelia repeated.

"You mean... Master Dwen?" Darth Rau asked.

Amelia narrowed her eyes, "Yes."

Amelia tore off the rest of her clothes from her beaten body. Huge bruises, cuts and scars littered her once elegant and silky smooth skin. She stood in her room,

completely nude, looking through her closet for an outfit to wear. Although her body was battered and bruised, she still sported an incredibly sexy body, the envy of most women. Her body was sweaty, draping her entire body. Darth Rau stood by the door, wondering what the odds were about such a run-in.

### Three Standard Days Later: Korriban:

In the middle of the night, Amelia and Darth Oro were sitting, with their legs crossed, in the middle of the duelling ring. Darth Oro was wearing only his typical black trousers, while Amelia was wearing her entire Sith robes and attire. Darth Oro's chest and biceps were incredibly toned and muscular, obviously from years of rigorous training. The night was cool, with a light breeze. The stars lit up the blackish-blue sky.

"I hear you took a trip a few days ago." Darth Oro asked.

"That's right." Amelia replied, "I got this from one of the Jedi I encountered."

Amelia held out the half destroyed hilt of the double-edged lightsaber. Darth Oro took it from her and examined the weapon.

"A Jedi?" Darth Oro said, "Impressive."

"Not so much." Amelia countered, "I had to rely on the Force too much."

Darth Oro stared at Amelia.

"I need to learn the lightsaber techniques faster." Amelia commanded.

"Indeed." Darth Oro whispered.

Darth Oro activated the lightsaber; the silver blade partially illuminated his face.

"This weapon is very impressive." Darth Oro commented.

"It's just a lightsaber." Amelia stated.

"It's *not* just a lightsaber; it was personally crafted by someone with a great working knowledge of the weapon." Darth Oro stated.

"The weapon belonged to a Jedi Weapons Master." Amelia added.

"That explains it." Darth Oro replied.

"Explains what?" Amelia frustratingly asked.

"The elegance of the weapon." Darth Oro answered.

Amelia frustratingly looked at Darth Oro.

"Yes, it's true that all lightsabers are elegant, in their own way. But this weapons is really quite special." Darth Oro stated.

Darth Oro got up from his seated position and walked inside towards the armoury just next to the duelling ring. Amelia followed closely behind. Inside the armoury were all sorts of swords, axes, training sabres, and lightsaber parts. He walked over to the workbench and took the lightsaber apart. Amelia watched as Darth Oro carefully dismantled the lightsaber. He laid all the non-destroyed parts carefully into a row.

"All lightsabers are constructed using the same basic parts, but each part can be customized and improved upon; thus, giving the lightsaber its own personality, and its handler an advantage." Darth Oro explained, "Take a look at these parts. They all look similar to those found in your lightsaber, but these are specialized and improved."

He picked one of the parts up.

"This is an Ultimate Diatium Energy Cell. It is capable of providing your lightsaber with an immense amount of energy; much greater than a normal power cell." Darth Oro explained, he picked up another piece, "And this is an Expert Deflection Emitter; this allows for better deflections from blaster fire." Darth Oro picked up another piece, "And this is an Ossus Duelling Lens; a specialized lens that creates a more focused energy blade, allowing for stronger attacks."

Amelia was surprised with all the variations in lightsaber parts.

"But the most impressive part is the power crystal." Darth Oro added, he picked up a large silvery, lustrous, smooth spherical pearl, "This is an Ultima-Pearl; only found on Dac, they give the lightsaber blade an added boost of power that can deal more damage."

Amelia looked at the pearl with awe. The pearl was truly beautiful; it practically shimmered and glistened in her hand.

"When you're done, I'll be outside." Darth Oro replied.

"What?" Amelia asked in a confused voice.



"These are your rewards; the spoils of war." Darth Oro explained, "Use them in your lightsaber."

Amelia then turned around, and took apart her lightsaber. The power cell, emitter and lens were easy to install, but the Ultima-Pearl proved much more difficult. It took her nearly an hour to properly fit the pearl in place and have it work in her lightsaber. She walked out of the armoury and into the duelling ring, only to find Darth Oro sitting in the middle of the ring, cross-legged and meditating.

"I thought Marauders don't meditate." Amelia sarcastically stated.

Immediately, Darth Oro jumped to his feet and activated a single crimson-bladed lightsaber. He leapt through the air and attacked Amelia. Amelia blocked his attack with her newly formed crimson-bladed lightsaber. They were engaged in a sabre-lock.

"What the hell is this?" Amelia strained to say.

"You said you want to quicken your lightsaber skills." Darth Oro answered, "This is how we do it."

Darth Oro broke the sabre-lock, and attacked her once again. Their lightsabers clashed against each others. Darth Oro used a powerful Djem So, and Amelia did the same. Both were incredibly aggressive, but Darth Oro was more skilled. Since Darth Oro was much bigger than Amelia, and physically stronger, he used both to his advantage. Both their movements, however, were lightning fast, as were their reflexes.

As Amelia wielded her new lightsaber, she could actually feel the difference. Her lightsaber had a different weight, that would take some time to get used to, but the energy blade itself was different; it was stronger and more focused. She felt the blade's strength, and that gave her strength.

But every time Darth Oro would strike at her, that power and strength seemed to dwindle. His lightsaber technique was too much for her to handle, but she wasn't about to give up; not now. Once again, their lightsabers clashed; explosions of light partially illuminated the duelling ring and the night sky. Darth Oro's attacks are relentless, and his muscles, bulging and massive, didn't seem to be getting tired. Every time he struck her, she could see his pectoral muscles and biceps twitch because they were so big. His strikes were wearing her down, but she couldn't defend herself in any other way. Suddenly, engaged in another sabre-lock, Darth Oro kicked Amelia in the side of her right knee, causing her to lose her balance, and her control of her lightsaber. Then, just as fast, Darth Oro slashed at her leg, nicking it with his crimson-bladed lightsaber. Pain

surged through her body; she grasped her right leg, and tried to fight back the tears. She clenched her teeth together, fighting the urge to scream in agony. Although it was just a surface scratch, the intense heat from the lightsaber blade multiplied the pain. Darth Oro suddenly deactivated his lightsaber, and grabbed Amelia by the robes, forcefully. He pulled her closer towards him.

"Enough of this." Darth Oro said in a deep voice.

He started ripping through her robes and clothes. Tearing through her clothes, he could see the bare skin of the body. Her skin was smooth, but scarred and bruised. Stripes and strands of cloth were scattered all over the duelling ring, and were eventually picked up and blown away by the breeze. Amelia simply laid there quietly with her back on the dirty, dusty floor of the duelling ring as Darth Oro forced himself onto her.

The next morning, Amelia was inside her living quarters taking a shower. She has been in the shower for just over an hour now, washing herself over and over again. She hated the way Darth Oro treated her body, like it was a piece of meat. His claws scratched the skin on her back until they were red, scarred and bleeding. She knew, deep within her mind, that Darth Oro was just using her for physical pleasure rather than an academic pursuit of the Force. She finally stepped out of the shower, and got herself ready for the day's exercises and training.

Thirty standard minutes later, she stepped outside wearing her traditional black Sith robes and attire. Standing outside was Darth Oro; he was wearing similar traditional Sith attire, which was unusual for him. Amelia looked at him for a moment.

"What do you want?" Amelia asked.

"I think it's time for you to get your marks." Darth Oro stated.

"My marks?" Amelia asked.

Darth Oro simply ran his fingers down his face, outlining the geometric black Sith tattoos that covered his face and body. Amelia immediately understood.

"I thought they were only reserved for Lords?" Amelia asked.

"The Seven Masters are willing to make an exception, in your case." Darth Oro explained.

Amelia thought about it for a while. She smiled, and nodded in agreement.

"Excellent." Darth Oro stated, "Follow me."

Darth Oro led Amelia through the academy, down into the dark, shadow-filled, lower-levels. He was walking around, taking the long way around in order to avoid detection. Amelia looked to him with a fixed gaze; her eyes were outlined with black eyeliner, giving her a menacing and serious look.

"What's with the tattoos anyways?" Amelia asked.

"They are a symbol of power; a symbol of the Sith." Darth Oro explained, "The tattoos are a sign of the bearers complete devotion to the One Sith, and its Emperor, Darth Krayt."

"I see..." Amelia replied.

"The inks are personally made by Darth Maladi; it's a special ink made from the roots of plants with unusual connections to the dark-side of the Force." Darth Oro continued, "The process can be quite... painful, and therefore, makes for a perfect test of one's devotion to the One Sith."

Finally, they reached the lower-levels, and entered a cold, dank and dark room, lit again only with candles and a large fireplace located in the back of the room. The candles gave the room an eerie tone; shadows seemed to move and flicker constantly. There was just enough light for Amelia to see the silhouettes of The Seven Masters.

"Ah, she has agreed then." One of The Seven Masters spoke.

"Yes, my Lord." Darth Oro said with a bow.

"Excellent." He said again, "Come child, so we may begin."

Darth Oro left the room, and closed the stone door behind him. The Seven Masters led Amelia over towards the middle of the room, where a large, rectangular, black stone table standing on two large legs, was situated. Amelia sat down on the cold, black table. The Seven Masters stood around her; one of them approached her until he was almost face-to-face with her. She could almost see his face; it was grey, and rotten, filled with boils and other deformities. He gently placed his hands on her shoulder, then suddenly, tore her robe off. The other Seven Masters also began tearing off her clothes, until she was completely nude. They then laid her down, face down, onto the cold table.

"The tattoos are a mark of individualism, as well as power." One of The Seven Masters stated, "The designs flow from the dark-side of the Force through the ink, and into the body."

"Only the back." Amelia ordered.

"That is not yours to choose." Another one of The Seven Masters replied.

"I thought they were individual?" Amelia asked.

"They are." He answered, "Each Sith tattoo is different from one to the next, but the Sith doesn't choose the design; the design is chosen through the will of the Force."

Without saying another word, The Seven Masters began working on her body. They began shaving the small hairs off her neck, shoulders, arms, legs and back, using very sharp durasteel straight-razors. She could feel the cold blades graze her skin, as well as their hands brushing up against her body. The blade, ever so gently, scrapped across her smooth skin. Their hands were almost caressing her body in inappropriate ways. She could almost sense their glee through the Force, as they continued shaving her nude body. Amelia's back, sleek and sexy, nevertheless, was scarred, and bruised. Her muscles were fit and toned, reflecting her years of constant physical training. Suddenly, they stopped, presumably because they shaved her entire body. They then walked away for a moment, put down their straight-razors, and picked up, what looked like, ancient needles.

"These needles were forged using ancient Sith alchemy. They embody the dark-side of the Force within them." One of The Seven Masters stated, "This is going to hurt."

Amelia braced herself for the needles. The Seven Masters began tattooing her body in various places. They placed the needles on her skin, and applied a little pressure so that the needle would puncture the skin, and insert the ink. Seven needles were poking her body simultaneously; the process was utterly agonizing. She could feel the ink enter her body, and the dark-side energies that emanated from it. She dealt with the pain, even though it seemed like she was on the verge of tears. Through the pain, and possibly the ink, she felt a rush of power and strength flow through her. The pain made her stronger, similar to how the Embrace of Pain did the same.

Together, The Seven Masters start etching the familiar geometric patterns onto her body. One on her neck, connecting down her spine, across her shoulder blades, and down her upper bicep. Oddly, the tattoos were not symmetric; the black geometric tattoos on the left arm went down to her fingers, while on the right, they only covered

her bicep. One set of tattoos extended down her right leg. Once they were finished with her back, they told her to flip around. Once again, they put away their needles, and returned with their straight-razors. They began shaving the skin below her naval, and around her neck. Surprisingly, Amelia saw that The Seven Masters had their eyes closed the entire time, as though they were seeing through the Force itself. Once again, their hands were all over her body, making her feel awkward and violated. Nevertheless, she remained still, trying not to move as they shaved her body. They put away the straight -razors, and returned with the same needles. The Seven Masters began tattooing the same black, jagged geometric Sith patterns around her waistline. The pattern almost connected with the ones on her back, making a thong-like pattern. They continue tattooing around her neck, making a necklace-like pattern. Amelia watched The Seven Masters as they tattooed her body; they had their eyes closed as they inserted the needles into her body. The process was long, and excruciatingly painful, lasting well into the night and into the early morning. She tried not to scream, or show any emotion whatsoever; she absorbed the pain.

The Seven Masters then stop simultaneously, and open their eyes. They gaze at her tattooed body, as she laid there, nude, on the black rectangular table. Amelia could feel the tattoos on her body; they were painful, but they gave her strength. They all smiled, pleased with their creation. They then turned around, and put back their needles. Amelia looks around, and saw something on a far table.

"What are those?" Amelia asked.

One of The Seven Masters looked at what she was looking at.

"Piercings." He informed her, "They are made from electrum and other precious metals, and enhanced using powerful Sith alchemy."

Amelia sat up on the black table, and wrapped a robe around her body. She walked over to the table where the piercings were being displayed. They looked like simple pieces of metal, but once she picked one up, she immediately felt the power of the dark-side flow through her.

"I want one." Amelia ordered.

The Seven Masters smiled at her. Then one of them said, "Sit back down, child."

Amelia picked the two piercing she wanted; one was a simple bar-bell, and another was a stud with a small, violet focusing crystal attached. Amelia walked over to

the black table, and laid down with the robe around her back. She handed the piercings over to one of The Seven Masters.

Using no anaesthesia, one of The Seven Masters pierced Amelia's naval with the jewel encrusted stud. The procedure was incredibly painful, causing tears to accumulate at the corners of her eyes. Amelia channelled the pain, giving her strength. Amelia sat up, and opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out. He pierced her tongue with the simple bar-bell. Again, it was painful, but she channelled it. A single tear ran down her cheek. They smiled at her, proud of their work.

"Our work is completed." One of The Seven Masters announced.

In unison, The Seven Masters walked out of the dark, candle-lit room, and into the even darker hallway. They disappear into shadows, even as Amelia watched them leave. Alone in the room, she walked over to a mirror next to the fireplace. She took off the robe, and stood in front of the mirror nude. She stared at herself, admiring them; they covered up most of the cuts and scars that she acquired over the years. Through the ink, and the dark-side infused alloy, she could feel her powers grow; she could feel her connection to the dark-side of the Force strengthen and intensify. Satisfied with how they look on her, and how she felt, she began putting her clothes back on. Her attire has been partially torn and ripped, but she put them on anyways. She then walked out of the dark, candle-lit room, and back into the academy.

### **Two And A Half Standard Years Later: 137.5 ABY:**

Amelia's progress with the Force has stalled over the past two and a half standard years. Her abilities to progress has slowed because of the exponential amount of knowledge she would have to know in order to progress. However, she had managed to acquire some unusually powerful variants of previous dark-side Force powers, such as a massive wall of electricity, Force Surge; and the ability to lift and crush a person or persons bones and organs, Force Crush. Her peers and other Masters, however, think that she should have been promoted to Sith Lord by now. But because she hadn't yet completed destroying her three pillars, and because her Master, Darth Rau, hadn't recommended her, she had been forced to remain at the academy. Although it wasn't unusual for a student to remain at the academy for many years, students and Masters alike believe she should be fighting the war against the Galactic Alliance Remnant and the Empire-in-exile. The Sith-Imperial war-machine have been fighting the two factions for nearly seven years now, and it thinned their ranks.



Darth Oro, however, had been training Amelia quite extensively and brutally during their late night training sessions. She has now become very proficient with a lightsaber, possibly even better than most of the Sith Marauders the academy currently had. She was masterful in the techniques of Makashi, Djem So and Vaapad, and has a knighthood skill in Soresu. She is also one of the few people, both students and Masters, that know the techniques of all seven lightsaber forms to some degree.

Because she was stuck at the academy, she spent most of her time in the Sith Library, studying the history of the ancient Sith and going through the ancient texts on the Force. She was currently reading up on Darth Vader, and his massacring of the Jedi with Order 66. She admired and was very interested with Darth Vader; he was the Chosen One, and yet the Jedi, for all intents and purposes, cast him aside. Then, he opened his eyes, saw the error in the Jedi teachings, and destroyed them. Ironically, it was love that acted as the catalyst for his revelation, and descent towards the dark-side of the Force.

*Incredible.*

His only failing, however, was his son, Luke Skywalker. Darth Vader was again seduced by the pathetic and false notion of honour, nobility and justice that the Jedi proclaim to have sole guardianship over. By that, and the fact he wore such an inefficient life-support suit, he was weak. But with all of his failings, he was still the single most feared entity in the galaxy at the time, possibly of all time. He struck fear into his enemies, both because of the power he wielded, the appearances he made, and his infamous punishments.

The records of Darth Vader and the Emperor, Darth Sidious, were exceptionally well-recorded, well-detailed, and extremely long. Records around this time were extremely well kept. She didn't particularly know why; possibly because record keeping got more efficient, or the events surrounding this time were surrounded by so many interesting events. Some details and event seem completely over exaggerated, and always skewed towards the Jedi point-of-view, while others seem to completely contradict others. It was frustrating to read and keep track of, however, it was mildly entertaining to read.

*The Clone Wars, what a terrible epoch to read about.*

All of their accounts, including those on Anakin Skywalker, Darth Vader's former name, and Obi-Wan Kenobi, Darth Vader's former Jedi Master, on every event



from the infamous Clone Wars, through to the end of The First Galactic Civil War were described with exceptional detail. Amelia was almost infatuated with Darth Vader.

*Infatuated?*

Amelia was sick with the academy, just as Anakin Skywalker was sick with the Jedi's teachings. She quickly put back the volumes of texts that she acquired on Darth Vader back on the library shelves, and walked towards the academy's landing platforms. Surprisingly, she met the same blonde pilot that has shuttled her around in the past. She looked at him with a shocked, yet pleased, look on her face.

"What are the odds?" Amelia asked.

"Beats me." The pilot replied, "I just fly."

Amelia laughed, "I need you to take me somewhere."

"Where to?" The pilot asked.

"Vjun." Amelia answered.

"Vjun? Isn't that just a big, dead rock?" The pilot replied.

"Just take me there." Amelia replied.

"Okay, it's a big, dead, *important* rock." The pilot answered.

Amelia started walking up the ramp, when the pilot grabbed her by the arm.

"My name is Ben, by the way." The pilot stated.

"Just get this bird up in the air, Ben." Amelia replied.

Ben, the pilot, quickly got fuelled up, checked the exterior of the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, and entered the cabin. He did a quick pre-flight check, as he always did, plotted a course, and took off. Amelia was sitting up front in the co-pilot's chair. She had her feet up on the dashboard, and was blankly staring out the windshield.

"You don't talk much, do you?" Ben asked.

"No, I do." Amelia rebutted, "Just not to you."

**Vjun:**

Vjun was a completely lifeless planet. It was plunged into darkness by perpetual yellow-brown clouds of sulphurous gases, resulting in perpetual acid rain. The rivers and lakes ran with highly corrosive, poisonous sulphuric and nitric acid. The geography of Vjun consisted mostly of rocky deserts and mountainous regions. Despite being a desert, however, Vjun was surprisingly cold, averaging only a few degrees centigrade. The shuttle entered the turbulent atmosphere. The shuttle rocked hard left and right. Acid rain poured onto the windshield so much that they could barely see more than five metres in front of them.

"This is bad." Ben stated.

Amelia said nothing. She simply stared out the windshield. She wasn't worried; the shuttle was retrofitted with new armour that protected against corrosion.

"I need to get to Bast Castle." Amelia stated.

She plugged in the coordinates for Bast Castle into the navicomputer, and Ben tried to get there as best as possible. Suddenly, the shuttle veered violently downward, and crashed landed into the castle. The roof of Bast Castle crumbled from the force of the impact, and the shuttle, surprisingly, remained intact. Amelia survived the crash, but when she looked over at Ben, he was clearly dead.

*That's a shame.*

She forced open the ramp and entered Bast Castle, the former fortress of Darth Vader. The castle was made of black stone, and had one massive and tall spire coming from the structure. It seemed that Amelia had crashed near the middle of the castle, in a big open courtroom with four smaller pyramidal spires at each corner. She looked up and watched as the acid rain started pouring into the castle. She immediately ran into one of the hallways to escape the corrosive and poisonous rain.

She walked down the dimly lit hallways as silently as possible. She sensed the residual dark-side influence of Darth Vader, still present after over a century after his death. Suddenly, she sensed something behind her. She looked back, but saw nothing. She continued walking down the hallway, but she still sensed a dark presence following her. Suddenly, she felt a ripple in the Force.

*Danger.*

She quickly activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and slashed backwards at the air, but she did strike something. A Hssiss, reptilian creatures corrupted by the

dark-side of the Force, have the ability to camouflage themselves using the Force. The massive Hssiss collapsed onto the cold, stone floor, with a large slash across his head from her lightsaber blade. She reached out with the Force, and sensed the Hssiss' all around her. They attacked her from both directions, from behind and from the front. She quickly countered and attacked through the horde of Hssiss. Her quick reflexes, devastating critical strikes, and flurries from her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and powerful attacks cut through the Hssiss'. Amelia was confident, and masterful with her lightsaber. Soon, she hacked and slashed her way through the nearly invisible reptilian foes.

She exited the hallway, and came into another wide open space. She sensed more Hssiss, and several skeletal remains with lightsabers laying everywhere litter the room. Suddenly, the dark-side swelled up into the room, reanimating the skeletal remains. The skeletons, with rotten flesh still attached to their brown and black bones, began to rise from the cold floor. Lightsabers in hand, they activate them. Their lightsabers are all sorts of colours; blue, green and red are the most common, but violet and yellow are also present. Amelia took a step back.

"What the frack?" Amelia asks herself.

The Hssiss' were the first to strike. She used Force Wave to send the Hssiss flying through the large, cold room and into the skeletal zombies, shattering them to pieces. The skeletal zombies attacked her; she blocked their relatively weak strikes, and cut them down quickly. She moved fast, and efficiently, using the aggressive, acrobatic and powerful style of Vaapad to her advantage. Her attacks are bold, and direct. Little energy was wasted with this style, and she delivered overwhelming damage to her foes. Jedi don't use Vaapad, with the notable exception of Mace Windu, its creator, because of its inherent dark-side connection. Vaapad utilizes the dark-side of its user, and focuses through the lightsaber with its strikes. Amelia's strikes, seemingly unpredictable, were calculating. Decapitating the skeletal zombies, and plunging her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the throats and vertebrae of the Hssiss' made for a deadly combination.

Within moments, the entire room is clear of Hssiss' and skeletal zombies. Their dead bodies, and the corroded bones littered the stone tiled floor. She looked up towards the ceiling of the room, and immersed herself in the dark-side. The dark-side energies of the castle flowed through her. Then, another ripple. She opened her eyes and looked towards the other end of the room. A single man, a black human, wearing the equipment of a mercenary, stood and watched her. He noticed her lightsaber, and fired his blaster pistol. She deflected the yellow bolt with her hands, redirecting the bolt

back at the shooter. The yellow bolt of energy struck the mercenary in the shoulder, sending him running in the opposite direction.

Amelia chased; she sensed his fear, his pain, his anxiety through the Force. It fuelled her; it gave her strength and focus. She ran after him, down a dark hallway, where she emerged into another large room; the room was much larger than the room before, with an extremely high ceiling and pillars everywhere. Several, about two dozen, mercenaries, all human of varying colour, stared at her. They were all heavily armed, most of them with Imperial blasters, some more exotic. They immediately fired their blasters at her. She used the immense power of the Force that she wielded to create an incredibly powerful electromagnetic field around her that sent the red and yellow energy bolts fired at her flying around. She attempted to direct the electromagnetic fields to redirect the energy bolts back towards the shooters, but the fields were complex and required great concentration.

Suddenly, five of the mercenaries broke off firing at her, and attacked her with vibroswords. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and blocked the attacks from the five foes, while simultaneously wielding a less intense electromagnetic field to deflect the energy bolts. Their skill with a blade, although good, were no match for her. She easily cut them down, sometimes in half, other times limbs and heads. She then lunged towards the twenty or so mercenaries and slashed and hacked at them with her lightsaber. Her mastery over her lightsaber skills were not required; she just brutally slashed through their flesh, swelling up their fear, and fuelling her rage. Within moments, she killed all the mercenaries, except for one, who was laying on the ground with his arm amputated. She walked up to the mercenary, and stepped down on his throat with her boot.

"Why are you here?" Amelia forcibly asked.

"We... we were trying... to find..." The mercenary started.

"Some loot?" Amelia finished in an angry voice.

The mercenary nodded, yes. Tears started running down his eyes, and fear filled his heart.

*Pathetic.*

In a rage, Amelia stepped harder on the mercenaries throat, crushing his larynx and trachea. The fallen mercenary was completely shocked by the brutality of the

attack. Amelia turned around and began walking away, not even bothering to watch as the man clutched his throat in pain, and trying to breath.

She walked to the end of the room. As she was walking, she stepped on a stone and activated the stone wall next to her to open. The stone wall slide open. She looked into the blackness, and took a step back. Suddenly, three pairs of glowing red eyes appeared, and something started to take a step towards her. The sounds were mechanical, which confused her. Out of the darkness emerged three gigantic Phase III Dark Troopers, a relic of The First Galactic Civil War. These Dark Troopers looked like stormtroopers, but stood nearly three metres tall and were extremely wide at the shoulders. Their armour, black, was made of a weaved alloy of cortosis. They were armed with assault cannons, and seeking missiles attached to their shoulders. They also had a personal deflector shield. The Dark Trooper project was issued by Palpatine due to the inadequateness of stormtroopers during combat; as a response, they created the Dark Troopers, battle droids with beefed up weapons, and nearly impenetrable armour. They were thought to be all destroyed soon after the destruction of the Death Star, but rumours did claim that Darth Vader kept some for his own personal bodyguards.

*Looks like the rumours were true.*

Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber and stared them down. The three Dark Troopers approached and surrounded her. She immediately slashed at one of the Dark Troopers standing in front of her. The crimson-bladed lightsaber made contact the black, cortosis alloy shoulder guards, and shuttered out of existence.

*What the frack?*

Suddenly, one of the Dark Troopers kicked her in the back and onto the cold, stone floor. She got up and used a Force Wave to push the three Dark Troopers away, but their massive bodies barely caused them to take a step back. She leapt into the air, and behind one of the Dark Troopers. She tried frantically to reactivate her lightsaber, but it wouldn't power up. The three Dark Troopers then began firing their assault cannons. The incredibly large and powerful red bolts of energy hurdled towards her. She used the Force to redirect them, but only sent them into the grey, stone pillars, causing them to shatter. She used Master Speed to dodge the rest of the energy bolts coming from the assault cannons until her lightsaber activated again.

Finally, after nearly two minutes, her lightsaber turned back on. For a moment, she was relieved. She charged at the three Dark Troopers, and thrust her lightsaber into one of the Dark Troopers neck. Once again, her lightsaber shorted out. The Dark

Trooper picked her up and sent her hurdling into a stone pillar. The force of the impact shattered and cracked the stone. She was in incredible pain; one of her ribs was probably broken.

*Okay, no more lightsabers.*

She picked herself up; the three Dark Troopers charged at her. They are big, lumbering giants, so they were slow. She commanded all the power of the dark-side of the Force, and unleashed Force Surge, a massive wall of powerful and damaging electric energy that continued to linger in the air for minutes. The electric bolts of lightning surged and impacted the Dark Troopers, temporarily stopping them. The closest Dark Trooper began walking towards her again. She jumped onto its massive back, and grabbed hold of its black, helmet-like head. She tore it off with her bare hands and kicked the Dark Trooper down as she jumped off. Although the head was removed, the Dark Trooper was still active. Instead, she used the Force, and lifted the fallen Dark Trooper into the air, crushed it under extreme pressure, and sent it flying into the other two dark Troopers. One of the Dark Troopers toppled over due to the impact, but the other simply walked over them. Suddenly, the missile rack emerged from the only standing Dark Trooper. Amelia used Master Speed to dodge the seeking missiles being fired at her. She used the Force to redirect and confuse the seeking mechanism in the missiles, causing them to impact the floor, walls or pillars instead.

She charged at the Dark Trooper as it continued to fire missiles at her. The missiles streaked through the air, leaving behind it a trail of greyish-black smoke. She slid underneath and between its massive mechanical legs and emerged behind the Dark Trooper. Because it was so massive, it was slow to turn around. Amelia, however, used Force Crush to squeeze and compress the mechanical body of the Dark Trooper. Metal started to creak and squeak from the strain of the Force bending the metal beyond its breaking point. Then, suddenly, Amelia ripped the Dark Trooper in half, metal scraps and bolts flew everywhere. She then sent both halves into the wall, fully destroying the Dark Trooper.

Amelia turned around, and saw that the fallen Dark Trooper has managed to lift the metal mass off its chest, and slowly began to rise. The Dark Trooper rose its assault cannon at Amelia and fired rapidly. She deflected and redirected the energy bolts back towards the Dark Trooper. The energy bolts struck the Dark Trooper, but the cortosis armour mitigated the damage. Then, in a rage, Amelia harnessed the Force, and tore down one of the pillars and sent it crashing down. The massive and heavy stone pillar



fell directly on top of the fallen Dark Trooper, crushing it instantly. Metal, stone and dead bodies litter the floor.

Amelia dusted herself off, and continued walking down the length of the room, minding her step. She finally found her way to Darth Vader's throne room. The room was massive, with the ground floor littered with small, shattered black rock that came from Darth Vader's statue. The black stoned statue of Darth Vader laid in ruins on the grey stone floor. At the far end of the room was a large window, with a similar design to the TIE/In Fighters. Above her were two levels of pathways that led to other sections of the castle. She approached the black statue, and gazed upon the fallen head of Darth Vader.

"So much potential." Amelia said to herself.

"Who says I didn't reach it?" someone said in a deep, dark bass voice from behind her.

She turned around and only saw shadows. The voice echoed in the massive room. She reached out with the Force, and felt nothing.

"You underestimate my power?" The voice said.

Suddenly, from the shadows, a tall man with long, dark blonde, slightly curly hair and a vertical scar across his right eye appeared. He had red and sulphur-yellow iris', and his skin was paler than normal. She looked at his right arm; it was a prosthetic, covered with a black glove. He was wearing the traditional attire of a Jedi, but with much darker colours, blacks and dark browns.

"Vader?" Amelia said in a confused voice, "You're dead."

"Was." Darth Vader, in his human form, replied.

Darth Vader was holding his silver and black lightsaber hilt in his right, prosthetic hand; it was well designed, and perfectly crafted for use of Djem So, his preferred fighting style. Suddenly, he ignited his blue blade, and charged at her. He was powerful, more powerful than anyone she had previously fought before. His movements, although not as elegant as Makashi, had elements of Makashi integrated with his powerful fighting style of Djem So. She used her mastery over Vaapad, a bolder and more direct fighting style that integrated acrobatics with powerful sweeps and stabs. Each clash of their lightsabers was deafening; thunderous sounds emanated from the impacts.



*He's fast.*

Darth Vader, quite possibly the best duellist to ever live, was wearing her down. He employed impressive footwork, and control over his blue-bladed lightsaber with either both hands or just one. He twirled and leapt, yet all his strikes were direct and powerful. She was supremely impressed by his control with a lightsaber. She couldn't switch to her own mastery over Djem So, because Darth Vader was far superior in that fighting style; she couldn't switch to Makashi, because that fighting style wouldn't last long against Darth Vader's brutal assaults. Suddenly, Darth Vader and Amelia were engaged in a sabre-lock. Darth Vader looked directly at her, and she stared into his dark, red and sulphur-yellow Sith eyes.

"You failed as a Sith because you held onto the false ideals of the Jedi." Amelia commented with a strain in her voice.

"I was the Chosen One!" Darth Vader countered.

Darth Vader kicked Amelia in the gut, sending her backwards. Darth Vader held out his hands, and inflicted a powerful Force Crush onto Amelia. Her feet lifted up off the ground, and her bones, especially her weakened ribs, started aching. She screamed in pain as her bones creaked and strained under the strength of Darth Vader's Force powers. Her organs felt like they were about to explode.

"I had power!" Darth Vader screamed.

"You were a hollow man in a suit!" Amelia strained to scream.

Amelia unleashed a powerful Force Wave against Darth Vader. He let go of his grip on her, and she fell back towards the ground. Surprisingly, Darth Vader absorbed most of the impact, and only took a couple steps back in order to regain his balance. Amelia charged at Darth Vader with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. She attacked using the complicated, direct and bold manoeuvres of Vaapad. Darth Vader countered, and unleashed the fury of his unusual hybrid of Djem So with Makashi. Suddenly, he smacked the lightsaber off to the side, and wrapped his hands around Amelia's neck. He bent her backwards, forcing her lightsaber towards her, trying to plunge it into her body. She could see the strain in his face and the anger in his eyes as he choked the life out of her. She kned him in the side, and he released his grip. Amelia jumped back onto her feet, and reactivated her crimson-bladed lightsaber. Darth Vader had his back to her; she unleashed a devastating Force Storm that scorched and burned his clothing. The lightning bolts struck his body, sending it into convulsions and uncontrollable

spasms. Surprisingly, he didn't scream in pain, but rather just groaned. The lightning bolts that struck cloth, ignited, sending him into a blazing inferno. Amelia stopped her attack, and watched Darth Vader burn once more.

"Burned again." Amelia stated, "Ironic."

His body was engulfed in a roaring flame. Amelia watched as the fire slowly died down, only to reveal a scorched corpse. Amelia decided to head up towards the upper levels of Darth Vader's throne room. The hallways were dark, and the rooms were empty. Suddenly, she heard something coming from the darkness behind her.

*Breathing.*

Heavy, deep rhythmic breathing. She immediately turned around and activated her lightsaber. Just in time, she blocked another crimson blade that was aimed straight for her. She looked at the attacker; it was Darth Vader, but in his infamous black, plastoid armour suit. He stood taller than his human equivalent, and he was physically stronger. He now wielded a dual-phase crimson-bladed lightsaber that extended the energy blade to nearly double its original length. He forced his lightsaber down onto hers with all his might.

"A hollow man in a suit." Darth Vader spoke in a raspy, low tambour voice augmented by a vocabulator.

She broke the sabre-lock and gazed at the towering figure in front of her. He wore the armour of Darth Vader; the black cape, life-support regulator on his chest, the chilling helmet, and the black, ribbed gloves. His breathing was the most chilling and disturbing of all; a deep, rhythmic breathing that echoed off the walls of the dark hallway.

Suddenly, Darth Vader unleashed a powerful Force Wave attack directed towards Amelia. The attack took her by surprise, and sent her flying through the stone wall behind her and into the large throne room below. She landed near the fallen black statue of Darth Vader. Rock and debris rained down all around her. Her shoulders and back took the brunt of the impact. She looked up and saw Darth Vader elegantly glide down from above with his crimson-bladed lightsaber drawn, and his cape fluttering through the air. He landed smoothly, and approached her. She picked herself up, and began her attacks against him again. Darth Vader's attacks were no longer fast; they were slow, and awkward, and he heavily relied on the Force to steady himself and guide his attacks. His footwork and body movements were clumsy, and inelegant.

However, he was much stronger; each strike that connected with her lightsaber felt ten times more powerful than that of Anakin Skywalker's. Darth Vader used his height to his advantage; towering over her, he could force his lightsaber down on hers with ease, and use his body weight as leverage.

Both Amelia and Darth Vader approached each other, crimson-bladed lightsabers drawn. Amelia, with a sudden burst of speed, lunged forward with her crimson-bladed lightsaber aimed towards Darth Vader's head. At the last moment, Darth Vader turned his shoulders to evade the attack, while Amelia rotated and struck a high blow, again directed at his black, plastoid helmet. Darth Vader blocked the attack with a vertical parry. Amelia quickly circled around, and with incredible speed, leapt into the air and thrust her lightsaber towards Darth Vader's neck. At the last moment, Darth Vader clumsily blocked the stab, but had to take several steps backwards in order to regain his balance. The two exchanged glancing blows with their lightsabers; the duel was fast and furious, with thunderous impacts and blinding explosions. Amelia, charging forward, was surprised by Darth Vader's sudden, and bold, strike aimed at her face. She quickly moves aside, and countered with one of her own. Darth Vader quickly smacked her lightsaber aside before the tip could contact his helmet. Amelia used the momentum of Darth Vader's attack to swing around and struck his shoulders. The glancing blow caused some sparks to shower out of his shoulders. Darth Vader grunted through his vocabulator, and gripped his right shoulder.

Darth Vader continued his assault against Amelia. They exchanged more lightning fast glancing blows to one another; Amelia with her speed and elegance, and Darth Vader with his brute force. During a short sabre-lock, they stared at each other face-to-face. Suddenly, Amelia broke the sabre-lock, and thrust her lightsaber at Darth Vader's life-support regulator on his chest, causing him to awkwardly defend himself, so he took a few steps backwards. Darth Vader, filled with rage, attacked Amelia with brutal fury. Amelia's elegant lightsaber technique was able to evade and block Darth Vader's powerful and vicious attacks, but her muscles were tiring.

In desperation, Amelia summoned a powerful Force Wave, knocking Darth Vader back a few steps. Amelia, capitalizing on Darth Vader's off-balance, quickly circled around Darth Vader again, leapt into the air, and stabbed Vader in the left shoulder. Darth Vader groaned in pain as he clutched his other sparking shoulder. Now in a full fury, Darth Vader wildly and uncontrollably charged at Amelia. His strikes, although vicious, are more animalistic in nature. Darth Vader's assault nearly cut her in half several times. Again, in desperation, Amelia wielded Force Wave that impacted Darth Vader in the chest. Darth Vader took a knee as he received the full force of the

impact. Darth Vader grunted in pain, and he breathes heavily though is vocabulator. Amelia watched for a moment. Seconds later, Darth Vader picked himself up, and stared down at Amelia. He charged at her again, but his arms have grown weak and tired, hardly able to keep up with his legs and body. Amelia, capitalizing on his weakened state, managed to take a strike at his thigh. Darth Vader grunted in pain again, and pushed Amelia away using Force Wave. She absorbed most of the attack, however. Darth Vader tried walking towards her, but he was clumsy, and slower now.

With his tired, weak, and old body failing him, Darth Vader got her in another Force Crush; he lifted her off the ground, and started crushing her throat. In desperation, she threw her lightsaber at Darth Vader's life-support regulator on his chest. Darth Vader blocked the flying lightsaber with his right arm, causing it to spark. The attack was enough that Darth Vader let go of his grip around her throat. Amelia called upon the Force to send her lightsaber back into her hands. She activated the lightsaber, and began charging towards Darth Vader. Darth Vader started lifting rocks and other debris from the room and started throwing them at her. The large chunks of rock she cut down and dodged, but the attack was relentless. Smaller pieces smack her on the head and face, causing her to lose her concentration. Amelia fell to the ground because of a rock hitting her in the face. Darth Vader approached with his crimson-bladed lightsaber drawn.

With surprising speed, Amelia got back onto her feet, and struck at Darth Vader's helmet within moments. The strike was so powerful, it tore his black, plastoid helmet off. Darth Vader, shocked with the strike, fell to one knee with a moan. Amelia stared down at the face of Darth Vader; a broken man, he had pale, ghostly white skin, was bald and browless, and had partially healed burn marks and scars all over his face. Amelia, standing right over him, grabbed Darth Vader by the throat with her left hand; her tattoos began to tingle, as if pricked by tiny needles, as she slowly applied pressure. Underneath her grip, she could hear Vader's throat being crushed.

"You were a broken shadow of your former self." Amelia growled.

Amelia, using the tip of her crimson blade, started drilling into his left shoulder, twisting the blade ever so slightly; the plastoid armour immediately vaporized, and smoke rose from the wound, until finally the searing hot blade pierced his flesh. Darth Vader screamed through his vocabulator; the deep, bass-like, rumbling scream shook the room until small chunks of rock rained down all around them. With incredible physical strength, Darth Vader punched Amelia backwards, folding her over; Amelia felt as if the wind had been knocked out of her. Smaller pieces of stone fell all around

them. Amelia charged at Darth Vader, and struck down on him with an overhead downward strike. Darth Vader blocked the strike with a single-handed, arrogant, high horizontal parry. Amelia forced her lightsaber down against his, engaging in a sabre-lock. She stared into his dark eyes that were filled with regret and sorrow. Once again, Amelia felt her rage swell up from within her.

"You were not worthy of Sith knowledge!" Amelia taunted again.

Then, with a sudden fury, she broke the sabre-lock, spun her lightsaber into a vertical strike, knocking Darth Vader's crimson-bladed lightsaber to the side. With Darth Vader left completely open and unprotected, Amelia severed his right arm, revealing the prosthetic hand, which sparked and sizzled.

"You never fully embraced the dark-side." Amelia continued, "You always held the ideals of the Jedi inside you."

She lifted Darth Vader off the ground and crushed his body with a devastating Force Crush. Darth Vader's bones almost immediately started to break; each bone that shattered sounded like a thunderous snap. Darth Vader growled in pain as his already weakened body was being torn apart from within. She overpowered him. Suddenly, she slammed his body forcefully into the cold, hard stone floor. Darth Vader gave a sigh of pain.

"You wasted your power being a slave to the Jedi. You were weak! You were a misguided fool!" Amelia continued her taunt, "I respected you, but you are nothing to respect."

With lightning fast speed, she lunged towards Darth Vader, and plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into his life-support regulator. The crimson-bladed lightsaber pierced straight through to the back of his cape. Then, using the Force, she called for Darth Vader's lightsaber. The lightsaber flew into her hands, and she activated it. Rotating to his side and reaching behind him, she plunged his own lightsaber into his spinal column. The final assault took only moments, but felt like hours. She watched, with her lightsaber in hand, as Darth Vader fell to the floor with a thud. Darth Vader took his last breath through his regulator, and then died. Surprisingly, his body started to disintegrate before her eyes, revealing a corpse. The corpse had rotten flesh barely attached to brown and black bones of a skeleton, similar to the ones she saw earlier. She stood by the rotten body, staring at it blankly; a slight tingle ran up her spine, making her shiver.

*Was that really Darth Vader? Or was it another abomination?*

She decided not to look around any further. She quickly ran through the halls of Bast Castle, and returned to her fallen *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle. She harnessed the power of the Force to move the debris from around the shuttle, and lifted it onto its landing gear. She then unleashed Force Wave against the stone ceiling, shattering and tearing it apart. The ceiling was now a large gaping hole; acid rain and rock debris started raining down on her. She quickly got into the shuttle, threw the dead body of the blonde pilot out the shuttle, and prepped the shuttle for launch. She sat in the pilot's seat, and took off. She flew through the turbulent atmosphere of Vjun, and plotted a course back to Korriban.

### **Korriban:**

Amelia arrived back on Korriban where her Master, Darth Rau, was waiting for her. He stared at her as she came into view from her Imperial shuttle. She walked down the ramp and paused for a moment. She stared at him with cold, eyes; her face betrayed no emotion, and was locked into a neutral expression. Then, she proceeded to walk right pass him without saying a word.

"Amelia." Darth Rau replied, "The Seven Masters want to see you. Now."

Amelia stared at Darth Rau for a moment, then continued walking down the hallway towards the council chambers, and the great pair of stone doors. Amelia and Darth Rau both entered the council chambers; a great big, dark room that was only lit with small candles. The room was eerie and chilly; a slight draft wafted up her legs, and a chill ran down her spine. The seven cloaked figures, wearing jet black robes, approached her silently.

"Ah, great Amelia." One of the figures greeted, "We are quite pleased with your performance."

"Yes, you have finally completed tearing down your pillars." Another figure added.

"You are now ready to be a Lord." A third figure proclaimed.

"Go to Coruscant with your Master to complete your final task." A fourth figure ordered.

Then, as silently as they came, they disappeared into the darkness of the room. She and her Master left the room.



"What final task?" Amelia asked.

"That will be revealed to you on Coruscant." Darth Rau answered, "We should leave immediately."

"No rush." Amelia whispered.

Darth Rau looked at her with astonishment.

"But Amelia—" Darth Rau started.

"I need to finish something here first." Amelia interrupted, "And I'm not going until it's done."

"This is more important." Darth Rau corrected, "We leave tomorrow."

Amelia, filled with anger, walked towards the duelling ring. Her ribs fractured, and her muscles were sore; she embraced the pain. She pushed her way through the crowd as they watched an incredible duel between Nekreto, a green-skinned male Rodian, and blue-skinned male Twi'lek. Their crimson-bladed training sabres clashed with impressive force. With incredible speed, Nekreto slashed at the Twi'lek across the chest, incapacitating him. Darth Oro entered the ring and rose Nekreto's arm.

"Victor, and still undefeated in the ring!" Darth Oro proclaimed.

The crowd cheered the victory. Medical droids attended to the fallen Twi'lek while everyone in the crowd piled into the academy and into the meditation chambers. Darth Oro glanced over at Amelia for a moment, a little surprised or shocked that she actually came. He gave a small smile, and continued walking inside. Nekreto was the last one to leave the ring. He looked up at her and stared for a moment; he emanated surprise and confusion into the Force.

"You got a problem?" Nekreto said in a threatening voice.

"You." Amelia answered.

She walked up to him until they were face-to-face, "Tonight, we finish this." Amelia challenged.

"Gladly." Nekreto excepted.

Amelia walked into the academy while Nekreto watched her leave.



Later that night, Amelia waited in the duelling ring. The air is cool, and a light breeze filled the arena; her tattooed skin was covered in goosebumps. The sky was black, and the stars were bright. The cool air blew past her face; her dark red hair fluttered in the wind. She had her lightsaber in her hands, but the crimson blade was not activated. Suddenly, six figures emerged from the darkness of the academy. In the middle was Nekreto, and surrounding him were two red-skinned male Zabraks, the same blue-skinned male Twi'lek she saw in the duelling ring earlier that day, a white-skinned female Devaronian, and an ugly brown-skinned Aqualish. They were all skilled Sith Marauders being trained by Darth Oro. They stopped in front of her.

"I look forward to disembowelling you." Nekreto taunted.

Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the six did the same. Suddenly, the Aqualish charged out of the crowd and towards her. She quickly stabbed the Aqualish in the gut, and kicked him in the chest. The Aqualish doubled over, took a few steps backward, and fell over the side of the ring. He plummeted over five hundred metres and hit the jagged and razor-sharp rocks below forcibly; a shower of gore drenched the rocks.

"Anyone else stupid enough?" Amelia taunted.

Then, everyone except Nekreto and the female Devaronian, charged at her. She defended herself, and used her mastery of Djem So and Makashi, similar to Darth Vader, to attack. They were relentless with their attacks; almost animalistic. Their rage against her, ironically, fuelled her own. Their lightsabers clashed against one another's; the sounds of thunder were deafening, and the flashes of lights were blinding. However, to their surprise, Amelia was quite skilled in the complex manoeuvres of Makashi, as well as the powerful attacks of Djem So. It seemed to her that her three attackers were using Ataru, an acrobatic, offensive form. Their style was beautiful to watch, but it could confuse and misdirect her attacks, possibly leaving her open to attack.

She continued her relentless attacks and defended herself when necessary. Her muscles were sore and painful, and her ribs howled in agony. Despite her anguish, she wanted to get to Nekreto; that was her main purpose. Suddenly, in a blind fury, she lifted one of the male Zabrak's into the air, and Force Crushed him. His bones shattered under the tremendous pressure and strain she exerted, and his organs literally were torn apart. The male Zabrak coughed up blood, appearing black in the night, and screamed in pain. Then, with precise movements, she threw him towards the blue-

skinned male Twi'lek. The Twi'lek fell under the weight of the dead body. The other male Zabrak charged at her with fury in his eyes, and anger in his heart. She skilfully blocked his wild attacks. Suddenly, the Zabrak kicked her in the ribs, sending her falling backwards; the sudden impact surged with agony, causing her to scream. The Zabrak struck downward at Amelia, but she blocked it with a horizontal parry. The Zabrak used all of his weight to force down his lightsaber against hers.

Then, she unleashed a powerful Force Wave, sending the Zabrak backwards. She levitated in the air, and unleashed a devastating Force Surge attack. The Zabrak tried to deflect the electric bolts, but the lightsaber got thrown out of his hands. Defenceless, the Zabrak felt the full brunt of her lightning attack. The electric current surged through his body, causing him to convulse and spasm uncontrollably. His clothing caught fire, and his red skin scorched and burned. The Zabrak fell to the dusty floor of the duelling ring and continued to convulse and burn. His muscles spammed so viciously that his neck and spine broke from the violent muscle contractions.

The Twi'lek finally got up from off the ground and pushed the dead Zabrak's body off to the side. He stared at Amelia, then at the burning body of the other Zabrak. He activated his crimson-bladed lightsaber and charged at her. She blocked and parried the aggressive attacks. She fought through the pain ravaging her body; she was highly skilled, and she easily defended herself. Suddenly, Amelia used a powerful variation of mental trickery known as Break Mind. This caused the Twi'lek to suddenly stop his unyielding attacks and drop his lightsaber. He clutched his face and began screaming at the top of his lungs. Terrifying and disturbing images flash inside the Twi'leks mind, completely incapacitating him. He began running around the arena, seemingly trying to run away from the horrifying images. Amelia watched in amusement. The Twi'lek finally dropped to his knees near the edge of the duelling ring, and started bobbing his head up and down in a crazed manner; she saw him scratching and clawing at his face in a rampage. Forcibly, she kicked the Twi'lek in the back, kicking him off the ledge and plummeting him down towards the jagged rocks below. Amelia turned around and stared at Nekreto and the female Devaronian.

"Yvette, take her." Nekreto ordered.

Yvette , the female Devaronian, activated her crimson double-edged lightsaber and calmly walked towards her. She had a full head of black hair, small horns at the top of her head, pale skin and long, pointy ears. She attacked Amelia using the powerful, long arching strikes the double-edged lightsaber are well known for. She was incredibly acrobatic, yet used the fighting style of Vaapad. Amelia looked into her eyes; they were

red and sulphur-yellow Sith eyes. Amelia continued her attack against Yvette, using a hybrid Makashi and Djem So, similar to Darth Vader's. Surprisingly, the unusual and powerful fighting style doesn't fluster Yvette. Instead, Yvette managed to kick Amelia in the chest, sending her falling backwards. Amelia quickly used the Force to call the Twi'leks lightsaber into her hands, and used both lightsabers to block the powerful strike of the double-edged lightsaber.

Amelia kicked Yvette in the gut, breaking the sabre-lock. Then, using the complicated twirls and spins associated with dual lightsaber fighting, *Jar'Kai*, Amelia artfully struck hard against Yvette's double-edged lightsaber. However, her skills were not adept, and Yvette quickly destroyed the Twi'leks lightsaber. Tired of the fight, Amelia unleashed Force Surge against Yvette. The electric bolts struck the double-edged lightsaber, partially protecting Yvette. Electric bolts did strike Yvette's shoulders and legs, causing her to flinch in pain. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, Yvette unleashed a masterful Force Scream, that incapacitated Amelia temporarily. The scream caused Amelia to cease her lightning attack. Amelia dropped to her knees, clutching her ears in pain. Yvette arrogantly approached Amelia, ready to plunge her double-edged lightsaber into her. But suddenly, Amelia rose and grabbed Yvette by the face. Suddenly, surges of red and orange lightning bolts emerged from Amelia's hand and into Yvette's face and body. Amelia slowly drained Yvette's vitality and Force energy from her body. Yvette, totally incapacitated, slowly withered to death. Finally, her body turned to a dusty husk, and fell to the floor at Amelia's feet. Amelia looked up at Nekreto with terrible, angry eyes.

"No one else to hide behind." Amelia taunted.

"I will make you suffer for what you've done." Nekreto replied in a deep, dark voice.

With anger, he activated his crimson-bladed lightsaber, and charged at Amelia. She defended herself using the hybrid Makashi and Djem So, as earlier. His attacks were faster and stronger than the other five. She had to rely purely on the Force to block and defend herself from the brutal and unrelenting attacks from Nekreto. He seemed to be harnessing a masterful Djem So. The clash of the lightsabers, thunderous. The air seemed to break as the lightsabers sliced through it. Surprisingly, her muscles were now starting to wear down, and her movements became slightly slower. Although slight, it was enough to put Amelia in grave danger.

In desperation, Amelia started using her telekinetic abilities and started wielding the fallen lightsabers that lay around her. The crimson blades flew through the air and hurdled towards Nekreto like spears. Skilfully, Nekreto dodged and destroyed the flying crimson-bladed lightsabers. Then, out of nowhere, Amelia leapt into the air and plunged her lightsaber forward. Nekreto barely had time to evade her attack, causing him to fall backwards. Quickly, Amelia spun around, and cut Nekreto's lightsaber in half, completely destroying it. Nekreto started to crawl backwards in fear.

"Okay, you win!" Nekreto pleaded, "Please don't kill me!"

"Such a pathetic imbecile." Amelia replied angrily, "Don't even have to good sense to die with dignity."

Amelia electrocuted Nekreto with Force Surge. The electric bolts penetrated his body, causing it to convulse and spasm frenziedly. Nekreto screamed in fear and in pain. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eyes, Amelia spotted Darth Oro walking towards her.

"Amelia! Enough!" Darth Oro commanded.

Amelia stopped her electrocution of Nekreto; his body smouldered with black and grey smoke. Nekreto's body still twitched and spasm due to the residual electrical shocks. Darth Oro approached her; he looked around to see the three dead bodies laying on the duelling ring floor.

"He is defeated." Darth Oro replied, "You have regained your honour."

"His very breathing dishonours me!" Amelia shouted.

Amelia began electrocuting Nekreto again; her fury and rage fuelling her powers. Nekreto screamed, once again, in pain. Quickly, Darth Oro activated his dual crimson-bladed lightsabers and leapt in front of Nekreto, blocking the lightning bolts. The two lightsabers in a classic X block, provided him with protection against her attacks. Amelia was unrelenting; she continued to fuel her lightning attack. The powerful surge of electricity was enough to overwhelm Darth Oro's defences, leaving him and Nekreto vulnerable to her attacks. Amelia was vicious, animalistic almost; she continued to electrocute both of them until both were simply violently twitching. The electricity was so bright, and so powerful, that it seemed to light up the night sky. Finally, after several minutes of powerful electrocution, she relented. She stared at both bodies, smouldering and convulsing. Nekreto and Darth Oro were horribly burned; their flesh seemed like it would peel off if touched. Blood ran down Nekreto's mouth,

and his eyes were bulging from their sockets. Amelia calmly walked back into the empty hallways of the academy and back into her living quarters.

The next morning, the academy was in a huge frenzy; students and Masters ran through the hallways of the academy, heading for the landing pads. The hallways were packed shoulder-to-shoulder with beings all heading in the same direction. Amelia opened the door of her chambers, and looked outside. Everyone was running through the hallways in the same direction; the footfalls were noisy, and amplified as more and more students ran together. Amelia was completely confused with the sight.

Finally, she turned and asked, "Hey! What's going on?" Most of the students ran by her door without saying a word; she repeated, "What happened?"

Finally, one of the students slowed down enough to answer, "The Emperor! He's been hurt!"

The student kept on running; Amelia was completely shocked and surprised. Never in her life would she have thought that Darth Krayt would ever fall so easily. Her mind was racing; she was contemplating all the possibilities, as well as all her futures now that Darth Krayt was injured.

*If Darth Krayt dies, so do the Sith.*

Amelia immediately ran out of her chambers, wearing only a black Sith robe and some loosing fitting underclothes, and followed the rest of the students down the hallways. Her robe fluttered through the hallways as she ran. The dimly lit hallways suddenly opened to the wide-open expanse of the landing pads. Hundreds of students crowded the landing pad, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Darth Krayt. The horde of Sith students and Masters flooded the Force with worry, and shock. She held her cool, calming her mind of negative thoughts. She pushed through the crowd, making her way to the end of the landing pad in order to get a better view. After a few moments, she pushed through, and saw a *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle approaching.

"There it is!" One of the Sith students shouted.

They all looked at the incoming *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle. They all eagerly anticipated his arrival. Amelia gazed upon the incoming Imperial shuttle, and noticed it wasn't on a vector that would allow it to land on the landing pad. They watched as the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle landed on the barren, dusty, rocky terrain of Korriban, just

below them. The boarding ramp opened, and out of the holding chambers were the comatose bodies of Lord Stryfe, Darth Maladi and Darth Talon, laying on hover-gurneys. They had respirators on, and were dripping of bacta; the hover-gurneys were being pushed by various models of medical droids. Amelia reached out with the Force, and sensed that their life-force was weak; they had sustained severe injuries from whatever mission they were on. The hover-gurneys went out of sight, presumably into the underlevels of the Korriban academy where the Healing Chambers were located.

"What happened?" Amelia asked.

One of the Sith students looked over to her, and replied, "They were on Had Abbadon."

"Doing what?" Amelia asked.

The Sith student shrugged, and shook his head. Amelia let out a long sigh, and continued watching the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle. Suddenly, on another hover-gurney, the body of Darth Krayt emerged from within the holding chamber, with a respirator and other medical devices attached to his body; Darth Wyyrlok and a 2-1B surgical droid followed closely behind. The collective Sith students gasped at the sight. Once again, Amelia reached out with the Force, and touched Darth Krayt. Amelia was shocked; she didn't sense any life-force within the body.

*He's dead.*

Her worst worries came true; the Sith were doomed to self-destruction now. She feared that with Darth Krayt dead, the Sith wouldn't have a powerful leader to unify them; the Sith would be plunged into civil war, and annihilate itself, much to the liking of the Jedi, no doubt. A chill ran down Amelia's spine, and she shuttered. Amelia painfully watched as the trio walked into the underlevels of the Korriban academy. Amelia snarled, and grunted. Angrily, Amelia turned around, and pushed her way out of the crowd of Sith students. The horde of Sith students pushed forward, against Amelia, as she tried to get out. She sense a swelling chaos stirring up from within the crowd of Sith students; seeing the Emperor on the hover-gurney was demoralizing to the Sith students. She finally got out from the crowd, and hurriedly ran down the dimly lit stone hallways of the Korriban academy. She finally reached her chambers, and opened the door; she slammed the door behind her, and leaned up against it. She took several deep breaths in order to calm herself; her hands were shaking from the shock, and her breathing was erratic.



*The Sith are going to tear itself apart.*

A few standard hours pass, and Amelia emerged from within her living chamber wearing the typical attire for a Sith. She had spent the last few hours packing her clothes, and other gear, getting ready to leave the academy before it all comes crumbling down. She was frantic, almost psychotic while packing; she was thinking about the future of the Sith the entire time. She opened the door of her living chamber with only a small bag in her hands. Suddenly, she saw a few students running down the hallway, heading towards the interior of the academy.

She narrowed her eyes, and asked, "What going on?"

"Assembly." One of the Sith students turned and answered.

Amelia nodded her head, and quickly headed towards the landing pad. She found an empty *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle on the landing pad, and threw her stuff in the holding chamber. She quickly started up with the pre-flight checks, and sat down in the pilot's chair. All the readouts were in the green, but she wasn't ready to leave just yet. Against her common sense, she walked out of the cabin, and out of the Imperial shuttle. She ran back into the academy, and headed for the assembly hall.

She was late, so she decided to stand in the back and listen. Darth Wyyrlok, a muscular male Chagrian with red and black geometric Sith tattoos, was the Emperor's most trusted servant and advisor; he stood at the podium talking to the mass of students sitting within the large, stone, domal assembly hall. Hundreds of students listened to Darth Wyyrlok attentively; Amelia was more weary.

"Hard times have descended upon the Sith Order, and the One Sith. Our Emperor has suffered grave injuries during a mission on Had Abbadon. The resistance has struck a victory against us." Darth Wyyrlok said, "Not to worry! Our Lord is currently healing within a bacta tank, recovering slowly. I have placed Lord Krayt in a stasis room so his enemies will not be able to detect his presence, or his weakened condition. In the meantime, while Lord Krayt is recovering, I will be acting as Regent and the Voice of the One Sith! Rest assured, Lord Krayt's dream will not disappear quietly!"

The students rose from their seats, and cheered. Darth Wyyrlok basked in the applause; Amelia could sense his excitement, and greed. The students were reassured that the Sith Order would remain intact, and the dream kept alive. Amelia was



unconvinced; she sensed Darth Wyyrlok was telling half-truths, and whole lies in order to keep chaos from breaking out. Quickly, Amelia turned around, and headed out of the assembly hall. She ran down the hallways, heading for the landing pads.

*The Sith are going to implode.*

She reached the landing pad, and stopped dead in her tracks. Her robe caught the wind, making her robe wave and flutter. A powerful gust of wind blew past the landing pad; dust blew across the permacrete landing pad.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Darth Rau asked.

Darth Rau stood in the middle of the landing pad, and stared at her with a powerful glare. Another gust of wind blew through, and his black heavy cloth Sith robe fluttered in the air. Darth Rau started walking towards her, but Amelia pushed him out of the way, nearly knocking him over. She walked up the ramp of the shuttle, and turned around to look at Darth Rau.

"I'm leaving." Amelia stated, "And I'm going alone."

Darth Rau looked at her with a confused expression. He flooded the Force with surprise and shock.

"You're leaving at a time like this?" Darth Rau asked, "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm leaving the Sith Order before it all goes up in flames." Amelia answered.

Darth Rau shook his head, "Amelia, Darth Wyyrlok says the Emperor lives."

"He lies!" Amelia shouted.

Darth Rau narrowed his eyes, and glared at Amelia, "And how would you know that?"

"I sensed no life in Darth Krayt when they brought him into the academy." Amelia answered, "He is dead, and so is the Sith Order."

She stared walking up the ramp again; quickly, Darth Rau asked, "Where are you going to go?"

Amelia thought about it for a moment.

*Home, Amelia thought, "Corellia."*



Darth Rau paused for a second.

"Why?" Darth Rau asked with a confused tone to his voice.

Amelia looked at him for a moment. She sensed that there was something that he wasn't telling her; something important. Caution and deceit filled the Force, and Darth Rau stank with it. Amelia narrowed her eyes, and stared at her now-former Master with a confused and curious expression.

"What do you know that I don't?" Amelia asked as she started walking down the ramp. Her voice was obviously angry.

Darth Rau took a few steps back.

"Amelia, I don't know what you're talking about." Darth Rau replied.

Amelia hurried her pace. She closed the distance between her and her Master quickly.

"Your thoughts betray you, Master." Amelia stated, "I sense your lies."

Darth Rau was taken aback by the comment.

"Tell me!" Amelia shouted.

Darth Rau finally stopped moving, and stood his ground. Amelia stepped in front of him. They were face-to-face now.

"I don't have—" Darth Rau started.

With a sudden fury, Amelia grabbed her Master by the throat, and started choking him with her bare hands. She was physically strong, and was able to inflict great amounts of pain onto him. Her grip around his throat was incredibly powerful; she began to crush his larynx and trachea. Stretching out with the Force, she could almost feel his pain and agony. His face turned red, and then blue. Darth Rau tried prying himself out of her death-grip, but it was a futile effort. Darth Rau started to gasp for air in more and more erratic and desperate frequencies. Suddenly, Amelia let him go, and he fell onto the dusty landing platform. He clutched his throat in pain, and coughed violently.

"Tell me, or I'll tear it from your mind." Amelia threatened.

Darth Rau had his hands on his throat, massaging it. He let out a couple of coughs as the air rushed back into his lungs.

"Your Master— your former *Jedi* Master— was never confirmed to be dead." Darth Rau explained, "We just assumed she was."

Rage and anger flowed through Amelia at that moment.

"Dwen is still alive?" Amelia asked.

He shook his head, "I don't know."

Without saying another word, Amelia walked towards the shuttle and up the boarding ramp. Her pace was hurried, and her composure was angry.

"You can't leave!" Darth Rau shouted, "You have a commitment to the Sith! You must follow this through!"

Amelia turned around, and walked down the ramp again. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and stared at him with cold, evil eyes. The *snap-hiss* alerted and surprised Darth Rau. He looked at her with a confused, and betrayed expression that flooded the Force.

"I'm taking this into my own hands now." Amelia coldly stated.

Darth Rau took a step back, away from Amelia.

"This is not the way." Darth Rau pleaded.

Amelia charged at Darth Rau, her lightsaber swinging wildly from side-to-side. She screamed in anger, while she charged towards Darth Rau. Instinctually, Darth Rau unleashed a powerful Force Wave attack that sent her off her feet and careening into the dusty stone landing pad. She smacked onto the hard stone landing pad, and rolled for about a metre. She quickly picked herself up, and charged again. Amelia swung her lightsaber, narrowly cleaving Darth Rau's head off; Darth Rau ducked, and kicked Amelia in the gut. Amelia was forced to step several steps backwards in order to regain her balance.

"Not this way!" Darth Rau pleaded again.

Amelia was animalistic at this point; her rage completely took over, and she used a vicious Djem So and Makashi hybrid form. She lashed out against Darth Rau with powerful swings aimed at his torso and head. Expertly, he used impressive acrobatic

flexibility and agility to dodge and duck the fast and vicious lightsaber attacks. Amelia lunged forward, the tip of her lightsaber aimed directly for his neck. He back flipped out of the way, and managed to land back onto his feet. Amelia screamed in anger, and charged forward at Darth Rau; once again, he dodged and ducked all her strikes and smashes with acrobatic prowess. Finally Darth Rau managed to dodge a strike aimed at his head, and punched Amelia in the jaw. Amelia stumbled backwards, holding her jaw in her hands.

"Where did you learn how to fight like this?" Darth Rau said with strain in his voice.

"Darth Oro trained me." Amelia informed.

"Darth Oro?" Darth Rau confusingly asked, "Why would he teach you?"

"We had an understanding, of sorts." Amelia hinted.

Darth Rau immediately knew what that meant, "Betrayer!"

Amelia smiled, revealing a bruise on her jaw from where Darth Rau punched her. She radiated anger and rage into the Force, almost overwhelming Darth Rau.

"You would have held me back." Amelia informed.

"I taught you everything!" Darth Rau countered.

"Not everything." Amelia replied.

Amelia charged at him, but before she reached him, she kicked sand and dust up into the air and into Darth Rau's eyes. For a few moments he is temporarily blinded. Out of the cloud of dust and sand, Amelia emerged with her lightsaber swinging wildly through the air. Darth Rau barely managed to dodge and duck the wild and vicious attacks. Her attacks were both powerful and strong, and his muscles were tiring from constantly dodging and ducking the crimson energy blade.

Suddenly, he tripped over his own feet and fell on his back. Amelia, in all her rage, electrified her lightsaber and struck down hard against him; Darth Rau managed to grab Amelia's forearm before she could complete her attack. The electrical charge from the crimson energy blade surged through his arm and body, burning him. He screamed in pain, and used all his strength to fight against her, pushing her crimson-bladed lightsaber away from his torso. The energy blade blazed in front of him with intense heat, and sizzled and hummed in the air. Suddenly, Darth Rau pushed her

away with aid from the Force; Amelia stumbled backwards. Then, Darth Rau reached out with the Force, and focused on the crimson energy blade; suddenly, the energy blade started to bend and twist violently. Amelia struggled to hang onto the hilt of the lightsaber; suddenly, the crimson blade snapped and shuttered out of existence. The sudden energy discharge surged through the hilt, and into her arm. Amelia stood completely shocked and surprised, staring at the hilt of the lightsaber.

"How did you do that?" Amelia asked.

Darth Rau slowly picked himself up off the dusty landing pad, "There is still much you need to learn about the Force."

Amelia was enraged; suddenly, she felt the Force accelerate its flow through her, a technique used in Force Potency, a Force form. Amelia retaliated with a massive Force Surge attack. The lightning bolts impact his hands, where they seemingly were absorbed by Darth Rau. The electric bolts arced across the space between them; the electric bolts shattered the lights and struck the stone walls and the stone floor surrounding them. Darth Rau tried relentlessly to absorb the lightning attack, but his powers started to wane. Seemingly impossible to Darth Rau, Amelia's powers were getting stronger over time. She continued to surge a wall of electricity towards him; the heat from the electrical discharge was intense, almost overwhelming. Lightning bolts struck his chest, shoulders and legs, further weakening him; sweat poured down his face, and he growled and roared as he held the Force attack back. Suddenly, from the sudden sharp pain, he fell onto his knees. He held his hands up for as long as he could muster, but his powers were dwindling. Amelia, completely lost to her rage, increased her attack, sending more and more lightning bolts into Darth Rau's body. All of a sudden, Darth Rau couldn't hold the attack at bay any longer, and the full torrent of lightning bolts surged through his body. Darth Rau screamed in pain and fell backwards. Amelia stopped her lightning attack immediately afterward, and simply stared at him. Tears flow down his cheek as she stared at the burnt flesh on the palm of his hands. He was in incredible amounts of pain; waves of overwhelming pain came over him. He slowly looked up to her; her expression is cold, and uncaring.

"Not yet. Please." Darth Rau pleaded as tears ran down his face, "Amelia."

"You are weak." Amelia answered, "Unworthy of the Sith."

He looked down at her hands. She was still holding onto the hilt of her lightsaber. Suddenly black lightning bolts shot out her fingers. Amelia unleashed the deadly lightning bolts that struck Darth Rau in the chest, draining his vitality and Force

energy; Death Field. She immediately felt a surge of power and energy enter her body; her strength increased exponentially as she absorbed her former Master's life-force. Within seconds Darth Rau was drained of his life-force, and all that remained was a grey, dusty husk of his former body. Amelia stared at the husk.

"Pathetic." Amelia replied.

The wind picked up, and slowly blew the husk of her former Master away. Amelia climbed aboard the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, and she sat in the pilot's chair. A course has already been plotted for Corellia, and Coronet City; the navicomputer display showed an incredibly complex pathway that included several microjumps into and out of various star systems, several reversions into realspace, redirections, and long hyperspace treks. Immediately, she took off, and left Korriban air-space.

### **One Standard Week Later: Corellia:**

Amelia arrived on Corellia about two standard days ago. She hiked up the mountain pass to their former home. It was completely abandoned, and looked like no one lived there for years. No one probably had lived there in years, not after she was kidnapped. Amelia decided to hike further through the mountainous terrain. The higher she got, the smaller the trees became. Her five day hike through jagged mountain rocks, and cold and slippery ice and snow, was treacherous. Now, she stood at the foot of a massive glacier. The glacier, at least twenty metres tall, and was made of the cleanest, bluest ice she had ever seen. At the foot of the glacier, some runoff trickled through the ice. She took a sip of the water; ice cold and refreshing. She stood on the till field, rocks of varying sizes that have melted out and deposited outside the glacier. The wind howled; it carried snow and ice particles, and was chillingly cold. It was winter up here, making it even colder. She reached out with the Force; surprisingly, she sensed someone near. She hiked up the side of the treeless, U-shaped valley and on top of the glacier. The surface of the glacier is surprisingly different; there are huge bands of rock and dirt lining the glacier, with huge cracks and crevasses running through it. Up at this altitude, the mountain was trapped under perpetual grey clouds and constantly under snowfall. She looked around, and she saw a small fire from a distance on the other side of the vast glacier. She walked onto the glacier; the snow-covered ice is very slippery and unstable. Amelia almost fell into a crevasse, but she managed to pull herself out. The crevasse was deep; she couldn't even see the bottom.

*Watch your step.*

Finally, she traversed the treacherous glacier's surface and reached the other side of the valley. She walked up the grey, slippery, jagged rocks until she reached the small, almost dead fire. She covered up her tattooed flesh with her black robe; the air was chilly, and goosebumps ran down her back. The camp was small, and there was little other evidence of anyone else around; she looked around hastily, finding no one. Doubt crept into Amelia's mind.

"Hello!" Amelia shouted, "Is anyone there!"

Her voice echoed off the valley walls. The wind started picking up and howling across her face. Snow started falling from the sky at that very moment. Suddenly, an elderly, almost sixty standard years old, woman appeared from behind her.

"Amelia?" The elderly woman asked in a surprised and confused voice.

Amelia turned around, and stared at the old woman. She was wearing baggy and torn up Jedi attire with the hood up, and there was a bloody and dirty sling on her left arm. Her face was dirty, and tired, and her hair was in tangles and knots.

"Master Dwen?" Amelia replied, "Is that you?"

"Yes..." Master Dwen answered; suddenly, the moment caught up to her, "What happened to you? Where have you been?"

"Funny, I was going to ask you the same thing." Amelia comically replied, "What happened to your arm?"

"I broke it when they came for you." Master Dwen informed, "It never healed right."

"Oh, I see." Amelia replied.

Master Dwen took a moment, and stared at her. Amelia simply stood there, staring at her blankly.

"Something's changed in you." Master Dwen stated, "I can... sense it."

Suddenly, Amelia's mask of light-side energy disappeared, and a roar of dark-side energy flooded the air. The sudden change caused Master Dwen to almost collapse. Master Dwen felt the dark-side energy emanating from her former Padawan. Master Dwen took a step back, fearful of what her former Padawan has become.

"Oh no, not you too." Master Dwen sadly replied.



Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; her eyes were that of a Sith.

"I see through the lies of the Jedi; I've torn down the barriers that you've erected." Amelia stated.

"No, Amelia, the dark-side is the lie; the lie of power." Master Dwen countered.

"I have power." Amelia ended.

Suddenly, Master Dwen commanded a powerful Force Wave that sent Amelia toppling down the rocky side of the valley. Amelia protected herself in a cushion of Force energy, but the rocks still slammed against her; with every smack, a bolt of pain shot through her body. Master Dwen came charging down the side of the valley with her green-bladed lightsaber in her right arm. Forced to use the single-handed style of Makashi, she attacked Amelia. Amelia, in a rage, used the aggressive and elegant Djem So and Makashi hybrid form. Amelia's blocks and parries were fast, her attacks were faster. Surprisingly, Master Dwen was still adept at lightsaber combat, even with her left arm ineffective. The lightsaber clashes were powerful and speedy; the thunderous clap from the lightsaber impacts echoed in the valley. Amelia was constantly backing up since her former Master had the high ground, and forced her down the side of the rocky valley walls.

"All hail the light!" Master Dwen screamed.

Suddenly, a bright blinding light emanated from the core of Master Dwen's lightsaber, temporarily incapacitating Amelia. Amelia, immediately blinded, was forced to look away and shield her eyes. Then, with another powerful Force Wave, Amelia was sent down the rocky valley walls and onto the glacier ice. The cold, wet surface of the snow-covered ice struck her face. She saw Master Dwen charging down the rocky valley walls towards her with incredible speed; snow and ice swirled around her. An aura of blue and white light seemed to radiate around her body as she walked down the side of the rocky valley walls. Master Dwen, a famed and powerful Sage Master, utilized several powerful Force techniques simultaneously; Master Force Immunity, Master Energy Resistance, Master Speed, Master Heal, Master Armour, Master Valour and Master Aura. Master Force Immunity, and Master Energy Resistance provided her with protection against Force and energy attacks, while Master Armour and Master Aura provided her with a defensive shield of light-side Force energy.

Amelia picked herself up, and stared at her former Master. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and took the arrogant opening stance of Vaapad. Her eyes radiated rage and anger; they were the red and sulphur-yellow iris' of the Sith.

"The light cannot stand against the coming darkness." Amelia arrogantly stated.

"The light will always stand against the dark!" Master Dwen shouted above the howling winds.

Amelia charged at her former Master, but was stopped by gale force winds carrying snow, ice and rock coming from Master Dwen. Amelia lost her footing for a moment, and fell backwards into the snow. Master Dwen charged at Amelia, her green-bladed lightsaber slicing through the chilled air. Amelia skilfully parried the weak attacks from her former Master. Amelia forcibly smashed her crimson-bladed lightsabers against Master Dwen's, nearly knocking her over. In a desperate move, Master Dwen commanded a powerful Force Wave to push back Amelia. The pressure wave pushed Amelia back, and she fell down into a crevasse. Amelia quickly grabbed the edge of the crevasse with her left hand, and tried to pull herself up. She looked down for a moment, and saw nothing but darkness. Master Dwen rushed in with the tip of her lightsaber aimed at her. Commanding the Force, Amelia lifted herself out of the crevasse, and blocked the lightsaber attack. Amelia went on the offensive; the lightning fast lightsaber duel continued with blindingly fast glances. Surprisingly, Amelia managed to break down her former Master's defences, and struck a glancing blow across Master Dwen's abdomen. Master Dwen fell backwards and onto the snow-covered, blue ice. Amelia arrogantly smiled as Master Dwen clutched the wound in pain. Seconds later, Master Dwen picked herself up, and her wound has healed; Amelia was completely shocked.

"The light will always prevail." Master Dwen stated.

"The light will fade into darkness!" Amelia countered.

Amelia's heart filled with rage, and she wildly attacked Master Dwen again. Master Dwen skilfully blocked most of her wild, and powerful attacks. But Amelia's power was too great, and Amelia landed two more glancing blows against her former Master's left shoulder and right thigh. Master Dwen fell onto the snow-covered ice and rose her green-bladed lightsaber to block the assault. Amelia, standing over her former Master, struck at her wildly. Her downward, overhead strikes were so powerful, they crack the ice on which Master Dwen is sitting on. Between blinding flashes of light coming from the impacts between the two lightsabers, Amelia noticed that the wound

on Master Dwen's left shoulder and right thigh had completely healed. Amelia lost her concentration for a moment, and Master Dwen unleashed another Force Wave to push her back. Amelia flew through the cold air and landed hard against the ice of the glacier. Master Dwen picked herself up and stared down her former Padawan.

"True power lies in controlling your emotions, not allowing yourself to be controlled by them." Master Dwen stated again.

"You just don't shut up, do you?" Amelia growled.

Amelia charged again, but was hindered by the incredible gale force wind that was blowing against her body. The ice and snow picked up by the wind abraded and scratched her face until it turned red; one of the ice crystals actually cut her, and blood ran down her cheek. Amelia stood firm against the onslaught, using her own Force powers to counter the attack. Suddenly, a large chunk of blue ice hit Amelia in the chest, knocking the wind out of her lungs, and causing her to fall to her knees. Suddenly, another hit her, then another. Amelia quickly tried to block the large, brick-sized chunks of ice, but they seem to be coming from all directions. The impacts from the large ice chunks were hard and painful, fuelling her rage.

"It doesn't have to be this way!" Master Dwen shouted over the howling winds, "You can return from the darkness!"

In a rage, Amelia stood up, "Never!"

With the deafening scream, augmented by the Force, the shockwave shattered the floating ice chunks around her, and temporarily incapacitated Master Dwen. Amelia resumed her charge against her former Master. Master Dwen quickly hurled another large ice chunk at Amelia, but she countered the offensive. With incredible speed, Amelia closed in on Master Dwen, and began smashing her crimson-bladed lightsaber down against Master Dwen's. Master Dwen skilfully blocked the lightning fast assault, aided and protected by the Force. Amelia landed some hits against her, but they always seem to heal almost instantly. Frustrated, Amelia finally kicked her former Master down onto the cold and wet ice and struck downward hard against her. Master Dwen raised her left arm to block the attack, and amazingly, the crimson blade failed to penetrate the arm. The crimson energy blade sparked and sizzled as it made contact with Master Dwen's forearm, but Amelia couldn't force it down any further; Amelia was shocked.

"The dark has no power." Master Dwen stated.

With a powerful Force Wave, Amelia was sent hurdling backwards through the cold, snow filled air. Amelia hit the ice hard, and slid through the snow. Amelia quickly picked herself up, while Master Dwen did the same.

In a rage, "This is my power!"

Amelia suddenly unleashed a powerful Force Surge; the lightning bolts scorched through the cold air, and forcibly impacted Master Dwen's hands. Master Dwen absorbed the attack, augmented by her Master Force Immunity, and Force Aura. Amelia continued to unleash an onslaught of lightning bolts towards her former Master, but she absorbed the attack. Master Dwen strained to keep her powers together as the unrelenting lightning bolts struck her. Her defences aren't perfect, and some of the lightning bolts got through and burnt her skin. She utilized Master Force Heal to heal her wounds however, and within moments, the burn marks disappear.

Amelia was completely surprised, and frustrated, that her former Master could survive such a brutal and savage onslaught. Master Dwen continued using the Force to protect herself, but she realized that she couldn't keep it up for much longer. Master Dwen skilfully directed the electrical energy away from her, and into the glacier ice. The lightning bolts struck the ice, causing it to partially melt and crack.

"Why are you doing this!" Master Dwen screamed over the roar of lightning.

"You betrayed me!" Amelia screamed as she continued her electrical onslaught.

Master Dwen continued to redirect the lightning bolts away from her body, "You betrayed yourself!"

"You held me back!" Amelia screamed, "You used me!"

"I taught you everything I know!" Master Dwen countered.

"You lied to me!" Amelia screamed, "And now you must die!"

The small cracks turned into larger ones, then, suddenly, they coalesced and shattered the glacier. The glacier shattered and collapsed like dominos. Amelia was caught within the breaking ice, and fell through the massive crack in the glacier; she screamed as she fell through the ice, finally fading into nothing. Master Dwen quickly ran towards the edge to see if Amelia was still alive. She peered over the edge, but her vision was obstructed by the snow. Suddenly, she felt a tight squeeze around her throat; she clutched her neck, as if to attempt to release the invisible grip. Suddenly, she

plummeted over the edge of the glacier, about a twenty metre fall, and hit the fallen, jagged ice hard.

Within moments of hitting the ice, Amelia was on top of her with her crimson-bladed lightsaber drawn. Immediately Master Dwen blocked and countered the attack. The lightsaber duel was fast and furious; glancing blows hit Master Dwen, but they heal almost instantly due to her constant utilization of Master Force Heal. The glancing blows temporarily caused Master Dwen some grievance, but she never stopped fighting. After a long duel with powerful strikes and attacks, both were getting tired. Amelia, desperately placed a spell on her former Master, waving her hand in odd patterns; Break Mind, a powerful variation of Force Insanity. Suddenly, Master Dwen was crippled with terrifying fear, and horrifying images. She was completely incapacitated, and simply clutched her face as she screamed at the top of her lungs, cried her eyes out and bobbed her head up and down in a craze. Amelia smiled at the sight.

"Now I will show you what I've learned." Amelia whispered into her screaming former Master's ear; as an added taunt, Amelia kissed the cheek of her former Master, and then walked back a few metres in front of her former Master.

Amelia stretched out her arm, splayed her fingers apart, and released a torrent of black lightning bolts. The lightning bolts struck and bored into Master Dwen's chest and head. The powerful lightning bolts shattered Master Dwen's Force defences. Amelia drained the vitality and Force energy from her former Master's crippled body; she could immediately feel a rush of strength and power flow into her as she siphoned Master Dwen's life-force. Master Dwen's body grew weaker by the second; her skin turned greyer, and wrinkled and loosened. Amelia suddenly stopped her attack, leaving her former Master with just enough to live for the next few moments. Amelia looked down at her fallen former-Master, and smiled. Suddenly, she leapt into the air, jumped the twenty metres, and landed back on top of the glacier. Harnessing her newly acquired strength, Amelia commanded the large, building-sized ice chunk to lift off of the ground, and hover above her crippled and weak former Master.

"Be one with the Force, Master." Amelia taunted.

Master Dwen, too weak to move, simply gazed up at the enormous ice chunk hovering over her. She lifted her right arm up, as if to protect herself.

"No... Amelia..." Master Dwen whispered; a tear runs down her cheek as she gazed at the powerful display of the dark-side.

Suddenly, Amelia slammed the large ice chunk down onto the ground, crushing Master Dwen under its tremendous weight. The ice chunk shattered as it hit the ground, and ground up everything underneath. The ice chunk came avalanching down with a thunderous roar, and ice and snow got thrown up into the cold, frigid air. A sudden gust of wind came upwelling from the edge of the glacier, and blew against her face. Amelia closed her eyes, and took it all in, as the cold air grazes her rosy cheeks. She opened her eyes and stared outward towards the alpine terrain. Her surroundings are filled with grey, and white; a bleak sight. Suddenly, it hit her:

*Now... I am free.*

She slowly, and carefully climbed down the glacier and off the mountain. The weather started turning for the worse, and a blizzard started to roll in. The wind picked up, and nearly knocked Amelia off her feet as she made her way down the slippery, jagged, grey rocks of the mountain. After almost two days of climbing down the mountain, she finally reached the bottom. She walked towards her *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, climbed aboard, and took off for Coronet City.

### **That Night: Coronet City, Corellia:**

Amelia walked into a seedy tapcaf; it was dimly lit, and only a handful of customers were sitting at dirty, beer-soaked tables. She was wearing tight-fitting, black civilian clothing, and she wore her long, lush red hair down and in a ponytail. She immediately walked over to the bar and sat on a stool. She looked around the tapcaf; no one was paying much attention to her. In front of her was a viewscreen with the news displayed on the HoloNet. The bartender, a stocky human male, walked over to her.

"What'll you have?" The bartender asked.

"I'll have a Corellian whiskey." Amelia answered.

The bartender nodded, poured her drink, and handed it to her. She took it, and laid ten credits on the bar table. She took a sip of the alcoholic beverage, and looked back up at the viewscreen. On the viewscreen was the HoloNet News based out of Coruscant. The anchor woman, a blonde human female, was recounting current events.

*"Today the Imperial government has received some devastating news. The Emperor has been gravely injured in an assassination plot carried out by rogue Jedi. Now, mounting tension within the Empire has reached a pinnacle." The news anchor informed, "In order to preserve the Sith influence on the Imperial government, the Sith have issued a statement informing the public a proxy has been chosen to rule as Regent in the Emperor's place while he recovers. There*



*has been no official comment issued by the Council of High Moffs about this controversial political move, however, we anticipate one in the days to come. We will provide more on this story as it develops. In other news..."*

Amelia finished her drink, and shook her head in disgust. She couldn't believe that in the wake of Darth Krayt's death, the path towards the dissolution of the Imperial government would be laid down so fast. She knew that the Council of High Moffs were always uncomfortable with the Sith Order being in control of the Imperial government, and they wanted to regain their authority in high office; she assumed they were going to somehow undercut Lord Wyyrlok's power-grab, sooner or later. This, inevitably, would lead to conflict, and political strife.

Amelia stood up from the table, and walked out of the tapcaf. She stepped out onto the cold, damp street, and took a deep breath in. As she breathed out; her breath fogged like a cloud. She began walking down the dark street; she had no idea where she was walking to, or where she was going, but she knew she would never go back to the Sith.

#### **Six Standard Months Later: Coronet City, Corellia: 138 ABY:**

Over the past six months, Amelia had been listening to the HoloNet News about the status of the Imperial government and changing events on the battlefields raging all across the galaxy. Over the months, the streets of Coruscant had turned into a militarized zone where Imperial stormtroopers, some loyal to the Council of the High Moffs and others to the Sith Order, march against each other, and patrol their respective territory endlessly. In a surprising move a few standard months ago, Darth Wyyrlok openly claimed the Imperial throne and took the title of *de facto* Emperor, against the Council of High Moffs' wishes; this move led to many debates within the Imperial government, both within the Council of High Moffs and the Sith Order. Many believed Darth Wyyrlok was using the situation for personal gain, while others believed Darth Krayt was dead and the Council of High Moffs should rule the Empire. The Sith Order has been leading the majority of the military operations against the anti-Sith insurgents, while the Council of High Moffs continued to govern on Coruscant. Although the Sith Order have been taking charge of the war, confusion ran rampant throughout the Imperial military; conflicting orders from either the Council of High Moffs or the Sith Order led to mass confusion.

In the meantime, Amelia has been trying to live her life away from the Sith and the Imperial government. She had been spending most of her time in dank, seedy tapcafs, drinking most of her problems away; other times she spent the night with men



she met that night. When alcohol didn't work, she turned to spice, and very quickly developed a spice addiction; she spent most day's completely hazy and stoned. She did anything and everything to try to forget her past, and suppressed the urge to wonder about the future. Her life once held promise, but now, she was deliberately trying to waste it away. She told herself night after night that all she wanted to do was forget, but she painfully woke the next morning remembering the entire ordeal.

She stumbled into her apartment, and nearly fell over; she had been drinking all night, and she was completely wasted. Around her arm was a guy, a human male, who she met just that night. He was a handsome, young man with short black hair, and bright blue eyes. She opened the door, and fell onto the floor; she was laughing hysterically, and the guy fell on top of her. He was laughing too, and they stared into each other's eyes.

"You gettin' any ideas?" Amelia suggestively asked.

The guy smiled, and leaned in for a kiss. Suddenly, the guy clutched his throat, as if he was choking; Amelia, too drunk to fully understand what was happening, was laughing. The guy's face started turning red, then purple, and he started coughing violently. Slowly, the guy started lifting off of Amelia, and hovered in the air. All of a sudden, the guy flew through the air, and slammed into the wall. The wall shattered and cracked under the force of the impact, and the guy collapsed onto the floor, unconscious. Amelia finally realized what had happened, and picked herself up from off the floor; she used the Force to purge the toxins, the alcohol, from her body. The tattoos all over her body started radiating dark-side energies; it had been over a year since she felt the sensation of the dark-side. Her head and mind immediately became clear, and she stepped into her room. She couldn't see into the room, but she could sense a presence inside. Suddenly, the door slammed shut behind her, but she didn't flinch.

Suddenly, a deep, growly and raspy male voice from the end of the dark room said, "You have fallen far, haven't you, child?"

Amelia shook her head in disbelief, "More Sith lectures?"

A figure stood up, and took a step forward; she could only see the Sith's silhouette, but she could see that he was not human, "No lectures, young child, but the Sith are calling you back."

"I'm done with the Sith." Amelia replied, "The Empire is going to collapse, and the Sith with it."

"The Sith are stronger than you think, child. We have weathered plenty." The Sith replied; he paused, then said, "I sense much turmoil within you, child."

"Oh yeah?" Amelia replied, "So what?"

"I sense you feel unaccomplished." The Sith replied, "I know why you waste your life away here. I know why you feel angry and depressed all the time." He paused; Amelia blankly stared at him, "The Sith can give you what you need."

"And what is it that I need?" Amelia asked.

"Bloodlust." The Sith answered.

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# *Command*

**Jabiim: 138 ABY:**

Jabiim, a cold, desolate world plunged under perpetual torrential rain, and gale force winds. The ground is almost uniformly muddy, with few outcrops of rocks. Trees, and other vegetation, are rarities on the planet, because of the unstable top soil layer that constantly shifts due to the flash floods and mass movements. Jabiim also has an unstable electromagnetic field, resulting in powerful electrical storms; this causes repulsor technology to fail. Recently, Jabiim had become a world of importance since the discovery of a new, very economical, vein of ore was discovered; the Empire immediately seized all rights to the vein, and began mining operations. Despite new opportunities given to the Jabiimi, many residents of the world still hold a grudge against the Empire from as far back as the Rebellion.

Amelia's personal shuttle, a *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle, entered the turbulent, dark and unstable atmosphere of Jabiim. Following behind was a squadron of other *Nune*-class Imperial shuttles, loaded with new regiments of stormtroopers and Sith Knights fresh from the academy. The violent and powerful winds of the lower atmosphere sheared the shuttle left and right, violently rocking the shuttle. Amelia looked out her windshield; it was foggy, and the rain made it almost impossible to see out of. However, she did catch a glimpse of the city of Choal, the capital city of Jabiim. The city was completely surrounded by five shield generators, making a blue hemisphere dome surrounding the entire city. After some unease, Amelia finally landed her shuttle carefully near a Sith outpost about twelve kilometres from the city of Choal. She walked down the ramp, and looked up to see the incoming shuttles safely land. One of the shuttles got struck by lightning, but still managed to land the shuttle in almost one piece. Outside her shuttle, a small group of stormtroopers, and a colonel were waiting. The colonel was wearing the traditional military uniform, a grey, well-fitted outfit, with four golden command squares lined up in a row. His clothes were absolutely soaked due to the rain.

Amelia stood at the bottom of the ramp for a moment to take it all in. Amelia was scarcely dressed, wearing only a black leather sports bra, and matching short shorts, with a black Sith robe overtop, and high-heel boots. Amelia wore the very revealing clothes in order to both show off her Sith tattoos, and her exquisite body. The rain poured constantly, and within seconds her dark red hair was soaked, as well as her robe. The water droplets on her body weren't much of a bother, until the wind blew by, making her extremely cold. However, she didn't shiver or shake because of it. Although this was her first time in a major battle, she had experienced smaller military operations; the conditions on Jabiim were, however, particularly bad.

*Well, this is just terrific.*

The colonel approached her, as the stormtroopers form two single file lines on either side of her, making a pathway. The colonel stood directly in front of her, with perfect military upright posture.

"My Lady, I am Colonel Rogen Vigil, and we are pleased to welcome you to our—" The colonel started before Amelia cut him off.

"Just Amelia." Amelia stated.

"What's that?" Colonel Rogen Vigil replied.

"Just call me Amelia." Amelia repeated in a grim and dark voice.

"Yes, of course, Lady Amelia." Colonel Rogen Vigil continued, "As I was saying, we are pleased about your arrival, and just wanted to welcome you to our hell."

"Great..." Amelia replied in a low, nearly inaudible voice.

Just then, Amelia's reinforcements of fresh, new stormtroopers and Sith Knights appeared behind her. In perfect military fashion, they stood behind her, upright and straight.

"Who is in charge here?" Amelia asked.

"Well, you are, Lady Amelia." Colonel Rogen Vigil replied.

"Who was in charge here." Amelia frustratingly replied.

Suddenly, two Sith Lords appeared behind the colonel. One was a Wookiee, standing nearly six feet seven inches tall, and incredibly muscular; he wore his wet, woolly fur jet black, with streaks of copper brown, and long braids from his head that were adorned with gold rings and human skulls. The fangs in his mouth, and the claws on his paws were sharpened, and razor-sharp. He didn't wear much, only a belt across his waist, and a black vest. The other was a human male, average height of five foot eight inches, slightly taller than Amelia, and was relatively slender. His hair was a salt and pepper colour, and he had a grizzled beard, and blue eyes. He was wearing the typical Sith attire; black Sith robe with loose fitting upper and lower black garments. He looked older than Amelia, probably late thirties. Amelia stared at them for a moment.

"And who are you?" Amelia asked in a forceful voice.

"I am Darth Kane." The man stated, "And this is Darth Grymm." Pointing at the Wookiee.

She looked at the towering Wookiee, and stared at the three human skulls attached to his braid. The left braid had two, while the other had only one.

"Fitting." Amelia replied.

The Wookiee roared.

"I need a sit-rep, and a list of provisions." Amelia ordered.

Lord Kane nodded to the colonel, who in turn nodded to the stormtroopers. The stormtroopers immediately piled out, and headed for the command post.

"Commander Otto, follow them." Amelia ordered

Commander Otto, the highest ranked stormtrooper, and the dozen Sith Knights with a regiment of stormtroopers followed them. Lord Kane and Lord Grymm led Amelia towards the frontline, as Colonel Rogen Vigil followed behind. They entered the trenches, walking towards the frontlines. The trenches were dug down into the muddy soil, and lined with white and grey plastoid armour. On top, sandbags and walls of metre high barb- and razor-wire fences prevented anyone from climbing into or out of the trenches. The trenches were tall too; the Wookiee, Lord Grymm, had to stand on a platform in order to see over the edge. The ground was also unstable, as the plastoid flooring shifted in the soft, muddy ground, and there were pools of stagnant water everywhere. When the wind blew, the narrow trenches seemed to funnel and amplify them. The trenches were filled with stormtroopers moving about, and the narrow trenches made it awkward to move around them. Shells from enemy artillery fire shook the walls of the trenches as they walked through them. Finally, after a few minutes of walking, they arrived at the frontline trenches.

"Our situation is that we're fracked." Lord Kane informed, "We've pushed the Jabiiimi loyalists up until this point, but now that they're so close to Choal, they are getting daily resupplies. Food, water, new soldiers, clean clothes; we can't keep up."

Lord Kane handed her a pair of electrobinoculars. Amelia took them and stared over the nearly five kilometre stretch of shelled and bombarded muddy terrain between the two trench systems, and into the enemy positions. In the background, she could see the city of Choal and the massive energy shield that surrounded and protected it.

"What about their armaments?" Amelia asked.





"They've got a dozen or so long-ranged artillery cannons that constantly shell us, as well as anti-air craft emplacements and hardened bunkers all over the trenches." Lord Kane informed.

"What do you have in mind?" Colonel Rogen Vigil asked.

"We have to attack, and soon." Amelia answered.

"Attack! How can we attack!" Colonel Rogen Vigil replied, "We've got men that are exhausted from the battles, and shell shocked from the artillery bombardments, not to mention we're running low on supplies!"

"That's why we need to attack sooner rather than later." Amelia replied.

"Really? And how do we propose to do that?" Colonel Rogen Vigil asked, "We've got the Razor Coast to our northeast, and the rocky cliffs to the northwest; our only move is to assault their trenches head on, and that is suicide."

"Why?" Amelia asked.

"Because they'll mow us down before we even get five hundred metres from their trenches." Colonel Rogen Vigil explained, "It would be a slaughter, and I personally don't want to die on this god-forsaken planet!"

"Then we move faster and more intense." Amelia replied.

"Faster and more intense!" Colonel Rogen Vigil shouted, "You can't win wars with—"

Suddenly, Amelia had Colonel Rogen Vigil in a deadly Force Choke. He almost immediately fell to his knees as he clutched his throat with his hands, gasping for air. His tongue stuck out of his mouth, trying to speak. Slowly, his lips started to turn blue, and his eyes rolled back into his head.

"I find you... unpleasant to be around." Amelia calmly stated.

Then, with a surge of power, she threw the colonel through the plastoid armour lining the trench. His skull shattered the thick plastoid armour, and slammed into the soggy, moist muddy soil. The colonel's skull cracked, and his throat was crushed. The colonel's limp, dead body stuck into the wall of the trench. Amelia turned around and found Lord Kane and Lord Grymm staring at her. The rain poured down onto their heads; the droplets poured down all of their faces.

"I don't want to incur the same wrath, but how exactly are we going to assault those trenches?" Lord Kane asked.

"I'll show you." Amelia said with a smile.

Amelia led them out of the trenches, and walked back towards her shuttle. Just as they arrived, a squadron of massive low-altitude assault transports arrived and landed just in the distance. The transports dropped off nearly three hundred Century *Mark V* Tanks, the newest tank design from Santhe/Sienar Technologies. They were much larger than their predecessors, at over eight metres long, four metres wide, and three metres tall, they were armed with powerful rotating dual heavy blaster cannons mounted on the drive housing, as well as retractable light and medium blaster cannons mounted underneath the body. The body was designed after the *Predator*-class starfighter cockpit. Inside the body of the tank, sat three people; a pilot, and two gunners. The treads were massive, and were designed for the worst terrain; the drive tread was rhombohedra in shape, allowing better climbing abilities. Equipped on the tank was a powerful, medium range, personal deflector shield, able to repel blaster and cannon fire. Its powerful twin engines propelled the thirty tonne mechanical beast nearly sixty kilometres per hour. The two Sith Lords were taken aback by the tanks.

"With these Century *Mark V* Tanks, and nearly fifty thousand stormtroopers, we can take down those trenches, and march our way into the centre of Choal." Amelia stated.

"Impressive, but sheer might will not topple over the Jabiimi lines." Lord Kane corrected, "They get daily resupplies; we don't."

Amelia shook her head, and headed towards the command post. She walked into the makeshift, cloth tent, and quickly removed her soaked black Sith robe. Her body was soaked from all the rain, but she didn't bother to towel off. Amelia stood in front of a computer hologram of the region.

She turned around, "Just let me worry about that."

"As you wish, Lady Amelia." Lord Kane replied.

Lord Kane and Lord Grymm exited the command post, and into the rain. Amelia started studying the charts and maps of the region, as well as acquiring a full list of provisions and number of stormtroopers. Amelia worked throughout the night, and never took a break.

\* \* \*

In the morning, Lord Kane walked into the command post, and saw it busy with activity. Amelia was standing in front of a holographic display of the terrain and the two trench systems, with simulated battle movements. Lord Kane walked up behind her and watched the simulation play out.

"So what's the word?" Lord Kane asked.

The simulation completed its calculations. Amelia stared at the blue holographic image for a moment, then smiled.

"Looks like we've got ourselves a plan." Amelia replied, without turning around, "Call a meeting with the commanders, we need to move on this."

Nearly an hour passes until the meeting was coordinated and underway. The commanders of the mobile infantry, including Amelia, Lord Kane, Lord Grymm and Commander Otto, as well as naval and fleet command were present. They joined the meeting via satellite connection. Representing the Imperial Starfleet was Admiral Havok, a male Kel Dor with Sith tattoos and an unusual black breathing mask, from the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer, dubbed the *Devastator*, that orbited overhead; and representing the Imperial Maritime Navy was Admiral Cypher Pohar, transmitting from his personal dreadnaught *Overlord*. Amelia led the meeting.

"Gentlemen, I've been working for nearly twenty hours on the following battle plan, and I believe that it is the best solution we have to fight against the Jabimi loyalists." Amelia began, "However, it would require coordination from the mobile infantry, the maritime navy, and the Starfleet command."

Amelia paused to show a holographic image of the terrain and military personnel. The blue glow reflected off her smooth skin.

"The first wave of attacks would have to take place at night. Advanced Recon Commandos would have to traverse the no man's land and infiltrate the enemy camp. Their goal would be to locate all anti-aircraft emplacements, bunkers, and long-ranged artillery cannons. Once in place, they will relay geographic coordinates on the targets for an aerial bombardment from *Neutralizer*-class bombers, escorted by *Predator*-class starfighters." Amelia explained the first portion of her plan, "They would have to launch from the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer from orbit, and enter the atmosphere in several

assault runs. The weather here is less than ideal, so smart bombs will be required. Admiral Havok, what is the status on an orbital launch?"

Admiral Havok was a powerful Sith Lord, and a great naval strategist. His skin was tattooed red and black, as with every other Sith, but unlike them, did not retain his *Darth* title because of his military rank. Like all Kel Dor, he wore a breathing mask, but his was lined with black metal thorns and tusks, and engraved with unusual Sith patterns. His eyes, oddly enough, are pearl white, giving him an eerie look.

*"I can have my bombers ready to launch at a moment's notice."* Admiral Havok answered.

"How many do you have, Admiral?" Amelia asked.

*"Enough to make them hurt."* Admiral Havok replied.

"Good. After the anti-aircraft emplacements and long-ranged artillery have been destroyed, the bombers next assault run would be to sever the supply lines coming from the city." Amelia continued, "Once supply lines from the city have been cut, the Jabiimi loyalists would no longer be able to call on reinforcements, isolating them."

*"What is the projected success rate on the bombing runs?"* Admiral Havok asked.

"Confidence is high that most of the anti-aircraft emplacements will be neutralized, giving us total air supremacy. The smaller bunkers on the other hand are much harder to hit; projected success rate is near fifty percent." Amelia answered, "The long-ranged artillery cannons also pose a problem. They are energy shielded, and our bombs may not be able to penetrate them. Projected success rate for the artillery is less than twenty percent."

*"And the supply lines?"* Admiral Havok asked.

"Once we gain complete aerial supremacy over the battlefield, the supply lines will be like sitting ducks." Amelia answered, "Our Predators should be able to pick them off and hunt them down."

Admiral Havok nodded his head acceptingly.

"Come morning, the mobile infantry and the maritime navy must simultaneously assault the enemy lines. The bombers and Predators would continue their aerial assault, pounding the enemy lines into submission." Amelia continued, "I will lead the mobile infantry numbering nearly fifty thousand, plus nearly three hundred Century Mark V

Tanks, to the north and hit the south trenches hard. Our long-ranged artillery guns will provide covering fire for our advancing troops, and the Sith Lords, including myself, will try to use our Battle Meld to swing the tide of the battle in our favour. Because of the uphill slope topography of the terrain, and the lack of escape routes to either side, this will be a dangerous assault."

Amelia turned back to the holographic image, where it showed a simulation of the ground assault. It showed the Century *Mark V* Tanks leading the charge, followed by hordes of stormtroopers firing against enemy emplacements.

"Crossing the nearly four kilometres between trenches will be treacherous, and we expect heavy bombardments from the remaining long-ranged artillery cannons. Moving against the trenches themselves is particularly dangerous. Intel reports that in front of the enemy trench system is five hundred metres of anti-tank and anti-personnel mines, followed by another hundred metres of razor-wire walls and hedgehogs." Amelia described, "That is why the Century *Mark V* Tanks will be the first wave of our ground assault. They will make way for the infantry following closely behind. Sith Knights will deflect as much enemy blaster fire as possible." The holographic image continued the simulation, "Once inside the trench system, our goal is two-fold; one is to capture the HQ located underground within the second line of enemy trenches, and two is to destroy the remaining long-ranged artillery guns."

"Why not just bombard the enemy trenches from orbit?" Lord Kane asked.

"Orbital bombardment is an unviable option because of the accuracy required." Amelia explained, "The heavy guns armed on the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer have an accuracy of plus-or-minus ten kilometres; that leaves us as possible receivers of our own bombardment."

The holographic image finished running its simulation.

"The calculated rate of success is good, nearly eighty percent, assuming the initial bombing raid were successful at establishing complete aerial supremacy." Amelia stated with confidence, "If not, that number drops to below fifty percent."

Suddenly, the holographic image changed to a different point-of-view. It showed the Razor Coast that stretches the entire northern section of Choal.

"Simultaneously, Admiral Cypher Pohar, you will need to deploy all of your amphibious assault vehicles towards the Razor Coast. Meanwhile, your flagship the *Overlord* and any battleships with long-ranged guns, will need to bombard the coast as

they approach." Amelia continued, "Remaining *Phoenix*-class aircraft carriers will need to launch all available fighters and bombers to pound the enemy lines into submission. Admiral Cypher Pohar, what is the status on your navy?"

Admiral Cypher Pohar was a veteran maritime naval officer, who has seen many wars during his life. He is a fifty year old man, with white, combed back hair, and a white moustache to match. His piercing blue eyes were cold, and unemotional. His skin is still tight and soft, and his body is still in incredibly good shape. Standing nearly six feet tall, and built like a tank, he is an intimidating sight for anyone.

His flagship, the *Overlord*, was his pride and joy. It was a custom built maritime dreadnaught, the most heavily armed battleship in the entire Sith-Imperial Maritime Navy. Over two thousand metres long from bow to stern and three hundred and fifty metres wide, it houses three oversized planetary artillery guns, an anti-orbital ion cannon, plus another hundred long-range artillery guns, turbolaser emplacements, and ion cannons on its deck. The oversized artillery guns are powerful enough to destroy a *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer with a single volley, and the anti-orbital ion cannon could disable one completely. Anti-aircraft missiles and guns, torpedoes, and medium-range missiles are also equipped on the battleship. A full squadron of *Predator*-class starfighters and *Neutralizer*-class bombers could be housed and launched from its internal hangar. It was equipped with a dry-dock located in the bottom where submarines can launch from. The hull is heavily armoured against turbolasers, and torpedo attacks. Its propulsion system is state-of-the art; it uses an advanced magnetohydrodynamic drive that allows it to run silently.

"*My navy is standing by, but I'm worried about that coastline.*" Admiral Cypher Pohar expressed his concerns, "*That is a lot of coast, and I'm not sure if I have enough transports to cover the ground.*"

Amelia nodded her head, "Yes, I've taken that into account. In order for the coastal assault to be a viable option, we would need to have the transports perform several trips." Amelia stated, "Hopefully, the first wave would be able to establish and hold a beachhead, allowing for the subsequent waves to more efficiently enter the battle."

"*How many trips will the transports need to make?*" Admiral Cypher Pohar asked.

"At least three trips there-and-back in order to get the necessary number of EVO troopers onto the coast." Amelia answered.



Amelia once again turned towards the holographic display. It showed a simulation of the beach assault. The grainy blue holographic image showed a brutal battle, filled with obstacles and other hazards.

"With corvettes, destroyers and frigates escorting the transports, your EVO troopers should be able to make it to the beach safely." Amelia stated; she watched as the simulation ran through the program, "Intel reports that the Jabiimi have no appreciable maritime navy of any kind."

Admiral Cypher Pohar leaned in to hear the details.

"The bombers and long-ranged artillery guns will target the anti-aircraft emplacements, as well as hardened bunker locations. Unfortunately, there is no possibility of advanced recon, so the bombers will be hitting blind." Amelia added, "We will use the most up-to-date satellite images, and for maximum effectiveness, the bombers will be carrying cluster proton bombs to lay waste to their defences."

Amelia turned to the holographic image again.

"Once the transports hit the beach, Sith Knights will exit the vehicles first in order to provide protection for the EVO troopers coming up the rear. Similarly, any Sith Lords present should use a Battle Meld to coordinate the assault, and give your troops a better chance of survival." Amelia described, "They will make their way up the Razor Coast; intelligence reports several obstacles in the way, such as mines, both on ground and underwater, razor wire fences, and other natural rock formations used as obstacles, similar to an abattis."

The simulation continued to run.

"Hopefully they will be able to establish a beachhead, thus allowing for further reinforcements and to get some armour to get onto the beach." Amelia continued, "Once they push through the Razor Coast, a simple system of small trenches are all that stand in the way of your troops, and the city of Choa."

The simulation ended its cycle, and the hologram turned itself off.

"However, the odds of success are only sixty percent, and that assumes total aerial supremacy." Amelia stated, "If not, that drops to thirty percent."

The two admirals thought to themselves for a moment. They pondered the assault plan. Finally, Lord Kane spoke.



"What happens then?" Lord Kane asked.

"Assuming both myself, and the coastal assault are successful, we will prepare for the city assault." Amelia continued, "We must first destroy the five shield generators that protect the city from orbital bombardment. The shield generators are located in hardened fortresses deep within the city. Once the shield generators are taken down, Admiral Havok will bomb the city into dust. Then, both fronts will move forward, towards the city, and clean up what's left of it."

"How will we get in?" Lord Kane asked.

"I'm not sure of that, at the moment." Amelia reluctantly answered.

Once again, the two admirals pondered the battle plan. Amelia stared at the two viewscreens, waiting for a reply. Finally, one of them spoke.

*"When do we strike?"* Admiral Havok asked.

"Tonight." Amelia replied.

Admiral Havok nodded his head in agreement, then waited for his colleague to give his reply.

*"This plan of yours assumes a lot."* Admiral Cypher Pohar replied, *"I'm worried that you might have overestimated our chances of success."* Amelia stared at Admiral Cypher Pohar for a moment, *"We've put a lot of faith in you, Lady Amelia."* Admiral Cypher Pohar continued.

"The dark-side of the Force is with us, Admiral." Amelia replied, "The Jabiimi have nothing that can stop us."

Admiral Cypher Pohar pondered the statement for a moment, then, he reluctantly gave his answer.

*"My men will launch on your command."* Admiral Cypher Pohar answered.

"Excellent." Amelia replied, "Admiral Havok, have your bombers and starfighters loaded, and fuelled up by tonight. We strike as soon as it gets... darker."

*"Yes, Lady Amelia."* Admiral Havok answered.

The two viewscreens turned off as the two admirals signed off. Amelia turned to Lord Kane and Lord Grymm, who have been standing and watching the meeting.

"This is a bold move, Lady Amelia." Lord Kane replied.

Suddenly, the Wookiee growled and roared.

"He says that he hopes it works out." Lord Kane translated.

Amelia nodded her head, and watched as the two Sith Lords exit the command post. She turned her attention to Commander Otto.

"Commander Otto, I need you to make sure that the Century *Mark V* Tanks are all fully equipped, and ready to go." Amelia ordered.

"Yes, Lady Amelia, right away." Commander Otto spoke.

He saluted her, then turned around and started walking towards the exit. Suddenly, Amelia shouted out.

"Commander." Amelia shouted; he turned around, and stared at her through the T-visor of his stormtrooper helmet, "Also tell the Sith Knights to get ready."

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto spoke.

He finally left the command post and walked towards the three hundred Century *Mark V* Tanks, through the pouring rain. Amelia took in a deep breath, and closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them, she turned on the holographic projector again, and replayed the entire simulation again, watching every detail with a careful eye.

The only way anyone could tell when the sun sets was when the night turns even darker. Advanced Recon Commandos, the special forces task force of the Imperial Mobile Infantry, set out through the no man's land. Hours passed as Amelia waited for their return. When the night sky turned almost completely black, the bombing runs commenced. The first to arrive through the turbulent and violent atmosphere were the *Neutralizer*-class bombers; it was the most modern bomber designed and manufactured by Sienar Fleet Systems. The cockpit and hinged-wing design were obviously designed after the *Predator*-class starfighter; its massive ordnance pod could house a plethora of bombs and other weapons. Hyperdrives were standard in the *Neutralizer*-class bomber, making it a vast improvement from previous models. Its sublight drives, four ion engines, made the bomber incredibly fast, and exceedingly agile.

Amelia stood next to the command post, watching the bombing raid from a distance. Rain and wind swept across her face, soaking her robe, and making her nearly totally bare body very cold. She saw the enemy flak streak through the black sky, aimed blindly at the incoming bombers. She saw the bombers go into their attack positions, and release the bombs. The bombs hit the ground and exploded into several great balls of fire. She watched in joy as she felt the fear and the pain of the Jabiiimi loyalists. Their weakness, was her strength. Lord Kane approached her from behind; he watched her for a moment, looking at the robe flutter in the near gale force wind, and the sleek body under it. Amelia sensed his presence, as well as his thoughts.

"Lord Kane." Amelia replied, "What do you have for me?"

"Lady Amelia, our ARC troopers have returned from their recon mission." Lord Kane started, "There is an interesting development that you should know about."

"What is it, Lord Kane?" Amelia asked impatiently.

"The ARC troopers have reported the presence of Jedi among the Jabiiimi trenches." Lord Kane informed.

"Jedi!" Amelia replied; she turned around and looked at Lord Kane, "Impossible!"

"Possible, Lady Amelia." Lord Kane replied, "That might explain their sudden willpower against us."

Amelia turned around, and continued to watch the bombing runs, and the explosions that resulted.

"How do Jedi factor into your calculated projections of success?" Lord Kane asked.

"It is of little matter, Lord Kane." Amelia replied, "We will roll over the Jedi, just as we've done on so many other worlds."

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Lord Kane replied, then walked away.

Amelia continued watching the explosions. She went into deep thought, thinking about the Jedi in the opposite trench.

Morning arrived soon after. The bombing raid continued all through the night, and well into the morning. The pounding of the proton bombs as they impacted the

muddy soil was deafening, and shook the ground, causing minor shifts in the mud. The proton bombs also create a light fog that hovered just above the ground over the enemy trenches and stretched out into no man's land. The rain and wind didn't stop either, and a powerful electrical storm rolled in. Thunder and lightning shook and lit up the sky. Dropping through the sky, Amelia saw another *Neutralizer*-class bomber, the first she saw that morning, fly towards the enemy trenches.

Suddenly, Amelia got word that the supply lines had been successfully cut. Amelia hurriedly walked towards the Century *Mark V* Tanks, and made sure they were operational. The nearly fifty thousand stormtroopers were gearing up, and preparing for the coming battle. She sensed that the stormtroopers were growing impatient, and were itching for war. She saw the fifty, or so, Sith Knights standing around anxiously; she sensed their desire for battle through the Force.

*Good. They'll get a lot of it today.*

Everything looked in order. Lord Kane and Lord Grymm were waiting by one of the Century *Mark V* Tanks. Commander Otto was also waiting next to the Century *Mark V* Tank. Amelia walked over, and stood next to them. She put a headset into her ear that was wirelessly connected to all of the stormtroopers helmets; Sith Knights had similar devices.

"Alright listen up!" Amelia shouted; everyone turned around and looked at her, "We're about to move against the enemy! Remember your training, take no prisoners, and you will make it back alive!"

Amelia moved forward, towards her own frontline trench. The Century *Mark V* Tanks started to roll out. They drove right over the razor-wire fences protecting their own trenches, crushing them, and moved into the no man's land. The roar and rumble of their engines shook Amelia's gut, making her a little sick. Almost immediately as the tanks entered the muddy, wet and heavily cratered land between the two trench systems, they came under fire from enemy artillery. The large, blue bolts that fell out of the sky hit the ground with incredible force; they lifted large amounts of mud and dirt into the air, almost eight metres at times.

"Artillery, commence curtain fire!" Amelia ordered over her headset.

"Yes, Lady Amelia." The stormtrooper replied.

Suddenly, the loud, thunderous explosions from the long-ranged artillery guns fired large red energy bolts towards the enemies frontline trenches. They mostly fell

short, but they were devastating enough to strike fear into the enemy combatants. Amelia started using her powerful mastery over Battle Meditation to give her stormtroopers the resolve and bloodlust they needed to win the coming battle. Once the tanks got over two hundred metres out, Amelia spoke into her headset:

"Sith Knights, move out." Amelia ordered, "Lord Kane, take the left flank; Lord Grymm, you take the right flank. I'll take the middle."

Immediately the Sith Knights moved towards the no man's land, and followed the path the tanks already made. She heard the Wookiee roar, and smiled. She watched the fifty Sith Knights walk into the mud of the no man's land with their crimson-bladed lightsabers drawn and activated. Once they got nearly one hundred metres out, she spoke into her headset once more:

"Stormtroopers, move out!" Amelia ordered.

The fifty thousand stormtroopers moved out towards the no man's land. For a moment, Amelia hesitated; a pins-and-needles sensation ran up her back, following the lines of her tattoos. Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber and followed the horde of stormtroopers. Within minutes, the Sith-Imperial trenches were completely vacated. As she walked in the thick, sludgy mud of the no man's land, she noticed a horrible stench that hit her like a wall. It was the smell of decaying flesh. She looked around as she walked forward; there were dead bodies of Jabiimi loyalists and Imperial stormtroopers embedded in the mud. Their flesh was rotten and decayed; their skin was black and soggy. As she walked forward; the fog and smoke of the artillery shells bombarding the mud of the so man's land drifted over them. The white and grey smoke was surprisingly thick; she couldn't see more than ten metres in front of her. She intensified her Battle Meditation even more, relieving the fear of the stormtroopers. She sensed Lord Kane and Lord Grymm do the same, and she linked her powers with theirs, creating a powerful Battle Meld. The downside was that while performing the Battle Meld, she couldn't use excessive Force powers, as they would leave her too weak.

As they made their way closer to the enemy frontline trench, the artillery shells pounded them hard. The Century *Mark V* Tanks were getting hammered by heavy artillery; their personal deflector shields were no match for the artillery bombardment, and some were destroyed instantly. The engines of the tanks would explode, rupturing the cockpit, sending the treads flying off to the sides. The Sith Knights were frantically trying to dodge the incoming artillery bombardment, but the thick, sticky, sludgy mud made it hard to manoeuvre.

"*Lady Amelia, we're getting hammered up here!*" Lord Kane shouted over the wireless communications system.

Suddenly, an artillery shell exploded in front of her, catapulting three muddied white plastoid armoured stormtroopers into the air with tonnes of sludgy mud following them. The stormtroopers flew up three metres into the air, screaming in fear, and then fell into the muddy crater forcibly. Their plastoid armour was completely shattered, and their blooded, dead expression could be seen through their shattered helmet.

"Pick up the pace!" Amelia ordered.

Almost immediately, a shower of artillery shells rained down on them. The powerful shells struck the muddy ground all around her. The stormtroopers started running forward, trying to avoid the incoming artillery shells. Amelia began running through the lines of stormtroopers, trying to get up front. Her feet got stuck in the mud, making her slower than usual. Amelia looked up, and saw a large, blue energy bolt coming directly towards her. She instinctively harnessed the Force to induce a powerful electromagnetic field in front of her in order to deflect the incoming shell. The blue energy bolt curved from its path, and impacted the ground three metres away. Incidentally, the artillery shell hit some stormtroopers, sending them into the air. Amelia continued running forward, evading artillery bombardments. She pushed through the lines of stormtroopers, now with impressive, Force augmented speed. She used her acrobatic skills, and the power of the Force, to dodge and avoid the incoming artillery shells. All around her, stormtroopers were running and dying as the shells bombarded the ground. She ran past several fallen Sith Knights, and flaming tanks; black smoke and embers billowed out from the tanks flaming wreckage.

Amelia sensed the fear rush into the stormtroopers. She focused more on her Battle Meld, relieving some of their fear and fuelling their bloodlust. She continued running through the mud of the so man's land. Directly in front of her, she could see the Century *Mark V* Tanks. The tanks were still advancing forward, firing futilely towards the enemy frontline trenches. The rough terrain made aiming accurately while moving nearly impossible. The pounding of heavy blaster cannon fire, coupled from the artillery bombardment, was deafening. The inclination of the ground was getting steeper, making it harder to traverse the muddy landscape. They were getting closer to the frontline trenches.

"Stormtroopers! Advance!" Amelia ordered.



Amelia continued running forward with incredible speed and the stormtroopers quickened their pace. As Amelia ran forward, she noticed more dead Sith Knights; their bodies were mangled and torn apart by artillery fire. As she moved forward, heavy repeater bolts started whizzing by her. The green bolts struck the Century *Mark V* Tanks surrounding her, but deflected off its personal deflector shields. Finally, she rendezvoused with some Sith Knights that were deflecting the blaster fire. She looked behind, and still saw the artillery shells pounding the stormtroopers into the muddy ground. The white armoured stormtroopers were moving forward, however, and they seemed eager to fight now.

"Knights, hold the line!" Amelia ordered, "Let nothing through!"

Amelia deflected the green heavy repeater energy bolts that came her way. The force of the heavy repeater energy bolts were strong, and hard to deflect at times. Once again, she concentrated and focused harder on her Battle Meld, riling the stormtroopers into a frenzy. Suddenly, a Century *Mark V* Tank in front of her blew up in a great ball of fire. Shrapnel and durasteel debris flew through the air. Then, a Sith Knight stepped on an anti-personnel mine, and the explosion set him upwards; the durasteel shrapnel tore through his fleshy body.

"Mines!" Amelia alerted, "We're in the mine field!"

The artillery bombardment were still pounding all around her. Left and right, she saw tanks explode when they got hit directly by a large, blue energy bolt. She looked up again, and a blue bolt came hurdling towards her. In a fury, she spun on her feet, and with a Force Wave augmented strike, she deflected the incoming artillery bolt with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. The force of the impact almost sent her directly into the muddy ground. The artillery bolt got deflected towards the enemy frontline trench. In the distance, Amelia could see the *Neutralizer*-class bombers enter their attack run, and carpet bomb the enemy frontline trenches. The explosion from the carpet bomb illuminated the dark, dismal sky. Suddenly, a panicked transmission entered her headset:

"*Lady Amelia, we're getting hit hard on the left flank by guerrilla fighters!*" Lord Kane informed.

She heard blaster fire over her headset.

"Where is the pressure coming from?" Amelia shouted over the artillery bombardment.



"From the treeline towards the northwest!" Lord Kane informed.

"Standby, Lord Kane." Amelia replied.

Amelia switched frequencies, and looked around the battlefield. They were about half a kilometre from the enemy trenches now.

"Commander Otto!" Amelia requested, "I need you to call the next line of bombers to attack the treeline towards the northwest!"

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied over the wireless communication system.

"Tell them to use incendiary bombs." Amelia added, "I want that forest burnt to the ground!"

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied.

Amelia switched frequencies again, "Lord Kane, bombers are going to be targeting the treeline." Amelia informed, "Hold the left flank!"

Within moments, six *Neutralizer*-class bombers flew overhead, heading towards the treeline. They passed overhead with a powerful roar of the twin ion engines. Seconds later, several explosions rocked the treeline; the explosions ignited a thick, gel-like material that was incredibly flammable, and burned for tens of minutes. The fire ball rose fifty metres into the air, and lit up the darkened sky. More and more explosions erupted in succession as the large ordnance pod of the *Neutralizer*-class bomber released their payload. Amelia could see in the distance the gel-like flammable substance stick to the trees, and burn them down. However, only a third of the forest was actually burning down.

Suddenly, a rocket flew past her, and struck a *Century Mark V* Tank. The rocket hit the viewport of the cockpit and exploded inside, instantly destroying the tank and killing those inside.

"Watch out tanks! Rockets incoming!" Amelia informed.

The enemy frontline trench seemed to be filled with rockets. The rockets streaked across the air, hitting the tanks or the ground. The explosions were deafening. Suddenly, a rocket was heading right for her; with lightning fast reflexes, she used the Force to deflect the rockets trajectory, and send it flying into the ground in front of her.

The rocket struck the mud, exploded, and sent mud raining down on top of her. Suddenly, blaster and heavy repeater fire came hurdling towards her.

"We're in range of their fire!" Amelia announced, "Century Tanks, target those bunkers! Stormtroopers, move forward!"

The Century *Mark V* Tanks finally reached the walls of razor-wire, steel hedgehogs, and duracrete blocks. They were designed to prevent tanks from advancing, however, the Century *Mark V* Tanks had little trouble with the obstacles. The tanks rolled right over the metre high walls of razor-wire, and the two metre high steel hedgehogs were little problem. As the tanks crushed the obstacles in front of them, gunners would fire their heavy blaster cannons from the hardened, duracrete bunkers that housed repeater guns.

The Jabiimi loyalists fought hard when the tanks started to roll towards them. A barrage of heavy repeater fire and blaster firing pummelled them, but their personal deflector shield withstood the barrage. Rockets on the other hand were not deflected by the energy shields, and struck the hardened armour of the tanks unimpeded. The tanks just kept on going, rolling over the trenches.

"Tanks, keep going until you hit the artillery!" Amelia ordered.

Amelia, and the rest of the Sith Knights finally arrived at the walls of razor-wire. Impaled on the razor-wire were the dead, rotting bodies of stormtroopers from past offenses against the Jabiimi trenches. They gave off a wretched smell, and the blackened skin that could be seen through the shattered white plastoid armour was sickening. With incredible power, Amelia used Force Wave to remove the obstacles in front of her. Those further down the line simply followed the path the tanks made. As a last ditch effort, she concentrated more on the powerful Battle Meld between her, Lord Kane and Lord Grymm, in order to rile up and encourage the stormtroopers to fight.

"Alright stormtroopers, we're here!" Amelia shouted, "Give it all you've got!"

Amelia charged wildly into the trench. She deflected a barrage of blaster fire as she ran towards the enemy frontline trench. Finally, she leapt over the last metre tall wall of razor-wire and landed inside the trench itself. She swung wildly at the Jabiimi loyalists to her left and right. Her crimson-bladed lightsaber sliced through their soggy flesh, amputating limbs and decapitating heads. Then, using the power of the Force, she used Force Wave to push the rest of the Jabiimi loyalists further away. Suddenly, Commander Otto landed right next to her, and rolled on the ground in order to ease the

landing. Immediately, he started firing his ARC-9965 blaster rifle at the Jabiiimi loyalists. He unloaded an entire energy pack into the crowd. The narrow trenches didn't provide any cover; it was basically a shooting gallery. In moments, Commander Otto slaughtered thirty Jabiiimi loyalists.

Sith Knights also stormed the trench, along with the stormtroopers. Some fell to the barrage of blaster fire, however most made it. As they leapt into the air, they braced themselves for a hard landing. Most of the Sith Knights landed adroitly, but the stormtroopers entry into the trench was nothing but. The stormtroopers hit the side of the plastoid armour lining the trench hard, sometimes breaking arms or legs, or cracking skulls.

The fighting within the trenches was brutal. The narrow trenches didn't allow for much manoeuvrability, leading to vicious hand-to-hand combat. The Sith Knights cut down the Jabiiimi loyalists with vicious assaults, each stroke of their crimson-bladed lightsaber fuelling their rage and desire for more. Both the stormtroopers and the Sith Knights could feel the effects of the Battle Meld; their rage enhanced, their ability to fight was augmented.

Amelia and Commander Otto continued fighting through the packed hordes of fleeing Jabiiimi loyalists. The fear on their faces, and in their hearts spurred her on, fuelling her rage. The both of them slaughtered the Jabiiimi, and when more stormtroopers arrived, the massacre became worse. However, many stormtroopers did fall to both friendly fire and enemy attacks. A large portion of the frontline defence was fleeing towards the northeast.

"Lord Grymm, hurry your attack!" Amelia ordered, "You've got enemy combatants coming your way!"

The Wookiee simply roared over the headset, and continued pounding the Jabiiimi loyalists into the ground with his bare hands. Although Lord Grymm did have a very unique, double-edged crimson-bladed lightsaber made out of human bone, he rarely used it because he preferred killing his enemies with his bare hands. He got more satisfaction from it.

Commander Otto was an expert killer, and a fantastic shot, however, in the distance, he saw a young Jedi wielding a blue-bladed lightsaber. The young Jedi was cutting down stormtroopers left and right. Commander Otto immediately fired his blaster at the young Jedi. The Jedi immediately deflected the red energy bolts back at Commander Otto. One of the blaster bolts ricocheted off the blue-bladed lightsaber, and

hit him on the left shoulder. Commander Otto grunted and fell upon getting struck, clutching his left shoulder in pain.

"*Lady Amelia, we've got Jedi!*" Commander Otto shouted into his wireless headset.

Amelia immediately ran towards Commander Otto. The young Jedi was ready to strike him down, when Amelia used Force Wave to knock him into the grey plastoid armour that lined the trench. The young Jedi hit the side of the trench hard, knocking him over; the grey plastoid lining shattered upon impact. Amelia stood by Commander Otto and helped him onto his feet.

"Go. I've got this one." Amelia ordered.

Commander Otto ran in the opposite direction, still firing his ARC-9965 blaster rifle at Jabiimi loyalists that just so happen to get in his way. Amelia stared down at the young Jedi. He was very young, sixteen standard years old maybe, and his pale skin face was covered in mud and rain. His golden blonde hair had chunks of mud in it, with some stuck to his forehead. His eyes were bright blue, and they stared directly at her. The young Jedi got back onto his feet, and held his blue-bladed lightsaber directly in front of him; the rain instantly vaporized on the blue energy blade, letting off steam and a sizzling sound.

"I will strike you down, Sith scum." The young Jedi stated.

Amelia smiled at the naive remark. The young Jedi charged at her, swinging his blue-bladed lightsaber wildly at her. He seemed to be using a very inept form of Djem So, given his aggression. Amelia, calmly and arrogantly, blocked and parried his attacks using the elegance of her mastery in Djem So and Makashi. Nevertheless, his strikes were fast, but not accurate. He often left himself open for attack, which Amelia exploited. Using his own aggression against him, Amelia led him slamming into the walls of the trench, and hitting the floor. Soon, his body was covered in bruises, and his muscles were tired and exhausted. Their lightsabers would scar and etch the plastoid armour lining, leaving behind sparks and molten material. The young Jedi tried futilely to block her attacks, but they were unsuccessful. In desperation, he called out for help.

"Ami!" The young Jedi called, "Ami! Help!"

The young Jedi left himself open. With a single, powerful thrust, Amelia plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the young Jedi's chest, killing him instantly. The crimson-bladed lightsaber entered his chest, and exited in his back. In the distance, Amelia saw another Jedi wielding a green-bladed lightsaber. She was quite some

distance away, but she looked as if she heard the young Jedi's call for help. Suddenly, the distant Jedi charged towards Amelia, killing stormtroopers as she ran along. As the approaching Jedi got closer, she saw the fallen young Jedi.

"Kael! No!" She screamed.

The female Jedi was also young, probably eighteen or nineteen. She had shoulder length auburn hair; they were in tangles and dirty. Her eyes were a piercing bright blue, now filled with tears, and her skin was fair. She was also about Amelia's height.

Amelia picked up the dead body of the young Jedi with her left arm, and threw it at the charging Jedi. The body hit her hard, knocking her over and deactivating her green-bladed lightsaber. The dead body laid limp over hers, his lifeless eyes staring into hers. Tears ran down the Jedi's cheeks.

"Oh Jedi, how young they die." Amelia taunted, then smiled.

"You inhuman monster!" The Jedi named Ami Lorus screamed.

Ami picked herself up and charged at Amelia. The Jedi was using a proficient form of Ataru, however, Amelia matched it with the raw power of Vaapad. Unfortunately, the narrow trenches don't allow for much use of agility, voiding large aspects of Ataru swordplay. The Jedi's skill with a lightsaber was proficient, but she was probably only a knight at best. Her attacks were fast and powerful, but were no match for Amelia's rage. Amelia, using the strength of the dark-side and of Vaapad, knocked the Jedi around the trench. Ami got slammed into the walls of the trench, and pounded into the flooring. In desperation, the Jedi leapt over the walls of the trench, and began running away.

"Move to the second trench!" Ami ordered.

Almost immediately, the Jabiimi loyalists climbed over the trench walls and started fleeing towards the second, support trench. Stormtroopers tried to follow, but the Jabiimi rigged the connecting communication trenches with high explosives, and blew them. The stormtroopers began to regroup, and prepare for another assault.

"Everybody, over the top!" Amelia ordered.

The stormtroopers jumped up and grabbed hold of the edge of the trench. The trenches were about two metres tall, meaning they would have to pull themselves up and over the edge. Almost immediately, the stormtroopers that climbed over first were hit by a barrage of blaster fire coming from the support trench. The blaster bolts pierced

the white plastoid armour easily, sending the stormtroopers falling back down into the frontline trench, nearly crushing those below.

"Lay down covering fire!" Amelia ordered, "Knights, you go up first and deflect those bolts!"

The Sith Knights simply jumped into the air, and rolled on the ground as they landed. Behind them, stormtroopers were firing blindly at the support trench, and the Sith Knights were deflecting the incoming barrage of blaster fire. Amelia leapt over the trench wall, and rolled as she landed on the soggy, muddy ground. She was immediately struck with a blaster bolt, however, her quick reflexes allowed her to deflect it. She looked around as she deflected the blaster bolts; the two bunkers that were mowing them down before were smoking piles of rubble, and there was only about one hundred metres between the frontline trench and the support trench. In between them were several more metre high walls of barbed-wire.

After a few moments, the stormtroopers began their climb out of the frontline trenches. The Sith Knights charged the support trenches, deflecting blaster fire as they did. Amelia's Battle Meld was working; the stormtroopers were in a fury, viciously killing any enemy combatant they came across. Over the top, the entire trench emptied of stormtroopers, and they charged the support trench, firing wildly at the Jabiimi.

Amelia looked around for a moment; several Century *Mark V* Tanks were flaming in the distance, and stormtroopers and Jabiimi loyalists littered the muddy ground. Amelia used Force Wave to clear a path in front of her, then used Force augmented speed to charge the enemy support trench. As she ran the one hundred metres towards the enemy support trench, she used another powerful Force Wave to shift the mud in front of her, destabilizing the walls of the trench, causing them to collapse. The plastoid lining the trench wall shattered, and the water-saturated soil and mud poured into the trench, suffocating anyone underneath. Once again, she stormed into the enemy support trench, and started hacking and slashing her way through hordes of Jabiimi loyalists. She deflected several blaster bolts back at their shooters, and severed arms and legs as she moved through the trench.

Then, just as fast, the stormtroopers arrived shortly after. They fired wildly into crowds of combatants; the narrow, two metre wide trenches made for easy pickings. In the distance, the sound of an aerial bombardment from the screeching engines of the *Neutralizer*-class bombers could be heard. The explosions made the walls of the trenches rumble, and sometimes collapse. The weight of the soggy, water-saturated soil and mud



was incredibly heavy, and both Jabiimi loyalists and stormtrooper drowned in it. Suddenly, Amelia blocked an overhead strike from a green-bladed lightsaber.

"Oh, well, isn't it our old Jedi friend, Ami." Amelia taunted once more.

Amelia smiled, then broke the sabre-lock. This time, Amelia was on the offensive, smashing her crimson-bladed lightsaber against Ami's, sending her into the grey, plastoid armour lining of the trench walls. Amelia lost herself to her own rage. She continued her relentless assault against the Jedi; Ami was barely able to defend herself. In a brutal rage, Amelia kicked her down into the soggy, sludgy mud. Amelia grabbed her by the head, and forced her face down into the mud, slowly suffocating her. Ami tried frantically to release herself from the death grip, waving and flailing her arms about, but failed. She could feel herself fading, blacking out.

Suddenly, Amelia sensed something behind her. Amelia immediately turned around and deflected a barrage of blaster fire hurdling towards her. Ami pulled her face out of the mud, and gasped for air. She coughed as the air rushed back into her lungs. She immediately got back onto her feet, and tried plunging her green-bladed lightsaber into Amelia's spine. Amelia quickly moved to the side, and elbowed Ami in the face, sending her falling backwards. Amelia then grabbed Ami with the Force, and hurled her into the air, and out of the trench. Ami flew nearly eight metres into the air, and landed hard in the mud. Amelia resumed her slaughter against the Jabiimi loyalists.

"Reserve trench!" Ami ordered, "Retreat to the reserve trench!"

Once again, the Jabiimi loyalists ran through the communication trenches that connected the second support trench with the third reserve trench. And, as before, the communication trenches were blown with high explosives. Amelia looked over at ten stormtroopers.

"You ten, secure the HQ!" Amelia ordered, "Commander Otto?"

"Yes, *Lady Amelia*." Commander Otto replied over the headset.

"Make sure the HQ is secure." Amelia ordered, "Everyone else, over the top."

Once again, the Sith Knights were the first over the top and quickly deflected incoming blaster fire. There weren't many Sith Knights anymore, and many stormtroopers that were climbing over the top of the two metre tall trenches were shot down. Amelia jumped over the support trench wall, and immediately charged at the reserve trench. A barrage of blaster and turbolaser fire shot past her. Amelia



immediately fell to the ground to see what was firing at her. One of the hardened, duracrete bunkers was still intact, and its heavy turbolasers was pummelling the oncoming stormtroopers. All around her, stormtroopers were being cut down by the heavy turbolasers mounted inside the duracrete bunker; the large energy bolts pounded the ground, sending mud a metre into the air, leaving behind a small crater.

"Commander Otto!" Amelia shouted in her headset, "I need an aerial bombardment on the reserve trench! There's a bunker here slaughtering us!"

"*Right away, Lady Amelia.*" Commander Otto replied.

Amelia remained on her chest, laying in the mud for a few more minutes. Finally, in the distance, she saw a pair of *Neutralizer*-class bombers approaching from the east. They were lined up directly with the reserve trench, another hundred metres away. Amelia shielded her eyes, and the proton bombs dropped. The explosion was powerful; the concussive force knocked the charging stormtroopers off their feet and backwards. When Amelia looked up, the bunker was destroyed, and most of the reserve trench in front of her had been blown apart. In the distance, she saw the Jabiimi loyalists, as well as a Jedi running towards the stagnate *Century Mark V* Tanks firing their heavy blaster cannon at the energy shields surrounding the long-ranged artillery. There were still about a dozen, with another dozen made into flaming piles of scrap metal.

"*Lady Amelia, HQ is secure.*" Commander Otto informed.

"Good!" Amelia replied.

The stormtroopers and Sith Knights stormed the reserve trench, slaughtering any remaining Jabiimi loyalist that hadn't yet fled. Amelia watched as the Jabiimi loyalists ran past the *Century Mark V* Tanks, and stuck plasma grenades onto the treads. The explosions were powerful, dislodging the tracks, and immobilizing the tanks completely.

"Century Tanks, retreat!" Amelia ordered, "Repeat, Century Tanks, retreat!"

The tanks began reversing at full speed. Amelia watched as the tanks slowly moved towards her. However, the Jabiimi loyalists hiding in a small trench surrounding the long-ranged artillery cannons were firing rockets at the fleeing tanks. They destroyed a couple before the tanks reached and rolled over the reserve trench. The tanks kept on backing away until they reached the support trench.

Amelia looked over the edge of the reserve trench. She stared over the five hundred metre stretch of mud at the blue energy shield protecting the long-ranged artillery and the small system of trenches surrounding them. Suddenly, Commander Otto came running up to her from behind. He slammed into the plastoid lining next to her.

"What's the situation?" Commander Otto asked.

"They're defending the long-ranged artillery." Amelia informed.

"Why don't we strike?" Commander Otto asked.

"It's too far to run." Amelia replied, "They'll cut us down in no time."

"Bombing run?" Commander Otto replied.

Suddenly, a great fire ball rose from the west. The forest and the rocky cliffs burst into flames as the gel-like substance ignited.

"Looks like they're busy." Amelia replied.

Suddenly, a lobbing sound could be heard, then a whistle. Right next to her, a mortar shell exploded, killing two stormtroopers, and injuring another. Several more mortars were launching shells at the enemy reserve trench. When the shells explode, they sent out shards of metal at the speed of sound, shattering the white plastoid armour, and killing most within its blast radius.

"Frack!" Amelia screamed, "These mortars are going to kill us! We can't stay here for much longer!"

"Use the tanks." Commander Otto suggested, "They'll give us covering fire, and we use them as shields."

Amelia nodded in agreement.

"All tanks, storm the artillery!" Amelia ordered over the headset, "Repeat, storm the artillery! Target those mortars!"

Suddenly, she heard the growl of the tank's engines. The ground rumbled as they drove forward and over their heads. The trench was strong enough to hold the weight of the tanks, except in some areas where they collapsed and crushed all those underneath. As soon as the tanks were past the reserve trench, they fired their heavy blaster cannons at the small system of trenches. The huge green bolts of energy hit the

trenches, completely destroying them. Rockets and mortars rained down on the tanks, and several were turned into flaming piles of wreckage.

"Everyone, over the top!" Amelia ordered.

This time, everyone climbed over the top of the reserve trench at the same time. Immediately they were hit with a barrage of blaster and heavy repeater fire. The tanks took most of the incoming fire, but several stormtroopers were immediately shot down. Their dead bodies fell limp onto the soggy, sludgy mud. Amelia led the charge, running ahead of the tanks as she closed in the final one hundred metres towards the last of the remaining trenches. She leapt over a metre high wall of razor-wire, and into the small trench. Immediately she started slicing and stabbing the Jabiimi loyalists that were firing the mortars. Her rage was uncontrollable, and she unleashed a devastating Force Surge at the fleeing Jabiimi. The massive electric discharge caused the remaining mortar shells to explode while in the tube, sending shrapnel everywhere.

In a desperate move, Ami ordered a full retreat. The Jabiimi loyalists placed charges on the long-ranged artillery guns and the shield generators, and blew them apart. Amelia could see them fleeing from the trenches and from the artillery posts. They were running on foot; running the two kilometres of open, muddy ground towards the shielded city of Choal.

"Commander Otto, get the fleet on the line." Amelia ordered, "We need Predators to mop up the remaining Jabiimi."

Commander Otto was running towards her.

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied.

Predators, the nickname for the *Predator*-class starfighter, were the backbone of the Imperial Starfleet. The *Predator*-class starfighter were the successor of the TIE/In Fighter from The First Galactic Civil War. The *Predator*-class starfighter had an unusual design; it had a single pilot cockpit, but its wings were triangular, and blade-shaped, and attached to the cockpit by hinges. They were also equipped with hyperdrives and deflector shields, and were much faster and more manoeuvrable than its predecessor.

In the distance, Amelia watched as a squadron of *Predator*-class starfighters swooped in and fired their laser cannons at the fleeing Jabiimi. They're movements were elegant, precise, beautiful, and deadly. Amelia stood in the rain watching the slaughter. Her black Sith robe was covered in mud and blood, so she took it off and threw it on the ground. Her dark red hair was a mess; it was full of tangles and chunks

of mud. Her bare skin was wet from the rain, and her black leather, scanty outfit was soaked and dirty. Her black eyeliner was smeared because of the rain, and ran down her face. There were some cuts and bruises on her sleek, slender, smooth legs, but nothing serious.

"Commander Otto, get the fleet to move up our artillery to this position." Amelia ordered.

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied.

Amelia walked away to assess the losses. The stormtroopers were tired from the long battle, and most were shell shocked. Amelia looked back at the trench system. Nearly all the tanks were destroyed during the assault. Only about thirty or so remain. The number of stormtroopers also looked thin. Less than half survived. This was quite easily the worst battle she had fought during the war. Amelia stared towards the west, looking at the forest.

"Commander Otto, what is the situation with the others?" Amelia asked.

"Lord Grymm reports they have overrun the trenches to the east of us." Commander Otto informed, "Lord Kane reports heavy resistance coming from the treeline."

"Order the bombers to burn that entire forest down!" Amelia ordered.

"Right away, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied, "Admiral Havok says he'll bring down transports to move the artillery as soon as possible."

"Good." Amelia replied.

Amelia looked up and saw six *Neutralizer*-class bombers flying towards the forest. They dropped their incendiary bombs on the forest, burning it to the ground.

"Tell them to keep dropping bombs until the entire forest is burnt to the ground!" Amelia ordered.

Commander Otto relayed the order to the pilots of the *Neutralizer*-class bombers. They immediately complied, and began dropping their entire payload into the forest. Within minutes, a huge forest fire was raging to the west. Amelia watched in awe as the fire swept across the trees; her black, geometric tattoos tingled like rippling needle picks crawling across her body. The fire was a beautiful sight. Ironically, the rain acted to spread the fire, rather than dampen it.

"Commander Otto, we set up camp here for the night." Amelia informed, "Set up a temporary infirmary for the wounded. And tell Lord Kane, and Lord Grymm to rendezvous here when they're done."

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto complied.

Night was coming, and the sky was getting darker. The rain and wind was also starting to get stronger, and flashes of lightning, and the roar of thunder were getting stronger. Her bare, tattooed body was getting cold, but she didn't care.

*What a miserable planet.*

"Commander Otto, bring me any remaining ARC troopers that have survived immediately." Amelia ordered.

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto complied.

Amelia continued to stare into the distance. The rain got into her eyes, and her hair was soaked, but she just stood there, staring off into the distance. The bombs kept dropping from the *Neutralizer*-class bomber's large ordnance pods. The fire, already a crown fire, gracefully swept across the forest.

Night fell, and the weather got worse. The rain pelted the surface, and the wind was bone-chilling. Lightning and thunder filled the dark, night sky. A temporary command tent was set up where the enemy long-ranged artillery used to be, and the green water-proof fabric flapped violently in the wind. Amelia stood outside of the command post with Commander Otto, waiting for the arrival of Lord Kane and Lord Grymm. Almost at the same time, they arrived from their respective directions. Lord Kane was battered and bruised, and his physical body seemed exhausted. Lord Grymm on the other hand seemed the exact opposite; he felt rejuvenated with every kill he made, and lusted for more. Lord Grymm was also dragging something through the mud with his muscular, right arm.

"Lord Kane, how goes the left flank?" Amelia inquired.

"The left flank holds, but the guerrilla's really did a number on us." Lord Kane informed.

"Casualty percentage?" Amelia asked.

"Nearly seventy percent of my troops." Lord Kane answered.

Amelia shook her head. She then looked at Lord Grymm; the large, muscular Wookiee grinned and growled at her.

"Lord Grymm, what have you got there?" Amelia asked.

Lord Grymm threw the dead body of a young female wearing the tan and brown attire of a Jedi. Lord Grymm growled.

"He says that he ran into our Jedi friend here during the assault." Lord Kane translated.

"How many did you see?" Amelia asked.

The Wookiee roared again.

"Two Jedi, this one, and another man." Lord Kane translated, "But the man got away."

"What about you?" Amelia asked Lord Kane.

"I only ran into one, also a man." Lord Kane informed, "But he evaded me."

Amelia looked over her shoulder at Commander Otto, and nodded. Almost immediately, two stormtroopers dropped in the mud the dead body of the young, sixteen year old Jedi.

"I ran into him in the trenches too." Amelia informed, "And there was another female Jedi that escaped."

Amelia turned around, and looked at Commander Otto again.

"You are sure that the Predators didn't kill her?" Amelia asked, "You checked all the bodies?"

"Yes, Lady Amelia. None of the dead fit the description of the Jedi." Commander Otto replied.

"Any word on the coastal assault?" Amelia asked.

"No word, except that they're still trying to make their way up the coast." Commander Otto answered.

Amelia turned back to the two Lords.

"So, what? That makes at least five Jedi here?" Lord Kane asked.

"Yeah, and at least three left in the city." Amelia continued.

"I've never heard of that many Jedi in one place before." Lord Kane replied.

"No one has." Amelia answered, "Maybe they're getting more bold, more aggressive."

"Lady Amelia, I thought maybe you'd like to know." Commander Otto started, "Facial recognition software informs me that the Jedi you killed was Padawan Kael deCrion, and the other one is Jedi Knight Aeshi Doiae."

"Anything else on these two Jedi?" Amelia inquired.

"Nothing yet, but the databases are still working on it." Commander Otto informed.

Amelia nodded, and turned back to the two Lords.

"What's our next move?" Lord Kane asked.

"I've already sent two recon teams to scout out the area surrounding the city for a possible way in." Amelia informed, "If we can get into the city, then I will lead whatever ARC troopers we have left into the city, and disable the five shield generators."

"What do we do?" Lord Kane.

"Standby." Amelia answered, "If we fail to take down the shield generators, you two might need to storm the city by force."

The Wookiee growled.

"He says, he wants to come with you so that he can get his hands around more Jedi." Lord Kane translated.

"I need you here, Lord Grymm." Amelia answered, "I need you to lead the stormtroopers into the city."

The Wookiee gave out an angry roar.

\* \* \*



Morning came faster than she expected. Amelia just got a complete list of remaining stormtroopers and supplies. The list was short. Out of the original fifty thousand, only fifteen thousand made it through the battle alive, and almost a third were wounded and injured too badly for further battle. The tanks took the biggest pounding; out of the original three hundred, only thirty remain operational. Medical supplies, and other provisions were critically low. Amelia came to the conclusion that an assault on the city with her current recourses would be suicide; she need a more covert and stealthy plan that didn't require brute force. The only good news she got was that thirty ARC troopers survived the battle, and were itching for more. Suddenly, Commander Otto entered the command post.

"Lady Amelia, one of the recon teams have arrived." Commander Otto informed.

"Let them in." Amelia ordered.

The two ARC troopers, wearing camouflage armour, entered the tent command post. They saluted her in traditional military fashion.

"What do you have?" Amelia asked.

"My Lady, we have your way into the city." One of the ARC troopers informed.

"Where?" Amelia quickly asked.

The ARC trooper walked to the holographic projector showing a geographic map of the area. He zoomed in near the Razor Coast.

"Here, where the eastern trenches end, and the Razor Coast begins." The ARC trooper informed, "There is a river in between that leads towards the ocean. But when you walk up the river, there is a large drainage pipe that took all the outpouring of the city's sewage."

Amelia looked at the map. It could work.

"Where is the pipe located?" Amelia asked.

"Just over a kilometre outside the city, well out of range of the energy shield." The ARC trooper informed.

Amelia nodded approvingly.

"Commander Otto, get the other ARC troopers ready for combat." Amelia ordered, "We leave for the sewage pipe within the hour."

"Yes, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied.

Commander Otto saluted, then ran out of the command post. The ARC troopers did the same, leaving Amelia alone in the command post.

Just as Amelia ordered, within the hour the thirty ARC troopers, including those that went on recon missions, were geared up and ready for war. The ARC troopers wore specialized, black, custom made armour, and were equipped with the DLT-19 heavy blaster rifle, which were more powerful and more accurate. They immediately walked the nearly ten kilometres of trench system until they arrived at the river. They walked up the river until they saw the large drainage pipe. Amelia could smell the sewage; it smelled worse than the rotting flesh on the battlefield.

"This is one time I wish I had one of those helmet's." Amelia joked.

They immediately entered the sewage pipe. The pipe was big, but they still had to crouch down in order to fit. Littered on the ground was the city's waste.

"Where does this pipe lead into?" Amelia whispered.

"This pipe can be taken all the way into the centre of the city." Commander Otto answered, "The sewage system can be taken to all parts of the city."

Finally, after traveling nearly four kilometres in the sewage pipe.

"Alright, everyone, proceed on mission." Amelia ordered.

"Where are you going?" Commander Otto asked.

"I'm going to hunt those Jedi." Amelia informed, "Once the charges are set, get back into the sewage system, and blow them. Do not wait for me. Understand?"

The ARC troopers nodded their heads, yes. Five teams of six ARC troopers, including Commander Otto, split off in their respective directions. Amelia, however, kept going towards the centre of the city. Within the hour, Amelia reached the central lines, and emerged from the sewage system. As she exited the pipes, she gasped for fresh air.

Amelia emerged in the heart of the city, in the middle of the main road. The buildings around her were small, two or three story buildings, with brown dome tops.

Directly in front of her was the Jabiimi palace, a large and tall building, with complex designs. Suddenly, from behind, she heard footsteps.

"Hey, who are you?" Someone said.

Amelia turned around, only to see an entire battalion of Jabiimi loyalists. They were wearing dirty, muddy armour, like as if they were fighting in the trenches. Immediately, Amelia used Force Wave to send the Jabiimi loyalists closest to her flying backwards. The rest immediately started firing their blasters at her. From the rooftops and the balconies of the surrounding buildings, more Jabiimi loyalists started firing at her. She used a powerful electromagnetic field to deflect the incoming blaster bolts. The battalion in front of her, however, were moving in and firing wildly at her. She charged at them, swinging and hacking her crimson-bladed lightsaber wildly at all those that got in her way. She severed limbs, and heads, as well as impaled some with her lightsaber. As she furiously slashed her way through the Jabiimi loyalists, she looked up and heard a familiar voice.

"Concentrate all fire on her!" The voice ordered.

Amelia looked up at one of the balconies; she saw the young female Jedi, Ami, directing orders. Amelia immediately leapt into the air, and onto the balcony where Ami stood. Amelia slashed and stabbed the Jabiimi loyalists that occupied the balcony, then charged at Ami. She activated her green-bladed lightsaber, and blocked Amelia's furious attacks. The lightsaber battle was fast and vicious. Amelia, using the powerful and bold form of Vaapad, overwhelmed the meagre form of the Jedi's Soresu, a defensive form. Blaster bolts whizzed by both of them, adding another element of danger to the battle. Suddenly, a blaster bolt whizzed perilously close to Amelia's head.

*Alright, no more showboating.*

In a frenzy, Amelia kicked the Jedi in the chest, causing her to fall down backwards. Ami immediately got on her comlink.

"The Sith are here!" Ami Lorus informed, "The Sith are in—"

Amelia cut her off with a powerful and brutal Force Crush. Amelia lifted her up off the ground by nearly thirty centimetres, and slowly crushed her bones and organs. Ami screamed in pain and agony as the pressure and strain from the powerful Force attack grew. Amelia took the comlink from Ami's hands, and spoke into it:

"The Sith are here." Amelia taunted, "And I'm coming for all of you."

Then, with a sudden fury, Amelia immediately crushed all of her bones and tore apart her organs. Ami was killed instantly. Amelia threw her out into the middle of the road, and continued slaughtering the Jabimi loyalists that got in her way. She leapt into the middle of the road, and began deflecting incoming blaster bolts. The blaster fire was intense, coming from the building in front of her, and from the building she just left. In a sudden rage, she used a powerful Force Wave to destroy the support beams from the building in front of her. The building began to crumble, and Amelia used a powerful Force Grip to bring the building crashing down towards her. Amelia dove out of the way, just in time to see the building collapse onto the street, and into the building across the street. The chain reaction caused the other building to fail and collapse as well.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw the familiar glow of a blue-bladed lightsaber coming from one of the buildings. She was about to leap into the air, when suddenly, a large energy bolt from a light turbolaser hit the ground next to her. The energy bolt gouged a small crater in the street. A convoy of armoured vehicles was coming down the road towards her. With pure rage, she lifted the first truck into the air, and crushed it with the Force; the truck was flattened by the tremendous pressure instantly. Suddenly, she threw the truck into the side of the buildings. She continued to do this with the remaining ten trucks that were roaring towards her. Large chunks of debris flew through the air as the trucks struck the side of the buildings, causing the walls to crumble and collapse.

Finally, as soon as the armoured convoy was dispatched, she leapt into the building where she saw the blue-bladed lightsaber. She ran throughout the building, trying to find the last remaining Jedi. She finally came across two young male Jedi Knights wielding blue-bladed lightsabers. They were very young, probably only twenty standard years old, and were dirty from the trench warfare. Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and smiled.

"So you two are the Jedi Knights that've been giving us so much trouble." Amelia taunted.

"We're trouble with a capital tee, Sith scum." One of the Jedi replied.

They charged at her together, both of them using Makashi. Amelia countered their attacks with her powerful and elegant hybrid form of Djem So and Makashi. They got slammed into the walls and floor from her powerful strikes. Fear swelled up inside the two Jedi's hearts. Amelia fed off their fear, giving her even more strength. Suddenly,

she struck at the Jedi with a powerful overhead strike, but both the Jedi's blue-bladed lightsabers blocked the attack.

"Quickly Zef!" One of the Jedi shouted, "You must protect the Royals!"

Reluctantly, one of the Jedi broke off the sabre-lock, and ran for the stairs. The other one stood in her way with his lightsaber pointed directly at her.

"Brave of you, boy." Amelia replied, "However, you will soon realize that the Jedi's concept of bravery and nobility are false."

"I am Nash Sheotah!" The Jedi proclaimed, "Remember that name, cause it's the name of your death!"

Amelia charged at the young Jedi; her swings and jabs were powerful. His lightsaber abilities were proficient, but not enough to properly defend himself. He constantly left himself in awkward positions, leaving him vulnerable. With incredible speed, Amelia grabbed hold of the blue-bladed lightsaber, and used it and hers to cut off the Jedi's hands. The young Jedi fell to his knees and looked up at Amelia, who was holding both lightsabers in her hands.

"Die, Jedi, knowing that this is only the beginning of the end for your pathetic religion." Amelia taunted.

Then, with a swift stroke, Amelia severed his head. The head bounced when it hit the ground, and rolled. His body fell limp onto the floor. Amelia immediately leapt out of the building, and onto the street below. She saw in the distance, the other Jedi running towards the palace in the middle of the city. She immediately pursued the Jedi, but several blaster bolt struck all around her. In a rage, she used the full power of the Force to bring down the buildings on either side of the street. The incoming Jabiiimi loyalists were caught in between the collapsing buildings, crushing them under tonnes of debris. They screamed as the buildings collapsed around them; their fear spurred her on.

Immediately, Amelia charged into the large stone palace. She used her mastery over Force Speed to get her there faster. As she approached the two large doors that comprised the entry gate, she used a powerful Force Wave to rip the doors open. The large gate crumbled and cracked under the immense pressure wave. Immediately, she was hit with a barrage of blaster fire. She deflected the bolts with her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and continued charging into the palace. In a flurry, she hacked and slashed through the Jabiiimi loyalists with incredible speed. She easily slaughtered the Jabiiimi

loyalists, and continued working her way up the large palace. She used wave after wave of Force Surge to kill the hordes of Jabiimi loyalists in front of her. Each death made her feel stronger.

Finally, after dispatching the remaining Jabiimi loyalists, she stormed into the tribal chambers. Inside, the Jedi Knight and the five members of the Jabiimi tribal council hid. They all simultaneously stared at Amelia as she walked into the tribal chambers. The five tribal clan leaders poured fear and anxiety into the Force, feeding Amelia's hunger and bloodlust. The tribal chambers was a large, domed room with a large circular stone table in the center, adored with matching chairs. A beautiful red carpet laid around the stone table, and elegant curtains decorated the windows. Amelia stepped into the room.

"No one left to help you, young Jedi Knight." Amelia taunted.

Suddenly, two Jabiimi loyalists appeared behind her with their large swords drawn. They were large, muscular men with elegant gold armour. With lightning fast speed, Amelia reversed her grip on the lightsaber, and stabbed backwards towards the bodyguard to her right. The lightsaber punctured the man's lungs and heart, killing him instantly. Then, with incredible speed, she swept backwards, and decapitated the other bodyguard. Both bodies dropped onto the stone floor. Amelia, grabbed the head and threw it towards the tribal clan leaders, who were cowering in their thrones. The head landed on the stone table, spilling blood onto the polished stone surface.

"Now, there is no one left to help you." Amelia corrected.

"Sith scum." The Jedi growled, "No Imperial will ever lay their feet on Jabiimi soil ever again!"

The Jedi activated his blue-bladed lightsaber, and charged at Amelia. His attacks were swift and powerful. His attacks were expertly conducted, however, he was still no match for her. Her incredible proficiency with the lightsaber easily blocked his aggressive strikes. In desperation, the Jedi grabbed the heavy, elegant curtains from the windows, and threw them at Amelia. She cut her way through the curtains, only to see the Jedi lunge at her with his blue-bladed lightsaber. She blocked the attack, just in time, and elbowed the Jedi in the face, knocking him backwards. Amelia stretched out with the Force, and lifted the young Jedi into the air, above the stone table. With tremendous force, Amelia smashed the young Jedi through the stone table. The stone table shattered into several pieces; a billow of dust rose into the air. The young Jedi laid on the stone debris from the table; his back ached, and he coughed up some blood. She immediately



jumped into the air, and came down on the Jedi hard. Her lightsaber struck his with such force that she almost forced his lightsaber into his own chest. The Jedi fought with all his strength to keep the lightsaber from plunging into his chest. In desperation, he kicked Amelia in the knees, causing her to take a step backwards and break the sabre-lock.

The Jedi got to his feet, and charged Amelia. With incredible reflexes, Amelia grabbed a curtain, and threw it at the charging Jedi. The heavy curtain threw off his balance. Then, during his confusion, she plunged her crimson blade into the chest of the young Jedi. His eyes went wide and his mouth was open due to the shock. The crimson blade only punctured his left lung, causing him to gasp and cough up blood. He fell to his knees, and stared up at Amelia. Amelia twisted the blade a moment, causing more pain and anguish from the Jedi. He screamed as the lightsaber twisted inside his body; the tribal clan leaders reeled at the sight. Amelia looked down at the Jedi with cold, evil eyes; a trickle of blood ran down out of Jedi's mouth. Then, with a sudden burst of rage, she drained the Jedi's vitality and Force energy from his body. Black lightning bolts entered his body, and drained his life-force. Amelia could feel her power grow stronger with every passing moment. Soon, the Jedi's body was nothing more than dusty bones and grey skin.

The five tribal leaders slowly backed away from Amelia until they were at the other end of the room; one of them whispered, "Such savagery."

Slow, Amelia walked up to the five tribal clan leaders, all of whom were rugged, tough pale-skinned human males with long, tangled hair and scruffy beards. They all wore tattered robes made from weaved natural fibres. It was surprising how similar they all looked. The history of Jabiiim is filled with hardship; during The Clone Wars, Jabiiim was split between two major factions, one loyal to the Republic, the other to the Separatists. Then, during The First Galactic Civil War, the Empire over mined the planet of most of its resources. Then, almost forty standard years later, during The Confederation-Galactic Alliance War, Jabiiim sided with the Confederation. After the conclusion of the war ended with a Confederation loss, the five major cities on Jabiiim waged a civil war. The war ravaged the planet, and after three years of warfare, the five tribal clan leaders made a truce. Since then, the five tribal clan leaders co-rule the planet Jabiiim. Recently, the five tribal clan leaders have actively opposed the Empire because of unlawful exploitation of the planet's remaining resources, along with allegations of slavery. Amelia stretched out with the Force, and bathed in the collective fear and anxiety that spilled forth from the five tribal clan leaders.



One of the tribal clan leaders held his hands out in front of his body, "We surrender."

Amelia stood at the other end of the stone table, "Too late for that."

"What is it—" A tribal clan leader started before being interrupted.

"Imperial barbarian!" Another tribal clan leader screamed, pulling out a hold-out blaster from underneath his garments.

The tribal clan leader fired two blaster bolts at Amelia; using only her hands, Amelia dissipated the energy from the bolts before they struck her. The energy bolts simply faded into nothingness. Then, she stretched out with the Force, and grabbed the hold-out blaster from his hands; the hold-out blaster flew across the room, and into her hands. With great physical strength, she crushed the blaster. The tribal clan leader that shot at her with the hold-out blaster was completely shocked by her strength. Suddenly, the four other tribal clan leaders moved away.

"Big mistake." Amelia replied.

She stretched out with the Force again, and lifted the aggressive tribal clan leader off the ground. Suddenly, she began exerting tremendous pressure onto his body, slowly crushing it; Force Crush. His bones started to creak and bend under the tremendous strain, and his organs felt as if they were being torn apart with within. Suddenly, one of his ribs snapped like a twig; the snap echoed within the tribal chambers. The hovering tribal clan leader screamed in pain, and cried. Then with a swell of rage, Amelia shattered and fractured all of his bones simultaneously. The snapping of so many bones sounded like thunder; the tribal clan leader dropped to the stone floor a completely broken man.

Amelia looked at the four other men, and screamed, "Anyone else?"

They held their hands out; one of the tribal clan leaders pleaded, "We surrender! We submit to Imperial occupation! Anything! Please!"

"Like it said, too late." Amelia countered, "Your blood will be payment for your deceit."

With pure, unbridled anger, Amelia unleashed a powerful Force Wave attack. The tremendous pressure wave struck one of the tribal clan leaders in the chest like a sledgehammer, sending him flying into the stone wall behind him. He smashed into the wall so hard, his spinal column broke in half, killing him instantly. The shocked tribal

leaders panicked, and were stricken with fear. Suddenly, one of the tribal clan leaders unsheathed a vibrosword, and attacked Amelia. He ran through the shattered stone table, and charged with a war cry. Amelia immediately activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and blocked the first attack. She immediately counter-attacked, and kicked the tall, muscular man in the ribs with a forceful crack. The force from the kick was remarkable; three ribs were instantly broken, one of which pierced his left lung. The tribal clan leader fell to his knees, coughing up blood. Without hesitation, Amelia immediately decapitated the fallen man.

"No blood, murderer!" A tribal clan leader screamed.

The tribal clan leader pulled out a hold-out blaster, and fired at Amelia. She immediately spun on her heels, and deflected the blaster bolts with her crimson energy blade. One of the blaster bolts ricocheted off her crimson blade perfectly, sending it back at the shooter. The blaster bolt struck him in the chest, burning a hole straight through his heart. Smoke smouldered out from the crisp, cauterized wound. Another immediately tried to run for the exit; he screamed in fear as he passed Amelia. With unwavering determination, she slashed the fleeing man with her lightsaber blade. The crimson blade scored a direct hit, slicing through the man's chest. He screamed in pain as the energy blade sliced through his flesh, instantly cauterizing a linear groove, but soon died after; the linear groove etched by the lightsaber blade glowed orange and billowed smoke.

Amelia stared at the last tribal clan leader in the room, "Last words?"

"Please. Spare my life." The last tribal clan leader pleaded, "We were wrong to side with the Jedi. We were wrong to go against the Empire."

"Yes, you were." Amelia replied, "And the price for that... is death."

She walked over the last tribal clan leader, and grabbed him by the throat. He defiantly tried to punch Amelia, but failed. Suddenly, lifted him up with both arms, and threw them through the stained transparisteel window. The window shattered, and the last tribal clan leader plummeted nearly two hundred metres into the courtyard. Shards of transparisteel rained down all around him as he fell. His fear gave Amelia strength. Suddenly, Amelia saw a large energy bolt strike the city from above. Then, over the headset:

*"Lady Amelia, orbital strike has commenced."* Commander Otto informed, *"Get out of there, now!"*

Amelia leapt out of the window and fell two hundred metres until she hit the ground. She hit the courtyard with such force that she left a crater in the stone courtyard; the bloodied body of the tribal clan leader laid next to the crater. She emerged unharmed, and continued running into the streets in front of her. A torrent of large energy bolts from the orbital bombardment surrounded her. Buildings were completely destroyed, and debris rained down all around her. The impacts from the incredibly large, red energy bolts caused the ground to shake with a rumbling roar.

Suddenly, an energy bolt struck the building right next to her. The flying debris struck her in the face; she fell onto her knees from the impact. Her cheek bled from the sharp debris that struck her. She looked up, and the building was about to collapse. However, she was not quick enough, and the building started to topple over her. The stone building crashed on top of her, sending a plume of dust into the air.

The bombardment lasted for just over an hour. The city of Choal laid in wastes; the buildings were smoking ruins of their former glory. There was little hope that anyone was left alive after the bombardment. Lord Kane and Lord Grymm immediately sent in the nearly ten thousand stormtroopers they commanded into the city. They killed anyone who resisted, and apprehended those that surrendered. There weren't many that surrendered. Meanwhile, the coastal assault had just broken threw the Jabiimi defences when the bombardment commenced. They too moved into the city from the north. It took the two fronts mere hours to move through the rubble and debris of fallen buildings, and crushed Jabiimi loyalists. The rain and wind made the traverse over the ruins even more dangerous.

About four standard hours later, Lord Kane reached the former palace. The palace was hit hard by the bombardment; nothing was left but wreckage and debris. Suddenly, Lord Kane heard something behind him. Chunks of debris started moving, then they burst apart. Huge chunks of stone and durasteel flew through the air, and fell back onto the massive rubble pile. Lord Kane immediately turned around, and activated his crimson-bladed lightsaber, and the stormtroopers readied their blasters. Suddenly, Amelia emerged from the wreckage. The stormtroopers immediately put their blasters to their side and saluted. Lord Kane simply smiled.

"I thought you were dead." Lord Kane said.

"Yeah, so did I." Amelia replied.

"When the ARC troopers returned and said that you ventured off on your own, I thought you must of had some kind of a death wish." Lord Kane said.

"Well, I met our Jedi friends, among others." Amelia informed.

"And?" Lord Kane asked.

"Dead." Amelia answered.

"No surprise there, I suppose." Lord Kane replied.

Amelia looked around at the ruined city. Nothing was left standing. Huge rubble piles of stone and twisted durasteel littered the city; everything else was simply smoking craters. There was still a lingering cloud of dust that hovered just above the wreckage, but the rain was helping wash that away.

"What's the situation?" Amelia asked.

"We're rounding up those who surrender, and executing those that don't." Lord Kane informed.

Amelia nodded in agreement. She knew that those that surrendered would only be sent to one of the death camps on Ryloth, or some other Force-forsaken world, only to be worked to death.

*The ones that continued to fight were the smarter ones.*

She continued to look around; she saw stormtroopers going through the rubble, and pulling dead bodies from the collapsed buildings. Others she saw were moving chained captive Jabiimi towards various Imperial transports. The sight gave her some enjoyment; complete, and utter defeat.

"What do we do now?" Lord Kane asked.

"Set up camp here, we'll figure out what to do with the mobile infantry later." Amelia ordered.

Night fell on the ruined city, and with it, the torrential rains and gale force winds. Lightning and thunder filled the sky, adding to the overall poor weather. Amelia was sitting inside the temporary fabric tent that acted as her command post. She was reading the situation report about the bombardment that nearly killed her. The

bombardment levelled the entire city, parts of the Razor Coast, as well as the burnt forest and rocky cliffs towards the west. It turned out that the fleeing Jabiimi were using the cliffs and forest as an escape route. All in all, the bombardment was a complete success. She was reading the prisoner list; out of the entire population of Choal, which was around two million, only five hundred have been rounded-up and taken to detention cells on the *Devastator* for transfer to work camps. She also got the names of the five Jedi involved in the defence of Jabiim; Jedi Knight Zef Koradou, Jedi Knight Ami Lorus, Jedi Knight Aeshi Doiae, Jedi Knight Nash Sheotah and his Padawan Kael deCrion.

*Scratch five more off the list.*

Suddenly, Commander Otto entered the command post.

"Lady Amelia, the coastal assault team has arrived." Commander Otto informed.

"Thank you, commander." Amelia replied.

She walked outside into the rain; she looked around the make-shift camp for the new arrivals. Stormtroopers from her assault team were shaking hands and laughing with the ones from the coastal assault. Their helmets were off, and she could see the faces of the young men and women, human or alien, that she fought with. She watched them for a minute, then caught sight of a Sith Lord from the coastal assault team. The large, muscular Quarren with the classic red and black geometric tattoos approached her.

"You Lady Amelia?" The Quarren Sith Lord asked.

"I am. Who are you?" Amelia asked.

"I am Darth Rage." The Quarren Sith Lord replied in a deep voice, "We have much to talk about."

"I suppose we do." Amelia replied.

Suddenly, Commander Otto approached Amelia.

"Lady Amelia, we have an urgent call from Admiral Havok." Commander Otto informed.

"Very good, commander." Amelia replied; she turned to Darth Rage, "Report to Lord Kane then."

Darth Rage bowed his head, and left. She began walking with Commander Otto towards the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle with the only holographic projector within the camp. She noticed a red and black skinned Zabrak looking at her. He had an angry expression on his face with evil Sith eyes. Suddenly, the Zabrak grabbed Amelia by the arm, and pulled her close to him. The Zabrak was very muscular, and physically strong. His teeth were like fangs, and he had seven centimetre crown horns on top of his head. He wore a black robe and black attire, like all the other Sith. His skin, however, was badly burnt, scarring over half of his body and face.

"Amelia. So we meet again." The Zabrak said.

Amelia looked into the Zabrak's red and sulphur-yellow eyes. Commander Otto pointed his blaster at the Zabrak, but Amelia waved him off.

"What, don't you remember?" The Zabrak replied, "After all, you gave me these."

The Zabrak ran his fingers down his face, indicating the burnt flesh.

"Oro?" Amelia replied.

"Damned right." Darth Oro whispered in a growling voice.

"What the frack do you want?" Amelia replied.

"Just that." Darth Oro replied, "You are going to accompany me to my tent, and give me everything that I want. Or else..."

Amelia resisted, but Darth Oro began dragging her towards his tent. Amelia dragged her feet, and fought back, but Darth Oro hauled her away. He didn't take more than two steps before Amelia took out her crimson-bladed lightsaber and severed the arm that he was holding onto her with. Her attack was lightning fast, and completely sudden. He screamed in pain, as the lightsaber sliced through his burnt flesh. He fell to his knees, then Amelia plunged her lightsaber into his chest, and grabbed him by the throat with her bare hands. She looked into the Zabrak's eyes as he was dying. She leaned in, and whispered into his ear:

"I hate aliens." Amelia whispered.

Then, swiftly, she tore the lightsaber from his chest, and decapitated him. His head fell into the mud and water of the courtyard, and his limp body fell. She looked around; everyone stared at her, especially the aliens. She sensed their fear of her, and she smiled. She pointed at a stormtrooper:

"You, place his head on a pike, and dispose of the body." Amelia ordered.

"Where?" The stormtrooper asked.

"In the sewage should suffice." Amelia replied.

Amelia continued to follow Commander Otto as he led her to the shuttle. The rain poured hard all around her, soaking her clothes. Her black eyeliner ran down her cheek, and her dark red hair appeared almost black. Inside, a holographic image of Admiral Havok was being projected. Amelia walked in front of the holographic image, and both of them bowed at each other.

*"Lady Amelia, Lord Wyyrlok has ordered you to immediately leave your post on Jabim, and travel to the Sith-Imperial Starfleet above Muunilinst."* Admiral Havok informed.

Amelia absolutely hated that she had to take her orders from Darth Wyyrlok, self-proclaimed *de facto* Emperor and Dark Lord of the Sith, "What is happening on Muunilinst?" Amelia asked.

*"The Sith are mounting a full-scale assault against Bastion, the capital world of the exiled-Imperials."* Admiral Havok informed, *"Our Lord Wyyrlok has personally asked for you."*

"As the Dark Lord wishes." Amelia reluctantly agreed.

*"Take the shuttle, and dock with the Devastator."* Admiral Havok instructed, *"We will then supply you with a shuttle of your own to travel to Muunilinst."*

"Immediately, Admiral." Amelia replied.

The holographic projector shut off, and Amelia turned to Commander Otto, "Inform Lord Kane that I must see him at once."

"Right away, Lady Amelia." Commander Otto replied.

Commander Otto immediately ran through the mud and rain looking for Lord Kane. Amelia paused for a moment; she agreed to follow Lord Wyyrlok's orders because she craved violence and blood, but not too many Sith actually thought him worthy of the title, including herself. This caused several splinter factions and rebel Sith Lords to fracture off of the main Sith Order and wage their own personal wars. Reluctantly, Amelia followed, slowly. She looked around the makeshift camp; she saw the faces of the stormtroopers who she passed. She sensed fear coming from the



stormtroopers, especially from the alien ones. Suddenly, Lord Kane and Commander Otto approached her. But then, out of nowhere, two male Zabrak Sith Knights lunged and attacked Amelia. They both had red-skinned, with black Sith tattoos on their faces. They wore the typical black Sith attire of all Sith Knights.

"What is the meaning of this?" Lord Kane shouted.

Amelia immediately defended herself. Her movements with her crimson-bladed lightsaber were swift, powerful, and deadly accurate. The clash of lightsabers sent the stormtroopers into a frenzy, cheering for more. The stormtroopers made a circle around the three combatants.

"You murdered our Lord Oro!" One of the Zabrak's shouted, "We will avenge his death!"

They charged at her. The clash of lightsabers was powerful; the explosions of light was blinding, and the impacts were deafening. However, Amelia's prowess with a lightsaber meant she easily dispatched the Sith Knights. With one swift move, Amelia plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the chest of one of the Zabrak Sith Knights, and quickly broke his neck. The snap was incredible loud, and riled the stormtroopers for more blood. The other one, infuriated, charged at Amelia, blindly swinging her lightsaber against Amelia's. Amelia easily blocked the wild attacks. Suddenly, Amelia smacked the Zabrak's lightsaber out of his hands, and started electrocuting him with her powerful Force Surge. The massive wall of lightning bolts surged into the Zabrak's body, electrocuting him viciously. His Sith robes caught on fire, but were immediately put out by the rain. Suddenly, Amelia stopped her attack, and the Zabrak fell backwards into the mud and water. He was too weak to even get back up. Amelia looked at two stormtroopers.

"You two, get two landspeeders and some rope." Amelia ordered.

Amelia looked down at the fallen Zabrak. He was gasping in pain, and simply stared back at her. His muscles twitched and spasm uncontrollably as the residual electrical discharge coursed through his body. She leaned in and whispered in his ear:

"Now we'll see what you're really made of." Amelia taunted.

The Zabrak's eyes went wide, and Amelia simply smiled. Within moments, the two stormtroopers returned with two large landspeeders. By then, everyone had come over to see what was going on. Amelia ordered the two landspeeders face in opposite directions, and to tie one end of the rope to the Zabrak's legs and arms, and the other to

the two trucks. The Zabrak resisted, but eventually was overpowered by the two stormtroopers.

"Pull!" Amelia ordered.

The landspeeders drove in opposite directions, pulling the Zabrak apart. The strain against the Zabrak's shoulders was too great, and they immediately popped out of their sockets. The Zabrak screamed in pain, as his bones and joints were being pulled apart. Next, the joint at the hips gave way; his legs dislocated from the hip joint, causing even more anguish and pain for the Zabrak. Amelia fed off his fear, while everyone else watched in terror and recoiled in disgust. Suddenly, the landspeeders floored it, and tore all four limbs off the Zabrak. Blood poured out of his wounds; he screaming in agonizing pain, and tears filled his eyes. Amelia stood over the Zabrak, and smiled.

"I hope you've learned your place." Amelia taunted.

The Zabrak coughed up blood, and simply stared into her cold, evil eyes. Amelia looked up at the stormtroopers; their faces had expressions of horror on them. Suddenly, she pointed at two stormtroopers.

"You two, dispose of this." Amelia ordered.

The two stormtroopers reluctantly approached the screaming Zabrak. They picked him up off the muddy ground.

"Throw him down the sewage with his beloved Master." Amelia ordered.

"But, my Lady, he's still alive." One of the stormtroopers replied.

Amelia grabbed him by the throat with her bare hands, and squeezed forcefully. The stormtrooper coughed, and his face started to turn red.

"Throw him down with the sewage, or you will meet a similar fate." Amelia threatened.

Amelia released the stormtrooper from her death-grip, and they proceeded to the sewage pipes. The rest of the stormtroopers immediately began to disperse. Lord Kane approached Amelia.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" Lord Kane asked.

"I am to leave Jabiiim, and rendezvous with the Imperial Starfleet over Muunilinst." Amelia informed, "You're in charge when I'm gone."

"As you wish, Lady Amelia." Lord Kane replied.

Amelia looked into the eyes of Lord Kane, "Anything else you want to ask, Lord Kane?" Amelia inquisitively asked.

"None, my Lady." Lord Kane replied.

"So be it." Amelia replied, "I must go now."

Lord Kane bowed his head and left. She turned to Commander Otto.

"Commander, prep the shuttle, and inform the *Devastator* of my arrival." Amelia ordered.

"Immediately, my Lady." Commander Otto replied.

### **Three Standard Days Later: In Orbit Around Muunilinst:**

Amelia's *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle finally arrived in orbit around Muunilinst, and docked with the orbiting *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer dubbed the *Phalanx*. The *Phalanx* was the flagship of Admiral Tarc Spero, a young, highly skilled and brilliant military strategist. There was an entire armada of Star Destroyers orbiting the newly annexed Muunilinst. Recently, the Galactic Empire discovered that the bankers of the InterGalactic Banking Clan were double-dealing under the table with other rebel forces, including the Empire-in-exile. As a result, Darth Wyyrlok ordered the immediate attack on the world; the battle was short, and the Muuns submitted unconditionally.

Upon arrival, Amelia was immediately escorted to the bridge of the *Phalanx*. Amelia arrived on the bridge, where Admiral Tarc Spero was waiting; he stared out the trapezoidal-shaped transparisteel windows. The bridge was dark, and grey. In the pit were all human males, wearing dark grey Imperial uniforms, working on their various tasks. Amelia approached.

"Admiral Spero." Amelia greeted with a bow.

Admiral Tarc Spero was very young for a man with his power and reputation; only thirty-three standard years old, he was both physically fit, and strong willed. His bold, daring, and unorthodox campaigns have brought him many victories against the Empire-in-exile during The Second Imperial Civil War, and against the Galactic Alliance Remnant. As a result, he was overly confident. He was a tall, large, and muscular man, with dark brown hair slickened back, and deep green eyes. He was clean shaven, and has a powerful chin.

"Lady Amelia." Admiral Tarc Spero replied, "So good of you to finally make it. I heard that your mission on Jabim was successful."

"Yes, Admiral, it was." Amelia confirmed, "I see Muunilinst was no problem."

"No, Muunilinst proved to be of little resistance, my Lady." Admiral Tarc Spero informed, "How could they? They are merely bankers."

Amelia smiled, "So, Admiral, can you tell me why, exactly, did Lord Wyyrlok explicitly say he wanted me involved?"

"Yes, of course, Lady Amelia." Admiral Tarc Spero replied, "We've recently obtained some intelligence reports that indicates that Roan Fel, the deposed Emperor, has returned to Bastion." Admiral Tarc Spero explained, "It is your duty to assassinate him, by whatever means necessary. By doing so, you may very well put a premature end to The Second Imperial Civil War, and eliminate whatever legitimacy they may have to the Imperial throne."

Almost one standard year ago, the deposed Emperor Roan Fel, having evaded an attempt on his life during the successful coup perpetrated by Darth Krayt and the One Sith, annexed the former Imperial-capital world of Bastion in secret. Bastion had tremendous significance for the Empire for it was more than their capital and fortress following the signing of the Pellaeon-Gavrisom Treaty almost one hundred and twenty standard years ago, an event that marked a formal end to The First Galactic Civil War, but rather was a symbol of the Imperial government. Since then, Bastion has been regarded as the most heavily fortified world in the galaxy. After it was revealed that Bastion had fallen, public perception of the Empire, and of the One Sith, had begun to show cracks; beings across the galaxy questioned the Empire's ability to rule. Thus, it was imperative that the Empire retake Bastion as soon as possible.

"I see, Admiral." Amelia replied, "Lord Wyyrlok wants me to infiltrate the most heavily fortified planet in the galaxy, and execute the leader of the exiled-Imperials?"

"Precisely." Admiral Tarc Spero replied, "We will attack the exiled-Imperial's Starfleet, allowing you to slip pass the planetary defences, and hopefully into the Imperial Headquarters where, presumably, Roan Fel would be leading the military campaign against us."

"You say this with great confidence. Do you really think you can get me in?" Amelia replied.

"Of course. I am currently in control of the single largest Imperial Starfleet with over fifty *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers and twenty *Ardent*-class fast frigates." Admiral Tarc Spero arrogantly replied, "I am quite confident we will emerge victorious."

"Do you have a plan of attack?" Amelia asked.

"Of course, my Lady." Admiral Tarc Spero replied.

"May I hear it?" Amelia requested, "I don't like going into a mission blind."

"All the details haven't quite been worked out and calculated, but I can give a brief summary." Admiral Tarc Spero

Admiral Tarc Spero walked over to the conference room, where the holographic projector was located near the end of the bridge. He punched in some codes, and a blue holographic image of Bastion appeared over a blue cone of light. Above it were small, red triangular prisms, supposedly representing exiled-Imperial Star Destroyers.

"Our intelligence reports that the exiled Imperials have a fleet of only thirty *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers and twenty-five *Ardent*-class fast frigates, all concentrated above the Imperial Palace, supposedly protecting their deposed Emperor." Admiral Tarc Spero started, "A small assault fleet comprising of only ten or so Star Destroyers, including the *Phalanx*, will engage the enemy over Bastion."

The holographic projector showed some blue triangular prisms, representing the Sith-Imperial Navy, heading for Bastion.

"Outnumbered, and outgunned, we will retreat back towards Muunilinst at sub-light speed." Admiral Tarc Spero continued, "Us retreating, they will leave the safety of their planetary defences in order to chase us. Once our fleet is out of range of their planetary guns, two more smaller fleets comprising of twenty Star Destroyers each will jump out of hyperspace, and flank on either side of the enemy fleet. The fast frigates will be used to outflank and outmanoeuvre the exiled fleet."

The holographic projector showed the two Sith-Imperial fleets flanking the exiled-Imperial's fleet.

"Our planet-side fleet will push them further away from the planet, while the other will circle in from behind, cutting off their exit back towards the planet." Admiral Tarc Spero continued, "Without the protection of their planetary defences, and caught between our guns, we will eradicate them."

The holographic projector showed the complete simulation of the battle; a glowing blue cone of light emanated from the holographic projector, displaying the image above.

"Once safe enough, you will deploy from one of our Star Destroyers, and enter Bastion's atmosphere, and assassinate Roan Fel." Admiral Tarc Spero concluded, "So, what do you think?"

Amelia pondered the plan carefully. The plan seemed sound, and Admiral Tarc Spero was well known, both to our forces as well as theirs, for his daring military campaigns. For some reason, intuition or just a gut feeling, something just felt wrong about the battle plan.

*A large naval battle like this has a lot of variables involved.*

"I think, Admiral, if this plan succeeds, you're going to make it into the history books." Amelia replied.

Admiral Tarc Spero gave a little laugh, "My Lady, I'm already in the history book. But I take it that you approve?"

"Yeah, for now." Amelia replied.

"Excellent." Admiral Tarc Spero replied, "My Lady, is there anything else you require?"

"If you don't mind, Admiral, I'd like to take a look at the hangar bay. I want to see the fighters close up." Amelia replied.

"Of course, I'll have Captain Neir show you down." Admiral Tarc Spero replied.

"Thank you, Admiral." Amelia replied.

Captain Neir, a young, blonde haired, blue eyed man with striking features and a muscular physique led her down towards the hangar bay. Once there, the engineers were hard at work making sure every fighter was in operational order. Nearly the entire fighter squadron was comprised of *Predator*-class starfighters and *Neutralizer*-class bombers, but in the back corner, something caught her eye. She walked towards them; she gazed upon the oddly shaped starfighter.

"What is this, Captain?" Amelia asked.

"This is the TIE/D Defender." Captain Neir replied.



The TIE/D Defender was an incredible feat of engineering. It sported six, angled solar panel wings with four laser cannons, and two ion cannons, as well as several different armaments. The cockpit was identical to other infamous TIE-models. The TIE/D Defender was incredibly fast and manoeuvrable, far superior to the current *Predator*-class starfighters, or any other starfighter in production.

"The TIE/D Defender?" Amelia replied, "Yes, I've heard of these. These were used in The First Galactic Civil War over a hundred years ago, weren't they?"

Captain Neir gave a small laugh, "Yes, that's true. These models were around during that conflict, as well as the Yuuzhan Vong War, but I assure you, these fighters are fresh from the assembly line."

"Reusing old Imperial designs?" Amelia asked.

"Well, yes and no. The TIE/D Defender is just a prototype project to see how they fair against the current *Predator*-class starfighters." Captain Neir explained, "But yes, some research at Sienar Fleet Systems has been focused on remodelling previous models for modern combat." Captain Neir continued, "Upgrading weaponry, hyperdrive capabilities, personal deflector shields, and better armour; all part of the Imperial doctrine for producing proven machines, at cheap prices. We might be the most powerful government in the galaxy, but we do have finite resources."

"That works, I suppose." Amelia replied.

Amelia couldn't take her eyes off the TIE/D Defender. It was such an unusual, and legendary fighter.

"This is quite an impressive machine, Captain." Amelia replied, "But, I think I'll play it safe and fly in a Predator."

"As you wish, my Lady." Captain Neir replied.

### **Two Standard Days Later: Bastion:**

Amelia's *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer, dubbed the *Talon*, along with about twenty others, reverted out of hyperspace and emerged into realspace; Amelia stood in front of the forward viewport, eagerly awaiting the battle to come. Immediately, a torrent of luminous sparkles of red and green turbolaser bolts flashed in front of the Star Destroyer, startling the officers on the bridge. Only Amelia didn't flinch or give any sigh of fear. A gigantic debris field, composed of massive hunks of twisted durasteel, blobs of glowing molten metal, and frozen bodies clothed in Imperial uniforms,



stretched out in front of them through the forward viewports. Suddenly, a rather large chunk of twisted durasteel hull, still glowing from what must have been a spectacular explosion, crashed into one of the *Ardent*-class fast frigates in front of the *Talon*. The explosion that resulted was devastating, ripping the large capital ship in half; the explosion vaporized durasteel metal in an instant, while other parts melted or jettisoned out into open space. High velocity, super-heated, twisted hull and molten blobs of durasteel radiated outward from the epicentre of the explosion; the two halves of the *Ardent*-class fast frigate drifted in opposite directions. The two halves seemed to be moving slowly, because of their large size, but were in fact hurdling through the vacuum of space at a phenomenal speed. One of the halves was hurdling towards the bridge of the *Talon*; wide-eyed from surprise, she turned to face the officers behind her in the pit.

Then, with a firm voice, she shouted, "Emergency evasive!"

Violently, the *Talon*, along with the rest of her fleet, pitched the bow underneath the debris. The Imperial officers on the bridge gripped the chairs or viewscreens with all their might as the *Talon* ducked under the twisted hull; Amelia, using the Force, remained on her feet. She watched as the *Talon* dipped and torque towards the portside in a vain attempt to avoid a collision. Suddenly, the twisted hull of a former *Ardent*-class fast frigate collided with the starboard side of the *Talon*. The sudden impact was jarring, sending almost all the Imperial officers out of their seats and smashing into the durasteel walls or ceiling; even Amelia was knocked off her feet, and slid across the cold, polished durasteel floor until smacking her shoulder into the wall. The razor-sharp, jagged edges of the twisted hull dug and gouged into the smooth, sloped panels that layered the Star Destroyer's flanks; flakes of durasteel shed off the *Talon* as the collision persisted. As the twisted hull scraped across the *Talon*'s hull, an ear-wrenching screech of grinding metal filled the bridge, followed by flashing red-and-yellow emergency lights and sirens declaring an impact. The bridge shook, and sparks from various electronics rained down all around them.

Amelia immediately picked herself up, and climbed onto her knees, and peered out of the forward viewports. The massive twisted hull and ricocheted off of the *Talon*, and drifted away. She gazed upon the starboard hull, and saw the linear gouge, jagged at the edges, that scrapped the *Talon*. Small geysers of atmosphere gushed and spit out of the linear groove, indicating a hull breach.

"Damage report!" Amelia ordered.

After a few moments, one of the Imperial officers spoke, "Starboard side breach! We're venting atmosphere!"

"Close off all breached compartments!" Amelia ordered.

"But, my Lady," One of the officers interrupted, "We still have personnel in those sections."

"Close them off, now!" Amelia ordered in a stern voice.

The Imperial officers immediately began to relay the order, and started to close off all breached sections of the Star Destroyer. Amelia watched as the geysers of atmosphere disappeared. Before she turned away to give another order, she watched as a being, a human female, was jettisoned out into the black void of space, presumably sucked out of the gouge in the hull as a result of closing off breached sections. The sight was bone-chilling, but Amelia never gave it a second thought. She stood up, composed herself, and turned around to address her crew.

"Looks like we're in the right place." Amelia started, "Direct the fleet to move towards Bastion! Fast frigates will lead the charge and cut off any escape, while we follow up and provide fire-power!"

The Imperial officers on the bridge immediately began relaying orders and commands to the various ships within the fleet. In the distance, the cloudy, orange-tan planet of Bastion could be seen. Up ahead, Amelia could see a large naval battle already in progress; almost twenty exiled-Imperial *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers, escorted by another twenty *Ardent*-class fast frigates, were pursuing Admiral Tarc Spero, and about ten Sith-Imperial *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers. Both were exchanging heavy turbolaser fire with terrible aggression, and courageous will; the large, red energy bolts struck the hulls of the Star Destroyers, perforating them. Amelia's flank was the broad-side flank; its purpose was to circle in behind the pursuing enemy Star Destroyers, and cut off their retreat towards the planet. Out in front of Amelia's *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer, which was designated as the flagship, were twenty *Ardent*-class fast frigates, moving forward to outflank the exiled-Imperials. The turbolaser emplacements on both the *Arden*-class fast frigates and the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers were pounding away, trying to suppress the enemy fleet. Amelia sat impatiently, waiting for the signal. Suddenly, the alert horn sounded, signalling an immediate attack.

Amelia looked up at the siren as it blared, then ordered, "Transfer the flag over to the *Onslaught*!"

Following the order, Amelia immediately rushed down to the hangar bay, along with thousands of other Imperial pilots, already suited up in black plastoid Imperial jumpsuits with open-face helmets. Amelia, on the other hand, was wearing the white plastoid armour of a stormtrooper, with a black Sith robe over top. The *Predator*-class starfighters were stored on launch racks on narrow passage ways. Amelia climbed into one, and prepared for takeoff.

The *Predator*-class starfighter, the backbone of the Imperial Starfleet, was a feat of technological engineering; it combined the speed and manoeuvrability of the best starfighters, coupled with powerful weaponry, and hyperspace capabilities. It was one of the best starfighter the Imperials have ever deployed in vast quantities.

Amelia breathed deeply as she concentrated on what was to come. Suddenly, over the speakers, "*Package may deploy.*"

Letting out a final breath, she released the holding-claps, and accelerated out of the *Talon*'s ventral hangar and immediately emerged into the confusing and chaotic jumble of the naval battle. It was Imperial verses Imperial; the only way to tell friendly from foe, was to look at their transponder codes. Amelia didn't really care about the naval battle itself. The naval battle was simply a diversion for her to get planet-side.

Suddenly, an exiled-Imperial *Predator*-class starfighter streaked in front of her. She quickly squeezed the trigger, sending a torrent of red energy bolts forward. The first two energy bolts missed wide, but the following two struck the stern of the *Predator*-class starfighter. The energy bolts perforated the exiled *Predator*-class starfighter instantly; the explosion was bright, and smoking hull scattered towards her as she flew through the resulting debris. Although she was relatively close to the explosion, the sound that emanated seemed muffled and dampened.

Suddenly, she felt a disturbance in the Force; Amelia looked up and saw an enemy *Predator*-class starfighter coming straight for her, firing its medium laser cannons at her. She pulled on the yoke hard, making her starfighter veer starboard. She couldn't see him anymore, but she still sensed he was still on her tail. She took evasive manoeuvres, pulling on the yoke hard to the left and right. She saw the red energy bolts from the *Predator*-class starfighter fly passed her cockpit viewport. In desperation, she violently pulled up on the yoke; she flew behind the enemy *Predator*-class starfighter, and fired. The medium blaster cannons struck the right triangular hinged-wing of the enemy *Predator*-class starfighter. The hinged-wing tore off from the cockpit, and the starfighter spiralled out of control, finally careening into the side of a Star Destroyer.

*That was lucky.*

Amelia continued flying through the mess of a naval battle. Everywhere around her, she saw Predators shooting Predators; Star Destroyers shooting Star Destroyers. It was pure and utter chaos. Fireballs erupted all around her as the Star Destroyers exchanged heavy turbolaser fire with each other. Debris from destroyed *Predator*-class starfighters struck her cockpit viewport, making clunking sounds. Suddenly, on her portside, a *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer exploded; the large explosion seemed to erupt in slow motion. The immense fireball tore the Star Destroyer in half, and sent huge chunks of armoured durasteel everywhere. The massive flame and wave of debris almost destroyed her starfighter. Flaming wreckage and debris pelted her starfighter, vaporizing or ricocheting off the deflector shield.

*I've got to get out of this fight.*

Amelia immediately pulled hard on the yoke, making the starfighter veer port. She charged towards the closest enemy Star Destroyer she could find. Defensive turbolaser fire hurdled towards her, but she jinked and juked violently in order to evade them. Other enemy *Predator*-class starfighters dropped behind and engaged her; the medium laser cannon bolts nearly shot her down. Amelia didn't bother to engage; instead, she went full speed towards the ventral hangar bay. She sensed at least six *Predator*-class starfighters on her tail, firing wildly at her, but she managed to use the Force to augment her movements and evade them. A flurry of red energy bolts filled her cockpit viewport. Sweat ran down her forehead, and she gripped the yoke so hard her knuckles turned white.

Suddenly, she crashed right through the hangar bay, into a launch rack filled with *Predator*-class starfighters. She jumped out of the starfighter, and immediately activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber in mid-air. A barrage of energy bolts descended all around her, mostly coming from blaster pistols from exiled-Imperial pilots. She immediately charged at them, and cut them down. She severed limbs and heads as she pushed forward.

Amelia looked all around her, and saw exiled-Imperial stormtroopers heading her way. An alert alarm sounded, indicating an intruder. Amelia smiled when she kept on seeing more and more stormtroopers enter the hangar bay. All around her, at least a hundred stormtroopers surrounded her with their blaster rifles raised. With a sudden fury, she used Force Wave to push them all aside. She immediately charged into the crowd of white armoured stormtroopers with her crimson-bladed lightsaber swinging and stabbing wildly. Her expert skills with a lightsaber, coupled with her proficient use

of the Force, made her a deadly adversary. She easily cut through the stormtroopers, but there was simply too many of them. A barrage of blaster bolts hurdled towards her, and she used all of her might to deflect them with the Force and her lightsaber.

In desperation, she leapt onto one of the launch racks housing a dozen *Predator*-class starfighters. The blaster bolts followed her, but the launch rack provided some cover. She immediately ran into the Star Destroyer's hallways, heading directly for the bridge. The hallways were long, narrow and complex inside the Star Destroyer, and they were filled with pilots and stormtroopers. She immediately cut them down, or used the Force to send them flying through walls. After nearly half an hour of simply running through the various hallways and rooms of the Star Destroyer, she finally reached the bridge. No one followed her up to the bridge, but the blast door was closed. She plunged her lightsaber into the thick durasteel blast door, and slowly cut her way into the bridge. Globbs of molten metal, and a shower of sparks rained down from the lightsaber. After a few minutes, she finally cut her way through the blast door. Inside were a horde of men working the crew pits that encircled the command deck. The Commodore was standing at the end of the bridge, staring through one of the transparisteel trapezoidal windows. With raw power, Amelia unleashed a Force Surge, electrocuting everyone in the bridge, except for the Commodore, and shorting-out some of the terminals. Amelia walked calmly up to the Commodore; he stood upright and proud as she approached. Amelia smiled, and activated her lightsaber.

"You think you've won, don't you?" The Commodore replied, "Well, think again."

In a blind rage, Amelia plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into his chest, piercing his heart and killing him instantly. His eyes were wide with shock, and his mouth was opened with awe. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something she didn't expect to see. The Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers was in range of Bastion's planetary defences; the ultralarge, surface-to-space planetary turbolasers struck the Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers on her flank, destroying them instantly. Within minutes, at least six Star Destroyers were completely destroyed; the explosions lit up the trapezoidal window of the bridge, and the flaming debris hurdled through space, careening into other adjacent Star Destroyers. Large blobs of molten metal and razor-sharp debris pierced and punctured the armoured hull of the Star Destroyers. Immediately, the other Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers, after they realized what happened, started targeting the planetary defences, but to no avail.

"Damn it!" Amelia shouted as she watched her flank get massacred.

She couldn't see how Admiral Tarc Spero dealt with this, or if he even knew. Then, further in the distance, she saw something terrifying. Around the planet came ten more exiled *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers, followed by five *Ardent*-class fast frigates, charging directly behind her flank. They fired their heavy turbolasers at the already crippled flank, destroying more Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers in the process. Her flank returned fire, but the chaos of the battle led to an ineffective counterattack. Her flank was about to fall. Suddenly, the Star Destroyer that she was on was struck by a barrage of heavy turbolaser fire. With nearly everyone dead, she couldn't activate the deflector shields. Within moments, the Star Destroyer started to fall out of orbit and towards Bastion.

The Star Destroyer pitched forward, violently careening into the upper atmosphere of Bastion. Amelia ran through the nearly empty hallways. Bodies of dead stormtroopers and pilots littered the sides. She immediately ran for the hangar bay. As she headed towards the hangar bay, she cut down anyone that she came across. Using the Force to augment her speed, she reached the hangar within minutes. Already, pilots were flying out the ventral hangar, escaping the failing ship. Amelia ran for the nearest *Predator*-class starfighter and climbed aboard. Girders and support beams from inside the hangar fell all around her, crushing starfighters and pilots. She climbed aboard one of the vacant starfighters, and took off. She immediately flew out of the hangar and away from danger. She looked back as the Star Destroyer crashed into the atmosphere of Bastion; the hull ignited as it crashed through the thickening atmosphere.

She then looked back at the naval battle ahead. The tides were turning against the Sith-Imperial Starfleet. Now the exiled-Imperials formed a unified front to combat the two smaller flanks of the Sith-Imperial Starfleet. Coupled with the additional firepower from the planetary defences, the battle seemed to swing in favour of the exiled-Imperials.

*Blast!*

Every urge in her wanted to go in and fight, but she knew what she had to do. The only way she could salvage the battle was to complete her mission. She had to head down towards Bastion, and infiltrate the palace. She immediately flew down towards the planet.

Amelia powered down all the systems of the *Predator*-class starfighter, simulating a falling starfighter shot down from space. Then, at the last moment, she



used the Force to ease the landing of the starfighter, allowing it to remain intact and operational for her escape. Although all Sith were supposed to be ready to die for the One Sith, she wasn't quite ready to give up her life so easily. She made sure she had backups.

Amelia climbed out of the cockpit of the starfighter, and immediately started walking towards the fortified city of Ravelin, the capital city of Bastion, and the Imperial Headquarters. The sky was a dark, orange-beige colour, which gave an unusual aura. Amelia used the Force to mask her presence. The buildings of Ravelin were towering black and dark grey stone structures, and the alleys were filled with gloomy shadows. That was fine with Amelia; more shadows meant that she could conceal herself better. As she walked through the back alleys of Ravelin, she saw battalions of stormtroopers walking the streets, as well as *Predator*-class starfighters flying above.

With every step, she approached the Imperial Headquarters; the Imperial Headquarters was a stupendous monolithic structure of polished black stone, gleaming bronze, and dark reflective windows, with shield generators and turbolaser emplacements perched on a series of stepped-back ledges, topped off with a slim pinnacle that stretched upward, capped by a crystalline starburst. Amelia snuck through the Imperial Headquarters dark hallways, and towards the command centre where Roan Fel, the deposed Emperor, would lead the military assault. Her movements were quiet, and her Force powers masked her presence to any of the Imperial Knights, Force-practitioners loyal to Roan Fel. Finally, she arrived at the top floor of the Imperial Headquarters, and stood in front of the twin doors to the command centre.

*Fast and intense.*

Amelia immediately shattered the door with a powerful Force Wave, charged into the room. Several exiled-Imperial officers stood up and fired their blaster pistols at her. She slashed and stabbed her way through the command centre, killing officers left and right. The command centre looked oddly similar to the bridge of a Star Destroyer. However, she didn't see Roan Fel. Suddenly, two Imperial Knights, wearing crimson plastoid-phrik weaved armour bearing the Imperial insignia on their left shoulder and right gauntlet, ribbed black under-armour cloth, and a black cape, appeared. They activated their standard silver-bladed lightsabers. Then, from behind, two more Imperial Knights, silver-bladed lightsabers drawn, appeared.

"Roan Fel is not here, Sith." An Imperial Knight spoke, "He was never here."



Amelia could feel the rage build up inside her; she was duped. She looked at the four Imperial Knights. They were practitioners of the Force, and adept with lightsaber combat. They were as skilled as a fully trained Sith Knight, or maybe even a Jedi Knight for that matter, but they were often viewed as inferior by both Orders.

"Imperial Knights." Amelia replied, shaking her head from side-to-side, "Too bad... I was hoping for a real challenge."

Amelia charged at the Imperial Knights in front of her. Their lightsabers clashed with incredible speed and agility. The impacts from the lightsabers were deafening, and the explosions of light were blinding. Amelia used her mastery over Djem So and Makashi to fight them. The Imperial Knights used the aggressive lightsaber form called *praetoria vonil* against her; the Imperial Knights fought surprisingly similar to one another, most likely due to their similar upbringing. As their lightsabers clashed, the two from behind charged at her. With four Imperial Knights attacking her, she found herself awkwardly defending herself at times. Although Imperial Knights were looked down upon as inferior by the Sith, they were, nevertheless, skilled with a lightsaber.

*I've got to end this fast.*

Amelia, using a Force augmented movement, cut the hand off one of the Imperial Knights, took his silver-bladed lightsaber from him, and stabbed him in the chest with it. Now, the three Imperial Knights in front of her bore down on her. She used both lightsabers to block their simultaneous downward strikes. Amelia used the classic X block with the lightsabers to block all three silver-bladed lightsabers bearing down on her. A shower of sparks rained down onto her from the lightsabers as she strained against three blades. Then, with a fury, she used a Force Wave augmented thrust to push their lightsabers off hers. Now, with two lightsabers in her hands, she used her skills with *Jar'Kai* to attack. Her movements with both lightsabers were impressive. Her attacks and blocks were lightning quick. The Imperial Knights had a hard time defending themselves; they utilized a specialized defensive lightsaber form known as *praetoria ishu*. Amelia utilized the fluid movements of Makashi, blended with the aggression and raw power of Djem So to defeat the Imperial Knights. She twirled and spun the two lightsabers in her hands expertly, and her fancy foot and bodywork made her an elegant warrior. Her attacks caused one of the Imperial Knights to lean too far forward, then Amelia slashed his back, killing him.

The other two Imperial Knights retreated back into the hallway. Amelia continued her attack with the same fury as she did before. However, one of the Imperial

Knights managed to destroy the silver-bladed lightsaber. Now, left with only one lightsaber, Amelia charged at them. Her attacks were fast and swift, accurate and deadly. However, both the Imperial Knights were working together in unison. As one of them attacked high, the other went low. This made defending herself much harder. In desperation, Amelia used a Force Wave augmented strike directed towards one of the Imperial Knights, sending him flying through the air and through the transparisteel window, where he plummeted nearly seventy metres towards the ground. The Imperial Knight hit the stone courtyard below hard, breaking his neck and several bones in the process. The now lone Imperial Knight retreated towards the hallway. Amelia used the fury inside her to attack. With a Force Surge augmented smash, Amelia slammed the ground, sending lightning bolts coursing through the durasteel floor and into the Imperial Knight, electrocuting him. The Imperial Knight convulsed and spasm as the electric bolts coursed through his body. As the Imperial Knight fell, smoke billowed from his body, and parts of his plastoid armour had partially melted.

Amelia walked out into the hallway, where she was greeted by three Imperial Knights on either side of her, six in total, and what seemed like a whole battalion of stormtroopers.

"Surrender, Sith, and maybe we'll be merciful." One of the Imperial Knights commanded.

"The only mercy you will receive will be a swift death, Knight." Amelia taunted.

Amelia used a powerful Force Wave directed at either side of her to push her enemies back. The stormtroopers went flying, but the Imperial Knights stood their ground. Immediately they charged at her. She used her swift and bold attacks against them, however they were too many. Their lightsabers clashed and crashed against each others in a lightning fast fury. Her superior skills with the lightsaber, and her unprecedented powers of the Force were all that was keeping her alive. With power and rage, she immediately cut down an Imperial Knight, and stabbed another. The Imperial Knights hesitated for a moment.

*Big mistake.*

Amelia grabbed one of the Imperial Knights with a powerful Force Crush, and threw him into the two charging Imperial Knights coming behind her. His body knocked over the two Imperial Knights, leaving only one for Amelia to deal with. Amelia engaged the lone Imperial Knight in an epic lightsaber battle. Their lightsabers clashed with incredible speed, just a blur for everyone else. Suddenly, a volley of blaster

bolts came hurdling towards her. She managed to deflect the bolts with her lightsaber, then used an electromagnetic field to redirect the bolts away from her. Amelia continued duelling against the Imperial Knight, even as blaster bolts were shot towards her. Amelia then struck the Imperial Knight's silver-bladed lightsaber, and tried to force his lightsaber down against himself. Then, during the sabre-lock, Amelia sent a surge of electricity through her lightsaber that then went into the Imperial Knight. Lightning bolts emanated from her lightsaber and into the Imperial Knight, electrocuting him. The lightning bolts surged through the energy cell inside the hilt of the Imperial Knight's lightsaber, causing it to overload and explode in his hands.

Just then, the three Imperial Knights behind her got up, and charged her. She immediately ran in the opposite direction, and cut a path through the horde of stormtroopers in her way. She knew she couldn't keep it up much longer; her muscles were growing tired. The three Imperial Knights, as well as a battalion of stormtroopers pursued. As the three Imperial Knights and stormtroopers gave chase, Amelia used a Sonic Scream aimed towards the Imperial Knights. The Force augmented scream was deafening, and temporarily incapacitated those that heard it. The stormtroopers following directly behind the Imperial Knights were hit the hardest; the Sonic Scream liquefied their insides, killing them in a horrible fashion. The Imperial Knights, however, used Force Immunity to protect themselves partially from the Sonic Scream attack. Then, out of desperation, Amelia jumped through a transparisteel window, and plummeted seventy metres until she hit the stone courtyard below. Surrounding her were battalions of stormtroopers, all armed and ready for battle. Immediately, out the same window, the three Imperial Knights glided elegantly down towards the stone courtyard. Amelia looked up, and she could see the naval battle above. Turbolasers from the planetary defences were pounding the Star Destroyers above. The explosions were clear as day.

"What hope do you have of escaping Bastion with your life?" An Imperial Knight asked, "Bastion is the most fortified planet in the galaxy."

Amelia looked around; thousands of stormtroopers surrounded her, as well as heavy repeater blaster emplacements poised towards her. She could sense their collective anxiety through the Force. The three Imperial Knights, ready to attack, simply waited for Amelia's next move.

"I suppose you're right." Amelia replied, "That's why I'm going to kill as many of you as I can before I fall."

With a sudden surge, Amelia let lose a powerful Force Surge. The wall of electric bolts electrocuted and killed every stormtrooper that came into contact with it. The torrent of electricity was so powerful, it melted the plastoid armour they were wearing, burning their skin. Instantly, over a hundred stormtroopers were killed; their bodies were smoking corpses on the stone courtyard, and their white, plastoid armour was bubbling on their skin. Impressively, the three Imperial Knights managed to survive the attack, but parts of their crimson plastoid armour had melted too. Smoke billowed out from under their black ribbed body-glove that underlined their crimson armour.

Amelia was immediately hit by a barrage of blaster and repeater fire. She deflected the bolts easily, however, using both her lightsaber and the Force to do so. She charged at the three Imperial Knights, madly swinging and hacking her lightsaber through the air. Their lightsabers met, and the fury of the duel was epic. The clash of the lightsabers could be heard everywhere in the courtyard. The stormtroopers continued to fire their blasters at Amelia, but to no avail. The lightsaber duel was fast and furious, a blur to the stormtroopers firing their blasters at them. Amelia's impressive control of her wrists and feet overwhelmed the Imperial Knight's relatively inelegant lightsaber form.

Immediately, Amelia plunged her lightsaber into one of the Imperial Knights, and grabbed his lightsaber away from him. The two Imperial Knights looked shocked, then attacked. Amelia defended herself using both lightsabers. Her skills with *Jar'Kai* were proficient, and she was able to defend herself from their relentless, and brutal attacks. Although the Imperial Knights followed the light-side of the Force, they were known to give into aggression once in a while. Amelia could feel the anger growing inside of them.

"I thought Imp Knights didn't use the dark-side." Amelia taunted.

The Imperial Knights continued their attack, ignoring Amelia's taunt. Then, suddenly, with an unexpected scissor move, Amelia cut off the head of one of the Imperial Knights. His body fell limp onto the stone courtyard, and his lightsaber rolled on the ground. Amelia used a Force Wave to push the lone Imperial Knight backwards.

Then, suddenly, his lightsaber hovered in the air, its silver energy blade activated. Then, another silver-bladed lightsaber from the other fallen Imperial Knight appeared, then another from Amelia's hand. Three silver-bladed lightsabers hovered around her; Amelia still gripped her crimson-bladed lightsaber in her hands. The silver-bladed lightsabers spun around her with incredible speed. Then, she attacked. Her

crimson-bladed lightsaber struck his, then three hovering silver-bladed lightsabers struck. The Imperial Knight immediately broke the sabre-lock, and walked backwards, making some space between him and her. It was no use; the three hovering lightsabers circled around the lone Imperial Knight, then simultaneously struck. The Imperial Knight blocked one lightsaber, but the other two sliced through his crimson, plastoid armour, cutting him in half.

The stormtroopers looked upon Amelia with terrified awe. They immediately started firing at her; she dodged most of the bolts, while deflecting others using her crimson-bladed lightsaber and the Force. The bolts flew back towards the battalions of stormtroopers, killing those who it struck. Then, the four silver-bladed lightsabers began hovering in the air again. Instantly, the silver-bladed lightsabers flew through the crowd of stormtroopers, slicing and cutting all that gets in their path. The silver-bladed lightsabers flew through the air so quickly, they were a mere blur to everyone. Amelia used her mastery over telekinetic lightsaber combat to slice through the stormtroopers effectively, and efficiently.

Suddenly, above, among the naval battle, a huge Star Destroyer exploded. The explosion was unusually close to the surface, and the fireball filled the orange-beige sky. Suddenly, flaming wreckage and debris rained down all around her. She saw the hull of the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer hurdling through the atmosphere towards her, burning up as it did. The stormtroopers scattered, and she ran back to her starfighter. Large chunks of hull and other durasteel parts rained down on her. She used her mastery of Force Speed to move quickly through the debris. The flaming chunks of debris crashed into buildings, toppling them over instantly, while others crashed into the courtyard, making huge craters in their wake.

Within minutes, she made it to her *Predator*-class starfighter located just outside the city of Ravelin. She immediately took off, narrowly avoiding a large chunk of flaming hull that struck the ground that the starfighter occupied moments earlier. As she took off and gained altitude; she saw the massive hull of the Star Destroyer smash into the city of Ravelin, crushing everything beneath it. Everything was destroyed and turned into smouldering, flaming ruins. The shockwave from the impact almost knocked her out of the sky, but Amelia was able to recover.

She immediately climbed through the orange and tan clouds until she reached lower space; the upper atmosphere was still hazy, but thin. She gazed across the great expanse of open space, only to see large pieces of wreckage floating in orbit around Bastion. Pieces of Star Destroyer hulls and other material, starfighters and pilots



scattered across the inner space of Bastion like a ring of debris. In the distance, Amelia could see only a handful of Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers left, and they were on full retreat. Five exiled-Imperial *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers started firing their heavy turbolasers at her. She pulled on the yoke of the starfighter hard, evading the massive red energy bolts.

Suddenly, she saw the Sith-Imperial Star Destroyers jump into hyperspace, presumably back to Muunilinst. Amelia continued to evade the turbolaser attack. Suddenly, on her sensors, *Predator*-class starfighters were being launched and were headed directly towards her. She opened her thrusters, trying to outrun them. She had to dodge in between the large chunks of debris floating all around, as well as the heavy turbolaser fire coming from the Star Destroyers, as well as the incoming fighters. Amelia pulled on the yoke hard; she was afraid she might break the yoke. Once clear of the debris field that surrounded Bastion like a ring on a planet, she immediately punched in the coordinates for Muunilinst, and jumped into hyperspace.

#### **Muunilinst:**

Amelia emerged out of hyperspace and entered high orbit around Muunilinst. She saw the destruction the Sith-Imperial Starfleet took during the battle. Only four *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers remained, including the *Phalanx*, but they were all heavily damaged; huge craters pitted the hull, surrounded by black scorch marks. It looked like some parts of the hulls were breached, leading to catastrophic explosive decompressions within certain compartments. Parts of the hull had partially melted; the orange-yellow glow of molten durasteel still lingered on the hull. The Star Destroyers were barely kept together, let alone in fighting shape.

Amelia radioed the *Phalanx*, and requested immediate docking. The inside of the hangar bay was frightening. Huge infernos raged throughout the hangar bay, and debris from destroyed *Predator*-class starfighters, as well as the expensive TIE/D Defenders, laid scattered throughout the permacrete floor. Launch racks were dislodged, crippling and disabling more starfighters. Bodies of dead stormtroopers and pilots laid scattered everywhere; the ones left alive were screaming for help. Fire-crews were futilely attempting to put out the worst of the infernos.

Once Amelia locked her starfighter into a stable launch rack, she climbed out and immediately headed towards the bridge. The hallways were engulfed in flames, and dead bodies of stormtroopers lay everywhere. The plastoid-durasteel walls were scorched from the fires, while others were cracked and shattered from the tremendous

force of numerous impacts. Some corridors were blocked off because of explosive decompressions rupturing the thick hulls of the Star Destroyer.

Finally, she arrived on the bridge. All of the trapezoidal transparisteel windows have been blown out, and durasteel shutters now protected the bridge from the hard vacuum of space. The crew pits sparked violently from electrical fires, and the command deck had rubble and other debris littering its surface. Amelia found Admiral Tarc Spero in the conference room, where a holographic image of Darth Wyyrlok was being displayed. Admiral Tarc Spero had been arguing with the Sith Lord for quite some time, it seemed; sweat poured down his forehead, and agony filled his heart. A large cone of blue light shown upward, revealing the image of the Chagrian Sith Lord, Lord Wyyrlok.

*"So Admiral, you have managed to destroy the largest single fleet in my navy." Darth Wyyrlok said, "A very costly mistake, indeed."*

"My Lord, we were misinformed of Bastion's planetary defences!" Admiral Tarc Spero defended, "Their range was far greater than reported, and their fleet was not unified!"

*"Silence!" Darth Wyyrlok screamed, "I don't want to hear excuses! I only want results."*

"My Lord—" Admiral Tarc Spero continued.

*"Ah, it appears that one of your objectives might have been successful." Darth Wyyrlok replied when he saw Amelia enter the room, "What does Lady... Amelia, have to say?"*

"Roan Fel was not present on Bastion, my Lord." Amelia reported, "The intelligence seemed to be a trick orchestrated by the exiled-Imperials in an attempt to weaken our forces."

*"An attempt that has succeeded." Darth Wyyrlok replied, "Your failure is complete, Admiral. And you know what happens to those who fail me."*

Darth Wyyrlok stared at Amelia, and nodded his head. Admiral Tarc Spero simply hunched his shoulders, closed his eyes, and lowered his head in complete and utter defeat. A sense of sorrow and regret poured out of the Admiral, and into the Force. Amelia, for a moment, felt pity for the Admiral.

"You're right about one thing, my Lady." Admiral Tarc Spero said, "I'll make it into the history book for this one."



Without saying a word, Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the *snap-hiss* startled Admiral Tarc Spero. Following orders, she stabbed the admiral in the spine, severing it in half. The crimson blade entered his back, and protruded out from his chest. His eyes went wide, and his mouth opened wide from the shock. Then, as suddenly as the blade was plunged into his back, he died. Amelia let his dead body fall onto the conference floor. Amelia looked up at Darth Wyyrlok.

"*Lady Amelia, I have another task for you.*" Darth Wyyrlok informed.

"My Lord? The fleet here needs leadership." Amelia replied, "Bastion is in ruins, and the fleet protecting it was hit hard. They are weak, my Lord."

"*I have another that will replace Admiral Spero.*" Darth Wyyrlok informed, "*I have more pressing matters for you to take care of.*"

"What is it, my Lord?" Amelia asked.

"*The Sith have been fighting against three main combatants; the Galactic Alliance Remnant, the exiled-Imperials, and the Jedi Order. However, until recently, they have been independently waging war against us.*" Darth Wyyrlok informed, "*The Galactic Alliance Remnant and the Empire-in-exile have unified against us. This has proven to be an unfortunate turn of events; fortunately, the Jedi Order seems to be placid in the matter... but that won't remain for much further.*"

Amelia looked up at Darth Wyyrlok.

"*I want you to travel to Ossus, and eliminate the Jedi representatives.*" Darth Wyyrlok ordered, "*The anti-Sith coalition plan to meet with the Jedi within three standard days, so be ready by then.*"

"As you wish, my Lord." Amelia replied.

"*You will be given three Star Destroyers to use at your own discretion.*" Darth Wyyrlok informed, "*Do not fail me again, Lady Amelia.*"

The holographic image of Darth Wyyrlok disappeared, and Amelia walked out of the conference room. She looked towards the bridge, and saw engineers and fire-crews trying to save the control systems; the bridge was an utter mess, with loose, probably seared, wired hanging everywhere, and computer equipment shattered and destroyed. With nothing else to do, Amelia simply waited for her Star Destroyers to arrive.

### Three Standard Days Later: Ossus:

Amelia's fleet comprised of three *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers that just jumped out of hyperspace near Ossus. Amelia was presently on the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer dubbed *Ironclad*, while the other two were dubbed *Anvil* and *Sledgehammer*. Amelia stood on the command deck; she stared out of one of the trapezoidal windows. She was wearing her usual attire, a black Sith robe, with her black, scanty outfit that showed off her exquisite tattooed body. In the distance was the planet Ossus. Ossus was a planet with a long history, both from the Jedi and the Sith. During the Great Sith War, Ossus was devastated by a massive supernova that left the entire surface of the planet lifeless and barren. However, after The Galactic Alliance–Confederation War, Yuuzhan Vong shapers successfully terraformed and returned Ossus back to its former beauty. Now it was a lush and vibrant world, filled with flora and fauna.

"Lady Amelia, Ossus is directly ahead." Captain Anor declared.

Captain Anor was a tall, well built man, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. He wore his uniform proudly, and talked in a superior voice.

"Take us above the Jedi Temple, that's probably where they're going to meet." Amelia ordered.

The three *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers approached the planet at sub-light speed. They entered a low orbit above Ossus, and immediately targeted the Jedi Temple. The sensors couldn't see any activity on the ground.

"Negative on targets, my Lady." Someone in the crew pit reported.

"Keep searching." Amelia ordered.

A moment passed, then someone shouted out, "Sensors have picked up something!" A crew pit officer shouted, "Multiple contacts! There are Star Destroyers off the starboard bow! I count... three contacts!"

"Friendly?" Amelia asked.

"Negative." The crew pit officer replied, "Definitely exile."

Amelia immediately rushed to one of the trapezoidal windows and looked out. She saw three *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers bearing down on her.

"They're launching fighters!" Another crew pit officer shouted.

"Launch all available fighters!" Amelia ordered, "Ready the batteries! Calculate firing solutions and fire when in range!"

"Yes, my Lady!" A crew pit officer replied.

Amelia stared out the trapezoidal window. She saw her own *Predator*-class starfighters fly towards the three exiled-Imperial Star Destroyers off in the distance. Suddenly, she saw their laser cannons go off, and the red energy bolts flew through the hard and black vacuum of space. The dogfight appeared completely chaotic; she couldn't discern which Predators were her own. The formations and movements of the starfighters were complex, and death-defying. The three exiled-Imperial Star Destroyers were quickly closing in on theirs.

"Head directly for them!" Amelia ordered, "Fire all batteries!"

Immediately, a volley of heavy turbolaser fire left the Star Destroyers and impacted the exiled Star Destroyers. The heavy turbolasers were incredibly loud when they fired; the pounding of heavy turbolasers at left the *Ironclad* could be heard while on the bridge. The two Star Destroyer fleets exchanged heavy turbolaser fire; each heavy turbolaser bolt rocked the hulls of the Star Destroyers.

"Shields are down to eighty percent!" A crew pit officer informed.

"They're concentrating all their fire on us, my Lady!" Another crew pit officer replied.

"Order the immediate concentration of battery fire on the nearest Star Destroyer!" Amelia ordered.

Almost immediately, heavy turbolaser fire from *Ironclad*, *Anvil*, and *Sledgehammer* concentrated on the lead exiled Star Destroyer. The heavy turbolaser bolts streaked across the huge expanse of space with incredible speed. The large red energy bolts of heavy turbolasers struck heavily on the lead enemy Star Destroyer; huge explosion rained down upon the lead exiled Star Destroyer.

"Shields down to fifty-three percent!" A crew pit officer replied.

"How is this possible?" Amelia shouted.

"I don't know, my Lady!" Captain Anor replied, "Our shields are dropping faster than normal!"

"Order all starfighters to concentrate their fire on the bridge of the closest Star Destroyer!" Amelia ordered.

The starfighters were engaged in an epic dogfight. The dogfight was utterly chaotic; a small ball of fire erupted with each fallen starfighter. The flashes of light appeared like fireflies to Amelia standing on the bridge. The few that could, broke off and fired at the bridge, but to no avail.

"We've lost half our fighters!" A crew pit officer informed.

"What of their losses?" Amelia asked.

"One third, my Lady!" The crew pit officer informed.

"This is not possible!" Amelia screamed.

"My Lady, shouldn't we retreat?" Captain Anor inquired.

Suddenly, a large explosion rocked the *Ironclad*. The bridge shook and jarred violently; electronic equipment and loose wires sparked, lighting up the bridge. Amelia almost got knocked off her feet from the violent jarring.

"My Lady!" Captain Anor shouted, "We must retreat!"

Enraged, Amelia plunged her crimson blade into his chest. Captain Anor, wearing an expression of pure and utter surprise, was killed instantly and fell to the floor of the command deck. His cold, dead body laid on the durasteel floor; she looked down at his dead body.

"You're excused, captain." Amelia said coldly.

The Imperial officers on the bridge looked at her with terrified and shocked expressions; they poured similar feelings into the Force. Amelia looked back up at the dogfight. The Star Destroyers were incredibly close together now; they were practically face-to-face.

"My Lady, your orders?" A crew pit officer asked.

"Continue fighting!" Amelia ordered, "No retreat! No surrender!"

Moments later, the barrage of heavy turbolaser bolts fired at the enemy Star Destroyers dropped dramatically. Heavy turbolaser bolts struck the hull of the *Ironclad*, resulting in huge explosions that tore through its armoured hull. The bridge rocked

violently back and forth as explosion after explosion rippled across the hull. Amelia was completely taken aback.

"What happened?" Amelia shouted.

"My Lady, *Anvil* and *Sledgehammer* report catastrophic explosive decompressions to their hulls." A crew pit officer informed, "They're retreating!"

"Insubordination!" Amelia screamed in a rage, "Mutiny!"

Another salvo of heavy turbolaser bolts struck the hull of the *Ironclad*. The heavy turbolaser bolts perforated the armoured hull, resulting in catastrophic explosive decompressions that tore through the starboard-side of the *Ironclad*. Huge cratered, glowing orange from the intense heat, pitted the surface of the hull.

"The hull is breached!" A crew pit officer shouted.

"Shields are down to fourteen percent!" Another crew pit officer informed.

More heavy turbolaser bolts struck the hull. Huge fireballs rose into the vacuum of space, while the explosions rocked the bridge of the *Ironclad* violently; the violent jarring sent Amelia crashing into the cold durasteel floor.

"Shields are down!" The crew pit officer informed, "We are completely defenceless, my Lady!"

"My Lady, the hyperdrive generators are gone!" Another crew pit officer informed, "What do we do?"

Amelia took a moment to think about the situation. It seemed utterly hopeless.

"Orders, my Lady?" The crew pit officer asked.

"Order an immediate evacuation!" Amelia ordered, "And plot a course directly for the nearest Star Destroyer!"

There was a moment of hesitation from the Imperial officers. All the Imperial officers in the pit stared and looked at her with shocked and disbelief in their eyes; they figured she would never 'give up'.

"We're going to ram them to hell!" Amelia screamed.

"My Lady—" A crew pit officer started is objection.

Suddenly, Amelia grabbed him with Force Crush, and lifted him into the air. She crushed his bones and organs with a powerful surge of anger, and threw his dead, limp body onto the floor of the command deck. Blood smeared across the grey durasteel panels, and a pool of blood started to drain out of his body. The sight was a chilling reminder to the Imperial officers in the pit that the Sith were in charge.

"Ram them damn it!" Amelia ordered.

The crew pit plotted the course, and she could see the bow of the *Ironclad* moving towards the nearest Star Destroyer. Nevertheless, the enemy Star Destroyers continued to pummel the *Ironclad* with salvo after salvo of heavy turbolaser fire. Amelia ran out of the bridge, and down the hallway. The hallways were dark; lights flickered, fire engulfed the passageways, and debris littered the floor. Officers, stormtroopers and pilots all ran screaming down the hallways, headed for the escape pods. She made her way down to the escape pods quickly, before all of them were jettisoned. She immediately got into one, punched the codes, and the escape pod ejected from the launch tube.

As the escape pod left the *Ironclad*, she looked out the transparisteel viewport and at the battle. All of her starfighters had been either destroyed, or retreated with either the *Anvil* or the *Sledgehammer*. She saw the *Ironclad* slowly moving towards one of the exiled Star Destroyers' the heavy turbolasers tore the *Ironclad* apart. Huge explosions ripped through the hull of the *Ironclad*; it barely held together before it smashed into the side of one of the exiled-Imperials Star Destroyers. Both Star Destroyers exploded in one gigantic fireball; the Star Destroyers mangled hulls were torn apart from the explosion. The explosion was so powerful, the two adjacent exiled Star Destroyers were partially engulfed in the gigantic flame. Durasteel near the epicentre of the explosion instantly vaporized. Molten blobs of durasteel and flaming wreckage fell towards the surface of Ossus; as the debris from the explosion rained through the upper atmosphere; the increasing fiction burned most of the smaller pieces up, while others crashed into the vast jungles of Ossus. The molten blobs of durasteel and large chunks of debris crashed into the jungles, leaving behind huge craters. The trees and other flora caught on fire, billowing black smoke into the atmosphere.

In the distance, she saw the *Sledgehammer* make the jump into hyperspace. A large, long trail of black and dark grey smoke billowed from the engines of the *Anvil*. Her hyperdrive looked like it took a beating, and was now trying to flee in sub-light speed. The two remaining exiled Star Destroyers targeted the *Anvil* with their heavy turbolasers; the heavy turbolaser bolts struck with devastating force. Suddenly, the



*Anvil* was critically hit on top, and the Star Destroyer started plummeting down towards Ossus.

Just then, her escape pod entered the upper atmosphere of Ossus. She saw the *Anvil* crashing through the atmosphere, as well. Its hull ignited in a roaring inferno as the friction from the air increased. Flaming debris, both from the Star Destroyers and from the starfighters, rained down alongside her. In the distance, she saw other escape pods entering the atmosphere. The fall was rough, and violent; she was jarred around the escape pod violently, and almost cracked her skull a couple of times. Suddenly, the viewport was free of flames, and all she could see was the beautiful jungles of Ossus. In the distance, she saw the ruins of the Jedi Temple, but tens of kilometres away. Suddenly, the escape pod crashed through the branches of the tallest trees, then forcibly hit the ground, knocking her out cold.

Amelia woke up some time later. She picked herself up, grabbed some supplies, and climbed out of the wrecked escape pod. She looked up into the yellow-tan sky, and saw a large plume of smoke billowing up in the distance. She jumped on top of the tallest tree, and peered off into the distance. What she saw was astonishing; the *Anvil* crashed into the surface of Ossus, bow first. An inferno engulfed the Star Destroyer, and flaming debris littered the surrounding area. The trees surrounding the *Anvil* were completely levelled, while others had caught on fire.

Amelia looked around, and she saw two more *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers in the distance. They had landed in the jungle, and seemed to be offloading cargo, and other things. They were the exiled *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyers that shot her down. Suddenly, someone was on her comlink. Amelia put in her headset, and activated her comlink.

"Amelia, over." Amelia said.

"Lady Amelia, this is Lord Kurupt, Commodore of the *Anvil*." He said, "We are under heavy attack, over!"

Amelia thought about it for a moment.

*They betrayed you. They left you when you needed them most.*

"Give me your position, over." Amelia requested.

"We're holding out right next to the *Anvil*, over." Lord Kurupt informed.



"I'm on my way." Amelia replied, "But Lord Kurupt, understand this, I am only helping you so that I may kill you myself."

There was silence over the comlink for a moment.

"*Understand*," Lord Kurupt answered. "*Kurupt out*."

Amelia climbed down from the top of the tree and fell towards the ground. She landed on her feet, but then felt a rumbling. The soft dirt rumbled. Suddenly, the trees toppled over all around her. Then she heard the familiar mechanical steps of the All Terrain Armoured Heavy Transports, AT-AHTs, which were the new heavy walker model employed by the Imperial Army. Amelia looked up, and saw the towering mechanical giant; the multi-ton, twenty metre tall, twenty-five metre long black mechanical beast walked by. Armed with four heavy laser cannons, and four heavy blaster cannons, and plated with thick durasteel armour, it was a significant upgrade from older models. The huge mechanical beast had a large hump on its back, making it look awkward when it walked. Amelia jumped out of the way just as the huge foot of the gigantic AT-AHT walked by her. Amelia looked further into the distance, and saw even more AT-AHTs ploughing through the jungle, crushing trees wherever they stepped. They all seemed to be heading towards the billowing smoke, and the crashed *Anvil*.

Amelia started running towards the billowing smoke, using the Force to augment her movements. The jungle was treacherous; the terrain which she ran was uneven and difficult. She ducked, dodged and jumped over the fallen trees left behind in the wake of the AT-AHTs. She was at least twenty-five kilometres away from the crash site, and the AT-AHTs would most definitely get there first since they could travel at almost eighty kilometres per hour. The Force could only compensate for a little bit. Suddenly, a blaster cannon bolt struck the ground next to her. She turned around, and saw an All Terrain Riot Control Transport, an AT-RCT, bearing down on her. The open cockpit, four metre tall, bipedal walking mechanical contraption was driving straight towards her; as it walked, the familiar clanking noise resonated in the air. It fired its double medium blaster cannons at her.

"You there! Freeze!" A stormtrooper shouted.

Amelia turned around and saw an AT-RCT walk towards her. On top of the open cockpit AT-RCT were two exiled-Imperial stormtroopers, a pilot and a gunner. Suddenly, red energy bolts streaked through the jungle air, hurdling towards Amelia. Amelia immediately deflected the large blaster cannon bolts with her crimson-bladed

lightsaber, and charged directly at the AT-RCT. The AT-RCT launched concussion grenades, that exploded next to her. The grenades exploded, and the small explosion sent out a powerful sonic wave that was paralyzing. Amelia, however, used the Force to combat its effects, and continued her charge. Suddenly, she leapt into the air, and over the AT-RCT. The frightened pilot frantically fired his blaster pistol at her while she was in the air. Amelia deflected the blaster pistol bolts with her lightsaber. She landed on the open platform behind the pilot, and plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into his chest, killing him instantly. She immediately tore the energy blade from out of his chest, spun the lightsaber, and decapitated the other stormtrooper.

She basked in their deaths, feeding off it. Suddenly, she felt a ripple in the Force, and looked behind her. Three more AT-RCTs were bearing down on her. They fired their laser cannons at her; the AT-RCT was critically struck by the laser cannon bolts, and crashed into the trees. Just in the nick of time, Amelia jumped off the AT-RCT, and rolled on the ground to ease her landing. She deflected the powerful energy bolts with her lightsaber, sending some of them back towards the heavily armoured AT-RCTs. Suddenly, one of the AT-RCT's charged towards her, and tried to step on top of her. She jumped out of the way just in time. She looked up at the AT-RCT, and leaped into the air. Amelia unleashed a powerful Force Wave that sent the bipedal walker plummeting towards the ground. Its high center-of-gravity made it vulnerable to topple over if hit hard enough. The platform of the AT-RCT was completely crushed inwardly and destroyed, and a massive dust cloud rose off the ground as the massive mechanical beast hit the ground. Amelia stared at the mangled and twisted pile of durasteel; she was breathing heavily because of the exertion.

The two remaining AT-RCTs bore down onto her, firing concussion grenades, and volleying blaster cannon bolts at her. She dodged the incoming attacks, using the Force to anticipate and evade the attacks. Suddenly, she stopped, she stood her ground, and stared directly at one of the oncoming AT-RCTs. Suddenly, she unleashed a devastating Force Surge; the lightning bolts struck the AT-RCT's heavily armoured shell, shorting out all the circuitry. Amelia screamed in a blind rage as she sent wave after wave of lightning bolts towards the AT-RCT. The AT-RCT burst into a shower of sparks and flames, then stopped dead in its tracks. Wave after wave of lightning bolts struck the walker, electrocuting the two pilots inside; the white plastoid armour they wore melted onto their skin, burning them alive. Then, in a rage, Amelia picked up the AT-RCT into the air, about a metre off the ground, and with a powerful Force Crush, squeezed and compacted the AT-RCT into a small metal ball. Fuelled by anger, she slammed the destroyed AT-RCT forcefully into the ground. The metal mash left a small

crater in the ground, and a cloud of dust lingered around the crater. She gazed upon the final remaining AT-RCT, which stood twenty metres away. The AT-RCT stopped dead in its tracks, and the two stormtroopers above stared at her.

"Nowhere else to run." Amelia said to herself.

Suddenly, Amelia charged towards the lone AT-RCT. The AT-RCT fired blaster cannon bolts at her, but she simply deflected them with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. She leapt into the air, and flew up and on top of the AT-RCT. She landed on the open platform; the two stormtroopers turned around with shock. She immediately grabbed one of the stormtroopers with her hand around his throat, crushing his larynx and trachea; the other stormtrooper, the pilot, pulled out his blaster pistol and pointed it towards Amelia. Instinctually, she plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into his chest, killing him instantly. With a sudden surge of power, Amelia crushed the stormtrooper's throat, then threw him off the platform, plummeting four metres until he hit the ground. Amelia then sat in the pilot's chair, and drove the AT-RCT towards the crash site of the *Anvil*. Travelling at almost ninety kilometres per hour, she was making incredible time. Within twenty minutes, she had arrived at the crash site. Her eyes widened, and her mouth dropped from the sight in front of her.

"Wow." Amelia gasped.

The battle was epically huge; twenty AT-AHTs were bearing down on the crash site, with over fifty AT-RCTs following behind and in between. The air filled with the infamous and familiar mechanical clanking of Imperial walkers, and the ground shook with every step the behemoths made. Massive red energy bolts streaked through the air and struck the small area the survivors of the crash had occupied; the survivors futilely fired back, but the hulking mechanical behemoths were unstoppable. The massive energy bolts left craters where they struck the ground, sending dirt, rock and stormtroopers flying into the air. Amelia could feel the fear in the stormtroopers hearts; she could feel the effect the AT-AHTs were having in demoralizing her troopers. The crash site was a disturbing sight; the entire front half of the *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer was destroyed, and the rear was sticking up from the burned ground where it crashed. Large portions of the hull were destroyed or missing completely, and nearly the entire thing was engulfed in either flames or smoke. Amelia could see her troopers near the bottom, defending themselves, but they were being cut down fast. Suddenly, her AT-RCT was shot down by one of the AT-AHTs behind her. The massive heavy blaster cannons tore through the armoured hull of the AT-RCT, causing it to topple over and

fall face first into the dirt ground. Amelia jumped out in time, and rolled on the ground to ease her landing.

Suddenly, a massive AT-AHT bore down on her. It fired its heavy blaster cannons at her. Expertly, she used her lightsaber, augmented by Force Wave, to deflect the large energy bolt back towards the AT-AHT. She expertly deflected the bolts back at the heavy laser cannons, destroying them. The AT-AHT charged towards her, however, and in a rage, Amelia unleashed a powerful Force Surge attack. The lightning bolts struck the giant mechanical beast, electrocuting all those inside, including the pilots in the cockpit, and short circuited the electronics. Suddenly, the cockpit exploded, and the AT-AHT fell sideways. The falling AT-AHT crashed into an adjacent walker, taking out its legs, and caused it to collapse under its own weight. The armoured durasteel hulls from both walkers twisted and mashed into each other. A massive cloud of dust and debris was kicked up into the air. The stormtroopers inside that survived the crash were dazed and confused from concussions, and their armour was cracked and shattered. Amelia charged towards them; she sliced and swung her lightsaber wildly, severing limbs and heads. Meanwhile, another AT-RCT approached the two fallen AT-AHTs and started firing at Amelia.

*Don't they ever stop.*

Amelia immediately blocked and deflected the incoming medium laser cannon energy bolts with her lightsaber. Suddenly, the AT-RCT stepped onto the broken armoured hull of the fallen AT-AHTs and charged towards her. With raw power, Amelia picked up the AT-RCT, and tore the head off its legs. The two stormtroopers on the platform clung on for dear life. They screamed in pure and utter horror; Amelia basked in their panic. Amelia screamed with a fury, and unleashed her rage; she ripped the platform of the AT-RCT in half, causing the two pilots to fall out of the head and onto the armoured hull of the fallen AT-AHTs. The stormtroopers screamed in terror as they fell towards the armoured hull. They hit the armoured hull hard, breaking their legs and arms upon landing. Amelia stepped forward with her lightsaber activated; they pleaded for her to allow them to live.

"Such pathetic beings... not even worry of life." Amelia threatened.

Then, with expert lightsaber skills, she cut them both in half with a single swing. In the distance, she saw another AT-AHT bearing down on the survivors of the *Anvil*. It was firing its heavy laser cannons towards the survivors, cutting them down. Amelia charged at the AT-AHT from the side. She evaded the various AT-RCTs that stood in

her way, and got in front of the AT-AHT. She stood right in front of the charging AT-AHT with her crimson-bladed lightsaber drawn. She was so close to the survivors of the crash that their fear overwhelmed her.

Suddenly, the AT-AHT's head dropped down and aimed its two heavy laser cannons towards her. It fired; the red energy bolts hurdled towards her. With the immense power she wielded, she deflected the energy bolts through her command of the Force. Feeding off the fear of the survivors, she reached out with the Force and crushed the head of the AT-AHT; the head crumbled and collapsed. Sparks rained down from the head, and the pilots inside were crushed to death. Fire and smoke billowed from the crushed cockpit head, and the AT-AHT fell face first towards her. She jumped into the air just as the AT-AHT came crashing down underneath her feet. A plume of dust and rock rose into the air. She jumped through the dust plume, and landed on top of the AT-AHT above the troop staging section, near the hump, and plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into its armoured hull. She cut a hole into its armoured hull; it was a slow process because of the thick durasteel armour. Sparks rained down from the lightsaber blade, and glowing orange molten durasteel lined the hole she cut. She dropped into the walker; the stormtroopers inside were either dead, unconscious, or dazed from the crash. There were at least sixty stormtroopers inside, and most of them had survived the fall. Amelia immediately lashed out with her lightsaber, attacking anyone unfortunate enough to be nearby. The stormtroopers had barely enough time to react; they were cut down by her crimson blade. Then, with a fury, Amelia unleashed black lightning bolts from her body; the bolts of lightning struck the chests of the remaining stormtroopers, draining their vitality from their bodies. Within moments, all sixty stormtroopers inside were dead, and Amelia climbed out of the AT-AHT via the hole she just cut.

She stood on top of the fallen AT-AHT, and looked around the battlefield. The AT-AHTs and AT-RCTs were very close to the survivors now, only about a kilometre away. One of the AT-AHTs to her right seemed to be leading the charge. She immediately ran towards that walker, using the Force to speed up her movements. She dodged laser cannon fire from various other AT-AHTs and AT-RCTs, until she reached the lead AT-AHT. With incredible power, she jumped into the air and used the Force to aid her flight. Amelia soared through the air, and landed on top of the AT-AHT's troop staging section. Amelia grabbed hold of the black armoured hull, and looked around. She was standing twenty metres above the ground; an awe inspiring sight.

Suddenly, she plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into the top of the AT-AHT, and cut a hole into it. Sparks rained down from her crimson energy blade, and



molten durasteel poured into the troop section. She dropped in and was immediately met by a barrage of blaster rifle fire. She slashed and hacked at the white armoured stormtroopers inside. Blaster fire ricocheted off the interior of the AT-AHT, hitting her lightsaber or other stormtroopers. The sixty stormtroopers were too many for her; she unleashed a powerful Force Wave to sent them flying backwards. The force of the Force attack was so great that when the stormtroopers hit the side of the AT-AHT, their bones broke from the impact. Amelia walked towards front of the AT-AHT, towards the cockpit. The door that granted access to the cockpit was locked. She immediately used her lightsaber to cut a hole into it. Within minutes, she cut her way through the hatch, and entered the cockpit. It was a large cockpit, with a single transparisteel window in front. Two pilots, wearing Imperial uniforms, were sitting at the controls, while the General was standing in the middle. The two pilots tried to fire their blaster pistols at her, but she stabbed the first one through his seat, and sent the other pilot flying through the transparisteel window. The unfortunate pilot plummeted twenty metres until finally smashing into the dirt. The General, wearing grey plastoid chest armour and helmet, tried attacking Amelia, but she knocked him down with her elbow. All of a sudden, two AT-AHTs started firing at them. The massive heavy laser cannons tore through the armoured hull, sending the AT-AHT plummeting towards the ground sideways. Amelia grabbed onto whatever she could, and braced for impact. The AT-AHT fell towards the ground hard, and Amelia was knocked out cold.

Amelia woke up hours later inside the cockpit of the fallen AT-AHT. It was dark and smoky, and the noise of battle had ceased. Her tattooed body was cut up and bruised. Amelia tried to get up, but her shoulder was dislocated. Her head was pounding, and every joint and bone in her body was aching; she had difficulty breathing because of the smoke filling the cabin. She coughed, then crawled over to the door, and slammed her shoulder back into place; the sudden sharp pain surged through her body, causing her to scream in agony. Tears welled up in her eyes from the pain. Amelia looked around, and saw nothing but dead bodies and twisted metal. Then, faintly, she heard someone's groans. She looked towards the pilots seats, and didn't see the General. She stood up, and walked into the shredded troop staging area. Sixty dead stormtroopers littered the floor, and at the end, Amelia saw the General crawling away. He looked back, and his eyes went wide. He immediately tried to crawl away faster, but couldn't. Amelia caught up to him, and grabbed him by the throat.

"And where do you think you're going?" Amelia taunted as she looked him straight in the eye.

Amelia dragged the General out of the twisted hull of the fallen AT-AHT and onto the dusty, scorched ground of Ossus. Amelia looked around; it was night time on Ossus, and the stars lit up the night sky. Several destroyed AT-RCTs laid around them, as well as several AT-AHTs that she brought down; their hulls were still flaming and billowing smoke from their wreckage. She looked towards the crash site; the *Anvil* was completely engulfed with black smoke, and the survivors were all dead. She looked back at the General; he was an old man, probably around sixty standard years old, balding with white hair; he wore a peach-coloured eye patch over his right eye. His body was still in good shape for a man of his age, and he still carried himself with pride. However, his face was cut up from flying metal, and his right femur was broken, with the bone sticking out of the thigh muscle. His uniform was dark grey, with a plastoid chest armour for protection, with six command squares in a row, three gold, three red.

"What's your name and rank?" Amelia asked.

"Saul Tye, Major General of the Imperial Army under the rightful leadership of Emperor Roan Fel." He replied.

"What is your purpose here on Ossus?" Amelia interrogated.

"I'm not tell you anything." General Saul Tye replied.

Amelia stared at him for a moment. She looked down and grabbed his right leg. Pain surged up General Saul Tye's leg, and he gave a painful scream. Tears welled up in his eyes from the overwhelming pain; his face turned red, and sweat ran down his forehead.

"You sure about that?" Amelia taunted.

Then, with a forceful push, Amelia shoved the broken bone back into his leg. The bone made a sickening crack as it was forced back it. The pain was nearly unbearable, and General Saul Tye thought he was going to pass out from the pain.

"Tell me what your intensions on Ossus are!" Amelia ordered.

"Sith scum!" General Saul Tye shouted, "Betrayers to the Empire!"

Amelia grabbed his right leg again, and began twisting the broken bone inside. The broken bone grinded up against itself with sickening crunching. The pain was overwhelming, but Amelia used the Force to make sure that he wouldn't pass out.

"Tell me!" Amelia ordered, "I can do a lot worse than this!"

Tears ran down his reddened face, "We were sent here to intercept and destroy the incoming Sith fleet!"

Amelia was taken aback, "What did you say?"

"We were given intelligence that the Sith fleet was going to arrive on Ossus and we were sent to destroy it." General Saul Tye clarified.

"Intelligence from who?" Amelia asked.

General Saul Tye chuckled, "From the Sith themselves."

Amelia was confused by the answer; she stretched out with the Force, and could find no deceit in his words, "Exiled?"

"Nah, they were devoted to their misguided cause." General Saul Tye continued, "We executed him afterwards, of course."

Amelia took a moment to take it all in. She didn't quite believe it, but it made sense.

"Why do you think you were sent here with so little?" General Saul Tye asked, "Why do you think your deflector shields failed?"

"Why?" Amelia asked.

"Sabotage." General Saul Tye answered.

Amelia could feel the anger build up inside her.

*Betrayal.*

"Looks like the Sith don't like you very much." General Saul Tye replied, "They wanted you to die here."

"So there was no meeting intended to take place here, was there?" Amelia asked.

"If there was, it would be long over by now." General Saul Tye replied, then gave a smirk.

In a rage, Amelia lifted the General off the ground, and used a powerful Force Crush on him. His bones started to bend and twist inside his body; the agony was unbearable, but Amelia kept him awake during the process. The General screamed in pain; fear flooded his thoughts. Amelia fed off that fear, and harnessed and focused it.

Suddenly, one-by-one, his bones shattered and broke, causing incredible amounts of pain to surge through his body. She could hear each bone snap under tremendous strain. Sickly, Amelia used the Force to keep him alive for each moment so he could feel the sensation of his bones breaking. Finally, General Saul Tye died from the terrible Force attack, and Amelia tossed him towards the ground. His limp, shattered body hit the ground, and slid through the dusty, scorched ground. Dust lifted off the ground, and covered the General's dead body. Amelia looked towards the Jedi Temple she saw as she fell through the atmosphere, and started walking.

### **The Jedi Temple Ruins, Ossus:**

Amelia walked through the dark, lush and shadowy jungles of Ossus, until she reached the ruins of the former Jedi Temple. There was still activity near the main stairs that led into the former Jedi Temple. A small camp fire was burning, and a couple of *Nune*-class Imperial shuttles, a J-1 Jedi Shuttle, and some CF9 Crossfire starfighters were laying around. It appeared that some members of the meeting didn't leave yet. There were small tents surrounding the campfire, and Amelia reached out with the Force, and sensed the Sith Lord Darth Kuruapt in one of them.

Amelia snuck behind the tents, and slipped into the temporary fabric tent where Darth Kuruapt was being held. Darth Kuruapt was a large, muscular Weequay Sith Lord, with red and black geometric tattoos all over his body. His black armour was stripped off, and it seemed that they tortured him, since he had straight cuts all over his body and face. Blood ran down his face profusely from various wounds he had sustained. Darth Kuruapt looked up at Amelia with shocked eyes.

"Lady Amelia." Darth Kuruapt strained to say.

"I told you I was going to kill you myself, betrayer." Amelia replied.

Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the *snap-hiss* startled him. The rage of betrayal flooded through her.

"Wait—" Darth Kuruapt began to say.

Amelia plunged her crimson-bladed lightsaber into his chest, killing him instantly. She then walked outside the tent, and severed the heads of the two stormtroopers that were guarding the tent. Their heads rolled on the dirty ground, and their bodies fell limp. Suddenly, everyone turned and looked at her.

"Sith!" One of the exiled-Imperial officers shouted, "Kill her!"

Stormtroopers charged at her, but she defended herself easily. She deflected the blaster bolts fired towards her with her lightsaber, sending the bolts back towards the crowd of charging stormtroopers. The blaster bolts struck the white plastoid armour, killing the stormtrooper inside, or at least, injuring them. Amelia charged towards the stormtroopers. Once she got close enough, she then slashed and stabbed the stormtroopers, viciously killing all of them. They didn't stand a chance against her.

Meanwhile, exiled-Imperial officers made their way towards the *Nune*-class Imperial shuttles, along with some stormtroopers, attempted to take off. Galactic Alliance Remnant pilots retreated to their CF9 Crossfire starfighters and did the same. Amelia, in a complete rage, unleashed a powerful Force Surge attack that disabled and ruptured the spacecraft. The lightning bolts struck the durasteel hulls of the spacecraft, perforating and melting it. The shuttles and starfighters exploded into massive fireballs, killing all those inside. Black smoke billowed up from the fiery wreckage.

Amelia turned her attention back onto the stormtroopers in front of her. With pleasure, she resumed cutting down the stormtroopers with vicious attacks. She quickly cut their ranks down to size. In a rage, Amelia lifted the last remaining stormtrooper into the air, and used Force Crush. The stormtrooper screamed in pain. His white plastoid armour shattered, along with his bones and organs.

"Stop!" Someone shouted.

Amelia turned and saw someone walk towards her from the shadows of the ruined Jedi Temple. Amelia quickly stretched out with her feelings, and sensed the being; he was a powerful light presence in the Force. The person walked into the light; he was a tall, slender but athletic, man with short brown hair, and blue eyes. He wore the brown and tan coloured attire of a Jedi, and had a lightsaber hilt in his hands.

"Let him go." The Jedi said.

Amelia threw the stormtrooper into the campfire. His body burst into flames when he landed in the fire. The plastoid armour melted, giving off a repulsive odour.

"And who the hell are you?" Amelia asked.

"I am Jedi Master Hayden Korr." The Jedi replied, "And I know exactly who you are."

"Do you?" Amelia asked, "Well, then you'll know exactly what I'm going to do to you."

"Such a pity, someone so powerful, blinded by the false ideals of the Sith, and the dark-side of the Force." Jedi Master Hayden Korr replied.

"Enough lies!" Amelia shouted.

Amelia charged at Jedi Master Hayden Korr. He activated his blue-bladed lightsaber and blocked her powerful attack. She used the full fury of Djem So and Makashi to attack the Jedi. In response to her attacks, Jedi Master Hayden Korr resorted to the defensive style of Soresu. Their lightsabers clashed with incredible speed, and with incredible force. The explosions of light lit up the dark camp, and the deafening sounds echoed. Surprisingly, Jedi Master Hayden Korr was able to defend himself quite well against Amelia's relentless attacks.

Strategically, Jedi Master Hayden Korr retreated to inside the Jedi Temple ruins. Amelia followed, continuing her relentless attacks. Jedi Master Hayden Korr used a powerful Force Wave to push Amelia back, as he fled inside the ruined structure. Amelia blocked much of the attack, but it allowed him to get away. Amelia, in a rage, followed inside. The ruins were dark, and unstable; piles of rubble stone and durasteel laid everywhere. While inside, Amelia saw glimpses of the Jedi, as he jumped and moved around the ruins. Every once in a while, the Jedi would attack, but Amelia quickly defended herself. Then, just as fast, he would disappear into the shadows.

"Coward!" Amelia shouted, her voice echoed, "This is how a Jedi Master fights?"

Suddenly, Amelia arrived in a large open space within the ruins. The walls were surrounded by rubble and odd Yuuzhan Vong growths from the former gardens. Suddenly, from the shadows, Jedi Master Hayden Korr leapt into the air and onto Amelia. She blocked the lightsaber attack with her own, and used the Force to send him flying backwards in the stony rubble. The Jedi got back up onto his feet, and charged Amelia. Their lightsabers clashed once again with a fury. The explosions of light lit up the vast empty space inside the ruins. Suddenly, Amelia used Force Wave to send the Jedi Master into more rubble.

The Jedi seemed to disappear into the shadows. Then, suddenly, she noticed some of the pieces of rock and rubble hovering in the air. The stone debris flew towards her; she defended herself by using her lightsaber, but there were too many. At the end of the vast empty expanse, Jedi Master Hayden Korr was hovering in the air, directing the telekinetic attack. The smaller pieces of rubble hit Amelia in the back or the face, bring her down to her knees. However, with every hit, she just got madder. She used her anger to fuel the dark-side of the Force, and fought harder to evade the rubble.



Suddenly, Jedi Master Hayden Korr commanded four building sized chunks of rock to hurdle towards her. She stopped one of the flying blocks with the Force, but the second one crashed right into it, shattering it into thousands of pieces. Huge chunks of rock rained down on top of her, striking her in the head and back. Then, the third block smacked into her; she used the Force to protect herself, but she could still feel the impact. The fourth one came crashing down on top of her. Jedi Master Hayden Korr gracefully descended towards the ground. He stared at the large rubble pile where Amelia stood. Suddenly, Amelia used a powerful Force Wave to lift the tonnes of rock and debris off her, and sent it flying through the air. Amelia, with only small cuts on her face, emerged from the rubble.

"Impossible." Jedi Master Hayden Korr whispered to himself.

Amelia approached with her lightsaber drawn.

"Possible, Jedi." Amelia replied.

In desperation, Jedi Master Hayden Korr lifted two large stone pillars from out of the surrounding rubble, and threw them towards her. She leapt into the air, and ran across the flying pillars towards the Jedi. Finally, she leapt up off the pillars, and behind Jedi Master Hayden Korr. He blocked her attack, and they engaged in another lightsaber duel. Amelia was faster, and more powerful than before, while he was weaker from the strain of lifting tonnes of stone and rubble. Soon, his arms started to tire, and give out. In that moment, Amelia somersaulted over the Jedi's head, and backstabbed the Jedi. Her crimson-bladed lightsaber pierced his spinal cord, and exited through his chest just below his heart. Jedi Master Hayden Korr's eyes went wide and his mouth opened due to the sudden surge of pain. Amelia then grabbed him by the throat from behind, and choked him.

"These are my ideals, Jedi." Amelia taunted.

Amelia kicked him down to the dusty ground. He laid on the ground gasping and convulsing in shock and pain. Amelia then sent out several bolts of black lightning bolts out of her hands, and into his chest. She drained the vitality and Force energy out of him; she drained him of his life-force. But she stopped before he was completely drained; she left just enough in him to live through the next few moments. With a sudden surge of power, she used the Force to pull the rubble roof above them down. Hundreds of tonnes of rock and debris from the former Jedi Temple crashed down on top of them. Amelia used her incredible Force power to keep the tonnes of rubble from crushing her, but the Jedi Master wasn't so lucky. She watched as the stones crushed

and pulverized his body, leaving nothing behind. Then, with a surge of power, she lifted all the rocks above her head off. Huge chunks of rock were sent flying through the air. Looking around the rubble she just created, she calmly walked out of the massive rubble pile.

She walked back into the camp. She sensed no one else alive. She took a look around anyways. Nothing but useless Imperial equipment, and dead stormtroopers everywhere. Nothing else for her, she climbed aboard the J-1 Jedi Shuttle, and took off for orbit. She thought to herself about her next move; she clearly couldn't return to Coruscant because the Sith Order was out to get her, and any other Sith-Imperial fleet would kill her on sight. With no one left alive that knew she was still alive, she could basically go anywhere. She desperately craved revenge against those to betrayed her; she needed knowledge to combat them, not just brute strength, and there was only one place where she knew she could get the knowledge she needed.

*Korriban.*

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# *Empowerment*

## Two Standard Days Later: Korriban:

Amelia jumped out of hyperspace and into high orbit around Korriban. She gazed upon the dusty, barren planet in the distance through the viewport of the J-1 Jedi Shuttle she stole. She needed to learn more about the dark-side from more intelligent, and more wise, dark masters of an older time; what better place to learn than on the tomb world of the ancient Sith. She immediately punched in the coordinates for the Sith Academy, and the J-1 Jedi Shuttle began its descent through the atmosphere.

She flew above the rocky, brown and tan-coloured cliffs and canyons of Korriban. Sand dune after sand dune rolled passed her. Finally, she saw the Sith Academy on the horizon. Within minutes she reached the landing platforms. They were all empty; the academy seemed desolate and abandoned. She climbed out of the shuttle, and walked into the hallways of the nearly empty academy. The only beings within the walls of the academy was a small company of stormtroopers, a few Sith scholars and students, who were recently picked up by the Sith, and are still learning the ways of the dark-side.

She stormed down the hallways of the academy like a woman on a mission; in a way, she was. As she roamed the empty hallways, few beings passed her. She climbed down several flights of stairs, descending through the academy until she was on its lower-most floor. She immediately stormed into the Healing Chambers; she pushed aside the two large stone doors that led into the gigantic room. The Healing Chambers was dark, and only dimly lit by the lights underneath the red bacta tanks. No one was currently in the bacta tanks, and no one was operating any of the equipment. She quickly looked around, finally deciding to investigate further. She finally recalled:

*Stasis Room.*

She immediately ran towards the last room on the floor. She walked towards another set of gigantic stone doors; she slowly pushed them aside, and walked into the room. Inside, surrounded by dozens of pillars of bluish-white light emanating from the floor, was Darth Krayt. He appeared to be at rest, hovering silently within the bars of bluish-white light. A Force-cage, an energy-shield that surrounded the prisoner in a cylindrical-like tube, surrounded and held Darth Krayt. She approached Darth Krayt slowly, never letting her sight fall away from him.

Suddenly, one of the Masters of the Academy barged into the Stasis Room, and shouted, "Who are you?"

She turned around, and stared at the lone Master of the Academy. She stared directly into his eyes, although they were covered in shadow from their black, heavy cloth robes. The Master, hunched over, and draped in black cloth, stared back at her.

"I remember you." The Master replied, "The great and powerful... Amelia... isn't it?"

"So what was the deal?" Amelia rhetorically asked, "You look the other way, Darth Wyyrlok takes the throne, and you get... more power?"

"I don't answer to you!" The Master growled.

"Darth Wyyrlok has betrayed the Sith, and must be punished for what he's done." Amelia stated, "And since you helped him, you must be punished as well."

"Your mind is clouded, child." The Master replied, "Darth Krayt still lives. The One Sith still lives."

Amelia could feel the rage well up inside her. Suddenly, Amelia lifted herself off the ground, hovering about two metres off the ground. She screamed, and unleashed a powerful Force Wave attack. The powerful pressure wave struck the energy shield surrounding Darth Krayt; the energy from the pressure wave dissipated and disrupted the Force-cage, causing it to shut itself off. Suddenly, the beams of bluish-white light shuttered out of existence, and Darth Krayt fell onto the ground. His limp body crashed onto the stone tiled floor, and laid there motionless. Amelia gracefully descended onto her feet, and walked beside Darth Krayt. She lifted his helmet off his head, and stared onto his face.

"Darth Krayt is dead." Amelia informed, "Darth Wyyrlok murdered him; he betrayed all of us." She gazed upon the Master, "You all will be punished for your treachery!"

Suddenly, through the pair of large stone doors, the rest of the Seven Masters of the Academy appeared. They were all draped in black, heavy cloth robes and other Sith attire. They stood side-by-side, and glared at Amelia.

"You don't have what it takes to defeat all of us!" The Master replied.

Amelia stood back up, and glared at the Seven Masters standing in front of her. She saw their sickly hands, covered in boils and scabs, through their heavy robes. She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the *snap-hiss* echoed within the giant room. She felt the Seven Masters pour fear and nervousness into the Force; she smiled, then



charged towards them. Suddenly, one of the Seven Masters of the Academy unleashed a powerful Force Surge attack that stopped Amelia dead in her tracks. The immense lightning bolts struck Amelia in the chest, causing her heart to skip a beat. She rose her lightsaber just in time to block the next series of electrical discharge. The flashing blue lightning bolts struck her crimson blade, and sizzled and crackled as they made contact. Amelia pushed back against the torrent of lightning; the dark and nearly empty room flashed with bright blue light from the electrical energy discharged. The force from the electrical energy was strong enough to cause her to fall onto her knees; the flashes of light blinded her, and the sizzle and crackle deafened her.

With all her strength, she rose onto her feet. With impressive control and concentration, she harnessed her own Force powers, and focused on the lightning bolts surrounding her. Suddenly, with great precision, she arced the lightning bolts back towards the Master; the sudden surge of electrical energy flew back at its creator. A perfect counter-attack. The lightning bolts struck the Master who summoned them with great force; he fell onto his knees from the sudden electrical shock. Amelia immediately charged towards the Seven Masters with her crimson-bladed lightsaber drawn. The Seven Masters flooded fear and terror into the Force; never in their long lives had they ever encountered such a being. The six other Masters backed away, leaving the lone, stricken-down Master to fend for himself. Within moments Amelia was directly in front of the stricken Master; he was still on his knees recovering from the counter-attack. Suddenly, Amelia slashed the fallen Master across the chest; the Master screamed in pain, then fell onto the stone floor. A bright, orange glow was left on the fallen Master where the lightsaber blade made contact, and dark-grey smoke billowed from his chest.

Amelia knelt down, and pulled the hood off of the Master's face. She revealed the hideous face underneath the dark hood. His face, that of a human male, was tattooed with Sith patterns, filled with boils, scars and cracks, coupled with rotten and decayed flesh, with jet-black eyes. His hair, whatever little there was, was thin and ghostly white; his skin was wrinkled, and lacked any pigment.

"Disgusting creatures." Amelia growled, "What retched things you have become."

"We have lived for over a century, harnessing the power of the dark-side for the One Sith." Another Master answered, "You have no right to judge us!"

Amelia stared at the six Masters in front of her, "You are all slaves; slaves to Wyyrlok, slaves to false ideals."

"You are truly lost, young one." A third Master replied.

"You think you know better?" A fourth Master asked in a trembling voice.

Amelia thought for a moment, "Yes. The One Sith need a powerful leader in order to survive and sustain itself." She answered, "Wyyrlok is not that leader; you are not those leaders."

"Careful—" One of the Masters began.

"Corrupt and perverted beings." Amelia cut in, "You must be removed for the One Sith to remain."

"Now, just you wait—" Another Master started.

Suddenly, Amelia threw her crimson-bladed lightsaber at one of the Masters; the lightsaber streaked through the air like a spear. The crimson energy blade pierced through the heart of the Master, another sickly human male, killing him instantly. Suddenly, Amelia tore the crimson blade out of his chest, and kicked the dead body onto the stone floor. Upon retrieving her lightsaber, the remaining five Masters of the Academy unleashed an epic Force Surge; the attack was directed at Amelia in unison. Amelia immediately blocked the epic Force attack with her lightsaber; the torrent of lightning bolts was unbelievable. The entire room seemed to be filled with lightning bolts; the intense heat from the electrical energy started burning her skin, and the flashes of light as the lightning struck her lightsaber was blinding. She fell to her knees, trying to hold back the immense barrage of electrical energy.

Suddenly, with a tremendous roar, Amelia redirected the lightning bolts back towards the five remaining Masters. The electrical energy within the room dissipated upon striking the five remaining Masters. Surprisingly, the five Masters were still standing, although their black, heavy cloth Sith robes were billowing with smoke. She charged towards them again, and swung her lightsaber at one of the Master's head. She cleaved his head off; the head of a male Iktotchi rolled on the cold, stone floor. His face, similar to the others, was tattooed with black geometric Sith patterns, covered in scars and cracks, and was ghostly pale. The Iktotchi's gigantic horns were curved downward, and were sharpened and adorned with gold rings, adding more menace to his face.

She turned around and lashed out at another Master, but suddenly, with tremendous speed, the Master moved out of the way. All of a sudden the four remaining Masters of the Academy whizzed by her with incredible Force augmented speed; Master Speed. Their bodies were a blur to her, and she couldn't tell where one Master was or wasn't. She tried swinging her blade, but they would easily dodge the

attack. After a few futile attempts, she closed her eyes, and stretched out with the Force; she went into deep concentration, and deep meditation. Suddenly, their incredibly fast movements didn't seem all that fast at all; it was as if time slowed down, allowing her to anticipate their moves. She immediately spun on her heel, and lashed out with the crimson energy blade. Her crimson blade made contact with one of the Masters, cleaving his torso in two. The body of a male Devaronian fell onto the stone floor. The face of the Devaronian was sickly and disgusting, while his gigantic horns were razor-sharp and adored with gold rings. The three remaining Masters immediately came to a halt, and stared at Amelia; she was standing over the dead body of the Devaronian, staring at the dead body.

"Great Amelia, it doesn't have to be this way." One of the Masters pleaded.

"You have proven your great power and will with the dark-side of the Force." The second Master added.

"Indeed. A being of great power. Worthy of following by the One Sith." The third Master finished.

Amelia turned to face the three remaining Masters of the Academy. She stared into their shadowy hoods with piercing eyes, "Pathetic beings. Weak and impotent creatures." She replied, "Don't you see? For the One Sith to reign... you must die."

One of the Masters screamed, "You are a rabid psychopath, young one! Blind by your own insanity!"

"You will never lead the One Sith!" Another Master added, "No one will ever join you!"

The last Master paused for a moment, then replied, "The bloodlust is unquenchable in this one."

Amelia smiled, then charged with her lightsaber. Suddenly, the three remaining Masters unleashed a powerful Sonic Scream that shook the gigantic stone room. Amelia stopped dead in her tracks, and clutched her ears in pure and utter pain. The sonic energy reverberated within the room, shaking small chunks of stone from the walls and ceiling. The screams coursed through her body; she felt the rumbling and shaking within her bones and organs. Stone bricks and other debris fell all around her as the room shook ever more violently. The entire academy seemed to shake from the powerful Sonic Screams. Blood trickled down and out of her ear. In desperation, she summoned all the strength she could muster, and unleashed a Force Wave attack. The

powerful pressure wave struck the three remaining Masters, sending them across the dark, stone room. Amelia immediately rose to her feet; her head was still pounding from the sonic discharge, and here joints ached.

"You don't know what it is like to wield power!" Amelia shouted, "I am power!"

Amelia stretched out her hand, and splayed her fingers; suddenly, a course of black lightning bolts shot out of her fingers and struck the three remaining Masters of the Academy. The three Masters screamed in shock and pain as the black lightning bolts struck them in the chest; their life-force, their vitality and Force energy, was slowly being drained out of their bodies. Slowly, the three Masters started to die; their rotten bodies started failing them. Their bodies seemed to slowly turn to dust, and wither away. Within moments the Masters of the Academy were all dead; the withered husks fell onto the stone floor, and shattered upon impact. Although it was almost impossible to tell from the dusty, old husks, the three remaining Masters seemed to be a Twi'lek, a Zabrak, and a Quarren. Amelia felt supremely stronger with every passing moment. Her breathing was laboured, her heart was pounding out of her chest, and sweat trickled down her forehead. Her muscles were exhausted, but her mind was never sharper.

Amelia calmly walked out of the Stasis Room; outside, several of the Sith students were standing there, listening to the commotion inside. They were young, sixteen or seventeen, and all had frightened expressions on their faces. Their eyes went wide once they gazed upon her; they saw the seven dead Masters laying on the cold, stone floor, and feared for the worst. In a rage, she plunged her lightsaber into their chests. The Sith students ran in fear, screaming uncontrollably as they did. Amelia fed off of their fear of her as she chased them down the hallways.

Stormtroopers came running down the dark hallways of the academy. Amelia immediately turned to face them. Suddenly, the remaining students, over a dozen of them, returned with various melee weapons and lightsabers, from the other end of the hallway. Amelia was trapped in between them. She felt the rage inside well up and consume her. In a sudden fury, she unleashed a massive life-force drain; black lightning bolts left her hands and entered everyone within the hallways. She drained them of their life-force, rendering them completely incapacitated. Within moments, they all dropped to the floor; their dusty husks of their former selves shattered and disintegrated upon impact. The hallway was filled with over a hundred dead stormtroopers, and about two dozen Sith students. Amelia felt empowered with her newly acquired life-force.

Amelia then walked up towards the main floor of the academy, and proceeded into the library. There, about six Sith scholars poured over the ancient texts. They looked up at her; her lightsaber was still drawn. Suddenly, the academy's librarian approached her. She was an elderly woman, with faint Sith tattoos on her face, and thinning white hair.

"You are not allowed in here with that weapon!" The librarian ordered with a stern expression on her face.

Suddenly, Amelia stabbed her in the chest. The librarian's dead body dropped to the floor. Amelia simply stood at the doorway, staring at the dead body of the librarian. The Sith scholars got up from their chairs, and panicked. Their fear was overwhelming, and Amelia basked in it. Then, as before, Amelia unleashed a massive life-force drain. The black lightning bolts filled the entire library, draining everyone in it. Within only minutes, the entire academy was left completely deserted. In her isolation, Amelia began pouring over the ancient texts and tomes from former dark masters.

A standard week passed, and Amelia hasn't stopped her readings of the dark-side of the Force. She used an old Force technique that allowed her to stay awake, and absorb information from books much easier. During her studies, she had come across several unusual dark techniques that Amelia immediately picked up on and mastered in a very short amount of time.

One of the techniques she learned was the ability to combine several Force techniques into one, creating a single Force technique that is much more efficient, and significantly more powerful. She learned that only certain Force techniques were able to be rendered in this fashion, usually only the ones of similar qualities. During her readings, she discovered that her life-force draining abilities, which seemed to have manifested itself spontaneously within Amelia, was actually a Force technique known as Death Field. Death Field was actually a very difficult Force technique to master, yet it seemed so natural to her.

She also learned a way to corrupt certain light-side Force techniques into a dark, twisted and perverted versions. She experienced this during her study under Jedi Sage Master Luffa Dwen, when she was taught a Force Healing technique, but the sudden surge of dark-side energy corrupted it. She was still able to heal herself, but purely with the dark-side of the Force. What her Jedi Sage Master called twisted and perverted, she thought of as powerful. This technique was much more complicated to learn because it

required manipulating the Force in unusual and specific ways, such that the outcome remained the same, but harnessed the dark-side of the Force.

The final thing she learned was an even higher level of lightsaber combat that she was unfamiliar with. This was the ability to combine two lightsaber forms into one lightsaber style, combining the strengths of the combined lightsaber forms, while reducing their individual weaknesses. She inadvertently learned this when she fought the doppelgänger of Darth Vader, where he combined Djem So with Makashi into one powerful, yet elegant lightsaber form. This was extremely hard to learn, since text and practice don't always go hand-in-hand.

Coupled with the ability to combine lightsaber forms, was the ability to combine multiple Force forms. This ability would give you the benefits of each Force form simultaneously, resulting in the most powerful Force techniques ever unleashed. This was easier for Amelia to learn, since Force meditations were more intuitive and natural to her. Surprisingly, she managed to combine all four Force forms into a single, omnipotent technique whereby she harnessed all of their strengths, but none of their weaknesses.

Amelia also came across several ancient Sith legends and prophecies. One of the most prominent, and most intriguing was the legend of the Sith'ari, a genetically perfect being that was able to harness an unlimited amount of Force energy; the ultimate Sith. The prophecy foretold that the Sith'ari would rise to power and lead the Sith to greatness; however, as a result, the Sith'ari would also lead them to their eventual destruction. The prophecy also foretold that amidst their destruction, they would become stronger than ever before. Amelia read the legend over and over again, understanding each word to its full extent.

Amelia also ventured through the Sith Museum of Ancient Artefacts, and discovered two ancient Sith Swords. Their blades were empowered and imbued with ancient Sith Alchemy, hard enough to resist even lightsabers. In the hilt of the swords, however, she discovered two lightsaber crystals. One was called Qixoni, a powerful dark-side crystal that had a blood red colour to it, and a vitreous lustre. The rare gemstone was formed when an unknown planet was consumed by a supernova. The crystal was said to enhance ones abilities with a lightsaber, allowing for stronger attacks and faster reflexes. The other crystal was called Katak; this unusual crystal gave out a powerful dark-side aura, that when used in a lightsaber, was able to siphon the opponents life-force directly through the blade. Upon discovering these two lightsaber crystals, she immediately smashed them open, and placed them in her own lightsaber.



She held the lightsaber in her hands, and immediately felt a rush of dark-side energies pour into her body. The energy gave her strength, and the ability to master the unusual and new lightsaber techniques she just read about and learned.

After a standard week in the Sith Library, Amelia felt she should get out and really hone her abilities with these new techniques she just learned. She decided to venture out into the badlands of Korriban, and head for the Valley of the Dark Lords, where only Sith scholars and archaeologists usually go, and students rarely see.

Amelia arrived in the Valley of the Dark Lords. The strong wind blew up sand and dust, irritating her eyes, blinding her temporarily. She was wearing only a black Sith robe, and her scanty outfit, so the sands abraded her skin as she walked. The valley was lined on either side by massive ruined tombs of former Sith Lords. Their statues, and archways were colossal, however, time had eroded away their once majestic appearance. The hot, blazing, orange sun was beating down on her through the sandstorm. Amelia walked into the middle of the Valley, and stopped once she reached Naga Sadow's tomb. She sat in front of the tomb's entrance, cross-legged, and closed her eyes. The wind swirled around her, and a cone of dust and sand surrounded her. She meditated there, basking in the dark-side energies that flowed out from the tombs. Hours seemed to pass in a blink of an eye. Suddenly, she felt a disturbance through the Force. She opened her eyes, and turned around, towards the academy. She gazed upon a tall, male Nagai, with long black hair, white skin and black tattoos, wearing unusual black armour. His right arm seemed to have been amputated and regrown; a black, craggily, spiky Yuuzhan Vong bio-mechanical arm replaced his normal one. On his back was his yorik coral lightsaber staff. She watched as he slowly approached her from down the academy.

"Darth Nihl." Amelia replied.

Darth Nihl stopped about ten metres away from her, and held his yorik coral lightsaber staff in his right hand. Amelia rose from her sitting position, and stared at him with evil and piercing eyes.

"So disloyal." Darth Nihl replied in a cold voice, "So devious."

"Your Lord Wyyrlok betrayed all of us!" Amelia rebutted.

Darth Nihl looked down at the rocky ground, "I know."

Amelia was taken aback by the comment, "You know?"



"Darth Wyyrlok has blinded those around him; blinded them from the truth, and to his true intentions." Darth Nihl replied, "He has lost perspective, and has become a rabid animal, drunk with power."

"And?" Amelia asked.

"And... I am sick of following false prophets and false ideals." Darth Nihl replied, "They are all lies perpetrated by a false Dark Lords; Darth Krayt... Darth Wyyrlok."

Amelia nodded; she sensed no deception in his words, "Darth Krayt was a wound to the Sith, as is Darth Wyyrlok. A wound that must be severed for the Sith to survive!" Amelia shouted over the howling of the wind, "Darth Krayt was a sickly being, and his death would have led to the destruction of the Sith Order."

"Darth Wyyrlok must be removed for the One Sith to survive." Darth Nihl replied.

"I agree." Amelia answered, "But someone strong with the dark-side of the Force must take his place." Darth Nihl waited for her response, "I will take the mantle, and unify our allies."

She looked at Darth Nihl; he bowed before her, "I swear my loyalty to you, Lady Amelia." Darth Nihl swore, "The true Dark Lady of the Sith!"

Amelia smiled at the gesture.

"Rise, Lord Nihl." Amelia ordered, "You've always had your own ambitions. You weren't corrupted by Darth Krayt's teachings, and Lord Wyyrlok obviously has no hold on you. That is why you will be a perfect instrument to bring down the pretender."

"What are your orders, Lady Amelia?" Darth Nihl asked.

"We must summon Wyyrlok's enemies, and remove him from power, permanently." Amelia answered, "We must attack soon, for the more time that passes, the more likely they will discover us."

Darth Nihl smiled, "Darth Wyyrlok's enemies have already been unified, and they have agreed to follow you into battle."

"Is that so?" Amelia asked.

"You have quite a reputation in the Outer Rim, Lady Amelia." Darth Nihl answered, "You were quite well known for daring military campaigns and viciousness."

Amelia smiled, "How many have you gathered?"

"Enough." Darth Nihl answered.

Amelia nodded her head, "Go back to Coruscant, and wait for my signal."  
Amelia ordered, "I will come to you soon enough."

### **Three Standard Days Later: Coronet City, Corellia:**

Amelia travelled to Coronet City and headed back towards the underlevels of the Blue Sector. Amelia was surprised by the lack of turmoil Corellia, in fact the entire Corellian system, had sustained during the war; thus far, Corellia hadn't been greatly affected, or ravaged, by the war. The beings in Coronet City, but even broader to all of Corellia, didn't seem affected by the war at all; if she didn't know better, she might have thought they didn't even know a war was happening.

It was night time, and the night crowd was just getting out. Amelia traveled back to the nightclub *'DA FUNK*. Outside the rave were crowds of people, all humans, waiting to get in. She was just wearing her scanty outfit, and the night air gave her goosebumps. The line-up outside was as long as she remembered. She walked up towards the bouncer, but before she could use a Mind Trick on him, he said:

"You, with the legs. You're in." The bouncer replied.

Amelia immediately walked in. The music pounded through the walls, and shook the floor. It was the same electronic rave music that she remembered from the last time she was here. Amelia walked into the rave; there were hundreds of people, all humans, inside. They were all drunk, wasted beyond comprehension, and danced to the hypnotic rave music. On the DJ booth, she saw the same two guys dressed as robots playing the various electronic equipment that made the music. Flashing lights and lasers streaked across the room to the tune of the music, while people were dancing on a transparisteel dance-stage that lit up in various colours. She drew many curious eyes from various people within the rave; some were confused, while others were attracted to her. She looked around, towards the booths, and saw someone she remembered; he was a young, dark-olive skinned, black haired, dark brown eyed individual wearing a nice black business suite with white shirt and a red tie. She remembered him when she first walked towards the rave, and he was just walking out. Amelia went up to him, and sat down across from the booth he was sitting in. He took a sip of Corellian brandy.

"I've been expecting you." The man said.

"Do I know you?" Amelia asked.

"No. But to be fair, I don't know you either, not personally, anyways." The man said, "My name is Naes Funk; I own this club."

"Then, how could you be expecting me, exactly?" Amelia asked.

"I have certain... gifts." Naes Funk replied, "I can sense people; who they are, what they can do."

Amelia thought about the statement for a moment. She did sense something odd about him; he was Force-sensitive, but not powerful enough to be adequately trained as a Jedi, or a Sith. Nevertheless, there was no denying he had a greater connection to the Force than the average being.

"And what do you sense about me?" Amelia asked.

"Power." Naes Funk replied.

Amelia leaned back, "Maybe you can help me." Amelia suggested, "I'm looking for a gang that goes by the name *The Raven's Claw*."

Naes Funk leaned back into the cushion of the black leather booth, "Yes, I know them." Naes Funk replied, "They're a bunch of crazy, bloodthirsty mercenaries, if you ask me."

"I hear that they have quite a good record with killing Jedi." Amelia replied.

"That's true." Naes Funk answered, "They have a knack for it."

"Why?" Amelia asked.

"You'll find that out for yourself." Naes Funk replied.

"Where are they?" Amelia asked.

Naes Funk pointed to the back of the rave, behind closed curtains. Amelia looked to where he was pointing, and nodded her head.

"If you're really looking for some good hired work, I suggest you meet with a friend of mine." Naes Funk suggested; he placed a card on the counter for a man named Thrak Zann, "He'll have anything and everything you need."

Amelia took the card, and put it in between her breasts.

"I'll think about it." Amelia replied.

"Good." Naes Funk replied, "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be going."

Naes Funk grabbed his woollen black coat, and stood up, "I'm sorry that I have to do this, but it is part of the policy." Naes Funk said, then left.

Amelia didn't know what he was referring to, so she got up and walked to the bar. The bartender looked at her, and she ordered a Coruscant Cooler. Suddenly, she felt three presences behind her.

"Excuse me ma'am, but you're going to have to leave." A bouncer said in a deep voice.

Amelia turned around. She saw three very large, muscular men standing in front of her, armed with force pikes.

"Is this about the Coruscant Cooler?" Amelia jokingly asked, "I can order Corellian if it's going to be a problem."

"You have to leave, now." The bouncer said in a stern voice.

"Now, you ought to have some manners when speaking to me." Amelia said in an angry voice.

Amelia turned her back to the three bouncers, and took another sip of her Coruscant Cooler. Forcibly, the bouncer placed his muscular arm on her right shoulder. In an instant, Amelia took out her lightsaber, and severed his arm at the elbow. The bouncer screamed in pain, and clutched his amputated arm. Tears ran down his face as the pain surged up his arm into his body. Suddenly, Amelia felt a surge of fear flow through the other two bouncers. Amelia fed on it, and attacked. She plunged her lightsaber through the heart of one of the bouncers, and decapitated the other. She was so fast, they didn't even know what hit them. Others around her were too drunk to really notice anything, and the swinging of a crimson-bladed lightsaber seemed like another part of the intricate light show.

Suddenly, bouncers from both sides of her appeared. With a powerful scream, she incapacitated them with a Wave Front. The sonic discharged, amplified by the Force, and coupled with Force Wave, nearly killed everyone around her. The bouncers dropped to the floor, unconscious and bleeding from the ears and nose. Suddenly, the rest of the dancers started screaming and running out of the club. Amelia, however, calmly walked towards the back of the club. Bodies of people bumped into her as they

ran out of the rave, but she pushed forward. The private section of the nightclub was extremely nice and elegant, luxurious almost. It was also soundproof, and none of the screaming in the adjacent part of the club got through. The moment she walked into the private section, she received the watchful eyes of its customers. She looked around the private room; everyone was staring at her.

Finally, she spotted the leader of *The Raven's Claw*, Darin Bardok. Darin Bardok was a large, muscular, pale-skinned man, with black hair. His left eye was bright blue, and his right eye was dead white with a scar running across it. He wore his hair slightly long, and had a grizzled, unshaven beard. He was wearing a ivory-coloured blazer, with a light blue shirt underneath, and matching ivory-coloured trousers. Amelia walked up to him. Immediately, two large, muscular men stood up; they were his bodyguards. Amelia put her hands up, and suddenly unleashed Death Field; black lightning bolts shot out of her palms and into the two bodyguards hearts, siphoning off their life-force. Surprisingly, she felt a boost in her Force abilities. Within moments, the two bodyguards were dead; they fell to the floor, and nearly crumbled into dust. Amelia activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and pointed it towards Darin Bardok. Suddenly, nearly twenty other men stood behind her with repeating rifles pointed at her.

"We need to talk." Amelia demanded.

Darin Bardok simply stared at her, and smiled.

"If you really know who I am, then you'll know that I am not intimidated by your kind." Darin Bardok replied.

Amelia waited for a moment. She sensed something unusual emanating from him. Surprisingly, Darin Bardok, and the rest of *The Raven's Claw*, were all mildly Force-sensitive. They weren't powerful enough to actually command the Force as a Jedi or Sith could, but it did give them other benefits, such as enhanced reflexes, short foresight, and greater physical strength.

"I have a proposition for you." Amelia replied.

Darin Bardok nodded his head, and the rest of the gang lowered their repeating rifles.

"Go on." Darin Bardok replied.

"I need you to accompany me to Coruscant." Amelia answered.

"Why?" Darin Bardok asked.

"Because, I am going to bring down the Emperor." Amelia answered.

Darin Bardok laughed, "Your crazy, Jedi. You can't bring down the Emperor, no one can."

"I'm no Jedi." Amelia corrected.

"Oh? So, you're a Sith than, is it?" Darin Bardok replied, "You're talking of the 'old ways'."

"Don't quote me Sith proverbs, mercenary." Amelia barked, "Are you in, or not?"

"How much you paying us?" Darin Bardok asked.

"Whatever you want." Amelia answered.

Darin Bardok leaned back in his booth, and contemplated the job. She stared right into his eyes.

### **Three Standard Weeks Later: The Temple of the Sith, Coruscant:**

Amelia stood nervously as her *Nune*-class Imperial shuttle descended through the upper atmosphere of Coruscant. She wore her scanty outfit, showing off her athletic, tattooed body. Around here were over fifty battle-hardened mercenaries, *The Raven's Claw*; they stood beside her, calm, cool and collected. The mercenaries were wearing Mandalorian-like black cortosis-weaved armour, adored with dozens of sharp, little spikes all over. A long, black, tattered cape that stretched down from their necks completed the image. The armour covered them from head to toe. Their helmets were jet black, and had a similar T-visor like the Clone Troopers of The Clone Wars, but they also had horns on top that gave them a devilish look. Although their armour was full-body, they could still move with surprising dexterity and speed.

Amelia looked out the side viewport, and saw dozens more *Nune*-class Imperial shuttles following behind hers. Inside those Imperial shuttles were other Sith Lords and Sith Knights, along with several battalions of stormtroopers, all of whom pledged to fight alongside Amelia against Darth Wyyrlok. Amelia stretched out with the Force, and felt their anxiousness and apprehension. Suddenly, the Imperial shuttle rocked and jarred violently; Amelia used the Force to stick herself onto the durasteel grated floor, while the fifty other mercenaries simply slammed into one another. Outside the viewport were white clouds.



*We're getting closer.*

The Imperial shuttle shook some more, but the turbulence dissipated over time. Within minutes they descended below the cloud deck, and the skyline of Coruscant was visible. The towering skyscrapers and endless streams of airspeeders were an awe inspiring sight. The sun was going down, lighting up the sky with oranges and yellows. Over a hundred years ago, during the Yuuzhan Vong Invasion, Coruscant was annexed and renamed Yuuzhan'tar; in doing so, they moved its orbit closer to its primary star, crushed its largest moon to create a system of planetary rings and tore down many skyscrapers and replaced them with jungles and Vonglife. The remaining growths on the skyscrapers, as well as the altered sky of Coruscant were a chilling reminder of that long past war. As she stretched out with the Force, she could sense the tension and anxiety from the local population; Coruscant, recently, had become a powder keg waiting to explode. Off in the distance, a stream of black smoke billowed out from the top of a massive ziggurat structure made of dark grey and black stone; adjacent to the ziggurat were four large spires, each with a roaring fire on top.

Amelia smiled, "The Temple of the Sith! Dead ahead!" Amelia stated.

She felt the excitement swell up within the mercenaries. The Imperial shuttle pilot banked right, and headed directly for The Temple of the Sith. Suddenly, the air around them became denser, and more hazy. The black smoke that billowed from atop the temple created a microclimate around the temple itself; The Temple of the Sith was constantly enveloped by a thick atmosphere of smog, making it harder to breath. As she got closer, Amelia could point out the military forces guarding the temple. Outside the temple were several regiments of stormtroopers, a few AT-RCTs, and a couple of AT-AHTs. One *Pellaeon*-class Star Destroyer hung within the sky of Coruscant, just above The Temple of the Sith, while another was placed above the New Imperial Palace; they guarded their respective buildings, further adding tension within Coruscant. Finally, the rear boarding ramp descended, and a gust of smog-filled wind blew into the holding area. Amelia walked over to the boarding ramp, and saw they were just above the temple, about thirty metres above the surface of the duracrete ground.

"Alright! Let's go!" Amelia ordered.

Suddenly, Amelia leapt out of the Imperial shuttle and free-fell towards the surface. Her black Sith robe caught the wind, making it puff up; her bare skin grew chilly as the wind blew past it. Her scanty outfit provided little protection, but allowed for maximum flexibility. The wind blew through her dark red hair, fluttering in the



wind as she descended. Within moments, she struck the duracrete pavement; she used the Force to cushion her fall. The pavement shattered and cracked under the pressure from the impact, leaving behind a small crater; a small cloud of dust lingered in the air after she landed on the pavement. Amelia emerged unharmed from the fall; she walked forward, and gazed upon the hundreds, possibly thousands, of stormtroopers in front of her, blaster rifles drawn.

"Hello there." Amelia arrogantly replied.

She activated her crimson-bladed lightsaber; the *snap-hiss* frightened the stormtroopers. Immediately, they fired their blaster rifles at her; a torrent of red energy bolts hurdled towards her. Expertly, and effortlessly, she deflected the energy bolts back into the horde of stormtroopers in her way. Immediately, several stormtroopers were struck down by their own energy bolts. With a rage, Amelia charged forward; she plunged her lightsaber into the closest stormtrooper she could reach. The energy blade pierced through the white plastoid armour, cracking and shattering it, killing the being inside. The horde of stormtroopers descended upon her; she immediately dodged and ducked a torrent of blaster bolts, while slashing and hacking her way towards the entrance to the temple.

Moments later, the mercenaries touched down on the pavement; they descended the thirty metres on repel lines attached to the Imperial shuttle. They smoothly and safely landed on the pavement, unhooked their repel lines, and began firing wildly upon the stormtroopers; meanwhile the shuttle took off for orbit. Dozens of stormtroopers were killed within seconds; the mercenaries uncanny ability to eliminate targets, while dodging enemy fire was unbelievable.

Amelia, in a rage, unleashed a potent Power Surge; the electrical discharge was unlike anything she had previously witnessed. From within her body, and spontaneously from the air around, lightning bolts of unimaginable power struck; powerful blue lightning bolts filled the air. The intense heat from the electrical discharge singed Amelia's skin, and her hair stood on end. In an instantly, over a hundred stormtroopers laid dead on the pavement, electrocuted to death with their plastoid armour partially molten. Light grey smoke rose from their bodies; the molten plastoid bubbled and popped, making for an eerie sound. Amelia looked back, and saw the other twenty, or so, *Nune*-class Imperial shuttles finally touchdown. Out from the holding chamber were fifty stormtroopers each; her stormtroopers bore a black mark on their chest armour, a handprint.

"About time." Amelia whispered.

She saw them charge towards the temple, firing their blaster rifles wildly at the remaining stormtroopers around them. Suddenly, she heard the familiar and chilling sound of mechanical clanking from behind. She turned around and saw a four-metre tall, bipedal mechanical walker charge towards her; an AT-RCT. One of the stormtroopers atop the open platform stood up, and fired his blaster rifle. Amelia immediately deflected the incoming energy bolts with her crimson-bladed lightsaber; she expertly deflected the blaster bolts back at the stormtrooper, killing him with a single bolt. The stormtrooper pilot charged towards her; suddenly, the AT-RCT fired its medium blaster cannons at her. The energy bolts struck all around her; pits in the pavement were carved from the impacts. Immediately, Amelia charged towards the AT-RCT; she leapt into the air, and lunged towards the bipedal mechanical walker. With the full power of the Force, she lashed out with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. She sliced off one of its legs, causing it to topple over. The huge mechanical walker crashed into the pavement, cracking the duracrete from the enormous impact. Amelia landed safely beside the fallen walker; surprisingly the stormtrooper pilot was still alive, although pinned under a piece of twisted metal.

She walked towards him; the stormtrooper pilot pleaded, "No! Please!"

Without mercy, she swung her lightsaber, and decapitated the stormtrooper pilot. The white plastoid helmet fell onto the pavement, and rolled for about a metre. From behind, a stream of large red energy bolts flew passed her; she immediately jumped into the air, twisted, and dodged the incoming blaster bolts. She landed gracefully onto the pavement, and gazed upon what fired at her. Two more AT-RCTs were descending upon her, firing their blaster cannons at her. The blaster cannon bolts perforated the pavement all around her, pitting it with small, two centimetre gashes. With all her might, she picked up one of the AT-RCTs, and crushed it with tremendous pressure, aided by the Force. The mechanical walker's legs buckled and crumpled, and the platform collapsed under the overwhelming pressure; the two stormtroopers onboard screamed in terror as the mechanical giant collapsed around them. Then, with impressive precision, she threw the crushed AT-RCT into the other one. The force from the impact tore apart the two AT-RCTs; twisted durasteel flew everywhere. She looked around, and saw several hundred stormtroopers run up the stairs leading into The Temple of the Sith.

"Not so fast." Amelia taunted.

Amelia, using the Force to augment her movements, charged at the fleeing stormtroopers. She quickly arrived amongst their midst, and slashed and hacked her way through screaming stormtroopers. They futilely tried to shoot her with their blaster rifles, but she either dodged the energy bolts, or deflected them with her crimson-bladed lightsaber. Limbs and heads flew as she viciously and mercilessly attacked the fleeing stormtroopers. Her bloodlust was unquenchable; her brutality knew no limits. She gave into her rage, allowing the dark-side of the Force to guide her action; within moments, several dozen dead stormtroopers laid on the steps leading into The Temple of the Sith. Suddenly, four huge red energy bolts struck the steps she was standing on. Amelia, and several other stormtroopers, were jettisoned into the air, along with small chunks of stone and pavement. Amelia struck the stone steps of the temple, and rolled down them until she hit the pavement. Her shoulder ached, her head was spinning, and her ears were ringing. Fine dust lingered in the air, and small stone debris rained down all around her. The stormtroopers that were jettisoned into the air along with her landed awkwardly, breaking their necks, backs and various other bones; some remained amongst the living, but screamed in agony and pain.

She looked up, and saw a gigantic twenty metre tall, heavily armoured, black AT-AHT standing next to the temple. The head of the AT-AHT dropped; the massive heavy laser cannons trained on her, and fired again. With the aid of the Force, she pushed herself off the pavement, spun in the air, and dodged the large energy bolts. She gracefully landed on the pitted and cratered pavement, and reactivated her crimson-bladed lightsaber.

"Show time." Amelia said to herself.

She ran towards the hulking AT-AHT; the mechanical behemoth fired its heavy laser cannons at her. She ducked and dodged most of the heavy laser cannon bolts, while deflecting the ones she couldn't. The incredible energy within the heavy laser cannon bolts made it almost impossible to redirect with any accuracy, so most of them went wild. Suddenly, she leapt into the air; she harnessed the power of the Force to allow her to glide up the twenty metre distance until she finally landed on the head of the AT-AHT. Once she landed, she immediately plunged her crimson energy blade into its armoured hull. Parts of the durasteel vaporized upon contact, while the rest melted around the intense energy blade, spilling into the cabin inside the head. She could hear the two pilots inside screaming as the glowing orange molten durasteel poured into the cockpit. Once the hole was large enough, she gazed inside. One of the pilots was unfortunate enough to have molten durasteel poured onto his torso and legs; the dead pilot wore an expression of pure and utter terror and pain. The other pilot was crawling

towards the troop section; his legs had splatter marks from the molten durasteel, and smoke was billowing from his pants. She jumped in through the hole, and into the cabin.

"Pitiful." Amelia taunted.

The pilot looked back at Amelia, and screamed in terror. Stretching out with the Force, Amelia picked the pilot up and slammed him into the durasteel hull within the cabin. His body smashed against the durasteel with colossal force; each slam broke several more bones, until finally, most of his bones had been shattered. She stretched out with the Force, and sensed no other beings within the hulking mechanical beast. She climbed back out the hole, and jumped off; however, before she fell too far, she unleashed a powerful Wave Front that toppled the gigantic AT-AHT over onto its side. Amelia landed on the pavement just as the AT-AHT crashed into the side of the temple. The pavement shattered, and parts of the temple's wall cracked and collapsed from the impact. She quickly took a look around and saw that the temple courtyard had been completely deserted of enemy stormtroopers, leaving only herself, the fifty mercenaries, and a few hundred of her own stormtroopers.

"To the temple!" Amelia screamed.

She led the assault, and ran up the shattered and pitted steps; the stormtroopers behind her, riled up with intense rage and anger, followed closely behind. The run up the steps was long, but they finally reached the huge stone double-doors of the temple. Amelia reached out with the Force, and pried them open. Once fully pried open, a huge, hulking figure stood behind. The male humanoid, a gigantic mass of muscle, tattooed with red and black geometric Sith patterns, stood in her way. His muscles were so enormous, they twitched and bulged independently; he had red and sulphur-yellow eyes, with long, flowing black hair.

"Darth Stryfe." Amelia replied, "If you know what's good for you, you'll back off and let me pass."

Darth Stryfe took a step forward, "What is the meaning of this treachery!"

Amelia stood her ground, "We're here to see Lord Wyyrlok be punished for *his* treachery!"

"Darth Wyyrlok serves Emperor Krayt!" Darth Stryfe countered, "He *is* the One Sith while my Master slumbers."

"Darth Wyyrlok murdered Lord Krayt!" Amelia screamed, "Justice must be exacted!"

"Liar." Darth Stryfe growled; his teeth were menacing, and he stared at her with a piercing glare.

Suddenly, Darth Nihl appeared beside him; Darth Nihl circled Darth Stryfe, and twirled his crimson-bladed lightsaber staff. The spinning made an unusual hum.

"It's true, Lord Stryfe." Darth Nihl added, "Darth Wyyrlok has blinded you all with lies and deceit."

Darth Stryfe growled and roared in anger, "Traitors!" He immediately activated his durasteel-hilt, crimson-bladed lightsaber, "Your lies know no bounds!"

The crimson blade was longer than usual, at least twice the length of a normal blade. Suddenly, with a rage, Darth Stryfe struck Darth Nihl with a powerful horizontal smash. Darth Nihl, just in the nick of time, blocked the overpowered strike; the smash sent Darth Nihl careening into the black stone wall behind him. He smacked into the wall with such force, the stone bricks shattered from the impact.

"As the Hand of the One Sith, I order you away, or you shall meet my wrath." Darth Stryfe ordered in a deep, growling voice.

Amelia stared at the hulking humanoid in front of her. Her heart was pounding out of chest as Darth Stryfe stood his ground. Darth Nihl slowly picked himself up off the cold, stone floor.

"Lord Nihl, proceed as planned." Amelia ordered, "He's mine."

Behind Darth Stryfe, several stormtroopers and Sith acolytes gathered around them. They flooded the Fore with fear and nervousness. Then, slowly, they started to move away from Darth Stryfe, and fled deeper into the temple.

Amelia quickly turned to Darin Bardok, the leader of *The Raven's Claw*, and shouted, "Follow them! Don't let them alert the others!"

Darth Nihl picked himself up, and charged at the fleeing stormtroopers. The mercenaries and stormtroopers behind Amelia also stormed into the temple. Amelia, at the same time, charged towards Darth Stryfe; before he could lash out at any of her stormtroopers, she blocked his powerful attacks. Behind him, she could hear the clash of lightsabers and the sounds of repeating rifles being fired. Suddenly, Darth Stryfe

struck down on Amelia with an overhead downward strike. Amelia blocked the attack, but had to move sideways to evade the momentum of the blade. Their lightsabers clashed again; the sound of the impact echoed in the hallway, and the explosions of light were blinding. Amelia utilized her mastery of Djem So and Soresu to attack and defend herself. Darth Stryfe, however, didn't seem to have any particular lightsaber form that she could immediately recognize; rather it seemed like an unorthodox technique of simple, long over-arching, powerful attacks that are meant to place the defender off-balance.

Amelia tried to fight the mountainous humanoid of muscle, but his attacks were overpowering, strong and utterly brutal. Amelia had to use all her Force techniques to evade and block his relentless attacks. Darth Stryfe's attacks were so powerful, they sometimes sent her flying into the dark grey and black stone walls around them; she struck the walls with such force, the bricks shattered and cracked. Amelia harnessed a powerful Force technique, Perfect Corrupted Battle Meditation, to enhance her fighting abilities, and sooth her aching muscles, but she was still growing more exhausted with every clash of her lightsaber.

"I am death, Lady Amelia!" Darth Stryfe taunted; then he growled, "I am fear himself."

"You are nothing but a blinded pawn of Darth Wyyrlok's sorcerers magic." Amelia countered.

Darth Stryfe continued his relentless attack against her. Amelia used her speed and agility to try to get around him, but his strikes would always leave her off-balance. His attacks, though, were uncontrolled and overly aggressive. His footing and body work weren't elegant, and imprecise. Amelia used this to her advantage, making him block and parry her attacks with awkward movements. Darth Stryfe would leave himself open sometimes, and Amelia attacked. Amelia nicked his shoulder; he clutched the wound with his hand and screamed in shock and pain.

"Blasted bitch!" Darth Stryfe screamed.

Suddenly, Darth Stryfe, in a fit of rage, grabbed Amelia with a powerful Force Crush. She could feel her bones starting to bend under the immense strain, and her organs started to tear themselves apart. In desperation, Amelia lashed out with her lightsaber; the crimson energy blade spun in the air with incredible speed. Darth Stryfe ducked, narrowly striking him in the face. Amelia suddenly dropped onto the stone floor, and unleashed a deadly Power Surge against Darth Stryfe; he was struck with



wave after wave of devastating lightning. The sudden electrical shock that surged through Darth Stryfe's body caused his hulking, beastly muscles to spam and convulse uncontrollably. She quickly charged at the fallen Darth Stryfe, and plunged her lightsaber into his gut. Darth Stryfe leaned forward due to the strength of the attack, and vomited blood. Amelia then rolled over his back, and with a powerful downward strike, decapitated him. His head fell onto the ground, followed by his limp body. Amelia stood over his dead body, breathing heavily from the over exertion from the battle.

*Pure sabacc.*

Amelia looked down the long hallway; she saw the masses of stormtroopers and Sith acolytes battling her own forces, and were slowly withering down in number. Fear welled up inside of all of them, but they stood their ground, either because of false pride or petrified with fear. With a sudden surge of power, Amelia unleashed a terrifying Death Field; the black lightning bolts struck the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes in the chest, draining their life-force from them and transferred it to her. The power was overwhelming, and Amelia basked in it for a moment. Her small army of stormtroopers and mercenaries watched in petrified fear, and utter amazement. Suddenly, the black lightning bolts stopped, and all the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes fell to the stone floor, dead. Amelia ran down the hallways of the temple without encountering another enemy stormtrooper or Sith acolyte.

"Find Lord Nihl!" She ordered the stormtroopers, "Secure the rest of the temple!"

They immediately ran into the depth of the dark, stone temple. Suddenly, she could see the large, black, stone double-doors of the former-Emperor Krayt's private chambers. Darth Wyyrlok opened the door, and appeared in front of her with both of his crimson-bladed yorik coral lightsabers drawn.

"Lady Amelia, glad to see that you've reached this far." Darth Wyyrlok taunted, "But, I'm afraid, this will be the end of you."

"Death has come for *you*, Lord Wyyrlok, and I'm here to deliver." Amelia countered, "I have become more powerful than you could possibly imagine. I am *thee* goddess."

Darth Wyyrlok laughed, "A goddess? That's new." Darth Wyyrlok countered, "I will find much pleasure in your destruction." Darth Wyyrlok twirled both his crimson-bladed lightsabers, "In the name of the One Sith."



"The One Sith is doomed." Amelia finished.

Amelia felt a surge of dark-side energy emanating from Darth Wyyrlok. Suddenly, the hallway started to fade completely into darkness; several waves of darkness radiated out from Darth Wyyrlok's body, and soon the darkness surrounded and consumed them. Only her lightsaber and those of Darth Wyyrlok's provided any light. Then, with a powerful Sith spell, Darth Wyyrlok concealed himself, making him completely invisible to her eyes. Suddenly, out of the darkness, flashes of images appeared in front of her. Some were of Darth Wyyrlok, but others were far more bizarre, disturbing images of those that she had killed in the past. The flashing images caused her to fall to her knees, clutching her face in terror.

"What the frack is going on?" Amelia whispered to herself.

Amelia recognized the images as another form of ancient Sith magic; Darth Wyyrlok was a master conjurer, a sorcerer of Sith magic. Suddenly, several images of Darth Wyyrlok appeared around her. They attacked simultaneously, but in different ways; one image would attack high, while other attacked low, while another attacked horizontally. Amelia quickly defended herself using her mastery of Soresu; her movements were quick and accurate, but the images of Darth Wyyrlok were too many. The crimson blades would narrowly miss her, but she parried and blocked most of them. The attacks were fast and vicious, but she was faster. Her reflexes and dexterity allowed her to use acrobatics to evade and dodge most of the lightsaber attacks directed towards her. She had to use her mastery of Force Speed to give her the quickness in her movements, coupled with the ability of foresight to anticipate the images of Darth Wyyrlok's movements.

"Coward!" Amelia screamed; her voice echoed as if she were in a vast, empty space.

In a rage, Amelia unleashed an epic Power Surge directed at the images. The lightning bolts streaked across the darkness, lighting the vast, empty dark expanse for just a moment. The bolts of lightning struck the real Darth Wyyrlok, causing him to lose his concentration for a moment, making the illusions flicker. She turned and focussed the majority of her attack at Darth Wyyrlok. In desperation, Darth Wyyrlok tried to absorb the torrent of lightning bolts using just his hands. The electrical bolts struck the palms of his hands, burning and scorching his flesh. Darth Wyyrlok growled as he strained to keep the lightning attack at bay. Amelia intensified her lightning attack in an effort to overwhelm Darth Wyyrlok. Suddenly, in a burst of rage, Amelia succeeded,

and Darth Wyyrlok was completely overwhelmed with the raw power of the lightning bolts. The palms of his hand were scorched by the intense heat from the lightning bolts. Amelia charged at Darth Wyyrlok while he was distracted by the burnt flesh on the palms of his hands. Suddenly, another massive lightsaber battle ensued.

Their lightsabers clashed with immense strength. The explosions were blinding and the thunderous noise echoed within the narrow stone hallway. Amelia stretched out with the Force; she could sense that every time their lightsabers would meet, a sharp pain would surge through Darth Wyyrlok's arm. Darth Wyyrlok continued conjuring up various forms of Sith magic; he kept the hallway plunged in darkness, and the false images of himself continued to attack Amelia. Darth Wyyrlok expertly used Djem So to attack Amelia, but her mastery over Djem So and Soresu gave her the upper hand. Amelia's attacks were powerful, and when augmented with the Force, were devastating. Darth Wyyrlok found himself straining to block her onslaught of attacks. Quickly, Amelia severed one of his crimson-bladed lightsabers, leaving him with only one lightsaber to defend himself.

"Nothing can stop the storm I have brought down upon the One Sith!" Amelia screamed.

"As long as I live, the One Sith shall remain!" Darth Wyyrlok countered.

"You are not the One Sith!" Amelia shouted, "I am!"

Amelia charged in a vicious fury. Suddenly, in desperation, Darth Wyyrlok summoned a powerful concentration of pure dark-side energy and hurled it at Amelia. The impact from the dark-side energy hit Amelia in the chest like a train, and sent her flying into the grey stone walls of the hallway. She hit with so much force that the stone cracked and shattered. Darth Wyyrlok kept hurling dark-side energy at Amelia, keeping her down. Her muscles were exhausted, drained from the dark-side energy being thrown at her. It felt like she had a tonne of bricks attached to her hands and legs, preventing her from moving her muscles. Her skin became pale, and the veins on her forehead and extremities protruded out from her skin. She felt weak all of a sudden. Suddenly, Amelia collapsed on the floor completely drained and exhausted from the attack. Her breathing was laboured, her heartbeat was erratic, and her vision seemed blurry. Darth Wyyrlok walked towards the fallen Amelia with a smile on his face; his grin was menacing as his teeth were stained yellow.

"The goddess Amelia, fallen by the hands of the One Sith." Darth Wyyrlok taunted, "That was rather... disappointing."

Suddenly, the Sith magic disappeared; the darkness that consumed the hallway, and the false illusions vaporized. Darth Wyyrlok was utterly confused, and stood wide-eyed and opened-mouthed. Suddenly, he realized that he was standing directly in front of her, just as they had before the battle. Darth Wyyrlok was sweating profusely from the forehead, the muscles around his face twitched and spasm, and tears ran down his cheeks; his hands shook, and a chill ran up his spine. The entire time Darth Wyyrlok thought he was conjuring Sith magic, but it was in fact an illusion perpetrated by Amelia herself. She smiled.

"Impossible." Darth Wyyrlok replied in a shaky voice.

"Possible, Lord Wyyrlok." Amelia replied, "I am a goddess."

In a rage, Darth Wyyrlok hurled a powerful Force Surge towards Amelia. The wall of lightning roared towards her. In a sudden impact, the electrical bolts surrounded her, but she deflected them. With mastery over the Force, she redirected the lightning bolts back towards Darth Wyyrlok. His own lightning bolts struck him in his hands and chest, causing him to take a knee.

Darth Wyyrlok ripped chunks of rock from the walls of the hallway with the Force, then hurled them towards Amelia with astonishing speed. Amelia immediately dodged and evaded the large rocks that were thrown at her. She destroyed the larger ones with her crimson-bladed lightsaber, and evaded the smaller ones. Suddenly, one of the larger chunks from the wall was thrown towards her; she stopped it with the Force, and it hovered in front of her momentarily. Then, with her mastery of telekinesis, she threw it back at Darth Wyyrlok. Darth Wyyrlok jumped out of the way, just in time; the huge chunk of wall smashed against the large set of stone double-doors, crumbling upon impact.

Amelia charged Darth Wyyrlok with her lightsaber drawn. She swung madly at him, but he parried and blocked her attacks. Darth Wyyrlok's muscles were beginning to tire, and his mind was clouded with doubt and fear. Amelia used that to her advantage, and continued her unrelenting attack. Suddenly, with a powerful Force technique, Amelia used Blind Force against Darth Wyyrlok. Darth Wyyrlok immediately fell to his knees in a screaming fit of anguish and rage. His hands were in claws as his mind forgot how to summon and manipulate the Force. He stared at his hands; they forgot how to command the Force as he once did. His muscular body began to convulse and spasm, mostly from shock. A sudden surge of fear, despair and rage flooded his mind and crippled his body.

Amelia basked in his fear for a moment; she looked down at Darth Wyyrlok, who had tears in his eyes, and taunted, "Now, you are as useless as all of them." She said as she pointed outside the temple.

With a fury, she grabbed Darth Wyyrlok by the throat, and lifted him up with one arm; a ripple of dark-side energies flowed across her black geometric tattoos. She crushed his larynx and trachea with her death-grip, and threw him against the shattered stone double-doors. His body slammed through the thick, black, heavy, stone doors of Darth Krayt's former private chambers. His body crashed through the stone doors, breaking them apart. The door crumbled from the tremendous force from the impact, and Amelia walked into the dark room of Darth Krayt's former private chambers. Darth Wyyrlok, hunched over in pain, started crawling away from Amelia. Amelia once again basked in his fright, and smiled. Blood ran down his face and mouth, and tears poured out from his eyes.

"Pathetic." Amelia taunted.

Meanwhile, Darth Nihl was viciously slaughtering the hordes of stormtroopers and Sith acolytes within The Temple of the Sith. Left and right, Darth Nihl swung his crimson-bladed lightsaber staff, and cut down the hordes of stormtroopers with tremendous ease. He expertly spun on his heels, twirled his lightsaber staff, and lashed out against his enemies. Blaster bolts filled the dimly lit, stone room; pillars adored on either side, providing cover for both sides.

"Move forward!" Darth Nihl ordered.

Darth Nihl charged towards the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes; they futilely fired and blocked his powerful lightsaber attacks, but they were soon cut down, one-by-one. Hordes of stormtroopers seemed to spill out of the dark hallways from the temple. Suddenly, Darth Nihl felt the grip of the Force wrap around his throat, and tug him towards the ground. Suddenly, he smashed into one of the black stone pillars. Darth Nihl fell onto the stone floor, and gazed up upon a red-skinned female Twi'lek with Sith tattoos all over her body, face and lekku; she was scantily dressed, wearing only black leather sports bra and skirt.

"Schemer." Darth Talon said in a growly voice, "Backstabber."

Darth Nihl rose onto his feet, and stared at her, "Blinded fool."

Darth Talon held her yorik coral crimson-bladed lightsaber in her right hand, "You won't defeat me, for I am a Hand of the One Sith."

"The One Sith that you know is false, and about to fall." Darth Nihl countered; he spun his lightsaber staff, "I will try to make this as painful as possible."

Darth Talon screamed in a fit of rage, and charged at Darth Nihl. Darth Talon's attacks were powerful, and acrobatic; Darth Talon was an expert practitioner of Ataru, an aggressive and acrobatic lightsaber technique. Darth Nihl countered with his expert abilities wielding a lightsaber staff; he harnessed his aggressive feelings, using Djem So as his primary lightsaber technique. The lightsabers clashed together with tremendous force; the impacts were blinding and deafening. All around them, stormtroopers fought stormtroopers, filling the room with red blaster bolts. Darth Talon flipped and jumped around the room, while Darth Nihl used more powerful and direct. Suddenly, Darth Talon back flipped over Darth Nihl's head, and tried to strike him. He immediately turned around, and blocked the overhead, downward strike. They immediately were engaged in a sabre-lock.

"Emperor Krayt is the Dark Lord of the Sith." Darth Talon replied, "His loyalty is mandatory, not an option."

"Krayt is dead, murdered by Darth Wyyrlok." Darth Nihl strained, "The One Sith is weak, and must be revitalized!" Darth Nihl kicked Darth Talon away, breaking the sabre-lock, "Amelia is that rejuvenation."

"She is a fool, as are you." Darth Talon countered.

Darth Talon immediately charged at Darth Nihl again. Their attacks were fast and vicious; each strike echoed off the temples stone walls. Both fed off each other's rage, making their attacks even more brutal. Suddenly, Darth Talon managed to kick Darth Nihl in the chin; the sudden surge of pain caused him to cringe, finally knocking him onto his back.

"The One Sith is the path to glory!" Darth Talon replied, "The vision is flawless!"

"Darth Wyyrlok has betrayed the One Sith vision, and will only lead us to ruin!" Darth Nihl shouted over the sounds of blaster fire.

Darth Nihl jumped back onto his feet, and harnessed Force Rage, an ability to use the Force to augment ones lightsaber combat. Darth Nihl attacked Darth Talon with vicious attacks; he charged his lightsaber with electricity, and lashed out against Darth

Talon. Darth Talon found herself awkwardly defending herself against the powerful attacks; the electricity surged through her lightsaber blade, and into her chest. Darth Talon found herself losing control of her muscles. Skilfully, however, Darth Talon worked through the pain, and managed to defend herself, much to Darth Nihl's surprise. Darth Nihl was growing stronger, and more powerful, yet Darth Talon still managed to block his attacks. Suddenly, in a rage, Darth Nihl used a powerful Sith technique of Force Pestilence, a Force technique that caused sickness to their body, corroding it from within. The ravenous plague spread and corroded her insides, wreaking havoc on her body. Her red-skin started to turn pale grey, and bled profusely as the skin started to crack and flake off. Darth Talon shook violently in tremendous pain; tears of blood ran down her cheeks.

"With your final breath, witness the culmination of Amelia's vision for the One Sith." Darth Nihl taunted.

She let loose a chilling and agonizing scream, finally collapsing onto the stone floor from the disease that ravaged her body. Darth Nihl stood in front of the collapsed Darth Talon. He looked up at the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes that had been watching the lightsaber battle. They were utterly stunned by the savage and vicious death of Darth Talon; they collectively flooded the Force with fear, terror and pure and utter fright.

"There is but one way to save your lives." Darth Nihl stated in a angry, growling voice.

Amelia stood over Darth Wyyrlok as he futility tried to crawl away. She placed her boot on his back, and pushed down on his frail body; she pushed with such force that she drove her heel into his fleshy, muscular back. The heel drove deeper into his body; the wound bled profusely, pooling on the cold, stone floor. Blackish blood spilled out of his body, and flowed across the floor fluidly. Darth Wyyrlok screamed in pain, and tried to reach behind to remove the heel. Viciously, Amelia twisted her boot, causing more pain to surge throughout his body.

"The old ways have failed, Amelia." Darth Wyyrlok weakly replied, "Killing me will only bring chaos to the galaxy! Killing me will only bring down the Sith!"

Amelia growled, and twisted her boot once again, "No, betrayer, killing you will allow the Sith to reach its full potential... through me."



With a final twist of her boot, she tore her heel out from his back. The sudden sharp pain caused Darth Wyyrlok to scream; his entire body ached, and his muscles were utterly sapped of strength. Although his body was broken, Darth Wyyrlok twitched and spasm; the tension in his back seemed to grow over time. He couldn't resist any longer; he couldn't fight. With a single, precise slash of her crimson-bladed lightsaber, Amelia decapitated Darth Wyyrlok. The Chagrian's head rolled on the stone floor, finally coming to rest about ten centimetres away from his dead, bleeding body. Just then, Amelia looked up, towards the smashed double-doors, and saw Darth Nihl enter the dark, empty room. Darth Nihl stopped at the door, and stared at her; he gazed down upon Darth Wyyrlok's dead body, and looked back at Amelia.

"So it is finished." Darth Nihl stated.

Amelia paused for a moment, "Not yet, Lord Nihl."

Suddenly, the fifty mercenaries appeared behind Darth Nihl, followed by a mass of stormtroopers, some brandishing the black handprint while others didn't, and Sith acolytes. They all stopped at the doors, and gazed upon Amelia, who was still standing over Darth Wyyrlok's dead body. She sensed no malice amongst the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes.

She sighed, and pointed at the stormtroopers with the tip of her crimson-bladed lightsaber, "You have been blinded by Wyyrlok's sorcery for long enough. I have released you from his influence." Amelia stated, "You once swore allegiance to Lord Krayt because you believed he could bring the One Sith to glory. Swear to me, and I promise you, I *will* bring the One Sith to glory."

There was a moment of hesitation, then a few stormtroopers and Sith acolytes kneeled and bowed their head; this was followed shortly by everyone else, including Darth Nihl and the mercenaries. Hundreds of stormtroopers and Sith acolytes bowed their heads.

In unison, they replied, "We so swear, Lady Amelia, Dark Lady of the One Sith, our complete loyalty, and our full obedience to you, and only you."

Amelia smiled, "Rise."

They rose in unison, and then Darth Nihl approached Amelia; he stood beside her, and leaned in, "My Lady, Darth Maladi and Wyyrlok's daughter are not amongst the dead."

Amelia pondered the information for a moment, then replied, "Find them, Lord Nihl. If they remain alive, they could bring down the Order."

"As you wish." Darth Nihl replied, "What of the Moffs?"

"We need to move quickly." Amelia whispered, "If the Council of High Moffs hear of this coup, they might take advantage of the situation and move for the throne."

"I agree." Darth Nihl replied.

"We must move against the New Imperial Palace." Amelia ordered; she looked directly into Darth Nihl's red and sulphur-yellow eyes, "Spread the word, my new Fist."

Darth Nihl smiled, and immediately exited the dark room and headed towards the communications centre. Meanwhile, Amelia leaned over, and picked up the severed head of Darth Wyyrlök and stared into his dead, unblinking eyes.

"I told you." Amelia whispered.

She walked out of the dark room, and headed towards the exit; the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes parted way, allowing her to pass freely. Behind her, *The Raven's Claw* mercenaries followed; the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes fell behind soon after. They marched down the dark stone hallways of the temple; their combined footfalls were extraordinarily loud. They finally exited The Temple of the Sith, and descended down the cratered and broken steps. The courtyard and steps were littered with dead bodies of stormtroopers, wrecked walkers, and cratered from blaster fire. They marched towards the New Imperial Palace, with Amelia leading them. As they walked down the street that connected the temple and the palace, the stormtroopers on the street gazed upon them. With the word spreading of her new regime, the stormtroopers fell into line behind her. Mechanical walkers, mostly AT-RCTs, followed behind the great march towards the New Imperial Palace. The march towards the New Imperial Palace made the stormtroopers very anxious; each step that made seemed to make them more fearful. Within minutes, over a thousand stormtroopers marched with Amelia. Amelia reached the street that divided High Moff and Sith territory; the stormtroopers designated to protect the New Imperial Palace and the Council of High Moffs stood their ground.

"Halt." A stormtrooper ordered.

Amelia stood in front of the stormtrooper, nearly face-to-face with him, and replied, "I must speak with the High Moffs immediately."

"No Sith is allowed past this street." The stormtrooper countered.

The other stormtroopers across the street were getting anxious, and readied their blaster rifles for an impending attack. Amelia looked around, and gauged their strength. Although she had more stormtroopers on her side, the battle would be devastating, for both sides.

She turned back to the stormtrooper standing in front of her, and waved her hand in front of his face, "You will let me pass."

She touched his mind, and manipulated it slightly; simultaneously, she stretched out with the Force, and touched the minds of everyone around her. Touching the minds of so many individuals, and successfully manipulating them, took incredible amounts of control, precision and power.

The stormtrooper in front of her replied, "You may pass."

The stormtrooper stood aside, and Amelia crossed the street. Amelia calmly walked towards the steps leading into the New Imperial Palace. The palace was a tall, pyramidal structure located atop the former Senate building from governments past. The palace was lined with thick durasteel bars and pillars adorning its flanks, making for an aggressive look. She walked up the steps, towards the entrance; only Darth Nihl and the mercenaries followed her in. The rest of the stormtroopers and Sith acolytes remained outside, and guarded the palace. She walked the decadent and luxurious halls, finally reaching the doors for the throne room.

She paused in front of the closed doors, and looked at Darth Nihl, "Remain outside, and make sure we are not interrupted."

"Yes, my Lady." Darth Nihl replied.

She pushed the double-doors open, and calmly walked into the throne room. It was a large, open-air room filled with stone pillars, steps and a small courtyard in the middle. The floor was made of polished granite and marble tiles, as were the pillars. At the far end, was a repulsorlift throne made of brushed durasteel and adorned with gold. Standing next to the throne were the six members of the Council of High Moffs; Grand Moff Morlish Veed, High Moff and Grand Admiral to the Imperial Forces; Moff Nyna Calixte, Director of Imperial Intelligence; Moff Geist, Head of the Imperial Army; Moff Rulf Yage, Head of the Imperial Navy; Moff Konrad Rus, Head of the Imperial Mission; and Moff Fehlaaur, Head of the Imperial Diplomatic Corps. Amelia approached the

Moffs, and threw the severed head of Darth Wyyrlok onto the polished granite floor of the courtyard.

"What is the meaning of this outrage!" Grand Moff Morlish Veed demanded.

"I am Lady Amelia, Dark Lady of the One Sith. Darth Wyyrlok is dead." Amelia informed; she stared at the shocked faces of the Moffs, "I would hope that with this act of... courtesy, we might finally put aside our differences and personal ambitions, and we can finally come to an agreement."

"This is—" Grand Moff Morlish Veed started to shout.

Suddenly, Moff Nyna Calixte placed her hand on his arm, cutting him off, "Now, wait just a minute." She replied, "Let's not be too hasty; this standoff between us and the Sith have prevented us from fighting our true enemy, the deposed Emperor and the rest of his outcast legions." She stated; she looked back to Amelia, "What is it you have in mind?"

Amelia took a long, deep breath, "It is obvious we both want the throne." She said, while staring at the throne, "But I think for us to properly combat our enemies, we must come to an agreement."

"Such as?" Grand Moff Morlish Veed asked.

"I will act as the Voice of the Sith Order." Amelia stated, "I am certain they will fall into line behind me."

"And if not?" Grand Moff Morlish Veed sternly asked.

"They will fall behind me, or perish by my blade." Amelia answered.

Grand Moff Morlish Veed slowly nodded his head, "And what agreement are you proposing?"

"The Council of High Moffs obviously have a strong influence within the Imperial government." Amelia stated, "However, whether you admit it or not, you need the Sith Order just as much as we need your influence."

"And?" Grand Moff Morlish Veed asked.

"I propose we co-rule the Empire." Amelia stated, "I shall no more power than the High Moffs, and *vice versa*."

"Really?" Grand Moff Morlish Veed replied, "And why would be agree to this?"

"Because if not, the Empire will tear itself apart from within." Amelia stated, "We need unification. The High Moffs remain in control of the Empire, while the Sith Order remain a cohesive military force for which we may defeat our enemies."

The rest of the Moffs were weary of the offer; the Sith Order had betrayed the confidence of the Council of High Moffs before. Before the standoff between the High Moffs and the One Sith, Darth Wyyrlok had promoted Grand Moff Morlish Veed to the figurehead title of Regent. At the time, since Darth Wyyrlok was not well known to the rest of the Empire, a more recognizable leader would be necessary, hence the Grand Moffs promotion. However, after a few months, and a few incidents where the High Moffs disagreed with the direction their puppet master Darth Wyyrlok wanted, the One Sith made an open move for the throne.

Finally, Grand Moff Morlish Veed replied, "The Empire needs an *Emperor*. What then?"

"I say we put aside our ambitions for the title of Emperor, and concentrate on winning this civil war." Amelia answered, "We must put an end to Roan Fel quickly, or the galaxy will crumble."

Grand Moff Morlish Veed took a long, deep breath in, and looked over at the rest of the Moffs. He was wary about dealing with the Sith once again; he had already been double-crossed by Darth Krayt when he annexed the throne, and once again by Darth Wyyrlok perpetrating as *de facto* Emperor. They wore expressions of nervousness, apprehension, and caution. Amelia stretched out with the Force, and sensed their feelings; many were cautious about dealing with her, her specifically.

Finally, Grand Moff Morlish Veed answered, "Agreed."

The six members of the Council of High Moffs let out a collective sigh of relief, and Amelia smiled back. The tension between the two parties was elevated; Amelia felt it through the Force.

"Excellent." Amelia replied, "Now, let us put aside this non-sense, and put an end to the militarization of Coruscant." She suggested, "I'm sure our stormtroopers can be better suited elsewhere."

Grand Moff Morlish Veed nodded in agreement. She smiled once more, and turned back to look at the High Moffs, all of whom were staring at her with unblinking

glares. She looked passed them, and upon the hovering throne. Her eyes locked onto the throne.

*Soon.*

Property of Sean P. Funk



# *Extras*



Canon Force Powers Table:

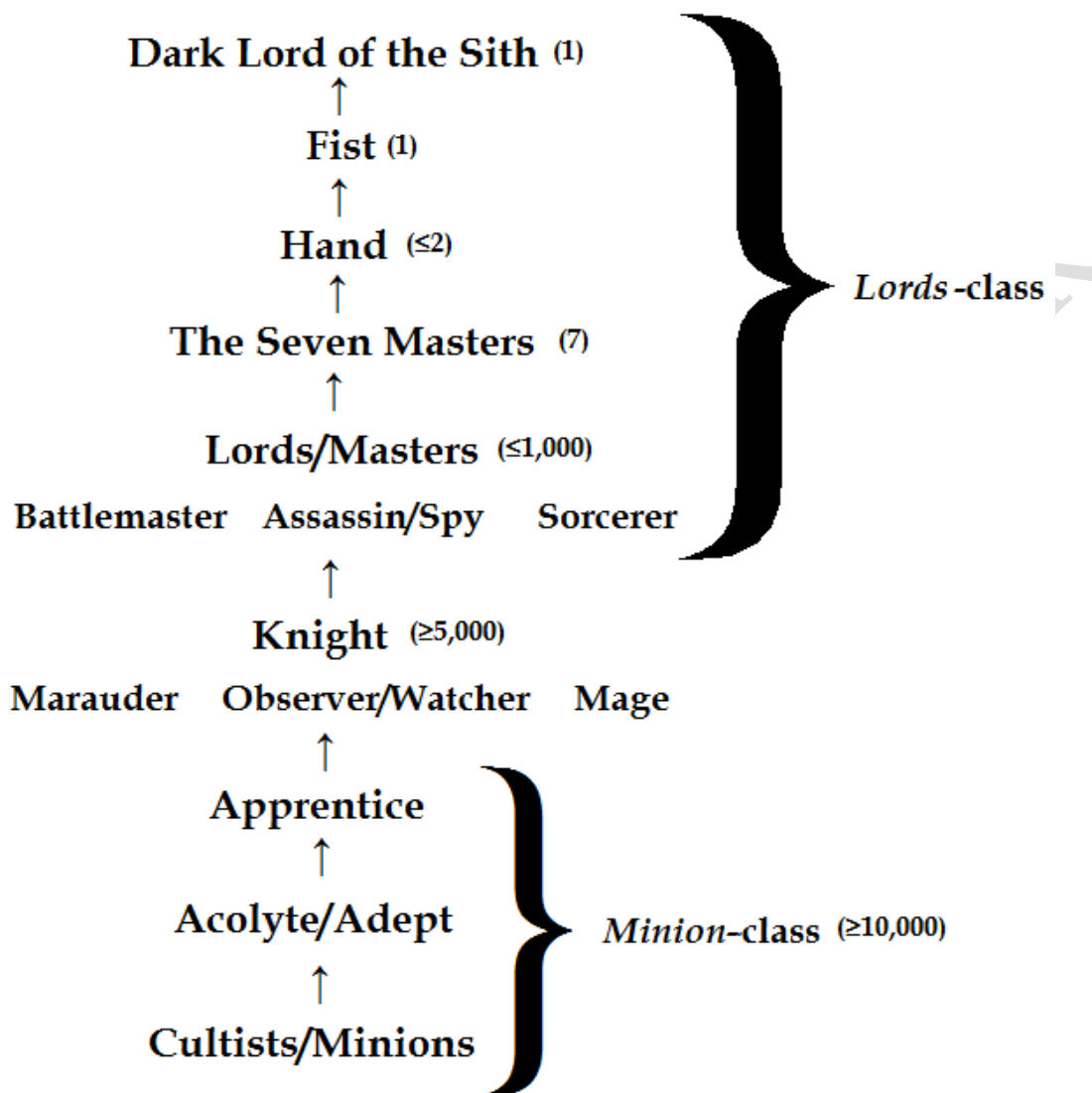
Tier 1	Tier 2	Tier 3	Tier 4	Combo 1	Combo 2
Force Push	Force Whirlwind	Force Repulse	Force Wave		
Force Suppression	Force Breach	<u>Hinder Force</u>	<u>Blind Force</u>		
Throw Lightsaber	Advanced Throw Lightsaber	Master Throw Lightsaber	Lightsaber Shield		
Force Assist	Force Combat	Master Force Combat	Perfect Force Combat	<u>Rage</u> (Wave, Surge/Burn, Combat, Throw, Teleport)	
Burst of Speed	Knight Speed	Master Speed	Teleport	<u>Forcible Transport</u> (Wave, Teleport)	
Force Resistance	Force Protection	(Master) <u>Corrupted Immunity</u>	<u>Impervious</u>	<u>Corrupted Protection</u> (Breach, Immunity, Energy, Armour, Valour, Barrier)	<u>Legendary</u> (Protection, Battle Meditation, Redirect, Heal)
Energy Resistance	Improved Energy Res.	<u>Corrupted Energy Res.</u>	<u>Perfect Energy Res.</u>		
Affect Mind	Improved Affect Mind	<u>Corrupted Mind</u>	<u>Dominate Mind</u>		
Force Body	Improved Force Body	Master Force Body	Body Meditation		
Battle Meditation	Improved Battle Meditation	<u>Corrupted Battle Meditation</u>	<u>Perfect Battle Meditation</u>		
Force Deflection	Improved Deflection	Force Redirection	Perfect Redirection		
Mind Trick	Improved Mind Trick	<u>Corruption</u>	<u>Perfect Corruption</u>		

<i>Heal</i>	<i>Improved Heal</i>	<u>Corrupted Heal</u>	<u>Perfect Heal</u>		
<i>Force Aura</i>	<i>Force Shield</i>	<u>Corrupted Armour</u>	<u>Perfect Armour</u>		
<i>Force Valour</i>	<i>Knight Valour</i>	<u>Corrupted Valour</u>	<u>Perfect Valour</u>		
<i>Daze</i>	<i>Stun</i>	<u>Stasis</u>	<u>Stasis Field</u>		
<i>Daze Droid</i>	<i>Stun Droid</i>	<u>Disable Droid</u>	<u>Destroy Droid</u>	<u>Power Surge</u> (Destroy Droid, Surge, Wave)	
<i>Force Barrier</i>	<i>Improved Barrier</i>	<u>Corrupted Barrier</u>	<u>Perfect Barrier</u>		
<i>Revitalize</i>	<i>Improved Revitalize</i>	<u>Force Resuscitation</u>	<u>Perfect Resuscitation</u>	<u>Pilfer Health</u> (Heal, Resuscitation, Drain Life)	
<u>Drain Life</u>	<u>Improved Drain Life</u>	<u>Master Drain Life</u>	<u>Perfect Drain Life</u>	<u>Death Field</u> (Life, Force, Surge)	<u>Force Dark</u> (All dark-side powers)
<u>Shock</u>	<u>Force Lightning</u>	<u>Force Storm</u>	<u>Force Surge</u>		
<u>Drain Force</u>	<u>Improved Drain Force</u>	<u>Master Drain Force</u>	<u>Perfect Drain Force</u>	<u>Pilfer Force</u> (Body, Drain Force)	
<u>Fear</u>	<u>Horror</u>	<u>Insanity</u>	<u>Break Mind</u>	<u>Break Body</u> (Mind, Pestilence)	
<u>Slow</u>	<u>Affliction</u>	<u>Plague</u>	<u>Pestilence</u>		
<u>Wound</u>	<u>Choke</u>	<u>Kill</u>	<u>Crush</u>		
<u>Force Scream</u>	<u>Improved Scream</u>	<u>Master Scream</u>	<u>Sonic Scream</u>	<u>Wave Front</u> (Sonic, Wave, Surge/Burn)	
<u>Force Ignite</u>	<u>Force Engulf</u>	<u>Force Blaze</u>	<u>Flash Burn</u>		
<u>Sith Alchemy</u>	<u>Improved Alchemy</u>	<u>Master Alchemy</u>	<u>Abomination</u>	<u>Technobeast</u> (Abomination, Resuscitate)	

<b>Attributes:</b>	<b>Description:</b>
<b>Strength:</b>	Represents raw, physical strength. The higher the strength, the stronger melee and lightsaber attacks will be. High strength also makes you more resilient to physical attacks.
<b>Perception:</b>	Gives the player the awareness of one's surroundings. A higher perception results in a longer range of sight, faster reflexes, and more efficient multi-opponent combat.
<b>Endurance:</b>	Is a measure of the players physical fitness and conditioning. Higher endurance results in the ability for longer strides of running, and slower decrease in defence during combat. High endurance also results in a greater attack circle.
<b>Charisma:</b>	Represents personality and leadership. Higher charisma allows the player to convince others of certain opinions, and gives unique team dynamics when the player has many people around.
<b>Intelligence:</b>	Represents general knowledge and reasoning abilities. Higher intelligence gives the player more modifiers for essential skills.
<b>Agility:</b>	A measure of the players dexterity and acrobatic abilities. The higher the agility, the more able the player is able to dodge attacks, more elegant/fluid movements, and increases the defence of the player.
<b>Constitution:</b>	A measure of the players vitality and health. The higher the constitution, the more hit points the player has, as well as the less damage the player receives during attacks.
<b>Wisdom:</b>	Represents willpower and perception. A high wisdom adds modifiers to Force points, and makes Force powers stronger. Wisdom also makes the player more resilient to Force attacks.
<b>Luck:</b>	Simply put, a measure of how lucky you are. Higher the luck, the greater the odds of critical strikes the player gets.

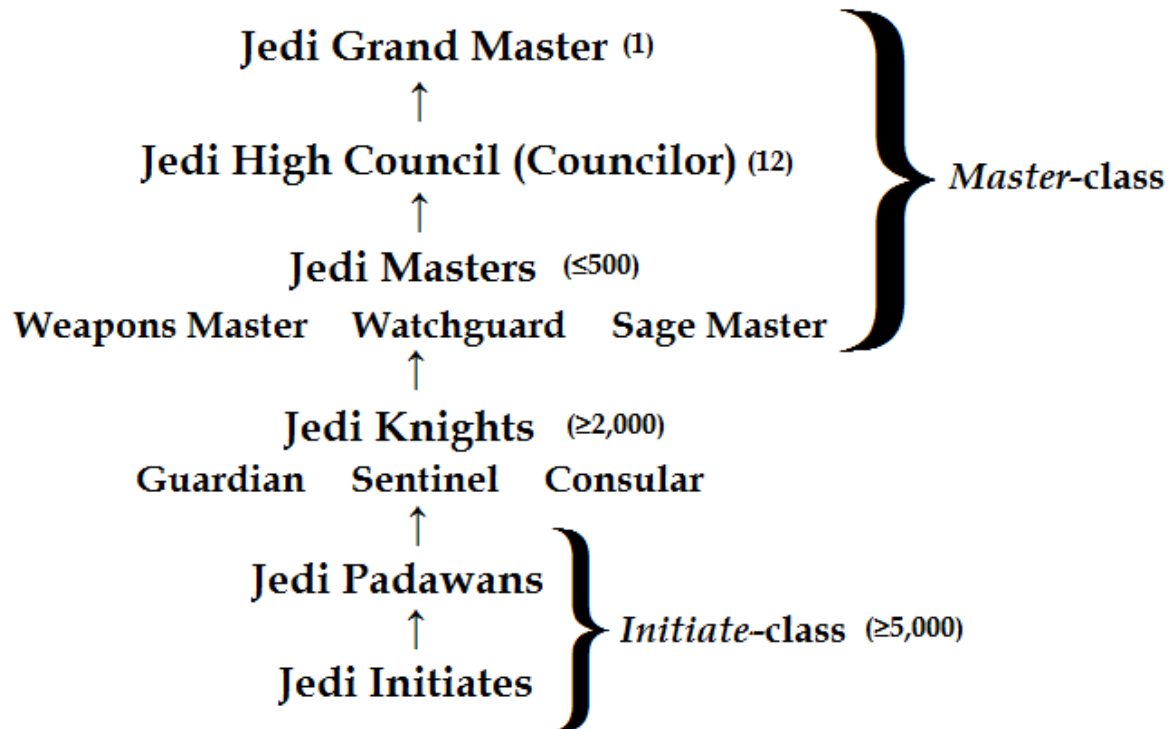
<b>Form</b>	<b>Technique</b>	<b>Description</b>
1	Shii-Cho	Basic form; basic and elementary attack and defence; involves basic attack, parry and body target zones
2	Makashi	An elegant form of swordplay; superior for one-on-one, sword combat; involves fluid, elegant movements, coupled with intricate body and footwork
3	Soresu	Defensive form; involves utilizing effortless blocks and parries; only attack when opponent leaves him/herself open and vulnerable
4	Ataru	An acrobatic and aggressive form; utilizes the Force to aid in acrobatic prowess in order to confuse the opponent; attack commonly
5	Shien/Djem So	An aggressive form; the best defence is a great offense; shifts momentum onto user, using the opponents aggression against him/herself
6	Niman	Moderation form; combines certain aspects of defence, elegance, and attack from previous forms; balance and moderation is crucial
7	Juyo/Vaapad	A ferocious form; uses aggressive and bold movements to overwhelm the opponent; utilizes minimal movement, while maximizing attack; seemingly unpredictable, yet controlled, attacks is critical
F1	Channel	Allows the user to achieve a greater connection to the Force while not in meditation
F2	Potency	A technique of enhancing the Force flowing through oneself in order to enhance Force powers, dealing greater damage/strength onto the opponent
F3	Affinity	Allows for the replenishment of the Force, through complex mental exercises, even through complex and furious combat
F4	Mastery	Allows for an extended duration of all Force powers used; the technique calls for deeper concentration into the Force, but drains the users abilities much faster as a result
	<i>Praetoria Vonil</i>	Used exclusively by Imperial Knights; it resembles Ataru and Djem So.
	<i>Praetoria Ishu</i>	Used exclusively by Imperial Knights; it resembles Soresu.

One Sith Ranks:



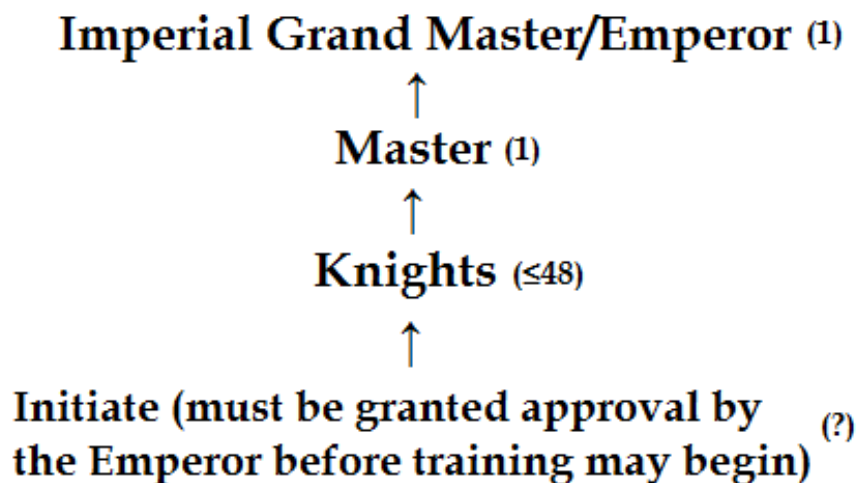
\*Numbers reflect post-Sith-Imperial War population

## Jedi Order Ranks:



\*Numbers reflect pre-Massacre at Ossus populations

## Imperial Knights Order Ranks:

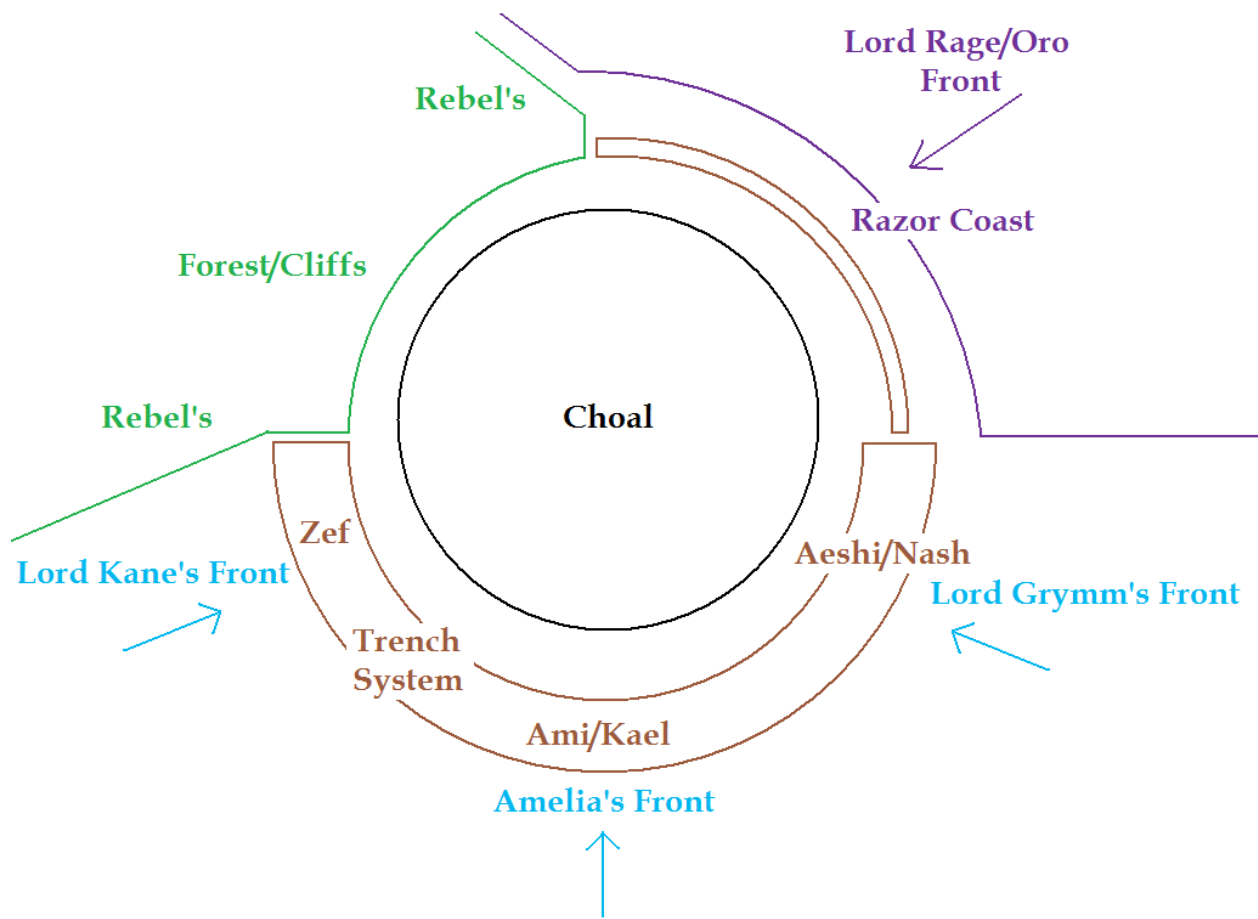


\*Numbers reflect pre-Second Imperial Civil War populations

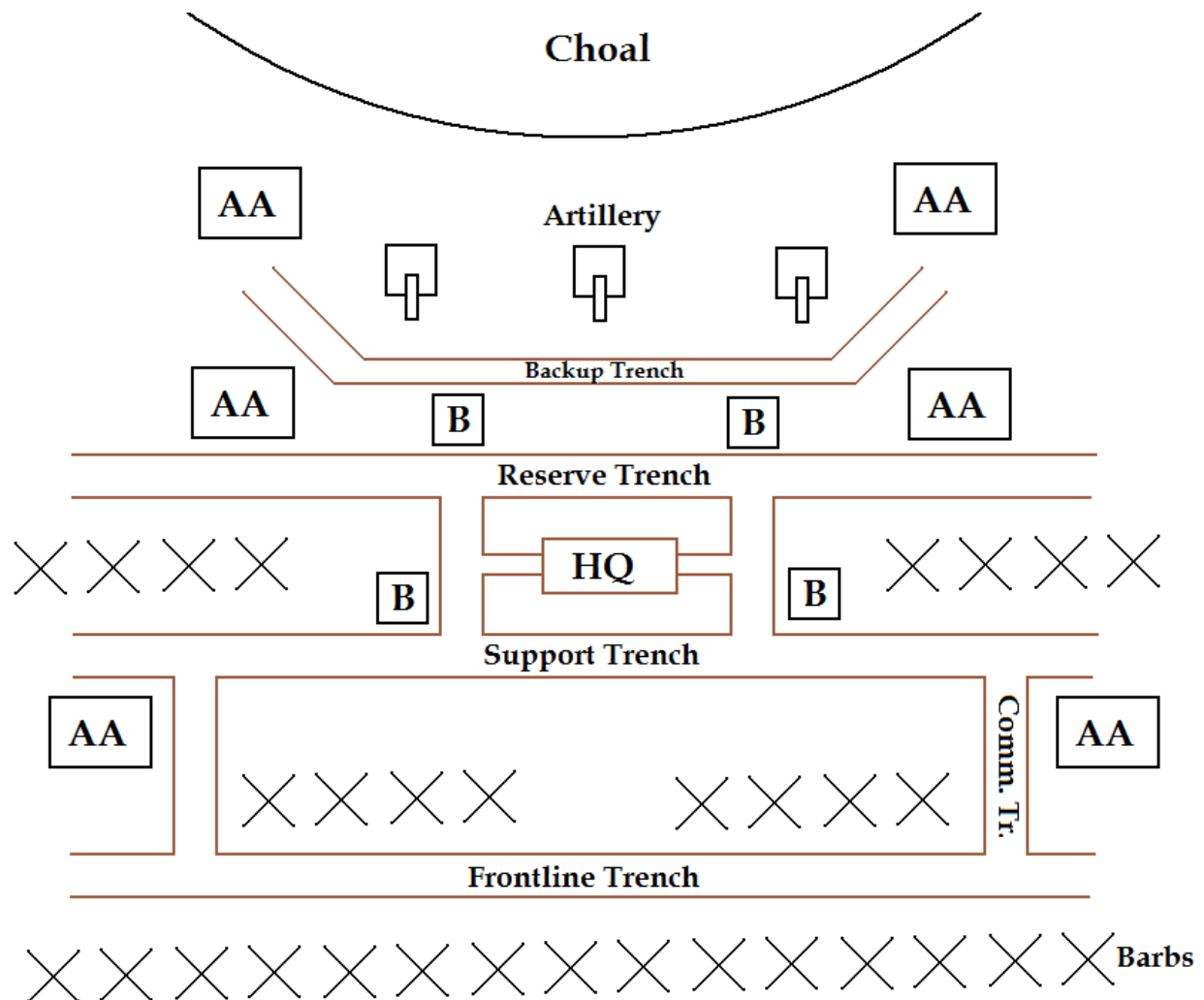


**Battle of Jabiim Diagrams:**

**City Layout:**



## Trench Layout:



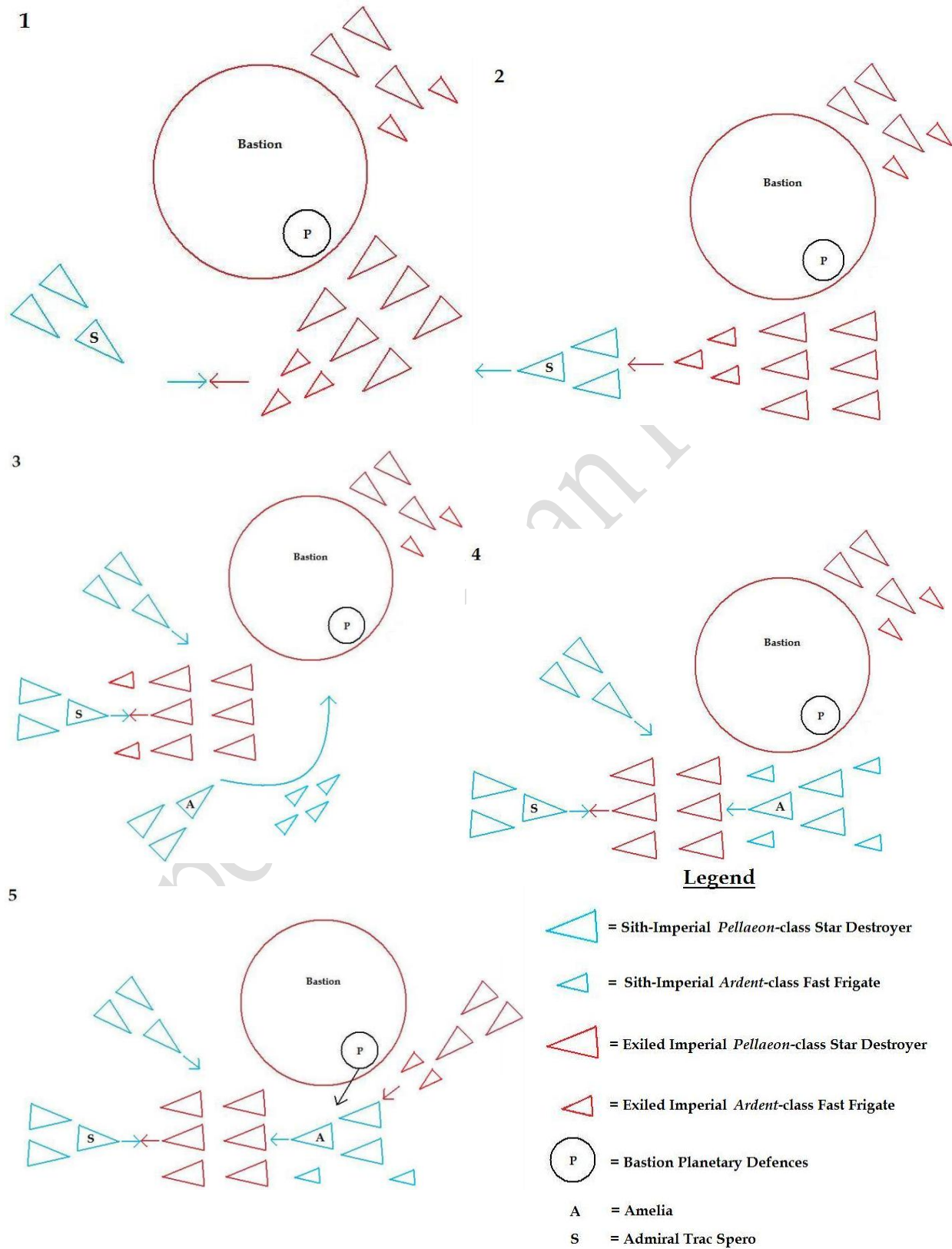
## Mine Field

AA = Anti-Aircraft Emplacement

B = Bunker

HQ = Headquarters

## Battle of Bastion Storyboards:



**Author's Note:**

Just a quick reminder about what is established canon, and what is not. With these novels, since they run at the same time with the series Star Wars: Legacy, they will, no doubt, intertwine and interact with each other. While writing this novel, I have assumed that all the Star Wars: Legacy comics are canon up to and including issue 33; Fight Another Day, Part II. Aspects and specifics from Legacy: Storms, Legacy: Renegade, and Legacy: Tatooine story-arcs will probably remain, although not eluded to. It should be noted that the events chronicled during Legacy: Vector and after are assumed to occur approximately 137.5 ABY.

It's been a pleasure to write this novel. This work of Star Wars fandom has been in production since I was in high school, over seven years ago. The development of the character of Amelia has evolved over the years; things change about her, and her abilities have been dramatically enhanced in light of the newly released The Force Unleashed series.

The character of Amelia started out as an idea that she might be a long-time descendant of King Adas, an ancient Sith Lord that unified the Sith on Korriban into their first Empire. However, that story was unsatisfactory, as King Adas was of the Sith species, not religion, and his bloodline was over twenty-eight thousand standard years old.

The story revolving around the character of Amelia involved two more characters, dubbed Markus and Viktor. Markus was supposed to be a mutated, Force-sensitive Gen'Dai that travelled to Malachor V, in search of power, but becomes horribly mutated into a beast. He then learns from an ancient Sith Lord Darth Sion in the ways to manipulate pain and use it for immortality. Viktor was a character similar to Darth Nihilus; he was supposed to be an empty shell of Jacen Solo's son (a fact that proved incorrect as of The Legacy of the Force series of novels; Jacen Solo actually has a daughter, Allana), that hunts down and feeds on Skywalker/Solo blood. Both these characters were supposed to ally themselves with Amelia, thus forming The Dark Council of the Sith, with Amelia as its head, Markus as its Grand Marshal, and Viktor as its Grand Admiral. Obviously, these two characters never came to fruition, as they were deemed, by myself, to be too weird and out-there.

Amelia was also supposed to have a sister, Ariel. Ariel would be the exact opposite of Amelia, and would oppose her taking control over the galaxy, and learning of the dark-side. The character of Ariel was interesting, as it would provide a good

counter-weight to the story, but ultimately, as the two character's above, never made the final cut.

The story itself had gone through major changes since the writing of this draft. Originally, it was supposed to be set 300 ABY, and revolved around an ancient Sith artefact known as the Dark Orb. The Dark Orb was a concentrated ball of dark-side energy that when walked into, would infuse the person with infinite dark-side energy, thus making them the "Sith'ari". It also revolved around the mysterious nameless dwarf/satellite galaxy that orbits the 'main galaxy'. This nameless dwarf/satellite galaxy was dubbed Hades-verse, a galaxy where all the stars were red-giants, and every world was filled with volcanoes, similar to Mustafar. There was also a Force-sensitive alien species, known as *Vulkan Knights*, that Amelia commanded and waged war against the galaxy.

Although the story has changed dramatically since its initial conception, elements remain the same. The name *Amelia*, has always been constant, and the idea of her being the *Sith'ari* is always evident. Originally, I set the story during the time 300 ABY, such that my story wouldn't be in direct contact with any of the previously established canon (even *Star Wars: Legacy*; 127 - 137 ABY); that idea of setting it far from already established canon remains in this story, but to a lesser extent. I personally dread dealing with certain eras of *Star Wars* canon, specifically *The Clone Wars*, the movies, and *The New Republic* era; I find them too complex (too many people write about them), and too contradictory (again, too many people write about them), and sometimes, too stupid (e.g.: the novel *Darksaber*, by Kevin J. Anderson). So I set my story where only one set of canon may conflict with it, *Star Wars: Legacy*. This simplified my story greatly, since I didn't have to establish new governments, new weapons, new spacecraft, etc. Ultimately, it was a much better choice to set it during the *Legacy* era. Other aspects of this story have remained similar to the original draft; such as envisioning the story in three parts: the rise, reign and fall of the *Sith'ari*.

Overall, I am incredibly pleased with this piece of work; I think it may be the best thing I've ever written, in terms of stories, and I am greatly pleased to have finally written it.

*Sean Funk*

Sean P. Funk





<http://darkness.emerges.tripod.com/>



# **STAR WARS**

## **On The Nature and Philosophy of *The Force*:**



Written by: Sean P. Funk

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