

## The Bad Guy Wins

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**Iridonia**  
**Jedi Enclave Ruins**  
**30 ABY**

The flames roared like the solar waves of a burning sun. Amid darkness, the bright, amber lights were all that illuminated the burning enclave. The inferno stretched into the air like a fiery tornado, destroying everything in its path. Soot and ash filled the air and yet, Anders did not move. He stood, arms folded behind his back, taking in the carnage like it was a drink to be savoured.

It was what his Master Lenora had demanded of him, after all.

He hated it.

This was needless.

Senseless.

The Jedi, men, women and children had done *nothing* to earn their ire. By this one act, Anders had become the one thing he hated above all else in the galaxy.

*Scum.*

Anders' grip on his hands tightened. It was *hot*, almost unbearably so, but he deserved no less for the crime. He had to applaud her ingenuity. Either he revelled in the destruction of the Sith's oldest, greatest enemy for several millennia, or...

He hated *her*.

His hate made him powerful.

His hate for *her* made him powerful.

This was the way of the Sith.

He grimaced. What choice did he have? Complete the mission or die. It was his survival versus theirs and here and now, he chose his own. There was little good he could do for the galaxy if he was dead.

Yet, the sight clawed at his consciousness like a feline's claws digging into his brain. He would have to carry this atrocity with him for the rest of his life.

That *bitch*. She knew what she was doing...

Pairs of lifeless eyes gazed up at him at his feet. Dead Jedi Masters who fought to their last breaths covered the fields of battle. Their corpses were to be consumed by the flames, little more than ash as evidence of what occurred here.

He could look them in the eyes no longer.

Light footsteps brought Anders out of his musings. The Sith already had his weapon in his hand, ready to bring it down upon his would-be attacker.

A *child*.

A Zabrak boy, no older than seven or eight years old stood in front of the fires. His long hair was tied into a braid, the mark of a padawan. His face lit up by the orange hues, his brown eyes sparkling from the tears that formed within them. A survivor? Was he not in the temple with the others? Anders didn't recognise him, but everything had happened in a blur.

The boy then wailed...

Anders turned his head away, the sound like screeching sirens in his ears. He forced himself to tighten his grip on his lightsaber as his footsteps inched closer to the child. This was a mercy. Yes, that was it. It was better than being left alone to starve in the Iridonia wilderness.

The crimson blade of his lightsaber shot out of the hilt. The boy made no sudden movement, too consumed by his grief to notice or care. Anders raised his weapon.

"NO!" The boy cried. His hands shot forward, and the Force answered his will.

Anders had never seen anything like it. He was slack-jawed by the raw power of the Force in someone so young. The inferno of flames buckled and dispersed under the boy's power, leaving only the scarred remains of the Jedi enclave in its wake along with the charred corpses of those he once knew.

He was so young. So very young to be able to call on the Force with such magnitude... What was he?

The only light left was from Anders' lightsaber, which hummed ominously. The boy had finally taken notice of him, shuffling away in the sand.

"Do not be afraid," Anders knelt in front of him. "What is your name?"

The boy looked apprehensive, not wanting to trust him.

That was a good sign.

"Draca... Zul..."

Here, right now, Anders had an opportunity to give justice for the atrocity he had committed. "Well, Draca. Today is your lucky day. I came to investigate the fire and found you. Come with me. I will keep you safe. I will complete your training. You will become the Jedi you were destined to be. It is the very least I can do..."

*To atone for my sins.*

Screw Lenora and her rules.

The Chiss held out his hand to the young boy. Draca stared at it for a moment, an apprehensive look on his face. His mouth opened, then closed. He twiddled his fingers nervously, digging them into the dirt before finally accepting.

Smart boy. He knew he had no other option.

Nowhere to go, except with him.

Anders marched back to his ship with Draca in tow. He would take the boy in as his own and craft him into the finest Jedi this galaxy had ever seen. After that? He could go about his merry way. This was Anders' redemption.

This was *justice*.

Lenora would pay dearly at the end of his blade.

"What is your name, mister?" The Zabrak boy asked.

"I am Chief Inquisitor Anderson," he looked at Draca and smiled. "Though, you may call me Anders if you prefer."

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