

ChatGPT3.5 Version.

High Inquisitor Anderson, the enigmatic Chiss Seeker, ignited the black-bladed lightsaber, its crimson glow casting an eerie shadow on his blue-skinned face. Tasked with a crucial mission, he set out to capture a highly advanced ship belonging to the nefarious Collective.

The Collective, a faction of cybernetically enhanced enemies, had become a growing threat to the galaxy. Their ships, heavily fortified and equipped with cutting-edge technology, posed a significant challenge for the Galactic Empire. Anderson, known for his strategic brilliance and unparalleled combat skills, was chosen to infiltrate and seize one of their prized vessels.

Guided by the Force, Anderson tracked the ship to an isolated outpost on the edge of the Unknown Regions. As he approached, his curved-hilt lightsaber hummed with anticipation. The outpost's defenses were formidable, but the Chiss Inquisitor moved with precision, dispatching guards with swift and calculated strikes.

Inside the compound, Anderson faced cybernetically enhanced adversaries, their mechanical augmentations making them formidable foes. The black blade of his lightsaber cut through the air, deflecting blaster bolts and slicing through cybernetic limbs. Each confrontation showcased the Chiss's mastery of the Force, as he seamlessly blended lightsaber combat with his innate abilities.

Reaching the ship's hangar, Anderson confronted the Collective's leader, a cybernetically enhanced mastermind. A fierce duel ensued, the curved-hilt lightsaber dancing in the darkness. The Collective leader, enhanced with cybernetic enhancements, proved a formidable opponent, but Anderson's connection to the Force gave him the edge.

With a final, decisive strike, Anderson disarmed the leader and seized control of the ship. As he piloted it back to Imperial territory, the black-bladed lightsaber at his side, he reflected on the importance of this victory in the ongoing struggle against the Collective. The Chiss Seeker's success would be remembered as a testament to the indomitable spirit of the Galactic Empire in the face of cybernetic threats.

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Anders Version

If Anders had a credit for everything he had been sent to retrieve a Collective ship in the Unknown Regions, he'd have two credits. It wasn't a lot, but it was humorous to him that it happened twice. If he didn't know any better, he would have said the Force had a sense of humour. He despised the Unknown Regions with an intense hatred that felt like it could shatter bones. It reminded him too much of his homeworld.

Nonetheless, he had a mission to complete, and complete it he shall. He had grown in power since the Collective emerged in the galaxy all those years ago. He wasn't as young or naive as he was in his youth. Not anymore. He thumbed over the activation switch of his

lightsaber, the black core blade rupturing out of the hilt with its distinctive *snap* and crimson glow. It lit up his blue-skinned face in all its bloody hue.

Of course, Anders was specifically chosen for this assignment. This vessel was prized by the Collective and Anders was nothing if not an expert duelist. He was strategically brilliant when plans fell through. Who could possibly be a better choice? Was it arrogance? Perhaps, but it was well deserved arrogance.

Anders' case in point was made as he expertly dissected the outpost guards with the elegance and grace of a professional dancer. They were certainly formidable. The Collective, as asinine as their ideologies were, had become proficient at devising ways to combat wielders of the Force, their lightsaber techniques, and even their powers. His foes were cybernetically enhanced and picked apart his fighting style as combat progressed.

He almost smirked at the challenge. Though competent, they were unable to rise to his level of skill quickly and were quickly disabled, dismantled, and then beheaded by his skill with the blade.

The Force was Anders' guided as he treaded further inside the makeshift compound within the ship. Alarms went off like klaxons in his mind as blaster bolts came soaring towards him from all directions. He grimaced, eyes hardening as foes both in melee and ranged distance took their shots at him.

They were nothing compared to his power in the Force.

He blended his lightsaber skills with telekinetic throws, pulls, and shoves as well as bouts of Force Lightning. The air smelt like burnt meat. Any stragglers were left at the mercy of his Mind Tricks as he severed limbs and ended lives.

The hangar Bay was in sight. From there, he could seize control of the ship and put an end to this farce once and for all. Why? Because in order to seize control of the ship, its Admiral needed to die. A General Grievous wannabe in everything including cybernetics that had analysed everything Anders had done up to this point. The hatred for those who wielded the Force assaulted Anders' senses as he moved swiftly. There was no time for words, only action. The lights cut off as he locked blades with his adversary. Their blades danced along the darkness, the Force giving Anders the decisive edge he needed.

He did not need his eyes to see clearly.

With one elegant, deadly thrust, Anders pierced the Admiral's skull. He watched as his foe's mechanical body slumped to the ground in front of him. Today would be marked as yet another victory against Collective oppression, a sign of the Brotherhood's dominance.

Anders raised his commlink to his mouth. "This is High Inquisitor Anderson. Objective has been completed."

