# Walk a Mile In My Shoes

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84

Darkness had long descended over Menat Ombo, bathing the city in shadows. The Jedi of Odan-Urr, housed within the Halls of the Watchmen, were resting for the night. Only a lone chamber rang with the sound of voices—voices of the Councilors. For weeks, rumors had swirled amongst the Jedi about the infiltration of the Dark Brotherhood. The Dark Jedi were the sworn enemies of the members of Odan-Urr and were known for their overtly aggressive response to threats.

"The Dark Jedi will blame us for this incursion. We need to deal with this situation before it comes to our doorstep."

"Nonsense," Kah Manet argued. The Gungan shook his head in open disgust. "The Brotherhood took our measure years ago in their invasion of New Tython and have no reason to view us as a threat again."

"Not a threat?" Master Kituri growled. Her lekku shook with barely suppressed fury. "The Brotherhood is nothing. The Dark will fall to the light of Odan-Urr. It's only a matter of time—"

"Calm yourself, A'lora." A quiet, creaky voice interrupted the argument with the resounding calm of reason. "Your feelings towards the Brotherhood are well known to us, but you are in danger of losing control."

Master Kituri visibly forced herself to calm down and turned her back to the other two members of the Council. Master Liam Torun sighed. He, too, had once been overzealous in his desire to mete out justice to Dark Jedi. But, his long years had tempered that desire, given him perspective and, some might say, wisdom.  As the current Quaestor of Odan-Urr and sitting High Councilor, his voice still held the most sway in the Council.

"Master Torun," Master Manet raised his voice in the uncomfortable silence. "What do you suggest we do?"

Before the venerable High Councilor could answer, the trio turned towards the presence they could sense, which had entered the Council chambers without permission. A young, handsome man entered the room. He sketched a quick bow, his long, brown hair veiling his face for a moment. When he raised his head, his bright blue eyes locked with each of the Councilors.

"Masters, if I may," Kaayn Salis interrupted the heated discussion. "My contacts within the Brotherhood have helped shed some light on this situation."

"Salis," Master Torun muttered with a tired shake of his head. "This is a private discussion between the Council."

"I understand, Master, but I believe I have a solution that will satisfy everyone." A hint of a smile curled Kaayn's lips.  He had the attention of all three Councilors, as he knew he would. All that was left was to convince them of the plan he had devised and he would be able to show up the Dark Jedi and increase the status of Odan-Urr in one brilliant move.

It was time for him to shine.



**Dark Hall**
**Antei**

The Dark Hall was a grim and discomforting pyramid of dark, black stone, towering high above the rocky steppes of Adas. It was a daunting structure that served as the symbol of power for the Jedi of the Dark Brotherhood. Few outsiders ever entered its sinister halls—and those who did rarely did so willingly. The Hall was a forbidding and unforgiving place.

Except tonight.

Tonight, the Dark Jedi were gathering together to welcome the new Herald of the Brotherhood, Baxir Vol, who had replaced the recently deceased Orv Dessrx. The Grand Master had invited dignitaries from each of the Houses and Clans to attend what was basically a massive, celebratory ball. Despite the undercurrent of tension between the Houses and the Dark Council, the sheep had flocked to pay tribute to their lord and master.

Kaayn had used his contacts to set himself up with the perfect disguise. He was already in place, standing amidst the Dark Jedi on the second-floor balcony that overlooked the main chamber. From this vantage point, he could keep an eye on everything going on below, while avoiding the majority of the crowd. Even now, a stream of visitors entered and made their way towards the raised dais where the Grand Master sat, bowing and scraping to garner his favor.

Long tables, covered in fancy, silken cloths and golden place-settings, were set up at each end of the chamber and filled with expensive drinks and delicacies from all over the galaxy. A massive chandelier hung down from the ceiling, its crystal petals glistening in the light of

small, flickering flames. Despite the tainted hearts of the Dark Jedi, they enjoyed style and flair with an almost hedonistic desire. It was just one of many weaknesses that eventually led to their downfall.

Kaayn was disguised as a waiter, clad in a black suit with red accoutrements and a round, silver tray in his hand loaded with hors d'oeuvres. He had managed to trick the lesser minds of the kitchen staff into giving him a uniform and credentials, and made his way into the party. Unlike the Dark Jedi, who were already bathed in darkness, Kaayn could pinpoint the difference between users of the dark side, which allowed him to discern the stranger in the crowd. It was part of his heritage to know a Sith when he saw one—the Jedi Order and the Sith had a special history going back thousands of years.

He was tracking the infiltrator from the moment the man entered the Hall. While the Dark Jedi played nice, they failed to notice the stranger in their midst. The man wore dark robes and kept a cowl over his face. He was stalking through the room like a hunter, eyes locked on his target—one of the dignitaries from a Clan. The warning glint of a metal blade peeked out from within the man's robes, in reach of an easy draw. Death was imminent. Kaayn knew the attack would send the Brotherhood sheep into a frenzy of vengeance and retribution. Their likely target would be Odan-Urr.

It was time to be a hero.

Kaayn dropped the tray he had been holding and jumped onto the railing's banister. Before anyone could respond to his sudden actions, he grabbed at one of the Order banners hanging from the ceiling and threw himself off the balcony. He arced towards the floor with incredible speed, drawing the attention of everyone in the room, including the infiltrator.

As he landed, Kaayn pulled his lightsaber from within his waiter vestments, ignited it, and placed the point at the One Sith's neck. "Your infiltrator is revealed, Dark Jedi," Kaayn boldly declared to the surprised room.

"Curse you, Jedi," the One Sith roared. "This was no concern of yours."

"Maybe not," Kaayn agreed with a quick nod, "but I wasn't going to let the burden of your actions be laid upon Odan-Urr's feet." He gestured with his extended blade. "Surrender. Now."

"And allow myself to be tortured for information?" the One Sith scoffed. "Never." The man jumped forward and skewered himself on Kaayn's weapon. The green blade easily parted the man's head from his shoulders, momentarily surprising the young Jedi. Before the body could drop unceremoniously to the ground, the Dark Jedi were moving swiftly forward.

The members of the Brotherhood surrounded Kaayn with their weapons drawn. He defiantly turned a circle, holding his lightsaber out defensively, putting the dead Sith from his mind. The situation was pretty hopeless. There had to be at least a hundred Dark Jedi in the room alone, not including the sets of guards between the party and the exit. Long odds. Kaayn cracked his neck and prepared himself for a throw down, when a bellow shook the room.

"Stop!"

Everyone turned towards the man who had shouted the order. Muz Ashen, Grand Master of the Brotherhood, stepped off the raised dais and walked slowly towards Kaayn. The crowd parted before him, a wave of servants fleeing out of their master's path. It was such a sad sight, Kaayn thought. The Grand Master stopped a few short feet away and scanned Kaayn up and down.

Kaayn tightened his grip on his lightsaber and prepared himself for the greatest fight of his life. But, he was disappointed. Booming laughter erupted from the Grand Master, at first shocking the gathered Dark Jedi until, eventually, they too joined in with awkward chuckles.

"It seems you've done us a favor, boy," the Grand Master announced. "For your valor, I'll give let you wake out of here alive… this time." With the Grand Master's curt wave, the Dark Jedi retreated and sheathed their weapons. "Be grateful to us, Jedi. We will not show such mercy in the future."

With that declaration, the Grand Master turned his back and returned to his Iron Throne. Slightly bemused by the strange turn of events, Kaayn withdrew his lightsaber. His blue eyes scanned the crowd, willing one of the sheep to break their master's orders and come at him, but, once again, he was disappointed. Unbowed by the threatening glares of so many Dark Jedi, Kaayn walked out of the Hall with a cocksure swagger to his step.

Behind him, the sounds of the party restarted now that the entertainment had ended. He had resolved the situation and cleared his House of any potential suspicion… Just as he had promised the Council he would do. Better yet, he had managed to show up the Dark Jedi in their own home—a memory he would not soon forget. All he had to do now was report of his victory and bask in the adoration he would certainly receive for his achievements.

It was hard work being the best, but Kaayn knew he pulled it off with style.

## *The End*