Preface:

As the author of this short story, I felt it important to warn readers that this fiction is not to be considered canon

(True to the continuity, full history) of either the Star Wars or Game of Thrones franchises. It is best to see this as the story equivalent to a kit-bash(model made up from various different things) and try to imagine an entirely new universe with similar technology, places, events, factions. An alternate universe if you will.

Thank you for your interest in this story.

Sincerely,

Erik Rayne

Chapter 1

New Arrivals

"They come just as they have come for a thousand years. A single life pod dropping from the sky. Funny even through this blizzard you can see the trail of heated atmosphere bouncing from the hull. " Wons Krats said to himself as he watched sitting near his window as the newest of their order fell out of control from the heavens. Only when the pod moved out of his field of view and the after the accompanying boom did he return his attention to his desk and diary. "Where was I?" he said quietly to himself as he began to dictate again."Ah yes, for a thousand years every member of 'The Knights Watch' has experienced the same thing. Drafted into the service at some point, stripped of their titles, names, possessions, their memories and ego suppressed by the force and given in return but a few robes and a new lightsaber. The lightsabers are pure white as with the robes to signify the purity of the Watch's mission. No lightside or darkside, no factions or alliances... Taken away from everything they have known, stripped of their personal lives and sent here to the planet of Soretsew. We awake only from the deafening sound the pod makes when we first enter into 'The Great Fall' our first scenes of life are of the ground rising rapidly to meet us." he paused a moment and stroked his goatee thoughtfully, as he remembered his first days and stifled the painful thought of not having memory of his life before, a thought he had done so many times before in his days here.

"So finally to the point, why?..." the anger in his voice could be easily heard, and he swallowed hard the venom within his mouth that he would spit at those who had done this to him. After a moment his rage subsided and he again accepted his fate and the entirety of his destiny and continued, "The March." he gulped as his memories of his first hand experience with the creatures surfaced. "They are known as the Vong, they are enemies of the force, enemies of life. Whether ever the force is the Vong seek to destroy it. The complexity of why they follow such self-destructive tenants escapes us all. But it is a fact that we cannot ignore. The Vong would have every single life exterminated from our galaxy and beyond. It took the entirety of both the Jedi and the Dark Jedi to stop their first "March' across our galaxy destroying everything in their path. The two opposing orders banded together in an unparalleled coalition and managed to drive the Vong back, back to here. This is where the last battle took place, the history of the events given to us in the form of The Holocron. It is the provider of all we know about our history, it is neither light nor dark and seems to draw from us our innermost desires, taking them away. We all understand our duty. In the final days of 'The First March' the Jedi Coalition pushed back the whole of the Vong fleet. After crushing all that left they constructed 'The Iron Throne.' a gravity well generator that warps the hyperspace surrounding Soretsew meaning that anything caught within 200000x10 kilometres near the planet will be meeting the ground in a hurry. The Throne was made to keep the Vong prisoner, it was believed that if the Coalition destroyed the Vong completely. The balance of the force would be irreparably repaired. For every source of light there must be an invariably equal form of darkness. To destroy the greatest evil they have ever known they would possibly destroy the greatest good." the sound of the other Knights bringing in the new comers distracts him, he watches as they are carried in on gravity beds towards the ward and then it struck him, the realisations that he has since his Great Fall known what all these things are called and what they do such as things in the environment, technology, etc but that has no memory of ever having learned them. A powerful yet precise ritual must have been done to keep his mind functioning but take his identity. "So enough of history," he said.

"We are the Knight’s Watch, we keep safe the Elder Tree within our Fortress of Winterhold. We call it the elder tree because it looks like a very large white tree aside from its obvious mechanisations. It is in fact a Hyperspace Beacon and the only means to communicate with the outside world as well as the geothermal generator that powers The Iron Throne. We keep the Elder Tree safe from the Vong who would use it to escape this world and begin again “The March” We are the galaxies first line of defence against the Vong.” he shifted his gaze to his lightsaber as it rested within its scabbard hanging from his belt an uneasy feeling crossing through him, “We are all force sensitive and we all know both light and dark powers within the force. We use whatever we need to in order to keep the Vong on this planet. Sometimes our actions with the Vong are Humane, even though a lot of us aren’t even human nor show much compassion and some are just savage..,” he swallowed hard a guilt ridden and sad memory, “None of us will ever leave this planet until we become one with the force. We have no past, no future we are all dead already all that is left is to return to the force-,“ he was cut short by the sounds of shouting from outside and the unmistakable hiss of lightsabers cracking into life as another Vong assault on Winterhold had begun.