The Survival of the Fittest

Lucyeth has always done whatever was necessary to achieve his goals. As a boy who had a rough childhood and survived without parental guidance, he continues to look out for no one else but himself. Back in the days of his Journeyman training before he was a dark Jedi Knight, he lied to a colleague to better himself and clear that person out of the competition for more knowledge.

Lucyeth, a young and curious boy fresh in the brotherhood, is always looking for anything to learn that will benefit. He is always found either in the library, training room, or in the meditation chamber, practicing what he learns to better him as a force sensitive. Another young Journeyman known as Hammer, constantly competes with Lucyeth to earn the time of the elder teachers. They are always pitted against each other in lightsaber training which makes the “unofficial” rivalry more apparent to others around. Lucyeth knew that he had to get Hammer off his back or he would never ascend to knighthood. With another session of sparring, it eneded once again with Lucyeth tiring out his opponent until he got sloppy. Lucyeth took advantage but Hammer used the force to knock Lucyeth to the ground. Hammer took his opportunity toget back onto his feet and had his opponent pinned down. Lucyeth glared at the instructor hoping for a disqualification but nothing came as he looked on with interest. The instructor stood there with amazement for a moment before his expression turned grin and cold, common of many teachers before he spoke.

“ Lucyeth you show superior skills in lightsaber combat but Hammer, you clearly had shown to do anything to win no matter the circumstances. I think other teachers would like to see both of you in combat once again,” said the instructor with an expressionless face before he left the room. Both Hammer and Lucyeth looked at each other before they stormed out of the room to get away from each other before only ones road to victory. As Lucyeth was about to go to his quarters, the instructor caught him in the hallway to talk to him once again about what had happened.

“ the other instructors want to meet in the audience chamber which I forgot to mention, let your frind know that,” stated the instructr before he walked down the corridor and out of sight. *He is not my friend.* Lucyeth thought to himself in response to the remark. The dark Jedi went to the quarters of Hammer and paused at his door. *Why would I want to help this guy but I can prove that I am better.* He knocked on the door and Hammer appeared in the doorway. He had a look of surprise when he saw Lucyeth at the door.

“ What do you want?” asked Hammer to Lucyeth.

“ I was wondering if you would want to practice, the master said we should be ready for our duel in the training hall,” replied Lucyeth with a straight expression as he knew it was not held in the training hall or that he simply wanted to practice to tire out his opponent.

“ Of course let me get my stuff,” stated Hammer with a slight hint of hesitation to the offer. He assumed Lucyeth was up to something but the chance to find a weakness in Lucyeth couldn’t of presented a better opportunity if he put it in front of him on a platter. They headed to the training hall where they practiced late into the night with the same outcome in the many battles between each other. Lucyeth knew he had to use his cunning to get Hammer out of the way and this was the perfect way to do it.

The following day, Lucyeth had shown up at the audience chambers in front of the instructor and a few other dark Jedi. Hammer was nowhere in sight and Lucyeth felt his victory had finally came when the teachers had pardoned him off for not showing up. Hammer came running in minutes later with a shortness of breath, apparent that he ran to the chambers.

“ Your late Hammer, We cannot excuse tardiness,” stated the teacher with a menacing gaze to the frightened student.

“ I was not told that the duel was her so I went to the training hall,” replied Hammer trying to look like he wasn’t petrified.

“ Your fellow stduent’s failure to inform is no excuse to keep the teachers waiting,” screamed the instructor toward Hammer with such energy that the room shook. The instructor pulled out his lightsaber and whipped in the air with a simple thrust ending in Hammer dropping to the floor. He looked on towards Lucyeth with both disgust but amazement as well for his cleverness.