A Life so Sweet

Lucyeth awoke from his deep sleep in his personal quarters with feelings of confusion and a look of perplex ion. What had started with a short session of meditation to clear the mind progressed into a nodding off as Lucyeth wiped his face and pulled his fingers through his disheveled hair. He still thought to himself whether it was simply a dream or if he had something more detailed. His mind projected something that had never happened before however, it was too realistic for Lucyeth to believe that it was just a dream. The dark Jedi went over to his desk to pull out his data pad he continued to think. He wanted to record every detail before he forgot anything and get to what the meaning of it was. The data pad flashed with the thoughts that Lucyeth recorded into the memory of the device.

The time was thirty years from now and Lucyeth had the appearance of thirty years of age. His body was not as shaped as he was thirty years ago however; he still had a feeling of the force within his body. What Lucyeth was unable to understand was that he was in normal civilian clothes rather than his imperial clan robes and no light saber on his belt. There was no resemblance of Lucyeth being a dark Jedi of the brotherhood. Lucyeth came to a realization that he must be an ordinary citizen with no benefits of a respect, power and influence of a Jedi. He had no idea where he was within the city that is if he even knew what city it was. He exited the building he was in which was far from spectacular but it was clear to Lucyeth that he was in the all too familiar city of Vuhm Kehs. Now that he knew he was on Antenora, he could simply go back to the citadel and go about his business. He found a speeder on the side of the road which he gladly borrowed on his own terms. No one was around so there was no problem with Lucyeth starting it and making his trip to his home.

Lucyeth was met with absolute shock and awe at the sight that he gazed upon with horror. The citadel that once there was leveled to a pile of rubble. Lucyeth had no idea what kind of Jedi raid this was or rebellion but his rage was beginning to take over as lucent walked over to observe the debris. It appeared it was done a while back but the effect was raw in the mind of Lucyeth. The dark Jedi caused debris to levitate in the air as his rage and fear of what happened to his battle team affected him directly. A man walked up to the commotion to look at the enraged Jedi that was out of control.

“I wouldn’t use the force like that. Someone will see you,” stated the stranger to Lucyeth. The dark Jedi didn’t seem to care and the appearance of an inferior who told him not to use his abilities angered him even more. He grabbed the man in a choke hold which caused the man to gasp for air and clenched his throat as he begged for mercy in midair.

“What happened here and maybe I will let you go,” demanded Lucyeth.

“Security forces along with the tribes wiped out the force sensitive’s on the planet years ago. They grew tired of force sensitive’s ruling the planet,” gasped the man at Lucyeth who released the man of his grip. Lucyeth realized that is very possible as the battle team along with the royal house had always been at odds with local tribes and natives of the planet. When Lucyeth was about to walk away, two transport ships came in fast and dropped armed soldiers on the ground near the destroyed citadel. Lucyeth didn’t have to ask what they were doing here with the soldiers heading straight toward the dark Jedi with weapons raised.

Lucyeth wasted no time to act because if what the man said was true, then they were not going to simply let the dark Jedi walk away. As they closed the distance with Lucyeth, the dark Jedi reached out with the force with an outward push that sent the soldiers slamming into the ground. Lucyeth quickly reached out to pull a blaster toward him as he knew he was not going to be able to take all the soldiers on with nothing for offense. The blaster came right to his outstretched hand and he didn’t hesitate to shoot at as many guys as he could before more got back on their feet. One by one, the soldiers fell to the ground as Lucyeth picked them off with each shot fired. One soldier was about to throw a projectile from his pocket but Lucyeth was too quick to realize as violet strings of raw energy seared his skin. Lucyeth lowered his outstretched hand and kept firing as best as he could against an overwhelm Ely numerous enemy. Lucyeth could feel his anger fuel the dark side even though he had no light saber and he felt he could take on an entire army. Lucyeth suddenly collapsed to the ground in agony as his leg gave out from the now blackened wound a bolt had caused. Lucyeth used the pain to explode in a last attempt of the raw power of the dark side. His pain was not enough to prevent his hand from getting blown apart. Lucyeth figured it was over for him now that he was on the ground and defenseless with nothing more to do. His surroundings went blank in an instant right there on the ground and knew he was surely killed right at the spot.

Lucyeth awoke abruptly to a mass of strangers that he had no idea whom they were in front of him. He was not dead however, he was in a bacta tank with high security features that could be seen throughout the room. The groups of people were not the soldiers that he encountered but they were not to be underestimated. Lucyeth was clearly imprisoned and would not get out through any typical means of assault and battery tactics. The dark Jedi prisoner stared at his captors with a menacing gaze but they didn’t appear to be frightened. Lucyeth was not surprised that that would not work as he was the prisoner and they knew that a cell that kept his force connection in his body severed would prove its use. Lucyeth felt an overwhelming sense of useless and hopeless as he dangled in the shackles that bound him. A single member of the group of people walked forward toward the cell and looked at the captive dark Jedi with amusement across his face. The guy was a typical human male of average height with a scar that went across his left cheek. His scar displayed an obvious sign of battle hardened history and he was built tough with big arms that matched a broad chest. He may not be a force sensitive however; it was clear that he was a formidable fighter and should never be underestimated. He opened his mouth to speak and Lucyeth didn’t want to wait any longer at what this person had to say, as a matter of fact, he was full of anticipation and interest at what he was about to say.

“I bet your wondering what you are doing in there, aren’t you?” asked the man who Lucyeth now assumed was the leader.

“What is going on here? I am the battle team leader of Acclivis Draco, what happened to the citadel and all the dark Jedi?” demanded Lucyeth with the anger swelling in the expression of his face.

“They were all killed in conquest to rid the planet of the force sensitive beings. You see, they were the cause of all the pain, suffering, turmoil, and any other problem that ravaged this once tranquil planet,” replied the man with a smirk across his face, which made it clear that he loved the idea of what the lone dark Jedi thought of each word that came out of the man’s mouth only moments ago.

“You will regret you ever did that once I get out of this cell,” Lucyeth said in a stern tone that straightened out the faces of everyone in the room except the lead man who stared at him and chuckled.

“You will never be able to because you are in there and I am out here.” Replied the man with another laugh that mocked Lucyeth and drove his anger deep to the core.

“So then what are you doing holding the only dark Jedi left? Why don’t you just kill me then?” demanded Lucyeth.

“Don’t worry, I have plans for you.” Replied the man as he motioned to his people and the entire group left the room.

Lucyeth finished the last thought into the data pad at the last point that he remembered before he returned back to reality. With his thoughts recorded, he could further inquire whether the thoughts were a simple dream or more to it of a realistic vision of the future.