**Menat Orbo Spaceport, New Tython**

**37 ABY**

**One Week Ago**

“Why did I have to leave my lightsaber behind again?” Brain inquired to Turel as the two men walked out of the spaceport terminal.

“Because we’re posing as off-world mercenaries.” Turel said in a hushed tone so as not to be overheard.

“And why are we doing this again?”

“Did you sleep through the mission brief again or something?”

“No. I just want to hear you say it.”

“We are posing as off-world mercenaries to get ourselves arrested and sent to Purity Rock. And if they don’t know we are Jedi they will put us in general pop. where we’ll have more freedom to move about.”

“So we’re going to cause trouble in town and get ourselves arrested?” Turel nodded in agreement. “When do we get started?” Brain asked with a devilish grin.

“Right now, I’ve got just the place to hit.” Turel rubbed his hands together gleefully.

“Let’s do this!” Brain reached over to give Turel a fist bump.

**Menat Orbo Municipal Court, Menat Orbo, New Tython**

**18 Hours Later**

The night magistrate entered the room wearing the stereotypical black robes of his office. Several dozen beings in restraints awaiting trial, a few court-appointed legal counsels, and a bored-looking local holonews reporter rose as the judge entered then took their sets at the direction of the bailiff. The magistrate assumed his place on the bench and quickly scanned a datapad his clerk had left for him. “Bailiff, call the docket.”

The bailiff stood up and announced with a booming voice, “Here Ye Here Ye, This honorable Court of the Thuron Monarchy is now in session. The first case is the Crown vs. Adrian Summers and Kirq Ramwagr. Prisoner 24601, step forward.” Turel recognized his assigned number and stepped to the podium in the center of the courtroom.

The magistrate took a moment to finish reading the datapad. “You are Adrian Summers, a citizen of Corellia, correct?” Turel nodded in agreement, acknowledging the identification he’d been arrested with, which belonged to one of his former aliases.

The bailiff hit Turel on the shoulder. “Speak up when the magistrate addresses you,” he growled.

Turel cast a resentful glare toward the bailiff, then turned to address the magistrate. “That is correct.”

The magistrate continued. “You and your co-defendant are charged with public drunkenness, disorderly conduct, three counts of assault, two counts of assaulting an officer of the crown, four counts of vandalism of a public monument, resisting arrest, theft of government property (namely one police speeder), and possession of illegal weapons.” The magistrate paused for a moment. “Do you understand these charges?”

Brain stood up. “I think you left some charges out. It was one hell of a night!” The bailiff punched him in the stomach. “QUIET!”

Turel responded. “I understand the charges.”

“Do you wish to enter a plea?”

“Your honor, I refuse to recognize the jurisdiction of this court. The Thuron monarchy is an illegal occupation and an affront to the citizens of New Tython.” He defiantly raised his fist into the air. “FREE NEW TYTHON!!” The other prisoners awaiting their hearings cheered. The bailiffs in the room advanced and hit Turel with stun batons until he collapsed unconscious to the floor.

The magistrate was incensed, “I will not tolerate outbursts in my courtroom!” He turned to Brain, “Prisoner 24602 do you understand the charges against you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you wish to enter a different plea from your co-defendant?”

Brain pointed at Turel. “Uh, what he said!”

The prisoners cheered again and the magistrate banged his gavel until the bailiffs restored order. “Very well. I find you both guilty on all counts. For inciting treason against the Crown, for disturbing the peace of the realm and for contempt of His Majesty’s court, I hereby sentence you and your co-defendant to five years hard labor at the Purity Rock detention facility. And may His Majesty have mercy upon your souls. Next case!” He banged his gavel to signal the end of the hearing.

As a bailiff frogmarched Brain out of the courtroom, he looked over at Turel’s unconscious body being dragged beside him. He thought to himself, ‘Well, mission accomplished buddy. Now comes the hard part.’

**Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

**30 Hours Later**

Turel opened his eyes. He had been in the back of that prisoner transport for who knows how long before the bumping wheeled vehicle finally came to a stop. The back door of the transport opened and the sudden influx of sunlight nearly blinded everyone in the back. Turel squinted to try to see out of the back door. As his eyes adjusted, he saw guards lined up on either side of the back ramp forming two human walls leading into a large building. ‘This must be inprocessing. We are here,’ He thought. His cheekiness had gotten them into the prison, but he knew better than to continue it inside. This was the time to be cooperative and lay low. Compliant detainees were put into lower levels of security and that is exactly what he and Brain wanted for their mission. Lower security would give them the freedom of movement they needed to find the other members of their battle team in the facility and coordinate with the Ooroo strike team on the the outside.

A burly human guard in battle armor followed by a geeky-looking guard carrying a clipboard approached the transport’s ramp. “Prisoners, exit the transport in a single file line. No talking.” He scanned the prisoners in the transport hold with a scornful look that seemed to say “try something, I dare you.” The human wall of guards leading to the inprocessing facility was probably unnecessary, but the stark show of force right on the front end sent a powerful psychological message to the detainees about who was in charge here.

Turel looked over to the other side of the transport to see Brain. He gave a subtle wink when the guards weren’t looking. They had both done stints in prison before. That’s why Quaestor Liam had chosen them to go “inside” the prison and prep the objective for their sister strike team to rescue the captive Knights of Allusis. Turel and Brain were one of the few Knights of Allusis members who weren’t on the disastrous Varonat mission which led to the team’s capture.

The prisoners filed out of the transport one by one, their hand and leg irons clanging as they moved. The human hallway of guards stood at silent grim, attention as the prisoners filed by. Brain had trouble seeing where he was going with the hot desert wind blowing sand into his face. Turel kept his head down, trying to surreptitiously memorize the layout of the area they were in. The inprocessing building seemed to be located in a central, administrative area of the facility, connecting all the other areas together. The internal areas of the prison were divided by fences and the outer perimeter was lined with high walls; both were dotted with guard towers every 100 meters or so.

Once inside the inprocessing building the new prisoners were herded into a large room and read the rules of the facility. Then the guards shuffled the prisoners through various processing stations that included administrative data, uniform issue, and a very probing medical exam. Turel became nervous as the medical personal scanned his prosthetic arm. The scans found no contraband and the facility personnel ruled it was not a security risk. The scans missed the tiny transceiver Nathan Deciarus had hidden in Turel’s cybernetic arm when he rebuilt it. The transceiver could be activated by Turel in an emergency and detected from a short distance.

After making his way through the various stations being poked, prodded, sanitized, and questioned, Turel arrived at the final station: the intelligence interview. It was the same at every large prison like this. An intelligence officer examined the prisoner’s file, conducted a brief interview and determined the prisoner’s security classification. The officer in this facility didn’t ask Turel any questions. He skimmed his file, said “Hmm, another political prisoner,” and directed the guard to send him to the human medium security compound.

Turel relaxed a bit as the guards escorted him to the human segment of the compound. The staff hadn’t identified him as any kind of a major threat just another political prisoner for the work camp. No shock collar, no special precautions, just hand and leg irons during transport. He knew if he acted up he’d be sent to maximum security or solitary confinement, but for now he had a certain degree of freedom when he wasn’t slaving away in the work camp. It was hard to sense anything through the Force in this place. There was so much despair, suffering and death. Despite this, Turel knew that his friends and master were in there with him. He just had to find them.

**Work Camp, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

**5 Days Later**

Because of their relatively good physical condition, Turel and Brain were assigned to mining duty inside the massive workcamp. Purity Rock had a loose segregation plan in which humans lived separately from aliens who lived separately from Harakoan natives. It was motivated partially by the racism of the regime running the facility but also served to keep the peace. Work parties were another matter entirely. Prisoners were grouped according to their strength and physical condition, strong males of all species were sent to the mines. Everyone else either worked in the moisture farm, ore processing facility, or if they were lucky, one of the administrative buildings providing services for the guard force.

Brain and Turel immediately embedded themselves with the other human prisoners. The humans, aliens, and Harakoans each had their own secret leadership structures within the camp. The respective factions communicated where and when they could, mostly during work shifts when species were allowed to mix for work details. The human leaders had agreed to arrange a meeting between the undercover Jedi and Gideon Varos, the human political leader and sole survivor of the old government of New Tython. The meeting was to take place after the current shift was over.

Brain and Turel were part of a mixed species work group hauling a cart full of ore up the mine shift. As the group came to the entrance of the mine, they passed by an overseer whipping an adolescent Harakoan male. “Pick up that ore, you filthy savage,” the overseer shouted as he cracked the whip again. The young Harakoan cried out in agony as the whip tore into his exposed flesh. Another guard came up behind the boy and kicked him hard in the stomach as he tried to get up. “Animals, every last one of them. Can’t even carry a load without dropping it.” The second guard stepped aside as the overseer resumed whipping with a bloodlust in his eyes.

A rage welled up inside Turel that he could not explain or control. He had done some bad things in his life and killed a lot of people. He wasn’t proud of any of it. A lifetime in the underworld had made him callous to a lot of things. Harming children was not one of them. Something about harming children struck to the very core of his oath as a Jedi Guardian; what he had sworn to protect. The logical part of his brain was screaming for him to just keep pushing the cart, but he could not stand by while this boy suffered. On some level Turel knew this would blow his cover and jeopardize the mission. The very mission which was the last, best hope to free these people. There was no logic now; that part of his brain was a faint echo. There was only raw emotion and a need for justice.

Turel let go of the cart and turned toward the gruesome scene. “Let. Him. Go.” Brain looked at Turel with utter horror on his face as he wondered what in the world his friend was doing.

The overseer froze and turned around.“What did you say?” All the guards in the area began to slowly descend upon Turel as the confrontation unfolded.

“You heard me.”

“How dare you! You disgusting Ako lover!” The overseer raised his hand to crack the whip in Turel’s direction. Turel stood defiant; his rage a blazing inferno. Just before the overseer could crack the whip, an older Harakoan male stepped between them. With his back to the overseer, the Harakoan grabbed Turel by the shoulders and locked eyes with him. He silently shook his head no. He didn’t need words. The message was clear to Turel: Not here. Not now. The whip came down across the Harakoan’s back in a blow meant for Turel. He winced in pain, but kept his firm grip on Turel’s shoulders. Turel snapped out of his rage. Logic regained a foothold in his mind.

“Oh look, the Ako lover’s pet protects him!” The overseer sneered.

A guard officer arrived on the scene to see what the commotion was about. He turned to the group pushing the cart, including Turel and the older Harakoan. “Get back to work!” He turned to the overseer. “If you want to beat Ako’s to death, go do it somewhere else. I have an operation to run here. We might as well turn some profit from the beasts before they keel over.”

“Yes sir.”

**Human Compound, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

**4 Hours Later**

Brain and Turel followed a group of human prisoners to a tent where a bearded man in his late twenties stood waiting inside a circle of older humans. The bearded man addressed the two men. “Welcome. You’ll understand our hesitancy at meeting right away. We had to ensure you weren’t with the guards.” Turel nodded. The bearded man continued, “I am Gideon Varos, sole survivor of the legitimate government of New Tython.”

Turel spoke up, “Pleased to meet you. You can call me Adrian and my associate Kirq. Those aren’t our real names.” He looked down at the other men seated in a circle. “Is it safe to speak here?”

Gideon spoke up, “These are the elders of the human camp. Anything you say to me, you can say to them.”

“Ah. My associate and I are looking for a team of Jedi who were brought here recently.”

Gideon stroked his beard. “We have eyes and ears all over the facility. We know of six Jedi who were brought here a few days before you were. But they are all held in the maximum security section under heavy guard.”

“I was afraid of that.”

“I believe it’s safe to assume that you two gentlemen are not the simple off-world mercenaries you claim to be. Are you with the Jedi?”

Brain spoke up, “Yes. We are with the Jedi. However, If the guards gain any inclination that we are Force-users we’ll have shock collars on our necks and be in maximum security cells before you can blink.”

Turel interjected. “There is a Jedi strike team poised to hit the facility when we contact them. We aren’t just planning on rescuing our comrades. We are taking this whole facility down. To do that while minimizing casualties we need your help and the help of the other compound leaders as well.”

Gideon carefully considered Turel’s words. “I heard about what you tried to do in the mines today. That was very brave, but foolish, but you have shown yourself to be a true friend of the Harakoan and Tythonian peoples. We will coordinate with the other leaders; when the time comes we will be ready. We have been working on a plan for some time. We must move our elderly, children, and those who cannot fight to safety when the time comes. The rest will stand with you. What is your plan, master Jedi?”

Turel drew a rough sketch of the facility in the dirt. “We studied old maps before we came here. The mines lead out of the camp and into the hills. There is an old shaft that leads out of the mine into the hills but it was sealed when they built this facility. If I can get my hands on some explosives I can blow the abandoned shaft and hopefully reopen it. That will give your people a route to safety.” Gideon nodded thoughtfully.

Brain continued. “The first step is freeing our comrades from the maximum security section. Once our team is free we can seize control of the prison armory here,” he pointed at Turel’s diagram, “And blow the fence here. This should allow us to arm all of your fighters. The Jedi strike team will link up with us and together we’ll handle the heavy resistance while your warriors escort your people to safety.”

Gideon nodded. “A sound plan, assuming we can free your friends. We’ll coordinate with Chief Whenua but you will have a hard time convincing him to keep his warriors out of the heavy fighting. Harakoans are proud warriors.”

“And we are proud to have them. Chief Whenua lives then?” Turel asked.

“Yes. That was his brother you tried to protect in the mines today.”

Turel was speechless for a second, but Brain picked right up where he left off. “So the problem is how do we get into the maximum security section?”

Gideon thought for a second. “We can’t get you inside without raising an alarm but perhaps we can get a message to one of your friends. If he can convincingly feign an illness they will take them to the hospital for examination. We can get you inside the hospital; so, assuming we can only get a message to one of your comrades, who should it be?

Turel and Brain looked at each other for a second. Turel started thinking out loud. “Who could best help us infiltrate the maximum security section? It should be a human, the others would stick out too much.” Both the Jedi faces lit up at the same time like they had the same idea. They shouted in unison, “Nathan!”

“Very good. Can you describe him so our people can pass your message along?”

Brain fielded this question. “Oh, Nathan is my master. He’s a human male, looks like a teenager, light skin, spikey platinum blonde hair.”

“Your master in the Jedi Order is a teenager? How strange.”

“Well he’s a clone of a Sith and well…It’s complicated, but he’s one of the best slicers I know.”

Turel held up his cybernetic arm. “Nathan rebuilt and improved this. Besides it’s not that strange. My master is a homicidal Gungan.” Turel saw his joke had confused Gideon and the elders. “I was joking, Kah’s not homicidal. Most of the time.”

“He sounds like a great warrior.”

“They all are. We just need to free them. Before we finalize this plan do you have means for contacting the outside world?”

“We have a makeshift comlink hidden away, but its range is limited.”

“Excellent! Tune the comlink to 2568.23 and transmit ‘Allusis Stands’ until you get a response. The other strike team is monitoring that frequency. That will let them know we are ready and to execute their part of the mission.”

Brain interjected, “So how do you plan to get us into the hospital?”

**Facility Hospital, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

**6 Hours Later**

Nathan woke up chained to a gurney inside a spartan hospital room with his shock collar still attached. He had gotten a strange message with his meal that morning from one of the human females who brought the food. The message was crudely encoded but said to feign an illness so someone could meet him in the hospital. He wondered who wanted to arrange such a risky meeting, but he had nothing but time on his hands so he put on his best performance and used a little bit of the Force on the maximum security medic.

Nathan heard a commotion outside his room and he felt a familiar presence in the Force. Brain and Turel burst into the room, each dragging the unconscious bodies of the two guards who had been stationed outside of Nathan’s room. Suddenly it was clear who had arranged the meeting.

Turel finished stuffing his guard into a corner. “I don’t think anyone heard us.”

Brain came out of his own corner after depositing his unconscious guard. “Well that was fun, I don’t know how long they’ll be out.”

Nathan sat up as much as he could. “Turel? Brain? How did you two get in here?” He noticed they were in prisoner uniforms. “You got yourselves captured?”

Brain filled his master in as Turel started uncuffing Nathan’s restraints. “Master Liam sent us to infiltrate the prison. We’re here to rescue you!”

Nathan shrugged, returning circulation to his freed limbs. “Great! So what’s the plan?”

Brain continued, “Turel and I are here to make contact with the population leaders and determine your status and location. Strike Team Ooroo is poised to hit the facility as soon as we kick off our little prison break.”

Turel finished uncuffing Nathan. “We need your help to free the others. Gideon and his people were able to get us in here we can’t get into the maximum security compound.”

Nathan pondered the situation for a second. “Leave that part to me. You did a good job getting this far, now undress those guards. We need their uniforms and badges. You two are going to escort me back into the maximum security section.” Turel and Brain nodded with understanding. Nathan got in front of the room’s mirror, grabbed a nearby medical instrument, and began fiddling with the shock collar.”

Brain lunged forward, “Careful master, won’t that explode if you mess with it?”

“Possibly, but it’s a relatively simple design. And...done!” The shock collar fell off. Nathan continued to modify it. After a few moments he was successful in disabling the shock collar. “There, now when they try to shock me all I’ll get is a nice tickle. He tossed a small rectangular shaped object at Turel. “Here’s the explosive charge from the collar, Turel. I assume you’ll put this to good use,” Nathan said with a wink.

Turel and Brain put on the guard’s uniforms and left the guards cuffed and gagged in the room’s latrine. Turel jokingly turned to Brain, “These pants are kind of tight. Do you think they make my butt look big?” He bent over in a suggestive pose.

Without missing a beat Brain replied, “I don’t know, let’s ask Aerin when we see her. She seems to have taken a keen interest in your butt lately.” Turel tried to hide the fact that he was blushing at that comment. Nathan just shook his head at the ridiculous sight of a middle aged, ex-gangster and war veteran blushing like a school boy.

Nathan interjected, “Those badges will get you past the electronic security measures. I’ll have to use a mind trick if any guards examine the badges too closely. Let’s go.”

**Maximum Security Compound, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

**Minutes Later**

Brain and Turel escorted Nathan back to the maximum security compound dressed in the guard uniforms. Nathan wore his prisoner garb with the disabled shock collar and unlocked cuffs. His cuffs were “dummy locked” so it wasn’t readily visible that he could get out of them if he needed to. The trio came to the sally port of the max. security compound. Turel and Brain swiped their badges to enter.

Turel addressed the guards inside the sally port, “Prisoner returning from the hospital.” The senior guard checked the transfer paperwork and studied Turel and Brain for a second, trying to remember who they were. Nathan reached out with the Force to touch the guard’s mind. “These are the guards who left earlier.” The guard repeated the phrase to himself as if he were suddenly remembering something and cleared the trio through the sally port.

After they got out of earshot of the sally port guards, Brain let out of a sigh of relief. “That was close. I thought they have us for sure and we’d have to fight our way of that one.”

Turel focused on the building ahead. “We’re not done yet, we still have to take the guard station.” Brain and Turel used their badges again to enter the high security building where the Jedi were being held. They were buzzed into the main block and walked past the guard station.

Brain checked around the corner. “All clear down here. Let’s hit the station.” Turel and Nathan nodded as they hid under a camera, outside of it’s field of view. The three guards inside the guard station because to wonder what was going on when the prisoner and guards they expected to see disappeared from the cameras. Nathan took off his cuffs and prepared to rush into the guard station when Turel opened the door.

Turel used his badge to open the guard station. “Hey guys!”

The three guards stood up, thoroughly confused. “Who are you? Where’s your prisoner?” Nathan and Brain rushed into the room. Turel tackled the guard closest to the console to prevent him from hitting the alarm. Nathan slammed one of the guards into the wall using the Force while Brain rushed the last one. Turel managed to work himself into a choke hold position while struggling with his guard on the ground. He held the guard in a blood choke until the struggling man passed out. Brain went with the tried and true method of a good solid blow to the head to dispatch his guard. Once all three guards were quietly incapacitated Nathan went to work on the security systems and cameras.

“I should be able to patch in here and feed a continuous loop back into the camera system so the central command center won’t know what’s going on.” Nathan worked with unnatural speed with the security systems. “I’ve disabled the alarms. Use your keys to free the others; they are all on this level. We don’t have much time until one of the supervisors comes out here.” Brain and Turel rushed into the hallway to free their comrades.

The rest of the team trickled into the control room, trying to shake off atrophy and other effects of four weeks of imprisonment and interrogation. The whole team looked like they had been through hell, and in their own way they had been. Brain and Turel endured back breaking labor in the mines since their arrival, but their experience in the work camps paled in comparison to the sustained torment the rest of the team suffered. The dirt and blood stains on their uniforms and the bruises on their bodies told the whole story. They exchanged no words. They didn’t need any and this wasn’t the time. Each was mindful of their duty, and right now their duty was to their comrades still incarcerated somewhere in the facility.

Nathan found what he was looking for. “I have it, they are in…” He paused for a moment and his voice sank, “They are in the interrogation building.” Brain and Turel had only heard whispers of what went on in the dreaded interrogation building. The rest of the team had experienced its horrors first hand.

Ryan said what everyone was thinking, “We have to get them out of there!” The entire group nodded in agreement.

Sa adjusted his Kel Doran breath mask and asked the gruesome question that had to be asked, “Do we even know they are still alive?”

Nathan squinted as he searched more records. “Yes, according to the most recent logs from three hours ago, they still are.”

Putra cracked his knuckles, “We need weapons. We can’t take the interrogation facility with stun batons. Also, we need to get these off.” He punctuated his last sentence by pointing to his shock collar.

Nathan shook his head as if he had just remembered something important. “Oh, those...One moment.” A few keystrokes later and the whole team’s shock collars fell off.

Aerin closed her eyes in a moment of deep concentration. “I can’t sense them from here...There’s so much pain in this place.” Her voice trailed off as she finished. She moved toward the corner of the room trying to regain her composure. Turel walked up behind her as Putra, Sa and Nathan formulated a battle plan over the computer monitor.

“Are you alright?” He wanted nothing more in that moment to embrace her and take all the pain and despair of the past weeks away from her to bear as his own. He stopped short, for he dare not. Aerin was a Jedi Knight, she was more powerful than he and a much stronger person on so many levels. His pride would never let him admit it out loud but he looked up to her in a way, as he strove through his own Knight trials.

Aerin’s connection to the Force allowed her to feel the intensity of Turel’s concern for her. For a fleeting moment, she allowed herself to bask in its warmth like a hearty fire on a cold day. It was a momentary indulgence and nothing more. Their friends were trapped in that pit of horrors and getting them out was all that mattered at the moment. “Thanks, I’ll be fine.” She placed her hand on his shoulder. “We need to stay focused so we can help the others.” Turel nodded and returned his attention to the discussion unfolding at the monitor.

Brain interjected into the intense planning discussions, “Don’t forget, Ooroo is standing by, as soon as we give the signal or the alarms go off, they will hit the facility.”

Sa nodded “Our breakout won’t go unnoticed for long, so we need to signal them now. Do we have any way of communicating with them from here?”

Nathan thought for a second. “Well, I could modify the guard’s communicators to work on our frequency but that would take too much time. I have a better idea.” He turned to Turel. “Let me see your arm.” Turel presented his cybernetic right arm, which Nathan examined for the nearly imperceptible recess containing the emergency transceiver. “Ah, the guards didn’t find the transceiver and it still works. Let me just activate it...There! They should see that signal if they are anywhere near the facility.” Turel pulled his multipurpose arm back.

Aerin returned to the group. “We should split up. Nathan and I should be able to infiltrate the interrogation facility without raising any alarms. The rest of you need to secure the prison armory and link up with Orroo and the rest of the prisoners.”

Nathan interjected, “We should take Brain with us; he’s in a guard uniform and still has credentials.” Brain nodded in agreement. Ryan and Turel armed themselves with stun batons. Putra and Sa nodded at each other in silent agreement. Both were men of few words and they knew what they had to do.

Brain turned to Turel before the groups split off. “Try to hold off on the fireworks as long as you can. We need time to secure Kah and Vorsa before the alarms go off.”

Turel smiled and shook Brain’s hand as they parted. “I know. Tell Kah I’ll see him on the battlefield.”

Putra, Sa, Ryan and Turel set off for the prison armory, while Nathan, Aerin and Brain rushed to infiltrate the interrogation facility.

**Strike Team Ooroo, positioned 200 Meters outside of the Purity Rock Detention Facility Perimeter, New Tython**

Revak-Kur lay in a prone position watching guard movements inside Purity Rock with a computerized interface scope. He and his team had spent so much time studying the defensive positions and guard movements that they knew the emplacements and schedules by heart. ‘What is taking them so long?’ he silently wondered. It had been days since they sent Brain and Turel into the facility to lay the groundwork for this mission.

Revak’s comlink crackled to life with Mirus’ voice, “We have a signal from Turel’s transponder.”

Revak keyed up his mic, “Do you have a location?”

“It’s coming from the maximum security block and moving toward the prison armory.”

That was a good sign. Those scoundrels had actually pulled it off. Revak cautiously left his position and moved back to his team’s position. He keyed up his mic one last time.

“Mirus, tell Ooroo to get ready, we’re going to get your teammates back.”

**Prison Armory, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

Putra, Sa, Ryan and Turel moved from building to building as stealthily as they could. Putra and Ryan probably should have put on some guard uniforms before leaving the maximum security cell block to at least try to blend in with the human guards. Kel Dorans were quite distinct so Sa had no chance of blending in and the prisoner movement gambit wouldn’t work in this section of the facility. Turel gave the hand signal for the others to stay put as he stood up, straightened his guard uniform and walked right up to the lone guard station guarding the armory.

“Afternoon gentlemen.” The two guards inside the lonely guard shack stood up, somewhat confused at this stranger who so brazenly approached and greeted them.

Turel strived to remember what was on his ID card. “Corporal Smith, here to collect my weapon to assume tower duty in tower 47.”

Both of the guards approached Turel as he continued the charade. With their attention focused on Turel they did not notice the other Jedi sneaking up on their position. The senior guard reached out for Turel’s ID badge. “Shift change was 30 minutes ago, I don’t have any record of you.”

Turel winced and handed his badge to the senior guard. “Cut me some slack guys, it’s my first day on this shift and the Sergeant of the Guard will have my head if I’m any later.” Turel saw that Putra and Ryan were in position behind the guard shack, the Jedi warriors poised like a pair of jungle panthers stalking prey. “If you could just check the schedule again please, I’m sure I was entered in there somewhere.” As he said that Putra and Ryan sprang onto both guards, quickly knocking them out with sucker punches. The Jedi dragged the unconscious guards into the guard shack and handcuffed them together.

Sa walked calmly past the guard shack, paying little heed to the sleeping guards. “Nice work.” Turel used one of the armory guard’s ID badges to open the blast door. The armory contained a brigade’s worth of small arms, crew served weapons, and explosives. Turel was happier than a Jawa in a droid graveyard when he found the explosives section. The group armed themselves with blasters, though Turel and Putra were clearly more comfortable using them. Turel gathered a moderate pack of explosives with a remote detonator.

 Ryan asked the obvious, “So now that we have the weapons how do we get them through the fence to the prisoners?”

Turel held up the remote detonator with mischievous glee, “By getting rid of the fence.”

The fence was less than a 100 meters from the prison armory. The towers on the fence were oriented toward the internment camp, away from the armory which was in the guard living area of the facility. Turel crept up to the base of the nearest tower and placed an explosive charge. He crept along the fence line and planted two more charges at even intervals between the first tower and the second. Finally Turel planted an explosive charge at the second tower. The explosives were set to take out two guard towers and the entire length of fence connecting them, providing a massive entryway for the human, alien, and Harakoan warriors to access the armory.

Back at the armory, Putra wasted no time setting up crew served weapons in various defensive positions. Sa and Ryan took up two of the positions. They didn’t like blasters but they would certainly use them to defend the position until Ooroo relieved them.

Turel ran back to the armory. “Do you think they’ve gotten to Kah and Vorsa yet?”

Sa looked up from his heavy repeater position, “I do not know, but we need to go ahead and initiate while we still have the element of surprise. Someone is bound to miss those guards in the maximum security block.”

Turel shrugged and paused to wait for any objection from the others. Hearing none, he lifted the detonator into the air and yelled “FIRE IN THE HOLE!”

**Interrogation Building, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

Brain led the way into the interrogation building. Aerin and Nathan followed him using their Force powers and skills to conceal their approach. The plan was similar to what had worked in the maximum security block. They would hit the central guard station and disable the cameras. Hopefully could secure Kah and Vorsa before the battle began in earnest. Brain used his ID badge to enter the interrogation building and moved toward the guard station.

Once Brain arrived at the guard station he found two guards who were clearly not paying much attention to the facility’s cameras. Knowing complacency could be a powerful ally for an attacker, Brain decided to play into the situation. He mustered his best barking sergeant voice, “HEY! Just what do you lazy sons of barves think you’re doing? You’re supposed to be on guard duty!”

The two guards jumped to attention as fast as they could. Both were caught unawares by the bluff and were shaking in their boots despite Brain’s clear lack of officer insignia on his stolen uniform. Brain continued the charade, “You are both in deep poodoo! I will watch the cameras. Report the Sergeant of the Guard immediately!”

One of the guards tried to interject, “But, but.”

“BUT NOTHING, GRAVEL-MAGGOT! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!!”

The guards scurried off down the hall toward the exit where Nathan and Aerin were waiting for them in a camera blind spot. Both panicked men were taken out before they even knew what was happening. Nathan and Aerin ran up to the guard station. Nathan quickly jumped onto the computer console and repeated his slicing wizardry from the maximum security block.

“Good, no alarms yet. And only a few intelligence officers in the rooms down the hall. No more guards.”

Aerin started down the hall and motioned for Brain and Nathan to follow. “Good then we have no time to lose.”

Brain used his ID badge to open the secured door to the first interrogation room. The room was the classic interrogation set up: A one-sided mirror divided the section with the detainee from an observation section with intelligence officers and recording equipment. As the trio of Jedi burst into the anteroom, one of the three intelligence officers stood up to challenge the them, but to no avail. Before he get a word out of his mouth a blast of Force energy lifted him off his feet and sent him crashing through the mirror. Brain stunned a second officer unconscious with his captured baton while Aerin incapacitated the last one in dramatic fashion with a flying kick to his head.

None of the Jedi were prepared for what awaited them inside the interrogation room. Chained up by her arms with intravenous tubes coming out of her body was V’yr Vorsa, commander of the Knights of Allusis, veteran of countless battles, and a motherly figure to them all. It took every ounce of strength Vorsa had left to fight off the drug and poison cocktails the interrogators had experimentally injected into her system over the past weeks. Nathan and Brain rushed forward to remove her chains while Aerin began carefully removing the tubes. They gently set Vorsa down into Aerin’s lap. Vorsa groggily smiled at the face of her apprentice. “It is good to see that you are safe child.” Aerin could not hold back the tears that inevitably came at seeing her beloved leader, mentor and friend in this condition.

Through her tears Aerin looked at Nathan and Brain and gave a clear command, “Go! Go save Kah!” They two didn’t argue and raced down the hall to the next room leaving the apprentice tending her wounded master.

Vorsa could already feel a small measure of strength returning now that the flow of poison into her system had stopped and she was in the presence of her fellow Jedi. She gently wiped the tears away from one of Aerin’s cheeks and weakly replied, “No tears child, there will be time for that later. Help me. Help me outside. I need the sun.” Aerin helped Vorsa up and supported her as they headed outside.

Nathan and Brain rushed into the next interrogation room the same as before, only this anteroom held no officers. Inside the detainee area they found Kah hung up by his arms the same way Vorsa had been. The Gungan warrior had clearly been worked over by the interrogators, his body covered in bruises and cuts. Brain noticed one of Kah’s eyes was swollen shut. There was no sign of the same drugs used on Vorsa, yet Kah was unresponsive as Nathan and Brain took him out of his chains and removed the shock collar. They gently set him on the floor.

Nathan began examining him to try to get a response. “Kah? Kah? Are you with us?” Still no response. “I think he’s in shock.” Nathan motioned for Brain to help pick up the catatonic Gungan and carry him of the building. The trio caught up with Aerin and Vorsa just outside of the building. Aerin was tending to Vorsa who was propped against the building in the sunlight.

Before Nathan and Brain could set Kah down, the trio was knocked a giant explosion erupted from the far side of the camp where the armory was. Brain was the first to get up, “Damn Turel and his explosives fetish! He’ll blow himself up one of these days!” Kah, to everyone’s surprise, stood up under his own power. He didn’t say a word. The explosion had apparently knocked him out of whatever state he had been in.

Nathan looked up at the Gungan, “Welcome back Kah.” Kah didn’t give a verbal response, intently scanning the area instead. Nathan was confused. “Are you alright?”

Kah zeroed on a nearby perimeter tower where guards were scrambling into ready positions. Before Nathan could say another word Kah took off like a purple bolt of lightning toward the tower.

Brain stood dumbfounded. “What is he doing?”

Nathan stood up. “I have no idea.”

Vorsa opened her eyes with deep concern in her voice. “I don’t feel Kah, I only feel rage. We have to stop him.” Nathan and Brain took off toward the guard tower but they were too late. Kah descended on the hapless guards like a rabid lion on a gazelle. All they saw was the first guard go down and blood splatter inside the tower windows. Kah leapt down from the top of the tower and took off toward the next set of guards with a bloodied baton in his hand.

Kah wasn’t a Jedi in that moment. There was only the Gungan warrior. A Gungan warrior who had surrendered to blood lust. The guards of Purity Rock would feel the wrath of “the Scourge of Lianorm.”

**Guard Living Area, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

Revak-Kur and the rest of strike team Ooroo stealthily approached the southern perimeter of the Purity Rock facility. The plan was to hit the guard barracks and seize the prison armory if the members of the Knights of Allusis hadn’t already done so. Mirus was traveling with Ooroo as the final Allusis team member on New Tython. The full team had just formed up at the base of the southern wall and was preparing to quickly scale up the wall to hit the nearest guard tower.

Suddenly a large explosion emanated from the vicinity of the armory. Revak looked at Mirus. “Well looks like Allusis’ resident firebug is at it again.” Mirus shrugged. Revak turned to his team. “Do you hear that? The battle is starting without us. Let’s move it!”

Mass pandemonium broke out inside the guard barracks. The hapless guards had no idea what was going on. Word quickly trickled in that the giant explosion had destroyed two watch towers and nearly 100 meters of fence line. The quick reaction force could not get to the breach in the wall to secure it and keep the prisoners from pouring into the guard living area because two heavy repeater positions opened up on the guards from the prison armory itself. Guards scattered like rat roaches when the repeaters opened up. Some tried to form hasty defensive positions behind cover to return fire. That’s when the Jedi cavalry showed up.

Thirteen Jedi scaled the southern wall and once inside the barracks, ignited their lightsabers. The Ooroo strike team rushed the hasty defensive positions from behind. The guards suddenly found themselves caught between heavy repeater fire and an advancing line of Jedi warriors with lightsabers ablaze. Many panicked and left their positions only to be cut down by the scything repeater fire. Others tried in vain to engage the Jedi.

Revak saw where the repeater fire was coming from. “Mirus, the Knights must be the ones holed up in the armory. Do you think you can get to them?”

“Easily.”

“Grab the armory lightsabers we brought for them. They’ll probably need them.”

Mirus acknowledged the order, collected the bag of armory lightsabers and ran off to join up with his teammates while the Ooroo team pushed the guards away from the armory and breached fence. Back at the armory Putra and Ryan saw the unmistakable sight of a line of Jedi advancing with lightsabers. Ryan called out, “Ooroo is here! They’ve engaged the guard force!”

Sa was outside the armory directing a steady influx of warriors into the armory to arm themselves. “Excellent news. The tide of battle has turned in our favor.”

Turel called out from his repeater position, “I think I see someone coming this way. I think it’s Mirus.” The sight of Ooroo on the field raised the beleaguered Jedi’s spirits but the sight of one of the finest warriors on the Knights of Alusis rushing to join them raised their spirits even higher.

Mirus came rushing up to the position and set down a bag of armory lightsabers. “I brought something for you. Where is everyone else?”

Sa returned to the armory and collected an armory lightsaber for himself. He ignited the weapon and gave it a brief inspection: It would do. For now. “Nathan, Aerin and Brain went to go break Vorsa and Kah out of the interrogation building. They are all alive as far as we know.”

Mirus nodded thoughtfully as he slowly scanned the surrounding area, taking in the battlefield situation. “Ooroo’s line of advance should breach that part of the facility shortly; they’ll reach the others before we do. We should focus our efforts on helping the prisoners.” Sa nodded in approval as he ignited an armory saber. Turel wasted no time and immediately

Mirus keyed up his communicator, “Revak, this is Mirus, I will take the Knights through the detention area and into the work camp to aid the prisoner uprising.”

Mirus’ comm crackled with Revak’s voice, “Good copy Mirus, see you on the other side.”

**Administrative Area, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

“Blast that Gungan! He’s too fast.” Brain exclaimed, half winded from trying to keep up with two equites. He could barely keep up with his master, Nathan, with his force enhanced speed. Keeping up with an experienced Gungan warrior with Force powers in the thrall of a feral rage was out of the question. The only reason the master and apprentice pair knew where to go was the trail of bodies Kah left in his wake. Brain was no stranger to violence but this was going too far. Nathan felt an even deeper revulsion for the wanton violence than Brain did. War was one thing, but this was barbarism. This had to end before Kah got any more blood on his hands.

Nathan stopped at the latest macabre display of Kah’s handiwork to look around and reach out with the Force for some sign of his errant comrade. He motioned for his apprentice to follow, “He went this way.” No sooner did the pair head off in the direction Nathan indicated then the sound of blaster fire and shouting began to emanate from inside an inprocessing building directly in front of them. The two Jedi burst inside the building once they reached it and followed the sound of fighting.

Four guards were attempting, in vain, to subdue Kah inside a large inprocessing hall. The guards desperately fired blaster rifles at the purple blur of motion that was Kah. Kah's only weapons were two combat knives he looted from his previous kills. The four guards in that room stood no chance. The Gungan warrior wielded the knives with the precision of a surgeon, the speed of a jungle cat and the elegance of a dancer. Kah was an artist of death, the knives his brushes, blood his paint and the room his canvas.

Nathan and Brain burst into the room just as Kah was descending upon the last of the four guards. "Kah! Let him go!" Kah ignored Nathan's command. "I said, LET HIM GO!" A burst of force energy knocked the Gungan off his attack trajectory and away from the cowering guard, who had dropped his weapon in fear. Kah stood up and clicked a warning toward Nathan, momentarily forgetting about his quarry. Brain circled around the perimeter of the room in a large arc as the two equites squared off.

Nathan stepped closer, "You need to snap out of it Kah! I won't you let you do this. I won't let you turn into an animal." Brain also slowly brought his arc closer to Kah as he tried to approach from behind. Neither Brain nor Nathan fully appreciated how dangerous it was to attempt to corner a predator like Kah. Kah went after Brain first, who barely had time to block a slashing attack with a baton. Nathan wasted no time, launching a second Force attack that sent both Kah and Brain flying. Brain flew backwards into the wall, momentarily stunned. Kah landed in the middle of the room and quickly sprung back to his feet.

Aerin and Vorsa burst into the room. Aerin rushed to Brain. Vorsa reached out with the Force to touch Kah's mind. "Be still. Let go. Let the fires of your rage subside." Kah paused for a moment as Vorsa continued to speak directly into his mind. “Remember who you are. You are better than this. You are better than those who did this to you.”

Kah relaxed and lowered his weapons. the Jedi had returned. “Dis place is muy wrong. Wesun need to stop dem.” Everyone else in the room breathed a sigh of relief.

Vorsa continued, “You are right my friend, the evils of this place must end, but in doing so we must not embrace that which we seek to end.” The group secured the surviving guard and left together to join the unfolding battle.

**Harakoan Living Area, Purity Rock Detention Facility, New Tython**

Gideon and an impressive looking Harakoan warrior with a missing arm rushed to the greet the approaching party of Jedi. “Turel, it is good to see you freed your comrades. This is Chief Whenua.” Turel shook Gideon’s hand and gave a respectful bow to Whenua before introducing his team in turn.

“This is Putra, Sa Ool, Ryan Neale and our acting commander Mirus.” After the formalities were complete Turel stepped aside to allow Mirus to coordinate the battleplan with the prison leaders.

“We need to get your people to safety, Turel has the explosives we need to blow open the mine shaft, we just need to fight our way to the mine and hold a clear path for the non-combatants to get out of the camp. Another Jedi strike team and some of your warriors have the guard force pinned down in the administrative section, we should be able to clear out the work camp and hold back the guards while the rest escape. Can we count on your warriors Chief?”

Whenua stood proud, “The Harkoan people will stand with the Jedi”

Gideon stepped forward to speak for the human settlers, “As will the Tythonians.”

A Mon Calmari elder vouched for the remaining aliens and offworlders, “We all stand with the Jedi.”

Mirus motioned for the Jedi and prison elders to gather closer to him. “Then we have no time to lose, here is what I had in mind.”