Gon Doru #12767

Round 1 Fiction

GJW XI

Prologue

The fall to his knees jarred achy bones and exhausted muscles. Hard rock in hues of tan and brown refused to give, and bits of rock dug deeply into the pant legs. The remnants of armor dangled from his chest, the once yellow boarders now covered in blood. The Jedi looked around trying to make out objects from his damaged cybernetic eyes. Dust made of sand and grit swirled about, the tattered bits of his cloak flapping in the wind behind him. Disorientation took its vile grasp upon him, he dropped to his hands. His own Light Saber had fallen out of reach and rolled off the cliff face. Gasping for air he felt a strong arm grab his shoulder and pull him back up to his knees.

 “You have betrayed the Sith for the last time,” the voice deep, belonged to a male.

The last thing the Jedi heard was the sizzling of his flesh as the energy beam pierced through his back. He felt the ultra-hot blade vaporize his lungs and heart. The last thing he ever saw was coherent crimson blade as it erupted from his chest.

Gon awoke suddenly grabbing for his chest and hurriedly scooted his body up the bed. His hands ripped through his sleep shirt exposing his tattooed chest. His hands explored his body, looking for the wound that had pierced his chest. Nothing was there, and the adrenaline ended its vicious hold over his body. It left his breath heavy and labored, and his body shook against his will to contain it. As he sat up fully and took a couple of deep breaths the stress of the dream began to leave him. He could the sheets were soaked from sweat, and had bunched up under him as if he spent the hours asleep tossing and turning. As the last tendrils of the dream left him only the voice, and he knew that voice. His master, and the one that made him what he once was, the Sith Kal Vorrac di Plagia.

Planet Fall

“You know we have been spotted,”

“Yes, but *he* hasn’t,” a quick thumb motion indicated a crouching figure behind a stone outcropping. “No need to hide from us, Jedi. We share the same ends.”

The winds high above the valley of tombs roared and casted sand in a whirlwind as if echoing some long forgotten shout of a now dead Sith Lord. Shadows from rocks jutting from these high cliffs provided ample stalking areas for the Jedi Assassin. Even in all his attempts to remain invisible to the senses, the Jedi twins could still sniff him out of his hiding-hole. He rotated his body around the corner he had been peeking from and acknowledged their presence.

“Our aims here might be the same sisters,” the vocoder modified voice grated on the ears of most listeners. Yet under the drawn hood all that could be made out was blackened shadow.

“The aim, yes, the goal, no.” {Name}. “We have foreseen what is to transpire here, and we will watch it unfold.”

“I am here for a simple target, and will see it through,” Gon spoke as he turned away from the Jedi Twins.

In a couple of paces he made it to the cliff face. Spinning around and dropping he grabbed the ledge. He grasped holes, and edges of rock as he descended the face. He leaped from one bit of outcropped rock to another, his fingers grasped ridges of rock as if they were small hooks. He was still a couple hundred feet above Academy when he sighted his landing spot. A nice rise of the architecture would give him access to the roof, and from there a simple entry into the topmost floor of the building.

The Assassin dropped and jumped at an accelerated pace. Keeping himself steady as he controlled his fall. At the last minute he kicked off from the rock face and flipped backwards. Spreading his arms into wings and twisting his body one hundred and eighty degrees he landed on his feet and tumbled his body into a summersault spreading the impact across his whole back. His roll ended with him upright in a crouch. After he checked his gear he looked over towards the buildings ledge and made another twisting spinning leap down its smooth face. He kept his feet sliding down and controlled his fall gently enough with his hands that he quickly found purchase of a window.

One quick glace and it was obvious this room was empty. His Light Saber flashed into brilliant yellow danger and slashed clean through the window which permitted his access. He was careful not to use the Force too much within this area. Even reaching out to use the Light Side could be tainted just enough to tempt him back into the Dark. Gon also feared that his target might prematurely detect his presence if he drew on that Old Power. His tumble into the room landed in a crouch. Looking about he could see nothing except illumination from a few panels.

As he made his way to a door he could hear the muffled conversation of a couple of people as they walked passed. Counting silently to himself he found just the right moment and opened the door. The slight swoosh permitted a pull on the open window creating an artificial vacuum that pulled him forward out of the room, and nearly unbalanced his footing. Carefully looking around, he chose to go opposite of the voices. He followed the corridor close against the right hand wall, hugging it at times and other times dashing into rooms to avoid discovery as voices approached.

The Sentinel just managed to close a door, when he heard a slight inhalation of breath. The slow steady, rhythmic breathing of somebody deep in mediation. The breathing slowly returned to normal and a female’s voice broke the silence, “I really hope that is not you Koria.”

The only reply the Dark Jedi ever received was the quick thwack of a durasteel bolt as it was forced into flight by the string of a crossbow. The Jedi could not really see the target, he fired more on instinct than anything else. The bolt hit with a satisfying sound, followed by the gurgle and gagging noise as it had hit a jugular vein. The coughing and sputtering sound as the Darksider became quite, and Gon felt for the body and removed the bolt with little ceremony. He swiftly cleaned the blood from the bolt, and reloaded the weapon. Placing it back onto the hooks of his shoulder baldric he moved back into the hall.

Knowing his mission would be to set up the explosives he carried in a satchel would only benefit to cause a distraction. However, the target place to set the bomb was deeper inside the structure. Doru, thought long about what he was sent to do. “Set this bomb, Gon, it is not lethal, we need it to distract.” The voice of Vyr echoed. Caught up in thought he failed to see he had come across another Dark Jedi wandering the halls. Yet aware of his presence Gon was nearly upon him before the Jedi snapped back to the task at hand. It nearly cost him dearly. The Light Saber he carried snapped to life. The other must have been a little further along in training, for his snapped into existence nearly as quickly.

The thrust that would have ended the Sith’s life was countered quickly. The red beam batted the yellow aside. Gon spun back on his heel and brought his weapon into a ready position. “So Master Colyn wants to be ride of me?” The laughter nearly drowned out the comment. “He has sent an assassin to kill me?”

The Sith failed to make the conclusion that before him stood an Equite ranked Jedi, and that error would cost him *his* life. Beams of superheated coherent energy flashed and clashed against each other. The sounds echoed off the corridors. A noise Gon was not wanting to deal with, yet somehow this Dark Jedi did not break the illusion that he fought a Jedi. The battle roused others in the area, out of their rooms they flooded to see this battle. None of the acolytes here appeared concerned with what was happening. The two fought and kicked and spun in a fury of moves, only to be countered. Doru grew tired of the game, fainted, was rewarded with an overextended reach, and ended the others’ life with a simple slash to the stomach. The deep gash though cauterized as it was cut, still vaporized everything in its bath. The Darksider fell to his knees and crashed onto his right side.

“Master Colyn, decreed his death, let his failures be an example.” The Sentinel Scout boomed, hoping that he sounded convincing.

“Someone get that corpse off the ground,” a voice broke the silence. “Who are you?”

“I am Telum vas Umbra, sent by your master to punish this one for dishonor.”

“Thank you Master Telum, may the wisdom of our leader always be on our minds.”

The audience soon disbursed. The illusion worked. The mind trick worked on all these people, or at least on the one that it may have mattered to. Sweat gleamed on his skin, the red tattooed ink looked like blood. These markings given to him by his former master served him well even to trick those who he used consider of the same mind. He needed to return to his mission at hand and began to walk down the hall again. Now it seemed that he could walk unimpeded, at least until he was away from what was obviously the Novice floor. It was still the floor that he would set his bomb.

Finding a room towards the back hand right wing was easy enough, and getting to it was even easier. The satchel was carefully laid to rest under the mattress of a bunk. Gon turned to leave the room, and made it to the first corner that would lead him back to the exit. Where he was suddenly grabbed, and thrown by unseen hands hard against the opposite wall.

“You think you could waltz through my Academy and not be detected,” the voice sounded masculine. “Answer me Jedi!”

The Dark Sider reached out with the Force again, and threw Gon down the corridor. Closer to where he entered, but a hard landing kept him from getting up. His crossbow had taken most of his fall, and consequently broke upon impact. The next throw knocked him out as his head met soundly with the wall.

A Turning Point

The slap across his face did not feel good, but it was enough to wake the Jedi. He had been out long enough to be relocated, and unarmed in the process. His hands had been tied behind his back, and a blaster rifle pointed directly at his head kept him from acting foolish. Around him were several of the students he had seen on the novice floor, and now they looked angry. Now that the thought crossed his mind, Sith always seemed to have that furrowed look of anger folded into their skin at the level of novice. The mental picture caused him to laugh, an intense pain arced across his ribs. He had to have been stomped on hard for those to hurt.

“This Jedi, walked right into our academy. None of you stopped to challenge him?” The masculine voice that had thrashed him in the corridors spoke. Even though Gon could not see the man, he knew the Sith had his Light Saber ignited, the soft thrum of it vibrated the air.

“No master,” a student cowered when it spoke. “Look at him, he is covered in Sith tattoos.”

“None of you could *feel* him in the Force, are you all too weak to even perceive you have a Jawa in your midst?”

The slur snapped Gon into reality. The man just used something he had not heard since his youth as an adopted Tusken Raider. Jawa were not well liked by the Ghorfa, and were commonly considered below honor. This must have been Colyn. Gon had heard this man was a friend of the great Muz Ashen, leader of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. How skilled in the Force was something he had not a clue about.

Just as the Sith was finishing up another tirade the satchel the Jedi had placed exploded. The sound rocked the entire academy. And distracted all those around enough for Gon to foster enough will to reach out to the Force giving his arm muscles a little help as he pulled his bindings apart dislocating both shoulders in the process. Novice, and acolytes alike ran in a frenzy. Blaster fire could be heard in the distance, the cause of the distraction of the explosion and the soldiers now entering the academy was enough to make Colyn flee. Wherever he ran to was out of the sight and sense of the Jedi. Soon the fighting spilled into whatever chamber he laid in.

The blaster fire and energy beams of Light Sabers clashed and spat death and destruction all about the chamber. As the battle began to die out Gon Doru regained consciousness again. Only to look up into the wooden face of Odan-Urr’s taskmaster. The great plant Vyr smiled down at him. “Well that went well, maybe next time you do not get caught?”