Fiction Submission

Separating Fact From Fiction: Tall Tales

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I was there when the Warlord fell.

The simplest line can have the most palpable impact.

His blade held aloft, the light glinting off it like crystal. With a sharp stroke, he ordered his legion forward. A tidal wave of men and beasts charged down the valley side, a roar rising with incredible fury. Mind you, the dozen or so massive riding lizards were the main threats. Six legs, four eyes, and two tongues! They were hulking beasts, but moved with the grace of a Tauntaun.

And like the tidal wave, they broke against our lines. We numbered just fifty men and women. Grizzled veterans of countless battles in the name of the Emperor and Scholae Palatinae. Some were so green, you might mistake them for a Twi’Lek. One of them was a green Twi’Lek come to think of it…

Anyway, there we were, standing shoulder to shoulder, rifles at the ready. We watched the horde descend upon us. At the last moment, as I watched the lizard rider ahead of me scream what could only have been an obscure obscenity about my lineage, we fired.

Their first rank splintered under our barrage! A hundred snarling fiends died in that first moment. Some of their pig snouted brethren trampled the cannon fodder who had just fallen. We fired into their ranks as well! The air smelled of bacon and it was delicious.

Seventeen volleys of blaster fire split the air that day. Under the baking desert sun, with the walls of the valley radiating the heat back at us and the last dregs of our water long gone, we stood firm and fought. We took casualties of course. Jenkins was the first to fall. I’d told him not to wear red, it would only bring trouble. His head had been split like an overripe ground melon by a sniper just five minutes into our stand.

Where was I? Oh, right! The tidal wave slammed into us over and over, all manner of beast and humanoid made the attempt. And each attempt failed. The ground was littered with enemy dead, and the carrion birds (which were actually lizards come to think of it) would feast well that night.

It was by this time that our ammunition had run out, and we switched to blades and lightsabers. There were only three lightsabers amongst the remnants of our unit. A young Acolyte, barely old enough to have earned a lightsaber, tried to stand tall, but kept looking to me for guidance. I just hoped that I had what it would take to lead my men to victory. The other Dark Jedi had fled, fearing for his life. I’d gathered his saber after I’d put a bolt into the back of his head. Traitors are undeserving of such a weapon.

As the clock tolled the fifth hour of battle, the Warlord himself appeared. Glad in leathers, bone, steel plate and feathers, he struck a fearsome figure against the reddening sky. He led the final charge. I led the counter-charge.

I ducked, dove, dodged, dipped and parried my way through the throng, each of my attacks finding an enemy throat or sternum. Blood sprayed all over my body, and I was a juggernaut incarnate. I roared, louder than the entire enemy formation, and charged their leader.

He was a seven foot tall behemoth, with four arms, each holding a spiky bladed weapon of some aboriginal design. I thought nothing of my safety as I closed with him, slashing at him with furious abandon.

What happened, you might ask. Whatever happened to the Warlord who tried to stand against the might of Scholae Palatinae?

Buy me another whiskey, Whyvern’s Reserve, not that bantha piss they serve to the locals, and I’ll tell you.