They were four hours out of Fort Pernicar on their way to the small seaside town of Jomesh, the town that had been attacked a day or two before by an unknown tribe of Harakoan warriors who emerged from the jungle a few miles to the west of the town. Salbecca, one of three Wookiee Jedi Knights in Clan Odan-Ur, scanned the horizon as he gently ran his large furry hand through the long grass that surrounded him and his companions. There were sixteen of them, all Jedi except for one. The only non-Jedi was a young woman from Jomesh named Lizmar Luthari who had braved the wilds to seek aid for her village from the Jedi. She was a young woman in her mid-twenties with dark coffee coloured skin, dark wavy hair and a pair of large dark brown eyes.

The group were about half way to their destination when, like the undead springing from a grave, a group of about twenty Harakoan warriors leapt from the tall grass and attacked. Under attack and with no time to grab his lightsaber the big Wookiee struck out with his fist connecting with a Harakoan jaw with a satisfying crunch. All around him he could hear the sounds of battle. Lightsabers hummed, blasters fired, slugthrowers cracked and Harakoans cried out in pain. And in the midst of it all the young Lizmar, her father’s smithing hammer in hand, lashed out again and again inflicting as much pain as possible on the monsters who robbed her of the only family she had left. As the battle wound down and the Harakoans were either dead or incapacitated Lizmar was on her knees beside a dead Harakoan, her father’s hammer slamming into what was left of his skull over and over again.

As Sal moved to stop her one of the group, the Jedi Knight Suur, said “I'm pretty sure he's dead kid. At this point, you're just making a mess.”

As the Wookiee picked the young woman up off the ground he could see her tears carving thin trails down her blood covered face when he heard someone shout “Liam we’ve got a live one here.”

Liam Torun the most senior Jedi, in both rank and experience, made his way over to the surviving Harakoan warrior and motioned for his compatriots to lower their weapons. Looking over the prisoner Liam could see he was young, barely an adult, and full of rage and hatred for the group of individuals surrounding him. Kneeling down so he could look the young Harakoan in the eye Liam asked “Who are you and why did you attack us?”

“Invaders,” he spat in heavily accented basic “I am a warrior of the Nok’dun and I will drive your kind from my home starting with the village on the coast.”

Upon hearing that Lizmar strode forward and said “Village on the coast, they’re going back to finish what they started.”

“We need to leave now” said Liam.

“What are we going to do about him?” asked the group’s youngest member Gui Sol.

Before anyone could speak the Falleen Jedi Jalen Ramz walked up behind the Harakoan and before anyone could object cut his throat with a vibroblade, the Harakoans life blood draining out amongst the long grass. Before anyone could speak he simply said “Problem solved” before running off in the direction of Jomesh.

As the rest of the group took off after Ramz Sal scooped Lizmar up and placed her on his back growling a short sentence out as he did so.

“What?” asked LIzmar as the Wookiee took off in long loping strides.

From within his robes came a robotic voice, that of Sal’s translator droid S.P.O.T., saying “He said hold on.”

Momentarily confused by the strange disembodied voice she never the less heeded its advice and did her best to wrap her arms around the Wookiees neck as he ran across the plains faster than any being she had ever seen. Aided by the Force the Jedi covered the distance between them and Jomesh in half the time it would have taken a regular person. The closer the group got to Jomesh the stronger the smell of smoke became until, on the horizon, they could see plumes rising gently into the late afternoon sky. As they approached to within a few dozen meters of the village they could see a group of between thirty and forty Harakoans moving freely through what was left of the village as the frightened citizens huddled together in the town’s central square.

As the Jedi huddled around Liam to discuss their plan for retaking the village Lizmar observed a Harakoan walk into the group of villagers grab a young man by the hair and drag him away from his friends and family. After a few shouted words in Harakoan he raised a large stone bladed axe above his head and brought it crashing down into the young man’s skull killing him instantly to the roar of his fellow warriors. With a sharp intake of breath Lizmar rose to her feet, squeezing her father’s hammer in her hand tight in anger and frustration, and strode defiantly toward what was left of her home.

Noticing the young woman walking straight into danger Gui stood up and asked “Aah Liam, what’s she doing?”

“Karabast,” said the usually calm Jedi “looks like we’re going in now. Save as many as you can.”

As one the Jedi of House Hoth rose and charged the village. By the time they’d reached the outskirts of Jomesh three Harakoan warriors lay dead, their heads crushed by Lizmar’s hammer. But she’d bitten off more than she could chew as Harakoan warriors were pulled from their grisly celebration and charged her, the fastest of them bowling her off her feet. Seeing the young woman fall Salbecca’s anger began to rise as his eyes locked on the blue warrior struggling with Lizmar. Brushing aside a Harakoan who had attempted to interrupt his progress with one swipe of his powerful arm the Wookiee made his way over to the pair and clamped his hand around the Harakoans neck lifting him off the struggling Lizmar as if he weighed nothing.

As Salbecca clamped his free hand around the Harakoans throat he lifted him off the ground so he could look him in the eye and roared as he squeezed with every ounce of strength he could muster. As the Harakoan struggled to breathe his eyes began to bulge and his skin went from a pale blue to a dark violet, his hands clamped around the Wookiee’s wrists in a vain attempt to break his grip. Once the blue skinned warrior died the Wookiee threw the now lifeless body aside bowling over a pair of Harakoan warriors as it crashed into them.

As she rose gingerly to her feet Lizmar looked up into Sal’s bright blue eyes and said “Thanks.”

With a roar Sal pulled his lightsaber and waded into battle, the small human woman at this side swinging her hammer left and right, as Sal cut down any Harakoan that got within range of his long arms. As the few remaining Harakoan survivors fled the village the Jedi began to catch their breath and check for injuries while Lizmar ran over to what was left of her people to see if they were alright.

Noticing her concern Liam turned to Xan Nes, the Dashade Jedi Knight and medic for the Knights of Allusis, and said “Xan do what you can for the injured.”

“Yes sir” said the Dashade.

As the medic wandered off to help the villagers Liam pulled a comlink from within his robes and said “Seraphol we’ve secured the village and driven off the Harakoans, have the K.U.D.F. send reinforcements as soon as possible. I have a feeling this fight isn’t over.”