“You guys see that new SoroSuub 400-S, man I’d love to get behind the wheel of that bad boy” said the K.U.D.F corporal to his squad mates seated around the small diner table where they were having breakfast.

“I dunno man, gimme the Incom XVT any day. May not be as fast but man does it look pretty” replied a young private to his right.

Shaking his head the corporal said “Who cares what it…” he began before trailing off as he saw two men, a human and a Twi’lek, enter the diner and begin to nervously look around. Noticing the five K.U.D.F soldiers seated around the table they conversed quietly to each other before the human pulled a blaster and began to spray the diner with indiscriminate blasts of deadly energy, the K.U.D.F soldier nearest the gunmen hit several times in the back.

“Oh shit!!” screamed the corporal as a bolt struck the young private beside him in the back of the skull, killing him instantly.

Before anyone else could react the Twi’lek pulled an E-11 from within his coat and opened fire, bolts striking K.U.D.F personnel and civilians alike. As two K.U.D.F soldiers were cut down by the Twi’lek’s wild shots, there life slowly fading away with each passing breath, the corporal pulled his blaster pistol from its holster and opened fire. His first few shots went wide, missing the mark by a few feet, until his shots struck there target. The bolts ripped through the human’s stomach knocking him from his feet and into the empty booth behind him, but the corporal had left himself exposed. The Twi’lek swivelled his rifle and opened fire hitting the corporal in the chest knocking him over the diners counter. As he drew a ragged breath he saw the Twi’lek round the counter, take aim and fire putting him out of his misery.

***Two hours later.***

Torin pulled up outside the ruined diner on a swoop bike, his A-280 and pack strapped to the rear. As he began to dismount the swoop a Tythonian security officer said “I’m sorry sir but you can’t park there, this is a crime scene”

“I know.” Torin replied “That’s why I’m here.”

“I’m sorry sir but I can’t let you in without some ID” said the officer.

Reaching around to the back of his belt he unclipped his lightsaber and ignited the weapon, the brilliant yellow blade erupting from the silver cylinder to hum in the still air.

“Good enough?” asked Torin.

With a shocked look on his face the officer said “Yes sir, sorry sir. Go right in” with a stammer.

As he entered the now destroyed diner the amount of carnage rocked him, he’d been warned by the council that the scene was gruesome but he hadn’t expected this. Pushing the shock aside he approached the senior man on the scene, a K.U.D.F major named Staven.

As he approached the major Torin asked “What have we got?”

Looking up from his kneeling position Staven asked “Who the hell are you?” in a gruff voice.

“Torin Ardell.” the Jedi replied “The council sent me.”

“About damn time, five of my men are dead along with twelve civilians. One of the gunmen is over there in that booth, at least my boys got one of them before they died” said the major.

Walking over Torin took a look at the dead gunman before asking “What do we know about him?”

“His name’s Koran Sett. He’s got a record as long as my arm, petty theft and drug offences mainly. Nothing like this” the major answered.

“You said one of the gunmen. There was more than one?” asked Torin.

Nodding Staven replied “A Twi’lek. Witness across the street saw him leave the diner. He took the speeder my men arrived here in.”

“He took a K.U.D.F speeder? Please tell me you can track that vehicle?” Torin queried the major.

“Seargent hand me that datapad” he said as he took the device before showing Torin. “As soon as we heard he took one of our speeders we activated the tracking device, he’s left Menat Ombo heading south east”

“May I?” asked Torin pointing to the datapad. After he’d looked the device over he looked up at the major and said “Do you mind if I take this?”

“It’s all yours” replied the major. As Torin turned to exit the diner Staven shouted “You find the son of a bitch Jedi and bring him back alive. I want to make sure he gets what he deserves.”

With a quick nod Torin left the crime scene, mounted his swoop and took off through the city in pursuit of his target. For the next few hours he rode through wide open grasslands following the small blip on the datapad when the bike began to shudder coming to a halt a few minutes later as the vehicles power supply ran out. Cursing under his breath Torin dismounted the vehicle, collected his pack and rifle and took off at a run in the direction of the stolen speeder.

As he ran the sun sank low in the sky until the trail was almost impossible to follow and as he began to contemplate a long cold night on the open plain Torin spotted a light off in the distance. Taking off at a jog it took him the better part of an hour to get within sight of the mysterious light on the horizon. It was a bonfire surrounded by several tents of varying sizes all belonging to the Iwu Arakis, a Harakoan tribe who wandered the vast grassy plains in small family groups coming together once a year just before summer to trade and marry off their children in order to curtail inbreeding and cement family alliances. It was also widely known that the Iwu Arakis were incredibly hospitable to guests whether they knew them or not and many a traveller had been saved from a frozen night on the plain or an empty belly thanks to their kindness.

Considered by many to be the finest mounted archers on New Tython they were taught to ride almost before they could walk. Their mounts, a beast the Arakis called a Bulsar, were swift four legged herbivores with varying shades of short shaggy fur and a pair of thin horns sprouting from their heads. Their gentle temperament and incredible stamina made them ideal mounts as the Iwu Arakis traversed the wide open plains of Owyhyee.

As Torin got within shouting distance of the camp he cried out “Hello, a friend approaches!” in his best Harakose, terrible though it was.

“Approach” came the call back in deeply accented basic.

An older Harakoan, his skin lined with age, stood and walked over to Torin extended his hand and said “Welcome friend, I am Quineg. Come sit by the fire, my home is yours for as long as you require.”

Taking the old Harakoans hand in his Torin said “Thank you for allowing me to approach, my name is Torin.”

“Welcome Torin, come sit. Would you like something to eat?” asked Quineg as he led Torin to a seat beside him.

Nodding as he sat Torin said “That would be very nice indeed thank you.”

As a young girl poured a think stew into a rough wooden bowl the old Harakoan asked “What brings you so far from your people?”

“I’m hunting a criminal who passed this way not too long ago” replied Torin.

“A criminal you say” said Quineg before looking to a young Harakoan man and quickly speaking to him in Araki, the tribal language of the Iwu Arakis. After a brief exchange of words Quineg switched back to basic and said “My son was out hunting earlier and saw one of your floating landships heading towards the mountains. There was a green skin within, not human.”

“A Twi’lek, that’s the man I’m looking for. I was on his tail but with the fading light it was becoming too difficult to keep going” Torin replied.

Nodding as he began to pack a pipe Quineg said “You will stay with us tonight and tomorrow my son Benos will accompany you with a pair of Bulsar to help you track your prey a little easier.”

“You have my thanks Quineg, I’ll be sure to inform the Jedi Council of your hospitality and co-operation” replied Torin with a smile.

The next morning as the sun began to peak over the mountains to the east Torin and Benos mounted their Bulsar’s and, after a quick check of the datapad, headed off in the direction of the stolen speeder. For hours they rode in silence following the trail of the speeder, the mountain ranges looming ever larger on the horizon. After some time Benos reined his mount in and uttered a single word “There.”

Squinting and scanning the horizon Torin could just make out a small shape on the horizon. The pair spurred their mounts on, the boxy shape growing clearer as the meters flew by, until eventually they reached the now empty K.U.D.F landspeeder. Leaping from the Bulsar’s back the Jedi approached the still vehicle and gave it a thorough once over discovering that the same fate had befallen his quarries vehicle as his, the speeder had run out of power.

Turning back to Benos Torin said “I’m on foot from here Benos. Thank you for your aid and give your father my thanks again.”

With a quick nod Benos took the reins of Torin’s mount, turned around and took off back to his family without so much as a backards glance. As the sound of the Bulsar’s hooves faded into nothingness Torin began to search around for any signs of his quarries direction of travel but the rocky ground made it extremely difficult but eventually a small patch of flattened grass tipped him off to his target’s direction of travel, east into the mountains. As he began to scan the long mountain range he saw a small figure scrambling up through the rocks toward a pass carved through the rock by eons of wind and rain.

He couldn’t make the figure out but he knew it was his target. *Who else would be out here?* Torin thought to himself. Taking off at a dead sprint Torin slowly began to eat up the distance between the two, looking up every so often to ensure he hadn’t lost sight of his target, when something changed. The Twi’lek had spotted him and taken off scaling the mountain as fast as he could manage on the loose stones until he disappeared around a bend in the path. Calling on the Force Torin pushed himself beyond what was humanly possible hoping not to lose his target after getting so close.

For hours Torin followed the Twi’lek through the twisting turning maze of paths carved through the mountains by wind and rain over the course of millennia. Every now and then he would catch a glimpse of his quarry, enough to keep on his trail but not to line up a shot to bring him down. As the bare stone gave way to small shrubs and hardy grasses Torin could hear the sound of running water off in the distance. As the sound grew louder larger plants began to spring up around a wide, swift flowing river. Off in the distance Torin could just make out the green skinned form of his quarry standing perfectly still, his attention fixed on something at his feet.

As Torin closed to with a few dozen meters he saw exactly what had transfixed the Twi’lek, a drop of about thirty meters into a raging torrent of water below. As the fugitive turned to look Torin in the eye the Jedi shouted “Don’t do it!” over the roar of rushing water. The Twi’lek took one more quick look at the drop in front of him and jumped. As Torin rushed forward he caught the lightest glimpse of his target hitting the water below before he was swept down river by the swift flowing current.

“I asked you not to do that” Torin muttered to himself. He knew now what he had to do but he wasn’t looking forward to it. Slinging his rifle over his body so it wouldn’t be lost he took a few deep breathes and jumped, the raging torrent below racing up to meet him with a thud that knocked his breath from his lungs. As the river swept him along he slammed into boulder after, impossible to see from above as they were hidden just below the surface. Fighting to get his head above water he broke the surface and took a deep ragged before it exploded from his mouth as he was slammed into another large stone.

He needed to get out of the water and he needed to do it now. He began to fight the current trying with every ounce of strength, the current pulling him under every few strokes, until eventually his feet hit bottom and he was able to wade slowly to the shore. As his feet hit dry ground he flopped down to his knees and coughed, water exploding from his lungs as he did so. With the coughing fit passed Torin began to breath deep filling his lungs with cool forest air until he felt recovered enough to once again rise to his feet.

Taking stock of his surroundings he saw that he was in a lightly forested area not that dissimilar from the area he’d been born and raised in. *You’re in my world now* he thought to himself as he began to follow the course of the river searching for the location where the Twi’lek left the water. Thirty minutes or so later he saw the tell-tale sign of a body dragging itself out of the river and up through the muddy bank. *Grounds still wet,* Torin thought to himself *he can’t be too far ahead of me*. Picking up the fugitives trail through the woods he followed it for forty meters or so when the tracks began to get confusing, looping back on themselves several times before disappearing entirely.

After removing his backpack he began to search around for any sign of which way the Twi’lek had gone when something heavy and solid struck him from behind knocking him off his feet, his rifle slipping from his grasp to tumble into the brush a few feet away. Rolling to his beck he had just enough time to raise his arms in protection as the Twi’lek brought a heavy piece of tree branch crashing towards him. Acting purely on instinct he let loose a blast of the Force, the impact enough to throw the Twi’lek’s strike off so it hit the ground as opposed to his face.

Sweeping his legs out Torin caught the twi’leks ankles and dropped him to the ground before quickly lifting himself off the ground and dropping into a fighting stance. Turning his body on a forty five degree angle, his dominant right hand to the rear, to his opponent he raised his fists up in front of his face and shifted his weight to the balls of his feet and began to slowly circle the slowly rising Twi’lek who took a wild swing at Torins head. Dodging quickly to his left the Jedi snapped a quick jab which caught the Twi’lek on the nose before following it up with a lightning quick right hook which smashed into his jaw with a satisfying thud knocking him once again to the ground.

As he rose the Twi’lek scooped up a handful of dirt from the forest floor and flung it at Torins eyes hoping to blind him before charging forward, tackling Torin to the ground. But Torin was prepared; using their momentum he rolled over so that he was now on top of the Twi’lek and began to rain blows down on his adversaries face. After a half dozen powerful shots to the face the Twi’lek shouted “I give up, I give up!” through bloody lips. Punching him one more time for good measure Torin rose to his feet and took a pair of stun cuffs from his pack, rolled the Twi’lek onto his stomach and snapped the cuffs in place.

Pulling a small comm unit from his belt he activated the device and said “Control this is Ardell, come in.”

A moment later a feminine voice said “This is control.”

“Control,” said Torin “I’ve apprehended the target. Requesting extract, my co-ordinates are six two niner point three seven grid reference delta nineteen.”

“Six two niner point three seven grid reference delta nineteen, confirm?” came the reply through the small speaker.

“Confirm” replied Torin wiping sweat from his eyes.

“Shuttle will arrive within the hour sir. Will you require medical assistance?” asked Control.

Looking over at the bleeding Twi’lek Torin replied “You’d better send it Control. Ardell out” before he deactivated the comm and sat gingerly on the forest floor waiting for his ride home.