It had been two days since Lizmar had stormed out of Jomesh determined to find aid for the town by finding the Jedi who had taken up residence within some old ruins about five or six miles to the north of the village. In that time the survivors had buried their dead and began the long and arduous task of rebuilding their homes. The town had been quiet since the Harakoan’s had fallen back across the open grassy plain and into their jungle home but the silence was suddenly broken as a LAAT came screaming overhead, circling the village a hundred meters or so above the ground.

As it began to descend to the outskirts of Jomesh the inhabitants dropped what they were doing and made their way cautiously towards the landing site. As the LAAT, a Clan Odan-Ur emblem emblazoned just below the cockpit, touched down the bravest of the villagers arrived just as the side door slid open. Expecting a Jedi or heavily armed soldier to step out the villagers were instead greeted by the site of Lizmar Luthari, her father’s hammer in hand, stepping out of the ship followed by a tall, well-built man with long snow white hair and a thick beard. Behind the pair came nineteen men and women, some human some not, in varying outfits carrying an array of weapons. The one thing they all had in common was a metal cylinder attached to their belt, the tell-tale sign of a Jedi.

“Lizmar, you’re back!” cried a young girl as she pushed through the throng of stunned onlookers.

As Lizmar walked forward she gave the girl a quick smile and a hug before she addressed the crowd in a loud voice. “These are Jedi from House Hoth, they’re here to help us hold off the Harakoans until the K.U.D.F can arrive.”

“What can twenty Jedi do against ten thousand Harakoan warriors?” asked an old man at the front of the crowd.

Lizmar was about to answer when the grey haired man placed a large calloused hand on her shoulder and said quietly “May I?”

“Please” replied Lizmar.

In a loud but somehow still gentle voice the old man said “My name is Liam Torun and as Lizmar has told you I and my companions are Jedi of House Hoth. We have been tasked with your protection and you have my word we will do everything within our power to ensure that not one more citizen of Jomesh is taken from their loved ones but we will need your help.”

“Our help?” asked one woman.

“What do you expect us to do?” asked a man from the back.

“Where farmers not soldiers” shouted a man in the centre of the crowd.

Raising his hands to stave off any further questions Liam said “I understand you are frightened believe me I do but as you pointed out there are only twenty of us and even Jedi have their limits. Without your help this village will fall when the Harakoans return.”

“What do you need us to do?” asked Lizmar.

“The first thing we need to do is construct some sort of barricade to slow down the Harakoan advance. Find anything you can furniture, vehicles, carts, anything solid that can be used build up a strong wall” replied Liam.

Turning to the crowd of villagers Lizmar shouted “You heard the Jedi people, let’s get to work.”

As the villagers and Jedi began to wonder off Liam beckoned Torin over and quietly said “Torin I want you to find a high vantage point and break out that sniper rifle or yours. Keep an eye on the jungle, I want to know the minute the Harakoans are on their way.”

“Yes sir” answered Torin before he turned around and jogged off into the village.

A few minutes after his exchange with the elder Jedi Torin spotted the perfect place to set up his watch. It appeared to be the remains of what once had been a windmill that afforded him a clear line of site to the north and west, the only directions the Harakoans could approach from as the village was bordered by the sea to the south and east. He made his way over to the structure scooping up an old wooden box as he went and, with the aid of the Force, leapt up into the ruined building. Placing the box down he took a seat and began to assemble his primary means of dealing death, his pride and joy, his Quietsnipe sniper rifle. His girlfriend Kiera was the love of his life but the rifle was a close second.

With his observation point set up and his weapons ready for battle Torin began to scan the tree line looking for any sign of movement but the jungle was quiet as was the grassy plain that separated it from the village. Stealing a quick glance down at the village he saw the beginnings of a barricade taking shape below as villagers and Jedi piled whatever they could get their hands on into a series of defences. He could see crates, pieces of furniture, a few ancient looking speeders even a heavy wooden cart that was missing both wheels on the left hand side. The villagers, led by the Epicanthix Jedi Umi Zen, had also felled several small trees and were using them to bolster their defences.

As the sun slowly fell in the sky a quiet voice called out “Hey Jedi” from below him. Looking down Torin saw Lizmar standing below him, a water bottle in one hand and a small parcel wrapped in cloth in the other. “I thought you might be hungry” she said as she tossed the package up to him.

“Thanks” he called back as he caught the food and water.

Shielding her eyes from the glare of the setting sun she asked “How’s it looking?”

“Pretty quiet” answered Torin around a mouthful of a sweet tasting piece of bread.

“Well,” Lizmar said “keep your eyes peeled” before she wondered off to help in the construction efforts.

As day gave way to night Torin heard a quiet shuffling of feet behind him and, purely on instinct, pulled his blaster pistol from its holster and prepared to fire when a familiar voice said “Easy cowboy, it’s just me.”

“That’s a good way to get shot Xirini” Torin said to the Cathar Jedi as he returned his blaster to its holster.

“Please,” she said with an incredulous look on her face “you’re not fast enough to hit me on your best day.”

Chuckling to himself, Torin asked “Is there a reason you’re disturbing my serenity?”

“Liam wanted me to take watch for a few hours so you could get some sleep” the Cathar replied.

Suddenly feeling exhausted Torin rose from his make shift seat and spread his bedroll out on the floor. As he was drifting off to sleep he said “Thanks Xirini,” before he yawned and mumbled “and don’t touch my rifle.”

After what felt like moments he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard a voice say “Wake up cowboy, you’re back on watch” as he was shaken awake.

Opening his eyes he could see the sky beginning to brighten and knew he’d been asleep for several hours. “Hmmm, what time is it?” Torin asked.

“A little after six” replied Xirini.

As he rose and stretched he took a deep breath and said “Gimme five minutes to answer natures call and grab some food and I’ll be right back.”

“Make it quick will ya, I’d like to get a little rest myself before the action starts” replied Xirini.

A few minutes later, a cup of coffee in one hand and a bowl of food in the other, Torin returned to his observation platform and settled in for another long day. The morning passed uneventfully as the villagers worked to shore up their defences and prepare themselves for whatever was to come. As the sun reached its peak Torin noticed a wide cloud of dust on the horizon. Raising his rifles scope to his eye he saw Harakoans, thousands of them, moving like a wave across the plain heading for Jomesh.

Torin signalled Liam with a whistle and shouted “We’ve got incoming!”

“How long?!” Liam shouted back.

 Taking another quick look Torin answered “Twenty maybe thirty minutes at the most!”

“Understood, do what you can to slow them down” Liam shouted back.

Throwing a casual salute to the elder Jedi Torin peered down the scope of his rifle, lined up a target, and squeezed the trigger. The metal slug, accelerated to near supersonic speeds by the magnetic rails within the barrel, exited the weapon and flew across the distance separating it from its intended target in a heartbeat where it punched a thumb sized hole into the chest of a Harakoan warrior. But his companions, whipped into a frenzy, barely acknowledge his loss. They simply carried on towards Jomesh trampling his body into the ground as they went. Again and again Torin sent silent death into the ranks of the oncoming horde but all it seemed to do was increase their bloodlust.

As his rifle ran dry he scooped up his A-280 blaster rifle and began to pick off Harakoans the moment they got into range. Moments later, like a wave crashing against the rocks, the Harakoans crashed into the barricade to be met by lightsabers, blasters, slugthrowers and whatever makeshift weapons the citizens of Jomesh could get their hands on. The Harakoans fell in numbers but for every one killed two more seemed to appear in his place. And in the midst of it all was Lizmar rallying her people to fight harder and harder. Every time the line sagged Lizmar was there, her hammer swinging left and right breaking bones and crushing skulls with every swing.

As his A-280s power packs ran dry Torin dropped the weapon and leapt from his vantage point igniting his lightsaber as he landed and waded into the fray. Again and again he struck cutting down Harakoans like a scythe through wheat until something solid struck him from behind knocking him from his feet. He had just enough time to roll over to see a huge Harakoan warrior, his body covered in blood, raise a massive club over his head ready to bring it down into Torins face. The Harakoan roared and raised his club even higher and Torin closed his eyes expecting the worst, but the killer blow never came. Opening one eye Torin found he was no longer looking up at a Harakoan face but the blood spattered face of Lizmar Luthari.

“No time to rest now Jedi” she quipped before running off to re-join the fight.

As he rose to his feet and pulled his lightsaber back into his outstretched hand with the Force Torin could see the villagers and Jedi were being pushed back, unable to hold back the tide of raging Harakoans.

Over the commotion Torin could hear Liam shouting “Everyone fall back to the pier, we’ve got incoming.”

As they had been trained to do the Jedi of House Hoth formed a living shield between the surviving villagers and the oncoming Harakoans cutting down any that got within striking distance of their lightsabers. Slowly but surely the villagers and Jedi made it to the rickety old pier, holding the line as best they could. Suddenly a pair of A-Wings came screaming by their cannons firing at the throng of Harakoans blasting them apart before two more A-Wings came in for a strafing run of their own. As dozens of the blue skinned warriors fell to the fighters the survivors turned and ran heading for the cover of the jungle as fast as the legs would carry them.

With the Harakoans in full retreat a dozen LAAT’s came in dropping off K.U.D.F soldiers by the dozen, the troopers taking up positions along the now ruined barricade and firing at the fleeing Harakoans. As the final LAAT touched down and the door slid open the leader of House Hoth Seraphol Ceartas approached the weary survivors and said “It looks like we made it just in time” as he grasped the outstretched hand of Liam and shook it.

“Your timing was impeccable my friend” replied Liam, an exhausted smile on his face.

As the pair were talking to each other Lizmar strode up with a look of grim determination on her face and asked “What’s next?”