

This is a story about the luckiest Star Wars fan ever, Ella Vader, and her unique adventure into the world she so often used for escape. Enjoy.

Ella Vader had gone missing recently, her face plastered over the internet and various bulletin boards throughout her hometown. The woman was accounted for in her room one moment and the next she was gone. They looked and they looked, but all they ever found was a web page open to something called the “Dark Jedi Brotherhood”. Rumors were abound but the truth is far more strange. The simple but extraordinary truth is that she was now a part of this “Dark Jedi Brotherhood”, both literally and physically...

Ella Vader suddenly found herself standing in what looked like the Novitiate Hall. It was crowded with recruits and the general blabber of the crowd. She was very confused but she didn't have very long to think about it before the Headmaster walked up to the stage to give the usual greeting to the new recruits. She remembered it well, but how could she be here? She decided that this was just a dream and played along with it, hoping her sanity would be confirmed when she woke up.

The Headmaster cut through her reverie and gave everyone additional instructions including the news that she would be paired with an Acolyte for her first few days at the Academy. The Headmaster consulted a datapad and started to rattle off names while she let her attention wander to the faces in the crowd. They all looked so perfect in one way or another. Everyone was generally tall, beautiful, athletic, well-off, fashionable, exotic, and all the other qualities that denoted a superior specimen. She knew that such standards were rare in real life and thought it amusing their avatars were so different, though sadly she was just like everyone else.

“Ella Vader and Blade Ta'var,” shouted the Headmaster.

Ella wound her way through the crowd and walked over to the pink Zeltron, full of excitement and anticipation. Her character looked irritated and Ella supposed that Blade just wanted to get back to training. Blade looked her over and commented “Only the strong survive here, you better start working out if you plan to live. Let's go, I need to train.”

Ella followed the Zeltron around the Academy, dutifully committing to memory the various locations until they reached a training room with several weapons.

“The tour is done. Prepare yourself for tomorrow,” Blade stated dismissively as she entered the room and picked up a katana. Ella simply stared at her character and picked up a nearby katana, wondering how many seconds it would take for Blade to cut her to pieces. Ella wondered if she was being suicidal but this was all a dream and if she died she would just wake up.

Ella summoned her courage and asked “Why? I could learn so much more here. Help teach me how to fight.” Ella held the sword in front of her and tensed, waiting for the inevitable attack.

“You aren't even holding the sword right. You are wasting my time. How can I teach you?” Blade questioned exasperatedly.

"I just want to be the best I can be. It starts here. I'll do anything you ask," urged Ella. Blade considered it for a moment and then grudgingly accepted, at least she would get in some training repetitions while she was stuck with Ella.

"Fine, but you better not waste my time. There is no quitting," warned Blade. She then proceeded to correct Ella's grip and stance, nitpicking any mistake. Once Blade was pleased with her work she put Ella through numerous drills. They would bash their katanas against each other again and again, the echoes of Blade's reprimands reverberated the hallways whenever Ella dropped the katana out of sheer exhaustion or by the force put on it by Blade's strikes. After two hours Ella was exhausted, cut up, bleeding, sore, and about to faint.

"Get up and I'll show you to a healer." Blade pulled Ella off the ground, replaced the katanas, and led her through the halls to the nearest healer. Ella dripped blood on the ground but no one protested so she assumed this was normal. Blade's power and speed was something to behold up close and personal, and if Ella was being truthful to herself she was both proud and scared of her character. They stopped at a room full of med supplies and a young man inside immediately gestured to a bed near by.

"Already cutting up another youngling I see," admonished the Jedi Knight.

"It is how you learn, silly Jedi. Expect to treat her every day while I'm here. Rest well Ella, we start again tomorrow morning." Blade left the room and Ella closed her eyes as the healer worked on her. She heard the Jedi wonder out loud why anyone would take this abuse and part of her agreed with the him. This universe was a lot crueller than the one she grew up calling home and she found herself wondering why they gladly accepted such hardship.

Over the next six days Ella sparred with Blade till she was exhausted, garnering fresh cuts and bruises each day that the frustrated Jedi would heal each night. Blade could be downright crazy in pursuit of her goals, including Ella's training, and it was clear that Ella would have to fit that mold or say good bye to her character's respect for her. Ella was starting to wonder if Blade ever had a life outside of training, surely there was a bit of Zeltron inside her.

Ella found herself wondering whether she had made Blade too serious, but a pleasant surprise was in store for her the day of Blade's departure. Ella had just arrived at the usual training room when Blade walked out and steered her towards Blade's temporary quarters and pushed her into the room.

"You are about my height. Put these on and hurry. The party already started." Blade changed her attire for the party as well and sat there tapping her foot as Ella put on the colorful party dress. She didn't wait for questions and when pleased with Ella's progress she quickly strode out of her quarters, Ella following in her wake. They came to a stop at one of the larger empty classrooms but it was completely transformed. Dance music was already playing, people were dancing, and the teacher's desk was full of hard liquor. Blade half dragged Ella to a table near the booze, fetched handsome specimens for each of them, and they spent the rest of the night dancing, drinking, and doing who knows what else. Ella really didn't mind as this was a welcome relief from the brutal training. It struck Ella just how contradictory Blade could be sometimes but she was happy to know that Blade let herself have plenty of fun. Ella Vader was in for an up and down existence as long as she stuck around Blade.