**I’m No Jedi**

**Mon Cala**

**39 ABY**

Rain fell as the Mon Cala ocean waves roared and crashed against the landing platforms. Lightning flashed and thunder pounded the skies, which caused fear amongst those who were not native to the ocean-dominated planet. Only a few brave souls landed or took off in their craft from the platforms, while the weak-hearted chose to wait for the weather to clear. As to the natives, both Quarren and Mon Calamari, they were more concerned about the damages and dangers that could come announced below the surface.

A few Quarren were checking for any possible damages on one of the platforms, and were careful not to slip on the slick surface. The shuttle that was stationed on the platform provided an ominous atmosphere. The pilot, who had landed the craft, had disembarked from the shuttle in a foreboding manner. They had kept their face hidden with a black hood, and only one Quarren had managed to see an unfriendly glare from golden eyes that were hidden within the shadows of the hood. Whoever the pilot was had gone off to one of the main platforms for unknown business, and the Quarren had thought it best not to inquire of their return.

Now, as the storm continued on, the Quarren were wrapping up their inspection. One of them quickly went over to the edge to pull a cable that had been flung over by the wind. Careful not to slip, and yet wanting to get out of the bad weather, he reached over and grabbed hold of the cable firmly before slowly beginning to pull it over the edge. The Quarren made sure not to shift his weight wrong, lest he slip and possibly go over the side. However, a flash of lightning a bit too close for comfort blinded him, causing him to lose his footing. Trying to regain his footing, his foot caught on the cable. Before he knew it, he was going over the edge to the water far below.

“Oh, no you don’t,” came a voice as suddenly the Quarren found himself at a halt. He looked around, wondering what could’ve stopped his fall. It was only when he looked up, did he see a hooded figure looking over the edge. Slowly, the Quarren began to rise towards the figure, and soon found himself right next to the hooded figure. His fellows came running towards them, and quickly checked to make sure he was alright. When they all looked at the hooded figure, they realized it was the pilot of the shuttle, and couldn’t help but become fearful.

“Thank you…stranger,” said the relieved Quarren as he tried to push his fear away.

“Don’t mention it,” came a reply, the voice belonging to that of a female. “I couldn’t let you fall to your death. Not when I have a shuttle that needs taking care of.”

The Quarren nodded, not caring if the stranger had saved him out of selfish reasons or not. In fact, he was curious as to how his savior had saved him. “Do…you have the Force? Are you a Jedi?”

The woman remained unfazed by the inquiry. “You can say that, I guess.”

Before the Quarren could say another word, the woman quickly turned and went for her shuttle. She waved her hand, and before their eyes, the shuttle ramp lowered with ease. She looked back, and towards them. “I’ll be in my shuttle…should another accident take place,” she said before she quickly boarded the ship, shutting the ramp behind her.

Shadow Nighthunter leaned back in the pilot chair as she listened to the music of the storm. The Sith of Scholae Palatinae enjoyed the weather, and couldn’t be anymore happier that she had come to Mon Cala at such a perfect time to meet with her rogue cousin, Altair. The two having arranged to meet in the oceanic world for Shadow to get a message off to her parents, both had been happy to see each other after so long. The meeting had been quaint, and saying farewell had been a bit hard. Yet, everything had gone well and according to plan, and that was enough to make their parting of ways easy.

“Well, Loki…seems like we’ll be staying here a bit longer,” the Sith said as she looked over at the anooba lying next to her. “This is the best way to kick back and relax.”

The anooba looked up with her and bowed his head in agreement, before going back to gnawing on a thigh bone. Shadow closed her eyes, and was about to let herself drift off when she heard something pound on her door before a beeping came on the shuttle comm. Sighing in frustration, Shadow answered the comm.

“This is Rowan Night speaking,” she said, the Sith wanting to use her old name for safety.

“This is Yos Ri…the Quarren you saved early, Ms. Night,” came a familiar voice. “We need the help of a Jedi. A school of our younglings have been captured and held hostage by Trandoshans slavers.”

*What? I wasn’t aware they took Quarren as slaves? What good would they be to the Trandoshans?*

Shadow thought over the situation, the Sith not really having a care. This was none of her business, and she’d rather not get involved in things that didn’t concern her. However, Ri’s desperate voice came on the comm again.

“Please…they have my son.”

Shadow sighed as she tapped her finger on her lightsaber. “Alright. I’ll be right out,” she said hesitantly.

“So, how much further?”

“We’re almost there,” Yos Ri said as he and a few other concerned Quarren parents led the “Jedi” to the platform enclave where the Trandoshans were holding the young Quarren. Shadow could sense the fear that the parents had for their young, and she let that fear empower her. After all, Trandoshan’s weren’t exactly easy to kill.

“How many did you say there were?” Shadow inquired.

“Ta Nos said he had counted five or six,” Yos Ri answered worryingly. “That will be no problem for a Jedi, I’m sure.”

Shadow tried not to scoff at the false confidence in her. Especially, since the Quarren were due for a huge surprise in the end. Of course, so were the Trandoshans.

“There,” a female Quarren pointed as they reached the ramp to a platform. She was pointing to a round building where two Trandoshan’s stood guard by the door. Shadow nodded, and quickly took hold of her saber before she continued towards the Trandoshan’s on her own.

“We asssked for the parentssss…not a human,” said one of the guards as he sniffed the air. “Whatssss do you wantsss?”

Shadow eyed the Trandoshan carefully. “I’m here for the younglings, lizard…and refusing what I wish will only get you killed,” she said as she suddenly ignited her green blade. “Lay down your weapons and let me pass.”

The Trandoshans growled as they raised their weapons. “Not a chance, Jedi sssscum!”

“Fine…make my day.” Suddenly, Shadow lunged and swung down as her blade sliced the blaster in half before she sent her saber diagonally upward into the Trandoshan’s throat. She quickly freed her blade and brought it up to block the other guard’s blasterfire, and quickly made use of her blade to deflect a shot back and into the Trandoshan’s chest. The reptilian fell with smoke rising from the hole in his chest, and the Quarren cheered for victory.

*Wretched fools. All of them.*

Shadow motioned for the parents to stay outside before she went inside the building. Before her was the school of young Quarren in a corner with a Trandoshan guard keep watch. The three others quickly brought up their weapons and began firing without hesitation. Shadow began blocking blaster shot after blaster shot, slowly making her way towards the Trandoshans. When she was close enough, she unleashed Force lightning from her left hand, sending streaks of lightning into the chest of one before she quickly began blocking blaster fire again.

“Surrender now!” she called out before quickly charging and bringing down her blade through the shoulder of another.

“Never!” the Trandoshan hissed as he reached for a thermal detonator on his belt.

Quickly, Shadow rammed into the Trandoshan with her shoulder, and knocked him into a wall before she plunged her blade into his chest. She barely had enough time to block blaster fire from the remaining Trandoshan, of whom she Force pushed hard against the wall. She then turned her attention to the younglings, who gazed at her with awe.

“Which one of you is Yos Ri’s son?”

A young Quarren adorned with a bruise on his face came forth. “Me! Are you really a Jedi?”

Shadow looked him in the eyes. “Go and wait by the door.”

The young Quarren looked at Shadow curiously before he went by the door. Shadow then approached the young Quarren. Something within her screamed not to do what she was about to do, and she struggled to shut out the protest within her heart. She could hear her father and mother begging her not to do it. Her old Jedi conscience tried to reason with her, telling her that there would be no return if she continued on with what she had in mind. The Sith closed her eyes, and forced her conscience to be silent.

“M-miss?” A female youngling reached out and grabbed hold of Shadow’s robes. “I want to see my mother.”

*I will do this…this is what I am meant to do…destroy the weak...show no mercy.*

Suddenly, right before the eyes of Yos Ri’s son, the Shadow’s blade cleaved off the head of the young female before slicing another youngling in half. Screams of terror filled the air, as the stench of scorched Quarren skin filled the air mixed with the flashes of green from the Sith’s blade. Even the half-conscious Trandoshan looked in horror as he saw the younglings being slaughtered. There was no hesitation from Shadow, and not even begging spared a youngling from her deceiving blade.

Only one other child remained alive in the end, the young Quarren backed against the wall. She cried out for her mother and father, only to be silenced by Shadow’s blade plunging through her heart. Slowly, the Sith twisted the blade before pulling it out and extinguishing it. She looked over at Ri’s paralyzed son, and the youngling’s eyes met hers for the first time. He screamed in terror as he saw the eyes of a demon piercing straight through him, and quickly opened the door before running into his father’s arms.

“Te, what is wrong?” Yos Ri asked as his son began frantically trying to pull him away.

Shadow came out before another word could be said, dragging the last Trandoshan out, only his head was now gone. “They’re waiting for you inside,” she said calmly as she dropped the body.

The parents took off for the door, brushing passed Shadow as they all ran inside. Wails of terror and sorrow filled the building behind her as Yos and his Te looked at her in sudden fear. The adult Quarren shook his head, realizing what had happened.

“You’re…but…you’re a Jedi! How could you!?” he demanded to know before he charged at her blindly out of anger.

Shadow quickly shot a jolt of lightning at him, knocking the surprised and distraught Quarren to the ground. “I saved your son…just like you wanted,” she said emotionlessly before she began heading back to the shuttle.

Te quickly went to his father’s side before looking back at the woman. “I…I thought Jedi were supposed to…help people.”

Shadow stopped and looked back at him. “I’m no Jedi, young one.”

“But why would you do such a thing?” Yos demanded again.

“It’s simple really.” Shadow glared at Ri’s before she smirked coldly. “The weak are best put out of their misery…only the strong can remain. Don’t worry. Your young will never suffer again.”

With that said, she took off into the storm, the rain accompanied by the tears of the grief-stricken parents. There was no reason for the Sith to remain anymore. Her time there had ended, and it was time the Sith returned home.