Flashes of light could be seen through the windows of the control room. Currently members of the KUDF garrison assigned to the Disciples of Baas Battle Team were running through an obstacle course as their commander Captain Len Iode observed with the rest of the Battle Team.

“Very impressive,” Vanguard “Seraphol” Stephens nodded, “The platoon works well together.”

Len nodded, “I selected the unit myself when I saw Gresee’s request. They hit hard and disappear, as light infantry should.”

“Care to make a wager?”

All eyes turned to the origin of the question, Mystic Edgar Drachen, “The troopers have proven themselves time and again to us in the simulations, but the troops are only as strong as their leader.”

Ranger Lu’aisha Gresee the Battle Team Leader looked quizzically at Edgar, “Len has run with the team several times on the drills.”

The Wookie, Knight leocadio, roared asking in his native tongue what Edgar was suggesting.

“Solo run.”

In the darkness, Captain Len Iode closed his eyes a moment to focus.

From a loudspeaker in the darkness, “Begin.”

The lights flashed on, Len found himself in the middle of a flexiboard replication of the main avenue in the Zumbro district, complete with parked landspeeders and flexiboard trees. A target popped up a block away and then dropped back out of sight. Len dove behind the nearest speeder, drawing his SE-44c. He pied the corner, carefully checking each zone as he turned the corner. As he was just about ready to clear the corner, he saw them. Three flimsi targets moving towards him. Going back behind cover, Len steadied his aim and then came around the corner firing four shots. The targets fell and he pressed further down the street.

Checking his sides by moving his head, Len moved across the open space of the street, until he reached the corner of a building. Peering around the corner, he saw a small group of targets. Mentally he calculated the distance and took a breath. He broke completely from cover moving into the simulated street firing five times, three of which hit their intended targets. Reaching the other side he went into a simulated doorway, catching his breath before he continued down the main avenue.

Finally he reached the last building. Looking through the window he approached and saw not a paper target, but his Master.

Len called out while stacking at the door, “Switching to non-lethal. Live subject on the range.”

The unmistakable sound of a lightsaber igniting filled the training ground.

“You scared yet Len?” Edgar chuckled.

“Well now that you mention it, a little,” Len replied.

“Good. The fact that you admit it is the first step, the next move is yours.”

Len took a deep breath. He knew there was no way to win, but that was the fun of it. He kicked the door in and spun to see nothing. There was no evidence of the Gray Jedi anywhere. There was no hum either. Keeping his pistol at the ready, Len cleared the space behind the flexboard house.

*Tic tack*

The Chiss spun around to face the noise, blaster aimed with both hands, but no one was there. Letting his off-hand free of his weapon, he continued to walk slowly around the dimly lit training area. Suddenly he got the feeling he should duck. Dropping to the floor, Len heard the saber ignite. Firing twice as he hit the floor, both shots were deflected off in safe directions. Edgar swung at where Len was laying. Rolling out of the way towards his opponent, Len went for a body blow, which was blocked by Edgar’s elbow. At the same time Len landed a stomp on Edgar’s instep. Using that distraction Len reached forward, grabbed Edgar’s dominant saber arm and twisted, pressing the activator switch so the saber would deactivate. Suddenly a second saber ignited in Edgar’s left hand. He took a swing towards Len, who fired at the second saber and kicked his master away. Both sabers now hummed asynchronously.

“Well done,” Edgar smiled, “Now what do you do?”

The Force user twirled his lightsabers creating a narrow gap.

*Hundredths of a second* Len thought.

Edgar charged, sabers twirling. Len raised his blaster and fired. Both sabers had stopped less than 10 millimeters on either side of his neck. His pulse was racing.

He had missed.

“You missed me by less than a hair,” Edgar chuckled, “good thing too because I probably couldn’t have stopped my swing in time otherwise. Lights!”

 The banks of lights overhead switched on.

“Remember your counter-Force user tactics, they will save you,” Edgar nodded, “Well done for not having have actually fought a Jedi before.”

Edgar clasped his hand on Len’s shoulder as the two exited the range and headed with the Battle Team members and the KUDF unit for some drinks at the cantina.