

Changes

Fenn awoke from his slumber drenched in sweat. His tiny accommodations in the Imperial Winter Palace on Judecca were sparsely adorned for one accustomed to sleeping lavishly. Something was wrong; the Zeltron's nightmares were far too uncommon for his liking. He did his best to calm himself, and exuded relaxing pheromones. He glimpsed out the viewport from his chamber on Ohmen City below and the mountains in the distance...everything appeared normal. Fenn sighed and slowly dressed himself in his silk robes and clasped his golden inlay light saber to his belt. Daylight had not basked on the Empire yet, but Fenn felt dreadfully off.

He finally reached out, probing with the Force to see if he could come to an understanding of his misgivings. Delak, Chrome, Blade, Alincia...all familiar persons he was able to sense in the confines of the palace, yet many people he knew were present did not resonate for him properly in the Force. Perhaps there was a last minute mission or meeting he had not been pulled into. Unlikely, thought Fenn, as a sergeant of Shadow Guard it was his people's duty to ensure they knew everything going on within the Empire, especially within the ranks of the Force sensitive staff.

The Zeltron probed his own mind, forcing himself to remember recent dispatches and briefings. Again, nothing made sense to Fenn anymore. The Battlemaster entered the corridor and immediately sensed danger. He tried to place it...Jedi. How could so many Jedi have infiltrated the Imperial Winter Palace without alarms being raised? He tried to make a telepathic connection with his friends, but only received cold apprehension and doubt.

He ran faster now, sensing danger all around as people began to wake. More and more Jedi presences were coming into his mind, with fewer and fewer Sith and friendly telepathic links available to him. Fenn tried his best to conceal his fear and keep his pheromones in check; sending out fear would only raise more hostility. Why were there no guards in the corridors?

The hanger bay was not far off. Making contact with friendly personnel had failed time and again. In the distance Fenn could hear angry voices and the reverberations of light sabers igniting into deadly blades of destruction. He ran now, full speed ahead.

The duty officer of the hanger bay screamed out, urging the skeleton crew of guards forward as Fenn lanced forth Force lightning to incapacitate the nearest adversary, his light saber springing to action immediately. He knew he had seconds now before the automated defense systems came online, less time still to the pounding footsteps in the corridor behind him caught up.

The melee was swift. Fenn had cleaved the two remaining guards and had clambered aboard the Tie Defender that was the ready craft. Engines primed, Fenn pulled the throttle back and blasted out of the hanger bay and

entered the purplish skyline of Ohmen City. He knew military procedure; he had time to plot a hyperspace jump out of the Cocytus System, but decided to make for the Destiny II space station. Somewhere, somehow, he would learn what was going on.