

Korroth
Jedi Peacekeeper
Disciples of Baas
House Satele Shan
Clan Odan-Urr
#8488

About 1108 words

"What's Up, Darth?"

The Pau'an stepped out of the turbolift and almost tripped over an ensign.

"Oh, excuse me." But the young human was already rushing off with the crowd. This corridor of the *Endor's Triumph* was thronging with excited people, all heading in the same direction. Korroth was forced to go with the flow, or risk being shoved and jostled every step of the way.

In a few moments of trying not to get trampled or stepping over people's heels, the Peacekeeper found himself in the Jagged Junker. The bar was absolutely crammed, with officers, soldiers, crewmen, Jedi, mercenaries of Odan-Urr sitting on the tables or standing, even the barman craning over his counter, all chattering and looking towards the holoprojector above the bar.

Some sushing put an end to the ruckus, and a bellowing, brassy music filled the crowded room. The black clouds in the holoimage, criss-crossed by green turbolaser fire, parted and revealed a glimpse of the mountains around the Arca Praxeum. A low grumbling rippled across the audience.

A giant shadow appeared on the face of a cliff, a horned figure gesticulating against a red light. The camera panned down to reveal the shadow's culprit, and the whole bar broke out in an explosion of laughter. There, on top of a rocky ridge, stood a diminutive facsimile of the Grand Master, encased in his black-gold Sith armour, waving some kind of red glowrod in front of him and balancing on his head the most extraordinary set of antlers. It looked like one of those enormous, unfeasible horned helmets in ancient depictions of Marka Ragnos.

“Be vewy quiet, I’m hunting Jedi,” the Sith Lord intoned, and the laughter of the crowd did, in effect, hush to a background of barely-suppressed sniggering. The music changed to a flittering, cautious tune as Darth Pravus tiptoed his way down the ridge and across the stepping stones of a river. Suddenly, he spotted a set of imprints in the grass, the tracks of a barefoot humanoid.

“Jedi twacks!” He chased the trail across fields and crags, until he fell upon an unsuspecting glade and started stabbing his red ‘lightsaber’ into a reflective pond. “Kill the Jedi!” He chanted in a crescendo of enthusiasm. “Kill the Jedi! Kill the Jedi!” The holovid then cut across the meadow, to a figure sitting cross-legged, meditating.

“Kill the Jedi?” A light titter ran through the audience at the appearance of the lavender-skinned Togruta. The High Councilor fluttered her big amber eyes.

“Yo ho ho! Yo ho ho! Yo ho…” Darth Pravus ceased his bellowing when he saw A’lora had approached.

“Oh mighty Sith Lord of Grand Master stock,” she sang in a lilting voice. “Might I inquire to ask eh…” She twirled a white and blue lekku in her fingers. “What’s up Darth?” The crowd burst out in laughter once again.

“I’m going to kill the Jedi!” Darth Pravus roared back. He righted his helmet, which had tilted to one side in the midst of his excited gesturing.

“O mighty Sith Lord, ’twill be quite a task,” the Jedi’s melody placid and unperturbed by the ferocity of the Grand Master. “How will you do it, might I inquire to ask?”

“I will do it with my bwade and magic hewmet.” Declared the Sith Lord, lifting his head and raising his red glow-stick.

“Your blade and magic helmet?” A’lora sang bemused.

“Bwade and magic hewmet.”

“Magic helmet?”

“Magic hewmet!”

“Magic helmet.” Said A’lora, tilting her head at the Sith Lord and looking straight into the camera.

“Yes, magic hewmet, and I give you a sample!” The Sith Lord ascended a rocky spire. Trumpets blared, and Pravus raised his arms skywards. The dark shapes of *Nebula*-class Star Destroyers hove into view overhead, then a salvo of laser fire pitched upon the meadow, reducing it to ash.

The crisped tips of the Councilor’s mataloks and her wide-eyed stare solicited a timorous fit of laughter from the crowd.

“Bye!” And she sped off into the distance.

“That was the Jedi!” Exclaimed Pravus, flicking a thumb in the direction that A’lora had disappeared. He descended the spire and chased after the Councilor. The two were dashing through the Arca Praxeum, with a sprightly, clashing music hot on their heels, when the Jedi reappeared on top of a hill, clad in Sith armour and astride a decidedly rotund dewback. To the great delight and mirth of the audience, the ponderous beast trotted, rolled down the hill, accompanied by a tumbling, lumbering music.

“Oh, Togwuta, you’re so wovely.” Sang the awestruck Sith Lord.

“Yes, I know it, I can’t help it.” The disguised A’lora was sprawled on the dewback’s voluminous backside.

“Oh, Togwuta, be my wove...” Pravus spread his arms wide and swept A’lora into a dance across the paths of the Praxeum. The music eventually carried the Councilor alone up the steps to the summit of the Academy.

“Weturn, my wove... a fire burning inside me...” Sang the Sith Lord, kneeling at the bottom of the stairway.

“Return my love, I want you always beside me.” A’lora fluttered her long eyelashes.

“Wove wike ours must be...” Pravus ascended the steps.

“Made for you and for me...”

“Return, won't you return my love,” they sung in unison, A’lora reclined in the Sith Lord’s arms. “For my love is yours.”

Just then, A’lora’s Sith helmet slipped off and bounced down the slope. A wild look contorted the Grand Master’s features. A’lora grabbed his gigantic horns and pulled the helmet over his eyes. By the time Pravus had freed himself, the Togruta had disappeared into the Praxeum’s edifices.

“I’ll kill the Jedi!” The Sith Lord raged.

“Awise storm! Nightfall bwow, Gauntlet bwow.” A shadow fell over the valley as the capital ships converged on the Grand Master. “Typhoons, hurricanes, earthquakes, smog!” The brass instruments blew a tempest, the turbolasers cracked the earth. “Stwike wigtning, stwike the Jedi!”

As the musical thunder abated, the Sith Lord looked over the parapet of the Praxeum’s walls. There, in a solitary beam of sunlight, lay the shape of the Togruta, an Oku flower bowing down to her face.

“What have I done?” Pravus cried as he went down to the Togruta. “I’ve killed the Jedi. Poor wittle wightie.” He scooped up the body into his arms. “Poor wittle Jedi.”

The quivering music rose as the weeping Sith Lord walked off into the light. Korroth certainly couldn't judge the other Odanites he could see with tears in the corners of their eyes. Then A'lora's head rose from beside Pravus, wrenching a lopsided smile from the Pau'an.

"Well, what did you expect from the Dark Side," she said. "A happy ending?"