Traan Reith Week 3 Fiction

The sound of staves moving back and forth, like the shuttle in a weaving loom, echoed throughout the courtyard. The grunts from taking an impact, and the grunts of delivering blows were the only other noise, besides heavy panting and slick footfalls upon stone. Sometimes it seemed that all Tra’an Reith knew was war. He dodge an incoming blow and lashed out in return, catching his opponent with just enough of the tip of his stave to stun him. The follow up blow stopped scant millimeters from impact.

“Yield. Or this time I shatter that scaly face.” He waited, before his opponent lowered the stave and bent to bow. Even as the tricky Kaleesh started to move, it was already too late. Tra’an jumped and threw all of his weight into a single blow, accelerating the stave as it made the connection, crushing the lower jaw hinge. The audible crunch of broken scales, was followed by the squish of damaged tissue underneath, even as it gave way to the howl of agonizing pain as a jaw was partially ripped from its face.

Already medics rushed out into the training courtyard, applying stabilizing agents to stem the blood flow as the escorted away the student.

“I warned you!” Tra’an called after them. “I’m not playing games with you anymore!” The master padded over to stand beside him. Reith only noticed him as he turned, dropping to one knee.

“While we train for war, we do not normally go so far as to inflict such wounds. Though I can see why you did. This would have been the third time this week that he has faked submission. He had been warned that continuing to do so would be punished. It is dishonorable, and we must not dis honor ourselves.” Tra’an said nothing as the Master shuffled over to another pair of students as they trained.

Tra’an stood and exited the training area, placing his stave on the rack to be cleaned, his clothing shuffling softly about him as he moved away from the noise of intense learning.

Having exited the school a few minutes later, Tra’an made his way to the nearby chapel. He entered and approached the stone bust representative of their newest deity, and a master of war. He knelt in the alcove off to the side and lit a stick of incense to pray to Qymaen jai Sheelal. If there was one god who had proven in his time among the living, that anything was possible, it was surely this one.

Raising his head, Reith examined the stone bust, and sneered. The likeness of just the face and shoulders missed so much of what made the late General Grevious such an imposing figure as to be worthy of being Deified. After all, for the Kaleesh to have fought and survived such catastrophic injuriesand then to have continued fighting the war? For him to have become the most notorious killer of Jedi to ever have lived? It took skill, cunning, and power.

Reith was here to learn the first two of these, knowing that with skill and cunning, power would come.

“Some day my lord. I shall be as feared as you are.” The lesson he had learned today, to balance honor with cunning, would stick with him forever.