**This one is MINE!**

**Competition Submission**

**By: Mune Cinteroph**

**Dossier #3607**

The snow whipped about him, carried by a wind that cut like knives into flesh. Cold and bitter, a nasty frigidity that bit to the bone. The Savant, however, paid it no mind. His cloak snapped about, this way and that, buffeted near constantly by the nightmare blizzard. He would not be deterred. For nearly a full day he had tracked his quarry. A quarry likely only in flight due to a healthy dose of paranoia. Mune had ensured to well and truly bury his presence with the Force.

Zachary O’Maille.

He watched the human emerge from the nearby crystal spires. His guards by his side. Likely, they had hidden numerous artifacts within what he assumed to be a cavern. Only one had his interest, however. He mentally ticked off the position of each guard, mind calculating and putting together tactics. He stepped forward and dropped quickly to the ground from his perch upon the top of one of the shorter spires. Into the snow he vanished, stealth made still his friend. Cold steel hissed, a noise near to protest the bitter environs.

He spun the sword once, the blade whistling softly, then cold steel plunged. The guard had not a chance to utter a single word, nor even a cry. The blade protruded wickedly from his sternum, painted red with flowing blood. Behind him, the assassin stood, ruby red eyes gleaming coldly in his veil of snow. His sword slid free with a jerk, and crumbled the soldier did to the snow his assailant had once more vanished into. The guard would be missed, swallowed up by the blizzard.

“Eleven…” the Savant thought to himself. One ticked off his mental map.

He moved swiftly, the Force fueling his agility. He leapt, the wind tried to snatch him from his target but he came down still. His sword flashed, down it plunged. Durasteel sunk well and true into the skull of his second victim.

“Ten.” He jerked into action almost instantly before the shock of his landing through his knees even wore away.

Behind him, victim number two fell.

Mune stood motionless. Two guards emerged from the blanket of white. Footfalls crunched, Mune’s right ear twitched. He jerked around only just evading the blaster bolt that screeched by his ear. The two approaching guards quickly drew their own weapons. Already, the one that had come from behind was firing openly, his element of surprise gone. Just as was the Savant’s.

He moved. There was no time to stand still, he knew. If Zachary joined in… with numbers still on his side and they evenly matched otherwise. Mune’s sword slashed downwards. Through armour it bit, opening the guard from his left shoulder to right hip. He took the other man from groin to hip, taking the leg clean away in the upswing. Dying cry silenced by a thrust of the sword through his throat before he could fall. The Force raged through his veins, throbbed through every muscle. He had to be quicker. He dropped his concealment altogether… like unravelling ribbons it fell away from him.

“Eight…” he whispered and drove forward.

The blaster bolt tore through his cloak just above his right hip. In his sword went, driven into the guard’s gut. The others were already rushing his position. Zachary would be right behind them. He kicked the bod free of his weapon with a grunted; “Seven.”

“Awfully crazy of you to come by yourself, isn’t it, traitor?”

Mune chuckled a bit, turning to meet the other dark jedi’s eyes, even through the blinding snow. “Funny hearing a Sadowan calling me a traitor. Now crazy… sure, I will give you that one.”

“Take him down, but don’t kill him,” the human ordered.

Again steel hissed, sheathed he let his sword rest against the small of his back once again. His lightsaber snapped from his belt to his waiting left hand and in the same motion blazed to life. Its song not lost to the wind, but rather, become one with the violence of it. Mune was nearly engulfed in its purple light, light reflected off the harsh white of snow. Blaster fire sang out. The half-human spun about, saber flashing quickly. Two bolt quickly deflected, two guards downed, another bolt evaded altogether. The thought crossed his mind in a blind, “Five.”

A needle whipped out, a guard clutched his helmet where it found itself planted into his right eye. His screams, carried off by the wind. He found himself cut down only a breath later. Four.

Zachary’s lightsaber ignited. “Seriously, you guards are useless.”

Quickly the distance was eaten up and Mune had to throw himself back as a mighty slash rent the air before him. He was not about to block so wild and strong a blow. He reflexively readjusted his grip on his saber and moved. Spinning, his blade cut a wicked spiraling arc of light through the snowy veil. Zachary easily blocked, only to find the half-human rolling away and coming back up to take a guard at the knee. They were still targets after all.

“Three!” He barked out. He snapped around to parry a saber strike from his true target. The guards could not fire, or were not willing to fire with Zachary nearly on top of their enemy. Mune was grinning from ear to ear, the point of one of his fangs peeking out. “C… come on… you can do better.”

Zachary kicked out, Mune taking the blow to his gut. He threw himself back with the force of the blow, using the momentum to get some distance again.

“You know I am going to get it back, right?” Mune spoke rather more conversationally.

Zachary circled, saber at the ready. “The artifacts? Ha. Surely you jest.”

“Oh come now… surely you don’t doubt me.”

“Shut up and come at me already,” Zachary barked. “Stop being an idiot.”

“Stop being so sure of yourself…” Mune chuckled and stepped to the left, the guards behind him crumpled, blood spilled upon the snow.

Lightning arced, the smell of burning ozone assaulted the half-human’s nose. He yelped, only his fast reflexes and the Force combined saving him from a horrible jolt. The Force Lightning danced and crackled along the purple blade of his weapon. Sweat beaded on Mune’s forehead even in the chilling cold.

“There is not enough booze on this planet to deal with someone as annoying as you and your tricks!”

Mune grit his teeth, adjusting his position ever so slightly. He sensed the rage building in his opponent. Sensing the Force itself pregnant with it. Eyes narrowed, he knew what his opponent was up to… He jerked sideways, for a moment, the lightning arced along his right arm. The pain was searing, ripping an involuntary cry from him. He dropped his saber, letting the blade vanish. He acted fast. The Force coiled within his hand. He thrust it forward, ripping Zachary’s feet out from under him.

Refocussing, he threw his next at the snow behind his opponent and buried him. It was never about killing him, it was about reclaiming what was his. He eyed the still growing snow drift, the pillar left bare of its covering now. With a growl, he picked up his saber and vanished into the cavern for his prize. As far as he was concerned, his fun and games had borne fruit. He took the artifact he sought from among many others and made mental note where the rest were stored to report back to his unit.

He stepped back into the blizzard, pulled his hood over his head and vanished once more among the veil of snow. Satisfied.