

Rosh Nyine - #12671

### Shadow Academy - Years ago

The large halls were silent and a solitary figure, surrounded by old and dusty manuscripts that filled the shelves around him, kept his absent gaze focused on one of those writings that many, outside the Brotherhood, considered prohibited, if not lost.

It was a late night, and eyes of the young teenager were red and tired, the punishment after hours of repetitive study. The muscles of his back ached to maintain a proper position, and his arms laid as if dead at both sides of the manuscript, revealing an extreme tiredness.

A soft thump on the pavement of the halls interrupted the silent monotony of the night, and then another, and another. The young man turned his head out, barely awake enough to be afraid of another presence in that place that no one frequented at that time, except for him. That was when he saw it. Humanoid, but more tree than human, moving towards him with long, slow steps.

"The power you are looking for is not just in those books, young apprentice. Arise, walk with me and maybe you'll find what you crave so much."

### Mygeeto - Present Date

The city, made almost entirely by small houses, was blanketed by flames and explosions. Rosh was running wrapped in his dark cloak, a quick and swift shadow between soldiers firing indiscriminately, and terrified civilians fleeing without knowing where to go. It had been a long time, but the powerful trail that left his former master in the Force would have been easy to follow even by the most novice apprentices. Malik wanted to be followed, and if anyone had reason to do so, that was Rosh Nyine.

Everything had gone according to the plan until the time to split the spoils. Both clans, Scholae Palatinae and Naga Sadow, were unwilling to let the other carry a single one of the artifacts which promised lost secrets to those who possessed them. Malik had taken one of them, one that was of particular interest to the assassin, and he was leaving the place surrounded by young apprentices of his clan. Rosh was not going to let this opportunity escape out of his hands.

As dusk approached, the distance between them was getting shorter and shorter. Rosh knew that once night fell it would be extremely difficult to go after Malik, so he quickened his pace. It did not take long to encounter one of the young students of the old Neti, a beautiful and tall blonde human girl, barely out of adolescence, blocking his way with her lightsaber in one of her hands and ready to prevent that he kept going after her master.

### Clan Naga Sadow Headquarters - Years ago

The slim teenager launched himself once again with all his strength against his opponent, another student of his teacher, bigger, faster, better trained. Again, the young Nyine's clumsy attack ended in failure, with a new hit from his opponent training lightsaber on his back to remind him.

"No no no. You're not fast enough to fight Gormah face to face, apprentice. Think, how do you end a fight with an enemy that beats you in every way? "

The weakened teenager rose again, the sting of pain aching on his back where his adversary lightsaber had kissed him, with hatred in his eyes raised again his lightsaber. After a moment pondering a course of action, Rosh Nyine attacked again, jumping at the last moment and turning on itself in the air to launch a powerful blow as hard as possible to his Master's first

apprentice. Again, his stroke was stopped midair by his opponent before reaching its target, and Nyine fell again to the ground.

"You're not thinking. You just let anger dominate you and you are not strong enough or skilled enough to win that way. Think, apprentice, think." - commented the Neti after the second failed attempt.

This time he did not stop to think. Nyine rose and began a new charge against Gormah. Performing an extremely wide strike towards him, his opponent prepared a basic defense to stop Rosh's attack. Both lightsabers clattered, beating once again attack the weak teenager. But this time the young Nyine wouldn't fail. He drew a short blade from his belt and directed it against the uncovered guard of his rival without hesitation, nailing his sternum with all his strength. Gormah dropped his training lightsaber, surprised, while Rosh rolled the blade inside the chest of his opponent, opening the wound. A moment later, Gormah, Malik's apprentice and fellow student of Rosh Nyine, laid dead on the floor of the training arena.

"You ought to learn when you cannot win a battle, apprentice, not murder your partner." - snapped Malik with obvious anger and disgust in his voice.

"I have learned the lesson, Master. Never think a battle is lost, there is always an alternative." - quietly replied the young man, smiling while cleaning the blade that had killed Gormah.

### **Mygeeto - Present Date**

Rosh continued his relentless persecution, leaving the lifeless body of Malik's apprentice behind him. She barely had time to stop the attack from the illusion of created by the expert assassin when Rosh's blue lightsaber had pierced her body and finished her. Nyine had not stopped to contemplate the corpse for a moment, he had a goal to meet.

Contrary to the usual when an entire population is being wiped out, most of the citizens of that city doomed to extermination increasingly crowded the streets as one approached the periphery. Controls to prevent smuggling, set both by Naga Sadow and Scholae Palatinae, the inhabitants of the city pushed against each other in a desperate attempt to escape the crossfire between the two clans.

Nyine was convinced that anyone who approached the security perimeter established by Naga Sadow would be taken down with no questions asked, so he discarded his cloak as he ran to facilitate his movements to begin climbing to the low roofs of the city. As expected, there were soldiers stationed on the terraces of the buildings standing guard, but unfortunately for them none was trained in the ways of the Force. One after another, each guard that stood between Rosh and his former Master were killed by the terrible darts full of neurotoxins that the assassin shot to them with cold precision. The night was already announcing its arrival with the sun of Mygeeto barely visible in the horizon when Rosh noticed that Malik had stopped, and minor traces in the Force disappeared from his side. It seemed that the old Neti had finally decided to stand up, and a smile spread across the face of the assassin. Finally, after so many years, he could meet again with whom he had taught him so much. Perhaps, with a little luck, he might even kill him.

### **Naga Sadow Grounds – Year ago**

On a moonless night, the pervasive darkness of the forest made difficult to distinguish any form, whether plant, animal or object. If it was difficult to find something to stand out in the labyrinthine chaos provided by the irregular pattern of trees, trying to distinguish a camouflaged Neti among them was an almost impossible task. Almost.

The young Rosh was resting on the ground with one knee, focused on the life around him. Every object, every being, emitted a different resonance in the Force, and among all the power

resonances Malik was like a beacon in the night, clear and bright. Rosh had followed his master trace for hours, but now that he was so close it was hard to tell which of those trees was the powerful humanoid figure.

After a few moments of reflection, Malik came to view, moving slowly. Within seconds, the eager apprentice had jumped from his position, holding in his hand his azure lightsaber and ready to win the small hunting game against the Neti. When Rosh thought he had managed to catch him with his guard lowered, another lightsaber, red as blood, he blocked his attack strongly as a rock, shaking the arms of the teenager.

"Not bad, but you're still too reckless." - Malik answered condescending. - "Maybe someday you will be able to catch me with such an attack, if you continue training for several lifetimes."

"Someday, master, someday" - said Rosh squinting. He knew his teacher trying to help, but Rosh was already a full member of the Dark Brotherhood, and he was humiliated like that taught only one thing: hatred.

### **Mygeeto – Present date**

The great figure of Malik showed his resting pose in the center of the square, as if someone had planted a tree in the middle of the destructive chaos that was raging across the city.

Surprisingly, few sounds of battle reached that place, and the crystalline floor gleamed in the starlight around, giving the impression of being a scenery out of a dream embedded in the nightmare of the city. Although it seemed impossible, in that place, at that time, one could get carried away and find peace.

Rosh paid no attention to all this, however, but in the bag that was laid beside his old master. A bag containing one of the precious Sith Holocrons. If the rumors were true, this particular holocron kept the secrets of powerful alchemical experiments, discipline that the assassin had tried to learn for a long time. Kneeling on a low terrace on the periphery of the square, the murderer clenched his fists thinking about the trophy he could get that day.

The Neti's body began to move, hardly noticeable at first, but with a speed that, albeit slow, was increasing by the moment. Rosh knew he had no time to lose, so he reached for his belt and pulled out a small metal sphere with a detonator. Jorm, the best explosives expert in Excidium, had assured him that the small device would fulfill what the murderer had in mind, and if the veteran Nyine knew something about Jorm, that was that when it came to explosions, it was best to keep quiet and give him the reason.

Malik seemed already completely humanoid, and waited in the center of the strange scenery. With old and deep eyes, his gaze was fixed on his former apprentice, but the only sound emitted by the old Neti was the bark of his skin slowly swaying from side to side.

The words between the two were not needed. The battle was about to begin.

Rosh jumped from the lower terrace while throwing the small detonator to his former master. The Neti raised his arms with astonishing speed, and the odd explosive went right over him. A cloud of flame spread in the air and began to fall on the old Consul of Naga Sadow.

Another explosion, this time in the Force, moved the air around Malik, rising in response to the flames, spreading them out of his path and falling around him, surrounding him in a large circular pattern.

Rosh figure appeared through the flames, charging frontally against his old teacher with his sapphire lightsaber raised horizontally over his shoulder. His eyes, full of hate and rage, shone with the light of the flames dancing in his eyes.

Malik completely ignored the figure and turned smartly to the side, leaning back. The figure of his apprentice faded in the air, demonstrating its illusory character, while several darts loaded with poison passed through the flames from another angle in the place where an instant before the old Neti was.

Two lightsabers, one shorter than the other, flew from the belt of the former Consul to his hands, which he turned on showing two blades red as the flames around them.

This time the real Nyine made his appearance, with an expression of utter coldness in an emotionless face. The elegant and blue lightsaber that the murderer had in his hand contrasted sharply with everything around him, as the wearer moved, despite his expression, hurtling towards Malik.

Jumping in the air in a swirl, Rosh hold his lightsaber with both hands and struck with all his strength to the lower body of his opponent, letting the full weight of his body add to the power of impact. Malik skilfully stopped the attack of his apprentice, but had to use both lightsabers to withstand the force of the blow. The attack had been carried out with such hatred that the momentum dragged the Neti slightly on the crystal surface.

But Malik was not weak, quite the opposite. Using all the strength in his arms, both lightsabers used to parry the blow moved in an upward momentum to his opponent, throwing Rosh into the air. Again, the Force had accumulated around the old man and a telekinetic hit thwarted any attempt of the assassin of falling properly.

Rosh fell slightly dazed on the ground, but not before pressing a button on his wrist communicator. He barely had time to raise the hand that held his lightsaber to block the short lightsaber of Malik, which had flown against him a few moments later. Malik recalled the lightsaber back to his hand while Rosh rose from the ground and prepared to charge against his old master again.

The Force broke out around the Elder, throwing out the flames and the purple crystals on the soil in all directions. Rosh began his charge again without trying to avoid them, and many small crystals struck his body. Gritting his teeth, the figure of the murderer divided itself into three, creating two illusions of himself. The three figures converged on his old master, the three with the lightsaber ready to deal a fatal blow.

Again, Malik ignored the illusions of his former apprentice, blocking only the real Rosh strike. The Neti looked amused.

"You're not good enough yet, apprentice." - Malik snapped.

"Heh." - was the only response of the member of Scholae while he jumped back into an acrobatic pirouette showing a wicked smile.

The Force warned Malik just a moment late, concentrated as he was on his apprentice. Rosh had launched a fragmentation grenade after one of the illusions that his master had ignored, and now had no time to dodge.

The Neti raised up a defensive barrier through the Force just before the explosion, and jumped into the air lifting a second glass barrier between him and the explosion to mitigate the impact. Both barriers were vandalized while the Elder received some damage from the grenade, burning part of your body.

Malik howled, his eyes completely changed seeing that Rosh had used the distraction of combat to steal the bag containing the holocron. Slowly recovering, spurred by the power of the Force, Malik launched a fierce attack on his opponent.

Malik and Rosh lightsabers danced while the youngest of both backed away slowly, using twists and pirouettes to draw an almost impregnable defense. Still, it was a matter of time for Malik to win the battle.

That was when a troop transport appeared at full speed in the air while a voice called over the intercom Rosh had in his wrist. The murderer smiled again when soldiers at the transport began firing at Malik. Although the smile did not last long.

Malik raised his arms and the air transport remained motionless in the air, to start moving down towards them at full speed. The powerful Neti would crash the transport against himself and his apprentice.

"No, not today!" - Rosh said, just before the transport was almost on top of them. Trying to run out of range, he lost balance and fell, hitting his head and losing his consciousness.

When he woke up, the dawn had arrived and there was no sign of Malik or the transport, and he was resting in the middle of the square, with the holocron over his torso and a note.

"No, not today."