

## Tisto Rides Again

### **Trepus Mine Solyiat**

Red flashed across the tundra of Solyiat's north pole as the Hoth JTF and Shan JTF fired upon each other. While this was simply a mock battle, everyone was treating it as a life or death situation. The Jedi and soldiers of each side pitted in vicious combat. One man stood out amongst the diverse group of Jedi, the Kiffar known as Tisto. From his red mane to his leather jacket, he was a sight on the battlefield. Like the majority of the Jedi participating, he carried a cerulean bladed training saber, not wanting to accidentally kill someone.

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### **One Hour Earlier**

Tisto awoke to the sound of the orbital alarms blaring, something he now regretted arguing with Arcia about installing. He leapt out of bed his hand reaching for his saber before he remembered that today was the "Invasion of Solyiat" training drill. Cursing himself silently, he opened his locker, pulling out his armored pants and putting them on quickly. He grabbed his leather jacket and slipped into it.

He glanced around his quarters, which was in reality a area of the mine he had converted into a workshop to see his companion Bell still in bed.

*One day, I will figure out how she can sleep through this,* he thought to himself.

He moved to wake her up, then thought better of it. After all, Bell had one of the quickest draws and itchiest trigger fingers that he knew of, and she was never without her blaster. He looked over to the nearly finished swoop bike and sighed. Riding into battle on the new bike, which he had named Quinn in memory of a fallen ally, would have been an amazing thrill. "Soon."

He quickly grabbed the training saber Edgar had given him last night and ran out to the entrance of the mine.

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### **Present**

Tisto moved his blade in an unsophisticated, yet quick stroke, stunning a Shan soldier who had attempted to rush at the biker.

"Tisto, down!" Came Nero's voice from Tistos comlink.

Tisto complied, throwing himself to the ground as a bullet flew over where he had been standing, and into a Shan soldier's armor. The bullet, charged with a small pulse of electrical energy, struck the soldier and caused him to fall in mild convulsions..

Another soldier came to strike at Tisto with an Electrostaff, the staff crackling with energy. Tisto's eyes widened with fear as the staff came down, only for the female Jedi Jo to leap over and deflect the strike. Tisto sighed in relief as Jo attacked the Shan soldier, using a flurry of quick blows and parries to dispatch the invader. The biker watched in awe at the precise maneuvers she performed, ones he had previously doubted the effectiveness of.

Tisto began to get up when he felt an armored hand grasp him and pull him back. As he was pulled back, a blaster bolt passed exactly where his head had been and he heard the telltale sound of a blaster going off next to his head. A Shan soldier who had escaped Tisto's notice and had fired upon the biker fell stunned.

"You should be more careful," a harsh, yet motherly voice told him. "I won't be around to pull you all forever."

Tisto nodded and looked to his rescuer, Luna Okami. "Thank you," he said before running back into battle. *Hopefully, no one needed Luna while she was helping me. We are outnumbered by Shan. We gave them too much time to set up.*

Tisto pushed forward, feeling the Force warm him like a calm fire. When the feeling reached his heart he felt the emptiness that was a result of his own nature in the universal field of energy. Then he was faster, his natural speed and reflexes pushed further by the Force. He slashed at an invading soldier's arm, going through his armor and giving the man a nice first degree burn. With the smell of singed flesh in the air, Tisto then spun to smash his elbow into a second, hitting the female soldier in between her ribs. Turning again, he caught the second soldier in the face with a spinning kick, knocking the woman unconscious.

He instinctively ducked as a vibroblade passed above him, thanking his reflexes for expecting that. Tisto reacted quickly, rolling forward out of the soldier's reach, and slid out of the roll to face him. Tisto ran and struck at the soldier twice, used to the shock and awe the weapon had during gang wars, and was surprised to see the soldier merely shift his body to avoid the strikes. Tisto hesitated, the sight confusing him, and the soldier took the advantage, knocking Tisto to the ground. The biker released his lightsaber, and rolled yet again to avoid another slash from the vibroblade. With Force Enhanced reflexes he grabbed the soldier's arm with his left hand as he came out of the roll, moving the vibroblade away. Tisto smiled as he saw fear cross the soldier's eyes, the situation turning, and smashed his fist into the soldier's gut. The hit alone didn't do much, but Tisto fired his wrist laser, and with a soft pulse the soldier fell stunned.

Tisto could see the Hoth forces in front of him. Struggling against the tide of invaders, a small force of soldiers led by Liam and Darro fought to maintain the makeshift barricade they were on. While many Shan soldiers simply ignored them, a force of the invaders, undoubtedly following Archenskova's orders was pressing on the small group of Hoth soldiers.

Tisto raced towards them, leaping around fallen and active soldiers alike. He could see Liam struggling, unused to having a single training saber after using a saber staff for so long. Darro was next to the blind old Jedi, laying into the invaders with his blaster rifle, which had been set to stun. However, the barricade was looking worse for wear.

Tisto leaped above the hill and barricade, the Force pushing his jump to the limit. In the air, he saw Turel and Vorsa battling it out with their real sabers, but forgot who was on which side. He landed next to Darro, batting aside a blaster bolt with his palm.

“How are we doing, Knight?” Tisto asked Darro, as Liam unleashed a telekinetic blast knocking away some of the invaders. Tisto’s saber arm moved almost independent of his mind, using the basics he had been using for six years, and bonded by countless gang wars.

Darro smiled as he fired at another soldier. “I don’t know how much longer the barricade will hold out, meaning the men supporting both Liam and I behind it will crumble soon, Commander.”

“Get behind the barricade and holocall Suur. Tell him we need Lavanth and Lambow up here now.” Tisto said to Darro. “I’m going to draw their attention.”

Darro nodded, pulling himself over the barricade, and providing covering fire as he pulled out his holocommunicator. Liam nodded when he heard what Tisto said.

“You planning on rushing the enemy?” the old man asked. “Count me in.”

“Now!” Tisto shouted and the two Jedi leaped from the hill.

They landed in the middle of the Shan forces, taking out half a dozen in the first second due to the sheer shock factor inherent in the maneuver. Standing back to back, Liam and Tisto fought. Liam allowed himself to flow into a defensive fighting method, blocking the attacks that came at him, while Tisto went aggressive with a barrage of simple yet effective saber strikes combined with knee and elbow strikes.

The two were pressed up against each other due to the numbers disadvantage, however they capably stunned any one foe that let their guard drop, though after the first ten seconds that became much rarer. This lasted a minute, when Tisto struck the last soldier down.

“Tisto, Jo needs support! She is with a squad of five soldiers and they are getting flanked!” Tisto heard Suur say through the comlink. “You are the only one of us not attached to a squad. We are sending a medic as well, but we need you to get there as soon as possible.”

Tisto looked to Liam, still amazed at the old man’s bulk.

“Go” Liam said. “Darro, the men and I can hold this point.”

Tisto nodded before remembering the old man was blind, and promptly ran towards Jo’s position. He covered the distance quickly, running past the opposition with relative ease. He felt the Force recede from him, and slowed down fifty meters from where Jo and her forces were. Cursing himself for not being as fast as possible he charged the rest of the way, leading with his head and his saber.

He called to the Force again, feeling it rush through him like a forest fire, responding to his annoyance and anger at himself. He jumped forward, landing three meters from where Jo had been standing, and quickly brought his hands up to deflect and redirect a volley of blaster bolts. Half the shots fired at him went back to their owners, leaving six soldiers remaining. Dropping his saber, Tisto threw himself into the fray, punching one soldier in the nose, then spinning and elbowing a second. He back kicked a third as the first two fell, and his leg was pulled in by the fourth soldier. Thinking fast, Tisto sent a telekinetic push to the ground, throwing himself upward, and crashing on the the man who was holding his leg.

Dazed, Tisto was pulled up by the remaining two soldiers and punched in the gut twice. One put Tisto in a full Nelson, exposing Tistos gut and chest to the other. On instinct Tisto threw his head backwards, and heard a snarky crack and a dull pain in the back of his head. The soldiers hold was released, and Tisto fell to his knees, concussed. The remaining soldier smiled pulling out his blaster to stun Tisto when a longsword In a protective sheath cane down on the soldier's head.

The soldier collapsed, unconscious and a man in a stained lab coat over black body armor rushed forward.

“You must be a Tisto,” the man said, pulling the Kiffar out if the line of fire, behind an ice ridge. “The others have been stunned. What happened to you.”

“Hit... head,” Tisto managed.

“Conclusion,” said the medic looking at Tisto’s eyes. “Alright, this is my last medpack so after this I am going to have to get back to Mana and Luna to resupply. This should only take a minute.”

Tisto passed out as the doctor placed the medpack where Tisto had slammed his head into the soldier. He woke when the doctor finished fixing the concussion, though there was still a full pain.

“Thank you. What's your name?” Tisto said getting into a crouch.

“I'm Azor. No time left to chat though. I'm needed elsewhere.”

Tisto nodded and turned back towards where he held off the invaders. Jo and her squad lay there stunned, though a new squad was there, lead by Raiju. The nautolan turned to Tisto, feeling secure that his squad could deal with whatever came his way at the moment.

“We are set here, Tisto,” Raiju said. “Just Shan soldiers remain beyond us. Their Jedi and other soldier are further inside. We are holding off the reinforcements.”

“Who else has fallen?” Tisto asked.

“Lambow has, though Lavanth has remained up last I heard. Liam and Darro continue to hold their barricade, and Mana recently arrived there, though they list half their men. Edgar has supposedly fallen against Sa and Mako, though Mako hasn't been seen since that battle. Nathan fell trying to lead a squad around to flank the Shan forces. Everyone else is still up,” Raiju said quickly. “With Shan's reinforcements trapped between Liam, Darro and I they are going to fall soon.”

“Alright then. I can feel Revak needs support, so I will leave this in your capable hands.”

“Be careful.”

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### **Half an hour later**

Tisto walked into the Trepus mine exhausted. After a hard fought battle Hoth had won with just a handful of squads remaining. In the end Raiju, Liam and Darro lead their squads in a devastating flanking maneuver that Arcia ordered, taking out Shans remaining Jedi. After that, the invading reinforcements found themselves struck by Revak, Tisto and Luna, accompanied by a dozen soldiers and were quickly routed. Everyone was unstunned and Hoth walked off victorious.