**Gone in 60 Seconds**

By: Mune Cinteroph

Dossier #3607

Glass, exploding outwards, the air whipping about him. Mune felt the lack of anything solid under him, knew that the ground lay further below. The Dark Jedi across the expanse from him lowered his hand, releasing the telekinetic blow that had thrown the Savant through the window of the facility. Obviously he had realized his opponent was quicker thinking than that. Mune felt the whipping of his robes about him, felt the ground rushing o greet him. He waited, bided his time until at the last moment he flipped himself over so his feet would hit ground first. The Force roared through him, with a surged he enhanced his body, and at the same time bent the Force to absorb as much of the impact with the ground as he could.

The tremor ripped through his legs, a jolt through his muscles and ache in his bones but he took it. He landed in a crouch, controlling the pain that screamed through his joints. Then he moved. His sword was drawn in a flash, driven through the nearest Sadowan trooper. He jerked the blade free before he lifted and threw the dying man at the next nearest.

“Stop him! I want that artifact!” came commanded shouted from the window high above.

Mune scoffed bolted. He knew flight was the most viable solution to his dilemma, fighting would get him nowhere. Blast fire came close behind. He rolled, leapt and threw himself behind a blockade, hearing blaster bolts miss him by a mere hair’s breadth. “To close…” he muttered in some annoyance at himself. He slowed his breathing, eyes darting, mind racing. The exit… where was an exit…? He thought, only just keeping panic from clouding his judgement.

“There… a shuttle…” he muttered. He counted a small brigade holding it. Five… maybe six troops? No Dark Jedi, yet.

On that note, he moved. Blaster fire followed as his position was overrun just seconds behind him. The ground shook with such violence that the half-human nearly lost his footing. The explosion sending debris in every direction.

“I thought you wanted the artifact… explosives won’t win it to your hands…” he growled.

He came upon the guards in a flurry of motion. He had to act quickly. They did not seem abreast of the fight going on in the forward position that had been holding the storage facility. A mistake on the part of the larger force behind him, he could only assume. His enemy was obviously arrogant to have thought they’d stop the Savant. His sword flashed, a vicious arc through the air, a severed arm, a wicked wash of blood. He could not stop though.

Mune’s mind raced, calculations rapidly piling on top of one another as he put together his best escape strategy he could in the given situation. He knew his exit, it was a matter of getting to it before the larger force came down upon them. One on one, he would have known what to do without question. His mind rushed each movement, his body quick to follow. Even as his sword finished its first arcing blow, he was rending through another. The Force coiled, he struck with such violence into that same trooper and sent him hurdling into the man behind him, a tangle of limbs and nightmarish crimson.

He could hear the cry, a warning shout that roared through his every sense. He saw the next few moments in his mind and only just evaded the hissing strike of the lightsaber intended to take off his head. His sword clattered across frozen cobbles, his saber whipped into his freed hand and exploded to life in a cascade of purple light. His amplified reflexes bringing the saber up again only just barely blocking the next strike.

“Give it to me and I may let you live, Palatinaen scum.”

“Where is the fun in that?” Mune asked softly.

The saber pressed harder down upon him, bringing both hissing blades close to his face, glaring off the white of his mask. His eyes narrowed. His free hand flicked, and snapped up an explosive charge from the downed trooper by his feet.

“You don’t need this anymore friend, hope you don’t mind.”

Mune triggered the charge, dropped it and three himself backwards. Sabers separated, silver and purple sizzling light come apart. Darkblade saw the danger but only just. The Anzat crouched, protecting anything critical as best he could as the blast threw debris and fire through the air. Smoke and dust belched into the air. Other troops injured stumbled away from the epicentre.

The Palatinaen Savant was already running full force for the shuttle, through startled soldiers. His saber flashed here and there. Soon he rolled free of the fray under several blaster bolts. On the other side of the smoke, he could only just make out the larger force joining. The enemy Savant looked unimpressed, which only made Mune grin wide in amusement. Let him be annoyed, he thought with a chuckle. He vanished into the shuttle, reaching out to work the controls telekinetically as he moved past them, sealing the doors.

He knew he was by no means a very good pilot, mediocre at best. As far as he was concerned, he only needed to get clear of the remaining forces before they could finish closing on his position. Engines, firing, the shuttle rumbling, he got it airborne. The vehicle groaned at the inexperienced treatment by the Savant. He navigated away from the battle field, and, towards what he only assumed would be safety. The artifact rested in the satchel at his waist, his prize. He only hoped it had been worth the trouble.

He grinned. For the fun the chase had been, at least he had paid some of that trouble back.