

Death within the dream

It was midnight on the war ravaged planet. Dust storms were blowing through what was left of the City of the Ancients, its once mighty structures blasted into dust by the forces of Grand Master Pravus. The Lotus had chosen the world of Praxuy to set up a small base. Spies within the organisation, more than likely members of the infernal Inquisition, had passed the location of the base to the Iron Throne. Pravus responded, like a hammer of the gods, he smashed the world from orbit then landed troops to scour the world of the wretched Jedi and their traitorous allies.

Rins'zler had been deployed to the world within his identity of Sol Kahan, The name he went under within the ranks of the Inquisition. He was to go to the world and take out targets of opportunity, using his specific skill set. The Grey Jedi had known that walking down this path would bring him into conflict with his clan, even hiding behind the guise of Sol Kahan; he would not be safe from scrutiny by his fellow Arconan's. Putting those thoughts aside he left for the world, steeling himself for the task ahead.

He had been sitting in the blasted ruins of the high rise building for days, his only company being his faithful droid, Number 2. From his vantage point he watched as the Iron Legion forces worked their way through the city. Little remained of this once glorious place, reduced to dust and rubble, this rubble made excellent hiding places for the Lotus fighters. Blaster fire erupted from all round the Iron Legionnaires; over half of them were taken out before they even knew what was going on. Rins'zler watched as the skirmish unfolded. The Lotus forces were well dug in; the Legion troopers were going to have a hard job cleaning them out. He watched for what seemed like an eternity while as the troopers were being massacred by the hidden lotus forces. It amused him too see the Iron thrones finest drop like flies, but after a while he figured he probably should intervene. He lined up his scope with his chosen target and his first shot flew true. Gliding through the air the round flew straight as an arrow, then at the last moment it curved, a subtle tweak with the fore altering its flight path. From his perch he watched the horror on the Lotus operatives face as the round made an impossible change in its flight path to end his life. The video feed was transmitted from Number 2; he was keeping station a few hundred meters along the building. Another six rounds flew from the rifle, curving and spiralling into the crevices and hidden cover occupied by the Lotus troops. The sniper fire was enough to swing the balance towards the Iron Legionnaires and they quickly finished off the remaining rebels.

Rins'zler packed away his gear; the recent skirmish meant that he now had to relocate to a new hide. He slung the rifle over his shoulder and clipped the cam netting to his back, and then he and his droid vacated the building. He wished he had been able to bring his Landspeeder with him, but the landscape, blasted as it was, wouldn't be suitable for it, so walking it was. He hiked for hours, climbing over rubble and going through blasted buildings. There was no sign of life. He picked up com chatter; it was on Arconan frequencies, from what he could gather it seemed

that they were holed up in an abandoned refinery 10 km away. It would be a hike, but they could manage it.

It took a day and a half to traverse the shattered terrain, but ahead of him was the refinery. He scanned around for suitable places to serve as a sniper's nest and spotted a series of small hills, they were approximately half a mile away from the target site, so they would be perfect.

Rins'zler settled in for a long wait, his droid scanned the area for suitable targets, and he watched the exchange of blaster fire through his scope. Hours went by and the blaster fire began to dwindle. The Iron Throne forces were pulling back, licking their wounds. It was then he noticed the Lotus forces and their allies emerge from cover. They began to slowly and carefully advance across the terrain. The sniper took aim, he saw two Lotus troopers that were more exposed than the others, he would pick on these first. The slugs blasted from the rifle, he watched as they gracefully flew to their intended targets, the first shot punched through the armour on the first targets leg, dropping him screaming to the floor, the second round perfectly passed through the others chest, expertly missing most of the vital organs. The pair quickly dropped to the floor writhing in agony. Rins'zler then proceeded to wound a dozen more of the Lotus troops as they attempted to reach their fallen comrades and then he stopped. Now he waited, the bait had been set; his true targets just had to take it.

The Hunter watched the transmitted feed from Number 2; his droids optical processors were marvellous. The transmitted information gave him a fantastic view of the carnage he had wrought. Medical teams were being despatched to help the wounded, the lull in sniper fire having convinced them it was safe. Several medical teams carried wounded victims back to safety. It was then that he saw her.

Rins'zler was shocked. Stood out on the battlefield was his Consul, Atyiru. She shouldn't be there, why was she there? The Mystic felt the sudden desire to kill her, she was the prey he had been sent here to hunt, and there she was. He lined up his scope on her, watching as she tended to the wounded. She stopped and looked up, despite her lack of vision, Rins'zler knew she was looking at him, how, he did not know. She knew she had been lured into a trap; her desire to save had bought her death, death by a friend, which made it even worse. Rins'zler pulled the trigger three times, sending the slugs hurtling towards his Consul and mentor, watching as she expertly dodged the first two, only for the third to puncture her forehead. As her body dropped to the floor Rins'zler screamed, what had he done? He had killed Atty, his friend. It was at that moment he felt his body being violently shaken.

He awoke, sweat running down his face. Next to him in his bed lay his wife, her face showed concern,

“You were screaming, what’s wrong? You were saying you had killed her. What happened?”

The Mystic looked around him; he was in his bed, in his home. He took a moment to gather his wits and tried to calm himself down,

“I just had an awful dream. I killed Atty, it was terrible”

Olvar stroked her hand across his forehead,

“You're safe now my love. It was only a dream. You gave me a fright, I wondered what was happening. I couldn't wake you”

Rins'zler kissed his wife then got up, he needed to com Atty, check she was alive, and then hit the fresher. He wouldn't be able to sleep again until he did. The memory of the dream vividly present in his mind, it would take some time for him to forget what he had seen.