

Master v Student

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Plagueis [GMRG: XII] [SA: XII] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VIII]

Golden Krayt Hotel

Iziz, Onderon, Inner Rim

21 ABY

Genako Haofae slept. The old man's head lay peacefully on the pillow of the small bed, his breathing steady, his mind wondering the endless corridors of the world of dreams. He slept more and more these days. His body always seemed to ache, his mind weary after decades of hard thought. While still active, his bones grew frail, his reflexes dim. He knew these things.

As did his protege. Aabsdu sat at the desk less than an arm's length away, studying his...master. Master. Once the word had meant the world to the young man. Aabsdu's parents were increasingly distant until their death and, most importantly, never interested in developing the strange gift their child seemed to possess. Haofae had recognized potential in Aabsdu and encouraged him to embrace the Force, to build upon it as his core strength. For over a year, Aabsdu had followed Genako Haofae through the alleys of Iziz, training in the ways of the Force like Jedi before them.

Jedi. Haofae claimed to have been a student himself, raised at the temple on Coruscant but outcast in his teens. Aabsdu had no reference to judge, born after the rise of the Empire, but the boy saw some skill in Haofae and wanted to surround himself in his radiance. He had been a starving orphan attempting to swim in an evaporating puddle.

Recently, Aabsdu's mind was clearer. He had taken to meditation. He would reach into the mists of the force and ask it to guide him. Some nights, he saw memories as if living them for the first time. His father teaching politics. His mother teaching strategy. A great fire.

Aabsdu heard the whispers. Luke Skywalker, hero of the Rebellion, Jedi Knight, was training a new generation of Jedi. He had asked Genako about it multiple times. Why did they not seek this school? Why not join the ranks of the galaxy's greatest? Was that not the fastest path to strength and victory in the Force?

His questions were dismissed as childish and ignorant, but Aabsdu grew tired of roughing up bookies and stealing food. He was not a thug. The force teased him with a greater path, but he would need to seize the opportunity.

Once, he thought the Jedi a legend, nothing more than bedtime stories. The fall of the Empire changed everything. News of the Jedi's return reach across the galaxy, but this sleeping man was no Jedi. His mystic strength and wisdom was a creation of Aabsdu's naive cravings. He had made Genako Haofae into something greater than he was, and if this man was Jedi than Aabsdu had made them all into something more than possible.

He would be deceived no longer.

He stood silently, embracing the meager teachings bestowed upon him by his "master." The dagger slid smoothly into his hand as he leaned forward toward Haofae's neck.

Aabsdu froze. Haofae stared at him, face still, eyes following his every twitch. For a moment, neither spoke. The scale of the situation dawned on Aabsdu. He wanted to take this man's life. He *needed* to. The force screamed at him to, but at the back of his mind his parents beseeched him to seek another way.

Yet his parents were not here. They were no use to him now; neither was Haofae.

His confidence surging, Aabsdu asked, "Will you stop me?"

Haofae's eyes dropped, his face sullen as he answered in a low tone, "Once, no doubt, but I am exhausted and can fight no longer. Go on, take my head as your trophy. Perhaps I am more useful as memory than teacher."

"You are neither," Aabsdu said with cold certainty as he slid the dagger into the man's throat. Blood gurgled as Haofae's eyes went wide and, after a few seconds, glazed over.

His hands caked red, Aabsdu released the dagger and sat back at the desk. He did the only thing he knew: closed his eyes and reached out to the force. He had no use for ancient Jedi teachings, stories that oft revealed themselves a fraud. He would carve his own way, create his own legends. This galaxy was bursting at the seams with potential. He had only to seize the opportunity.