

Tension At The Academy

Shadow Academy

Docking Bay Sector and Dormitories

Newly appointed knight Erik Cato hopped nimbly out of his new HH-87 Starhopper with a smug look on his face, shutting the cockpit window firmly behind him. He had returned from a successful campaign on Aeotheran serving as guardian and force healer at a Warhost temporary medical facility. Valiant efforts lead him to a new promotion and his Master had sent the news while he was in transit. He connected his comlink to the ship, advising his R3 droid to begin diagnostics and to start necessary repairs.

Cradled across his broad shoulder was a battle worn scattergun he had looted from the body of a dead terrorist. It looked like it had seen quite a bit of action and was in need of a proper cleaning. A newly assembled lightsaber swung back and forth from its clip as he moved quickly down the clean corridors toward his clan's student quarters.

A small group of fellow Naga Sadow students circled around a datapad in the dormitory, reading the latest news. The largest, a quarren male, was making a stink about one particular piece of information. "Cato?! That newbie? How is it that he has been knighted so quickly? The *human* is nothing more than a sleemo spacer. My kin have been with Clan Naga Sadow since the start and never have we been given such a speedy accolade." As he spoke some of the students moved out of the room without saying a word.

The knight cocked the scatter gun back, emptying a live shell onto the table. He examined the weapon's inner chamber as he eavesdropped on the nearby conversation. The noise brought attention to him and a few more clan mates disappeared. There were only three remaining including the quarren.

"Well if it isn't mister knight himself! As far as I'm concerned you're just a random spacer. Just stay clear of us or you'll lose more than just your promotion."

Erik's thin lips curved into a most devious grin. He stood up straight, taking the slugthrower with him. His eyes flashed with bright yellows and reds, bearing the mark of the dark side. He shoved the cocky student against a nearby wall, weapon pressed horizontally against his neck.

"Listen here, *pateesa*. I'm only going to say this once. While you were here cowering in your studies, I was participating in a major raid against heavily armed pirates on Aeotheran. I've stopped terrorists and abominations from killing hundreds of defenseless wounded soldiers. With my great power I've healed dozens of casualties. I've been killing people since I was twelve. It's my art and I am it's artist. If you don't want to see my work firsthand, never speak to me again. Sleep carefully." He scattergun was pulled back and the tough looking quarren fell to the ground, struggling to regain breath.

Erik strolled back over to the table and retrieved the shell, loading it back into the chamber before he made his exit. No one moved for several seconds after he left. It wasn't until they heard the sound of his private quarters locking that the three storm out of the dormitory without a single word.