

Preparing for the final countdown Competition Submission

Planet Daleem, Satele Shan Headquarters

Drake looks up at the shower head, water streams onto his face and runs down the entirety of his body. It's been a while since he's had an actual shower, and the young light sider is taking his time, soaking in all his choices... and mistakes. He dedicated his life to the sith, to the order and to it's teachings. They repaid his devotion with exile, his assassination attempt on the Justicar failed, and no one dared to support him so they let him fall. Drake fell indeed, he was stripped of his rank of Knight and was cast out to die a lonely and dark death. He continued to survive, on his own, travelling the galaxy from one planet to the next fighting for money. He went to various places where the scum of the earth lurked, he used his skills with his fists to earn money, and killed with his blade to hunt and hone his skills so that they would stay sharp, in case a real battle came. He became a brawler, and a bounty hunter, and his day for redemption never came, not while the dark side continued to thrive within him at least. For months he atoned, he meditated, all the evil he had done, he wished to purge it all out. Although his past lingered on, he continued to move on from all the evil deeds, seeking the last of the Jedi, Clan Odan Urr. It wasn't so hard for him to find, some of his old clan mates had made the trek there before seeking what he was trying to find now. Once he found the order, they were quick to accept him, as if they were waiting for him. They brought him to where he was now, in his quarters, showering. Maximus gave him the hope that he would become a Knight again, this time for the side of light. He can't wait to slay his old allies, the ones that betrayed him. After he was finished cleaning himself, Drake turned the shower off. He dried himself and turned to the mirror, he almost wouldn't be able to recognize himself if it wasn't for his blue hair. He now sported a full beard and mustache that was ungroomed and wild, he had been growing it out for months, too lazy to shave it. His hair grew too, it was wild and luscious again, although it had never been this long before. His thick Blue hair was down just past his shoulders, he put it into a single tail that fell center of his back, he smiled at this change of look. He must have liked it, or accepted it at the least. He got dressed into his normal attire, except the worn and torn rags he was used to were brand new, the same as the ones he used to wear, except it was now a light grey instead of his usual red highlighted clothing. He put it on and of course it was a perfect fit, gave him the proper mobility to fight HIS way in battle. He Drake could control the circumstances in a fight, especially in a duel, Drake never liked the odds, never stopped him from fighting though. Drake grabbed his saber and headed to the training barracks, it was time to show the House what he had, and to make sure they knew he was an invaluable asset to the Clan... END

Bleed It Out – Linkin Park

Beat It – Michael Jackson

Vengeful One – Disturbed

Ten Thousand Fists – Disturbed

War – Edwin Starr

