

## [GJW XII Phase 1] Fiction - Multi-Objective Prompt

Objective 2 - The Braga, Sabotage

Ethan Martes

The Braga

Ethan took in a deep breath, steadying his mind and heart. Staring at the inside of the crate as he felt them being unloaded. There were others in this crate with him, people he didn't bother to get to know. He didn't really want to know them, heck he didn't even want to be in this stupid war or resistance.

A grimace grew on his face as he thought the ultimate question, *Why am I even helping the resistance?* Ethan had asked this question before, and it made sense to ask it. Being apart of the resistance was counter to his personality, his way of living and how he does things. He didn't care about the fate of the galaxy or who was ultimately in power. In the end, it didn't really matter to him.

Then these Collective karks showed up, nearly blowing him, Mauro and Tyraal into bits when taking out another group. While it does put a damper on the relationship, Ethan ultimately didn't care. It wasn't his fight.

The crate lurched as it stopped moving, the heads up clicking resounding on the metal as they all get ready. After a few moments of silence, the hidden panel on the side of the crate slid open and they quietly exited the crate. Ethan shifted the small pack on his back, mentally noting to be careful with the sack of explosives.

The group leader motioned for one door and the group moved silently as possible. Ethan produced a keycard, another gift from their spy, and one swipe opened the door. No alarms and no enemies just yet, but they knew it wouldn't be long.

Ethan smirked to himself, "Almost like a cakewalk." He muttered to himself as they went through the halls. That is when the alarms blared, making Ethan want to eat his words as soldiers began to swarm them. They must have been spotted on a security camera.

Fighting ensued quickly as the ragtag team of saboteurs fought off the well armed Collective soldiers. Ethan threw out a heavy wave of Force to knock around the Collective before charging forward, the others following with. They moved into one corridor and started putting up makeshift defenses. "Martes, you still got the explosives?"

"Yea, right here." Ethan held the pack up a bit. "Though I'm curious as to how we are going to get close enough to the reactor at this rate."

"Not we, you." The group leader patted him on the shoulder. "We are going to push towards the bridge, causing as much destruction as we can. You are going to head to the reactor to try and blow it. Steal an escape pod, meet back up at the rendezvous point."

Ethan stared at the hand on his shoulder, "So, a suicide run?" He looked to the group leader. "I'm not really a heroic person, so don't expect me to turn around to save all of you."

"Same goes to you Jedi." The group leader laughed as the group moved in a new direction. Ethan watched as they left, a grimace upon his face. He knew this mission had a low survival rate, and that he could have refused it. If he did, someone else would have been sent and he would have had no problem with that. So why did he agree?

Ethan started walking down the halls, drawing out his trusted DL-44 Kritim as he moved. He knew his path, his target, his mission. *You are being too serious.* Ethan stopped for a moment as the thought went through his head. His foot hovered in place, hesitant to take the next step. "This is war..." He muttered, as if trying to convince him that it was necessary. *Yes, but what does it matter? Why should you stop being what you are good at? You aren't a soldier. What are you?*

Ethan smirked, "I'm just some asshole with a gun."

*So why don't you do this mission, like some asshole with a gun?*

Ethan lifted up Kritim and tapped himself lightly on the head. "Thanks for the reminder old friend..." With renewed conviction, Ethan moved through the halls as if he owned the place.

A door slid open as Ethan passed it, and without even looking Ethan shot the individual coming out of it. "Pardon me, important business ahead." Not far ahead he could hear the storming of boots. He took a low stance and pulled his left hand all the way back, focusing the Force into it. He waited in position, and the moment the Collective soldiers came into view, he filled the corridor with a Telekinetic Strike, knocking most of them over.

Ethan fired his blaster at the few that didn't go down immediately, as his left hand retreated back to his concussion grenade. With a toss and a retreat, the corridor shook as the explosive went off. As the smoke cleared, Ethan proceeded forward with a smirk plastered onto his face. He actually felt a little winded, using the Force in one big push like that always did but thankfully he was getting better at it.

He met with little resistance on his path, the others likely doing their job well enough to keep most of the forces preoccupied. He looked at the small datapad he was given, the map portrayed saying he was just above the entrance room to the reactor. He pocketed the datapad and ignited his lightsaber, immediately cutting into the floor.

When satisfied with the size of the hole, he used the Force to knock it through and open up the room beneath him. "I knew you'd appear here! Come down here and fight me one on one!" A voice called out from the hole.

Ethan blinked a few times and peered down the hole, seeing a single man with a large blade like weapon with small waves of electricity going through it. "Pardon, did you say you were expecting me?"

"Yes! As soon as I heard the alarm, I knew a Jedi would show up here!" The man yelled as he readied his weapon. "Now fight me!"

"I have to ask, what kind of weapon is that?" Ethan pointed to the blade, having never seen one before. His right hand replaced the lightsaber to his hip before grabbing the slugthrower Marri.

"A creation of my own! I call it a-" His words were cut off as Ethan opened fire, two shots straight at the man. One shot grazed the man while the other imbedded itself into the floor behind him. "Coward! Get down here and fight me! You are a Jedi, aren't you!?"

"Sort of." Ethan shrugged. "I'm really just some asshole with a gun." He hopped down the hole, now seeing that the man was a solid foot taller than him. "I do have Jedi training though. Not really a Jedi though... at least I don't think of myself as one."

"Bring out the lightsaber! I want to prove myself to-" His words cut off again, having to dodge out of the way as Ethan opened fire with one more shot. It was another grazing hit. "Will you let me finish!?"

"Why?" Ethan gave a confused look. "You keep talking like it matters."

"Have you no honor!?" The man shouted.

"Not really." Ethan replied with a smirk. "I'm a gambler, smuggler, and lover of fine wines and even finer women. Oh! And a mayor of this one town that looks fabulous during the spring."

The man became enraged and launched himself towards Ethan. The Jedi yelped as he dodged underneath a swipe that would have taken his head, and rolled behind the attacker. As he stood his left hand pulled out Kritim and he turned to open fire with both at his opponent.

The man was surprisingly quick, taking only grazing hits as he moved out of the way to try and rush the Jedi again. Ethan had other plans though, "Checkmate." He grinned as he jerked Kritim to the side, the Force lashing out and twisting into the man's ankle and causing him to trip. The man stumbled as he lost his

balance, eyes going wide as he saw Ethan's Marri aimed right at him. "Bang." Ethan muttered as he painted the wall with the man's brains.

Ethan entered into the reactor room, Force lashing out and striking away the workers there. "Excuse me, coming through. Important business." He put a round in each of them, except the last one whom he tied up. "Look, I'd shoot you too, but I'm out of ammo for the slugthrower and I'm saving the ammo for my blaster for my escape."

The man growled, "You Force Users are a blight! Destroying this ship won't stop the Collective!"

"Probably." Ethan nodded as he started to set up the explosives. "And here's the kicker. I agree." He glanced to the man. "We Force Users are a blight. We have an unfair advantage over others and without the proper guidance we can be so crazy as to want to try and take over the galaxy."

Ethan started laughing, "Kark! That's how the whole Empire thing started..." A smile was upon his face as he checked the detonator. "And honestly... I can agree with the Collective and they are right, but..." Ethan stared at the detonator for a long moment, "I've decided I'm going to fight against them. It goes against everything I normally stand for, but I'm going to do it."

"Why? If it is against what you are for?" The engineer sneered.

"Odan-Urr." Ethan walked over to him and squatted down in front of him. "The idiots and rejects I've met there are... almost like a family." He stuffed the last explosive into the engineer's mouth just as he tried to reply. "So to make sure I don't lose another family or crew... I'm going to blow the ever living hell out of this ship. And when I meet Rath Oligard, I'm going to shoot him, go home and have a nice glass of brandy... With a girl named Brandi."

He tapped the engineer on the face with two quick pats, "But hey! You have the rest of your life to think of how you backed a psychopath who is okay with killing children because they have magic space powers." Ethan wore a very condescending grin on his face as he walked away. "Have fun."

As he left he pulled up his communicator and spoke into it, "This is Ethan Martes, what is your position?"

"Not good!" A voice replied as Ethan walked. "All of us are badly wounded, I'm down to my last clip... And I think reinforcements for them just arrived."

"Kark... Alright I'm on my way." Ethan spoke into the communicator as he picked up speed.

"No! If you have completed your mission, then get out."

"What?"

"That's an order! We won't last for much longer, all that matters is that we can stop more people from dying to the Collective."

Ethan stood there for a moment, his knuckles turning white as he balled his hands into tight fists. "I know I'm not one for heroics, but it hardly leaves a good taste in my mouth to leave allies to die."

"We signed up for this mission knowing that we might not make it out. If you can get out, then go. We will fight until we can no longer draw breath."

Ethan glared at his communicator for a long moment before letting out a sigh. "Order received." He turned off his communicator and ignited his lightsaber as he ran down the halls, reaching out with the Force to try and track down his allies. "And ignored."

*You are getting too serious again.*

"Sometimes you need to let the mask drop." Ethan muttered to no-one. He could feel them in the distance, one by one their presence in the Force dwindling away.

He turned a corner into a group of soldiers and swung his lightsaber with one aggressive swipe. He followed up with another powerful strike, taking down the

soldiers one by one with quick and dominating hits before pushing forward more.

His speed slowed as he approached the escape pods. He came to a stop and stood there, anger burning inside of himself. He couldn't sense any of the others anymore. Seconds ticked by as he tried to frantically find one of them through the Force, but he couldn't do it. Out of anger he began striking the panels near him, hitting the walls and floor with the lightsaber.

*Wasn't fast enough.*

"Maybe if I was better at being a Jedi." Ethan muttered as he turned the lightsaber off and returned it to his belt. He made his way towards the escape pods, entering one as he pressed the button on the detonator. As the explosions began to creep through the ship with alarming speed, Ethan's escape pod hurled itself quickly from it.

Ethan slammed on the accelerator as hard as he could, pushing the escape pod as fast as it would go to escape the blast radius. Soon he was speeding away from it, seeing the destruction in the rearview camera. It was going to be a long flight until the rendezvous point, so Ethan set the autopilot and began to meditate. He needed to gain control back over himself before he met with the others.