

Save People  
By Aura Ta'var  
36 ABY

The Zeltron rushed through the crowd of prisoners, counting the cells on the left carefully. She had intel that her fellow Odanites were being held in cell block 3-Besh and their transponders matched that location, wherever that was. She allowed the Force to guide her, foregoing her map so she could focus on the dangers around her. She kept her saber close by but unlit, not wanting to cause a scene with her blue lightsaber. The Jedi used the Force to jump over the next clump of prisoners, soaring over the mass of humanity and landing on her feet on the other side. She was close. She could feel it.

Aura rounded a corner and heard a large clatter as well as several men catcalling from outside. One of the heavily-laden tattooed ones patted a makeshift bat threateningly while his partner banged his own bat against the metal railing behind him. She could feel the fear emanate from the cell and frowned.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" yelled Aura.

"Feeling brave, little woman?" jeered the ringleader, who was a particularly unpleasant smelling man with an Inquisitorius tattoo.

"I like my odds. Now move along. I don't want to hurt you," offered the Jedi one last time, lightsaber at the ready.

"Hurt us?" snorted one of the minions.

"Get her!" yelled the ringleader.

The four men rushed towards her with their makeshift weapons, one of them even tugging at her with the Force. The Zeltron pushed out with both hands, using the Force to push back at her assailants. She ducked under the heavy swing of a bat, activated her saber with a *snap-hiss*, and slashed through the bodies in front of her. The blue blade bisected the man in two and partially cut open the guts of the assailants directly behind him. Their anguished yells made the final two thugs pause for a moment.

"Run and you live," she offered.

The schuttas turned tail and sprinted away from her, ignoring their fallen comrades. Aura stepped over the fallen and looked into the cell with a smile. It was one of the Jedi apprentices, unfortunately without their master. Their disheveled appearance and obvious signs of torture made her angry but she pushed it away for the moment.

"Where's your master?" she asked.

“Dead. She joined the Force a while ago,” the apprentice said, getting up to their feet.

Aura paused for a moment of silence.

“Let’s go home while we’re still alive. We can talk about this later on the ship,” the Zeltron said, nodding towards the exit.

“I can’t.”

“What do you mean you can’t” asked Ta’var.

“I...They planted a bomb in me. I don’t know where. It could go off at any moment. I won’t be able to come back home,” cried the apprentice.

Aura handed the apprentice her saber and stood behind her focusing on the Force.

“Keep watch and I’ll try to find it.”

“But-”

The Zeltron ignored the apprentice and reached out to the Force, quickly finding an implant near the apprentice’s spine. She sighed and focused on the device itself, wondering if she could find a shutdown switch.

“Look, I lied. I know its by my spine. I just wanted to go home. But, you can’t take me with you. If I leave, it’ll go off,” explained the apprentice.

“I won’t leave you,” Aura replied.

“You must. I can trigger it near the control center and save the others with the implants. Let me do this. Let me save them,” pleaded the apprentice, half scared and half resolute.

Ta’var frowned and stood in front of the apprentice. She put a hand on their shoulder and said “May the Force be with you.”

“And also with you.”

Aura teared up as she ran away as fast as she could, unable to help the apprentice and immensely proud of what they had decided to do to save others. As she heard a distant explosion as she exited the prison she couldn’t help but wonder.

*How many would her selfless actions save? How many more would be saved if others would do the same?*