

Lyra-3K-a System
On the Outskirts of the Lyra Colony
37 ABY

It never fails, does it? The Force Disciple skirted closely along the side of one of the prefabricated structures, being careful to keep out of sight of the people gathering in the streets. The slugthrower at his side kept knocking against his leg, a constant reminder of the danger that the Sorcerer was in here.

While the rest of the Clan were tied up in other areas on and below the surface, Cimzojen was taking the chance to walk the streets. Or rather, that had been his initial intent. That had been before he had seen the Collective-uniformed soldiers roaming the streets. It had been before civilians had come out of their homes bearing irregular weapons, be they hunting blasters or reappropriated tools.

This is so damned irritating. The Corellian grumbled to himself. *Of all the uniforms that I could get caught in, I just had to choose to wear the one that bears the insignia of the Inquisitorius.* The whole affair would have been so much easier if he had just dressed like a civilian. He had heeded the words of the Clan, and had prepared for War. Yet, he could not bring himself to bring harm to the locals. There had to be some way to defuse the situation without devolving to violence.

Closing his eyes and drawing a breath, he took a moment to fall into the depths of the Force. Cimzojen Kurios could feel the raw emotions swirling around him. *There is anger, there is hurt, there. Confusion and fear reign in their minds and in their hearts.* Opening his eyes slowly, the man raised a hand to his chest and loosed the air he held in his chest.

“Hey, you!” A voice from behind him caused Cimzojen to jump slightly in surprise. “What do you think you are doing back here?”

The dark-haired Sadowan gave a non-committal grunt and shrugged his shoulders. There was no real way to hide the insignia on his chest in a pinch. So with an almost theatrical he threw back his shoulders and swished the cape which draped from his shoulders. “Are you serious *young man!*?” The Force Disciple’s voice became frosty. “Are you really going to question me after all that has happened? Or have you been hiding under a rock all this time?”

The tone and sharp words were met with a snarl from the younger man. The barrel of the blaster in Cimozen's face made it clear the youth did not appreciate the questioning. "You know, with as hurt as all of us are after the attack by that 'Iron Navy' you would think that you would be taking things a little more seriously. These are trying times, and we need to stick together." The young man motioned for the Augur to follow him out into the street light. Though the Sadowan Equite considered trying to run away, he didn't like the odds when the youth had a blaster in hand.

"These are trying times indeed, my friend. That is why I have been keeping an eye out for the enemies of the Principate." Cimozen motioned with his left hand. "With swift action, we can repel the bastards whom are responsible for the injury to the Lyra colony and her people."

As the words fell from the Sorcerer's lips, the young man's eyes dropped slightly, settling upon the Inquisitorius insignia. Pushing the barrel of his blaster forward to rest against Cimozen's chin, the young man motioned at the ornamentation with his chin. "What unit are you with, *soldier*?" The suspicious youth emphasized the last word with evident disgust. "The so-called Collective or the so-called Brotherhood?"

"Does it really matter who I am with?" Cimozen raised his hands in a show of surrender. "I mean, it looks like you already have a pretty sore idea of either of us, if your tone is any indication."

"Shut your hole!" The young man tightened his grip upon his weapon. "Get away from my home and get your tail out into the street properly. I want to at least "Do you think that this is some kind of joke, old man? You have the look of one up to no good. I mean, how do I know you are not some thief or a cutpurse who wants to take advantage of the confusion to make a quick score. Do you have some form of reassurance? Do you have some reason I shouldn't shoot you where you stand? "

The Sorcerer considered his next words for a moment. "I suppose not, my boy. I can assure you, however, I am with the good guys."

"Maybe I should call one of those Collective fellows over here to deal with you? If you are one of theirs they will know where you should be. If not, well," the young man's brown eyes flashed as he smirked, "at least they will be able to take you off of my hands."

“That is a fair point.” Cimozen took a moment to find his center in the currents of the Force. With minimal hand motions, he drew a circle in the air, and grasped at the empty air above him. His focus had to be just right. He focused deeply on the blaster clutched in the young man’s hands. “I really believe we have the best interests of your home at heart, my friend.”

With a grunt, Kurios drew his hand backward. His focus and grip in the Force drew the weapon and the young man forward. The weapon stopped abruptly in midair, but the civilian-turned-soldier was not so lucky. His face hit the butt of the blaster with a sickening crack.

Cimozen checked the blaster and saw that it had a nearly full power pack. The rifle was an impressive piece. It looked like it had been a trophy piece or a family hand-me-down, worn but well cared for. Shaking his head, the Augur smiled to himself. Hopefully, he wouldn’t have to make extensive use of the weapon. Looking down to the young man, Cimozen felt his heart drop in his chest. The boy had not budged in at least thirty seconds, and blood was oozing from somewhere on the face-down boy’s face.

“Force help me,” the Sadowan Force Disciple grumbled, “I really can’t just leave you here, can I? I guess we had better get you somewhere safe. I wouldn’t want you in the crossfire when the *real* fighting breaks out.”

Once he is safe, I can work on crippling the Collective position on the surface. With any luck, I will be able to keep them a bit further away from the ruins and the caverns, at any rate.