

GJW XIV  
Phase I  
Combat Writing

Shimura Keibatsu

Nesolat Platform  
Docking Bay 4

Shimura strode confidently into the docking bay with his Zabrak retainers following him. Inside the docking bay a Lambda class shuttle is parked in stand by mode with its loading ramp open. Various crates, containers and loading devices are also present suggesting that the Collective attack on the platform interrupted the dock workers. Guarding the shuttle were four Collective Marines in their black purge trooper armor. Shimura groaned and halted his advance into the bay. It didn't take long for the Marines to notice their presence, they readied their weapons and turned toward him. The Sith closed his eyes, reached out in the Force to the twins behind him and connected to their minds. *Formation Zeta*. The twins looked at each other, and spun on their heels without a word, exiting the docking bay.

“Look what the dianoga dragged in.” The Zabrak spat, “Trash.”

The Marines didn't respond with words, they responded with action. Each one wore a shoulder pauldron that had red bars on it to signify rank, counting down from four to one. Four bars and one bar went in opposite directions, trying to loop around him to create a diversion. As they did so, they dropped their carbines to their hips and unleashed a torrent of shots that were incredibly accurate for a hip fire maneuver. Shimura's double bladed lightsaber sprang to life. *Head. Chest. Chest. Leg. Head. Chest. Leg.* The Sith leapt to action and spun his saber with a flourish that caused the blaster bolts to be batted away harmlessly.

He almost didn't notice the adhesive grenade that was being hurled at his feet by one of the two Marines that held their ground. Judging by their cohesion, Shimura had guessed they deployed this opening exercise against force users before. He reached out with the Force and caught the grenade, speeding up its flight path past him, directly towards one bar. His gamble worked as the grenade exploded its bluish white goop over one bar, securing him firmly in place to the floor. The Keibatsu felt a slight twinge of shock in the Force from the Marines and as quickly as it had appeared, it vanished.

There wasn't any way that Shimura was going to let this opportunity pass him by. He drank deep in the Force and applied it to his legs to make him faster. He zig zagged toward one bar, dodging the incoming attacks from the other three while one bar began to initiate his jet pack to burn away the adhesive. He was too late, Shimura had closed the distance with a blink of an eye. Before the jetpack had even begun to burn away some of the goo, Shimura was on top of him with his lightsaber swinging. One bar did his best to narrowly dodge out of the way of

the attacks with his feet planted stationary while the first two strikes were sent glancing off his pauldrons. The Marine dropped the carbine and pulled a vibrodagger from his belt by the time Shimura had fully sunk himself into Juyo. Shimura dipped one blade of the saber low between the Marine's legs and cleaved the left one off at the knee in a vicious sweep while the opposite end passed vertically through him from clavicle to pelvis. With little defense against direct lightsaber blows, one bar was left as a pile of smoking body parts

It wasn't hard for the Battlemaster to track the Marines through his battlefield awareness. Each one had used their brother's sacrifice to buy time and put as much distance between themselves and the force user as possible. One at a time they each raised their hand and tapped their gauntlet, unleashing a wrist mounted missile. The first two missiles were aimed low at his feet and it wasn't hard for him to swat them away to either side of him. Sheer instinct alone saved him from a direct impact to his chest as he sidestepped the final incoming missile. Shimura smiled. They were good, but they had to be better than to fool him.

Once again the Sith tried to close the gap between him and four bars who was hunkered down behind one of the metallic loading crates. In unison blaster shots rang out at him. *Chest. Leg. Head. Chest. Arm.* A searing pain went through his shoulder. He had miscalculated one of the shots and barely missed deflecting it, causing him to catch it in a weak spot on his armor. His speed slowed as he transferred that force energy from his legs into numbing the spot in his shoulder.

It had taken some time but on the other side of the docking bay a different echo of blaster fire erupted followed by a battle cry. Beka had finally enacted Formation Zeta. Which was code to attack from the flank, exactly as he was instructed when he came in the other entrance door. He caught three bars off guard and glanced a shot off his hip. Beka's eyes grew wide as the Marine drew a bead on him, forcing him to dive behind a crate. Kaxase did the same to two bars, letting loose a series of shots that distracted him from Shimura before she dived behind another crate.

Four bars initiated his jet pack to take off, causing flame and smoke to gout from the machine. Before he was able to get twenty feet away, Shimura reached out and grasped the Marine with the force, slowing his ascent to a halt. The Sith strained to keep hold of the Marine and concentrated on the jetpack. He slowly closed his fist as the metal components gave away under the invisible crushing force. It took but a moment for the jetpack to buckle under the pressure and explode. The Keibatsu let go of his force grasp and four bars shot across the docking bay into a wall, followed by a much larger explosion.

Beka was sent scrambling as three bars ricocheted shots off the walls and ceiling into the place he had previously been. Beka noticed he didn't need to dodge any more shots coming at him. When he looked up over the crate he saw Kaxase trading shots with two bars, but most important to his current situation, he saw Shimura tackle three bars with a clatter.

In the commotion Shimura's lightsaber and three bars blaster skittered away across the metallic floor. Both combatants picked themselves off the floor and assumed their combat stances. Shimura dropped into a brawler style stance with his fists outwards over his mouth and his elbows pointed down to protect his midsection. Three bars hopped to the balls of his feet and dropped his hands, allowing his elbows to guard his ribs. He unleashed a kick that clanged off Shimura's thigh plate, causing the Sith's stance to dip ever so slightly. Shimura smiled as he reached out and grabbed the nearest crate with the force and chucked it at the marine with an overhand motion that looked like him might be throwing a bowling ball. Three bars dived out of the way and upholstered his pistol to take advantage of the distance.

Shots screamed past his head as Beka ducked behind the nearest crate to him. Two bars had done an impeccable job of not only holding off Kaxase and Beka, but forcing them back onto their heels. The twins however managed to keep him preoccupied enough with the two of them that he was unable to unleash his bouncing trick shots from nearby hard surfaces, which was a huge relief to Beka. Kaxase had managed to suffer a few grazing wounds while Beka's armor kept him relatively protected.

Crouched into the kneeling position, a pair of shots caught Shimura dead in the chestplate of his heavy armor, forcing him to double over for air. He looked up, eyes blazing with hatred and reached out with the force to yank the pistol out of the Marine's hand. Fatigue was starting to creep into the back of his mind but his hate was fuel to his fire. His metallic boots clanked off the flooring as he strode confidently to the Marine, reaching out with an armored, outstretched hand to retrieve his telekinetically recalled saber. As if it had a life of its own, his saber flared to existence once it reached his hand. The crimson single blade hemmed at his opponent with deliberate, brutal strikes that were meant to be less fancy and more designed to split his foe in two. Three bars had no problem dodging out of the way of the slower lightsaber strikes and just as he had activated his jetpack to launch back to his carbine, a searing heat buried through his chest. Shimura had activated the other end of his lightsaber and thrown the saber through the air like a primitive spear, calling on the force to accelerate and guide his weapon straight into the chest of the Marine.

The Marine was dumbfounded as he reached for the hilt of the lightsaber protruding from his chest. The shock and pain he was feeling was quickly being counteracted by the medications and pain relievers from the implant surgically attached to his spinal column. His chest began to go numb and as he looked down at the saber once again, it was gone. His extremities began to go numb as he brought his focus back to the force user in front him.

Shimura held his hand out again and caught the vertical saber in front of him with a heavy grip. To his astonishment, the Marine hadn't simply capsized and died on the spot. Which would have been an immediate killing blow to any other humanoid. He pushed the pain from the back of his mind and breathed deeply. *Only two left.* He thought to himself. He progressed toward the Marine, who mirrored his movements, if only more forced, as if drunken. He was within punching distance now. A left cross connected squarely on the cheek of the black helmet

with enough force to crack it from forehead to chin. The Marine reeled several steps back from the blow that penetrated his lazy, drug stupored guard. Shimura deactivated his lightsaber as it responded with a passionless acknowledgement before he clipped it to his belt. Advancing on two bars with hands free, he slugged at the Collective trooper with all the might his six nine, two hundred and seventy five pound body could muster. Lazy chained attacks caught the marine low in the midsection on either side, followed by a right straight to the solar plexus and finally a two punch combo that continued to shatter the former Imperial helmet. Shimura stood over the motionless, spread eagle marine. He looked down, a scowl contorting his face into something demonic. He stretched out to the Force as if to physically pick up the nearest shipping container. Beads of sweat dripped down his head as the container levitated closer to him, and finally over the Marine. Shimura threw his hands down, letting go of the container and causing it to drop on the Marine's head with a wet splat.

Kaxase was starting to panic. She wasn't meant to be in a punch for punch combat situation, she simply wasn't equipped for it. Beka had only fared little better than her as he bore most of the brunt of the attacks. They both knew they wouldn't last long.

Shimura saw his retainers starting to buckle under the onslaught the final Marine was terrorizing them with. He didn't even bother to reach for his saber, his anger was in full bloom. He saw the black armor and it represented all of the recent loss in his life. *Yajj*...he remembered the elderly nightsister woman that he shared adventures with, who ultimately died at the hands of the Collective. Thanks to him. Hate overwhelmed him again. Hate for the Collective. Hate for the Hive Marines. Hate to the Brotherhood for allowing themselves to be attacked again. He Hated himself for letting Yajj die. Pure, unadulterated anger took over his body. His body seemed like a puppet to the Force. *Am I controlling this?* The thought crossed his mind. The voice that came from his lips sounded completely foreign to him. "JUST! DIE!" He bellowed as a stream of pristine electricity bursted from his fingertips, skipping through the air before being drawn into the Marine.

Two bars convulsed involuntarily from the force attack that caught him from the rear. His muscles contracted, causing him to point the carbine into the ceiling and pull the trigger to release every remaining bolt into the ceiling, even to the point of the weapon clicking from lack of ammunition. A flood of exhaustive fatigue rolled over the Battlemaster as he cut off the force attack just seconds after it had commenced. Shimura stomped distressingly over to the Marine that was on his hands and knees. He reached into his belt and produced a denton charge. Thumbing it on and placing it between the Marine's jetpack and backplate.

"Seeya in Hell."

The Marine looked up at him as the beeping from the explosive began to scream louder and quicker. Shimura drew the last of his energy and wrapped himself in the force, closing his eyes for what was to come. The explosion tore the Marine in half and shattered Shimura's force barrier, picking his armored goliath figure off the ground and throwing him several meters. He

faded in and out of consciousness as his ears rang. For a split second when he opened his eyes he thought he saw four bars, scorched from being set on fire, shambling towards him with his carbine propped against his body with one hand. He blinked. *But you're dead...* he thought to himself as he watched two dozen blaster bolts riddle the Marine's half dead body. The impact of the shots caused his body to agitate in every direction before finally crashing into a heap. The last thing he heard before he slipped himself into a life preserving force coma was his twin retinue.

"Quick. Get him to Naga Sadow's sarcophagus before we lose him"