

Great Jedi War XIV: Homefront

Competition: [GJW XIV Phase I] Fiction - Combat Writing

[Commander Konnus Dreen](#)

[Savant Zaagnika "Zag" Umangi](#)

Prompt:

The Collective fleet has focused its attack on taking over the Shadow Academy's Nesolat platform. Should they succeed, they will be able to bypass the planetary shields of Arx and land on the surface directly. Multiple different attack groups have been spotted boarding the Nesolat in different locations, each hoping to accomplish this goal.

You are to pick one (1) of the following high-value targets in an attempt to counter-strike their efforts on the station.

Commander Konnus Dreen: Konnus Dreen - Konnus is a mid-level officer in the Liberation Front. Tasked by Collective leadership to assist in the assault as a liaison between the Technocratic Guild and Liberation Front, this young Falleen is very eager to prove his worth.

Venue: [The Nesolat Platform](#) is the main Shadow Academy Platform. Specifically designed to accommodate constant traffic from students and researchers doing business with the Dark Council and in support of the Clans of the Brotherhood. It is an imposing defensive structure with defense similar to that of a modern star destroyer. As a final defensive act only, the platform's administration and observation sections will detach and navigate their way to the surface of Arx and dock with the Shadow Academy facilities there.

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Bursting a lucky load

The Liberation Front Commander cheered-on his troops as they cleared the Nesolat hallways with utmost precision. Bodies of Acolytes were strewn about, perforated by smoldering bolts, all caught unaware of the tactical ambush the Falleen had prepared for them. He played his cards well, but none of this would get him in reach of that promotion he so yearned for.

That was on his mind until a group of his soldiers got completely wrecked by a TIE Reaper crashing into the Nesolat hull. Like thunder, the only man still standing got shot in the head by a carefully aimed shot from a black and gold clad Zyggerian lady.

“Didn’t see that comin’ did ya?” Zag mocked as she blew the smoke off of the barrel of her gun.

The dramatic entrance came with flames and smoke which the automated repair droids quickly dispersed. The emerald skinned Falleen poked his head from around the corner as the coast cleared. His ashy grey eyes pinched as he took in the details of the damage caused. A tall latex clad figure made her way out of the TIE Reaper together with an armed HK droid.

Commander Konnus Dreen watched and waited as the dark grey furred girl waved both the droid and towering Sith goodbye as they headed for the halls south. Dreen did not plan to show himself until the click-clacking staccato from presumably a Sith disappeared into the distance.

Zaagnika Umangi or “Zag” in short lit up a cigarello in celebration of her recent victory. The halls quieted down, with the repair droids one by one being called up to repair other parts of the massive hull. The Collective Weapon’s Specialist was still processing why one of the Brotherhood’s allies would ram their own assets, start blasting up anyone they see and act like it was nothing!

With friends like that, who needs enemies? He thought to himself as he reached for his belt.

The Zygerrian had just finished her cig and flicked it away in nonchalant fashion.

“Mind if I go for a quick back and forth smuggling run,” Zag screeched towards a holocommunicator inside the transport ship.

“*Hmmpf*, no reply, must’ve busted it. Thought I made the hole in this karking Nesolat big enough to get through without a hassle.”

The Force Disciple frowned as she fiddled around with her *Scanny Thingymabob*. She peered around, checking from her scan pulse screen back into the littered and smoldering room.

Her left, scarred ear perked up as it picked up on a metallic rustling noise. She jumped behind a piece of wreckage. A blaster bolt only just missed her.

“Motherkarking skrog frakking kriff!” The woman swore as she wiped the bangs of her hair away from her eyebrows and snatched *Prattle* from her holster.

“Come at me you lil’ kark,” she cursed again as she threw a Projectile Ricochet Disc to the opposite side of the room, neatly fastening it to a piece of debris.

Konnus Dreen was about to toss an adhesive grenade towards the rubble as shots were fired from the Zyggerian woman’s position. Not aimed at seemingly anything.

The explosive barely left his hand. It flew towards Zag as the Commander himself fatally got hit by two of twenty quietly burst-fired blaster bolts.

He wanted to utter well thought-out responses to the woman’s earlier swearing, but sound failed to leave his mouth as a hole was carved in his neck. It penetrated the synthweave he wore, with another bolt puncturing his chest. His eyes rolled back into his head as a hand gripped his own throat, falling flat on Nesolat’s metal floor. A thud was heard meters away.

“KARK!” Zag screamed as she was covered in blue adhesive fluid.

Another thump was heard as Commander Konnus Dreen became one of many corpses now littering the Shadow Academy’s home.

In a fit the Zyggerian struggled to get out of the goop. Fifteen seconds later after much violent flinging of limbs the woman jumped up from her hiding spot.

“Well, kark, I didn’t think any of those shots would actually hit,” she slumped and wiped the hair off her forehead again in relief.

“Sorry ol’ chap, that’s what you get when you throw around balls full of sludge at ladies you don’t know.”

The lucky little ricochet disc received a gentle kiss as it was peeled off from its surface.

“Be keepin ya,” Zag gave her own reflection in the disc a wicked smile.