

The logo for 'Homefront: The Great Jedi War' features the words 'HOMEFRONT' and 'GREAT JEDI WAR' in a metallic, weathered font. The text is set against a background of a planet's horizon. The letters 'X', 'J', and 'W' are significantly larger and more prominent, with 'X' on the left, 'J' in the middle, and 'W' on the right. A horizontal line passes through the middle of the letters.

HOMEFRONT GREAT JEDI WAR

COMBAT WRITING: NESOLAT SKIRMISH

A STAR WARS STORY AND ENTRY TO GJW XIV: HOMEFRONT WRITTEN BY:



Zxyl Venzos Taldrya

#9056

COMPETITION 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.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

- [Konnus Dreen](#), Commander [EQ2], Liberation Front
- Zxyl Venzos Taldrya, Corsair [EQ3], Clan Taldryan



Stairwell Node TJ-3, Between Deck 2 & Deck 3
Nesolat Platform, In Orbit
Arx, Arx System

Konnus Dreen stared at the other man in the access stairwell, Node TJ-3. The onyx pupils and soft grey irises of his piercing eyes gazed nearly endlessly into the T-shaped visor of Venzos' helmet, though not even curious as to what may lie behind it. His one and only thought blared throughout his head like the klaxons and red alert lights that flashed in every corridor and stairwell on **Nesolat Platform**.

I will kill this man.

Zxyl and his Falleen opponent were just one flight of stairs apart, a prime setup. Without hesitation, Konnus raised the BlasTech E-11 rifle he had been holding in a low ready position and sent off four shots in rapid succession towards the Taldryan Proconsul, who deftly moved to the left for partial cover by the railing while returning fire with two shots from his blaster pistol.

Dreen had also managed to avoid death by the superheated plasma sent his way, and raised the rifle's scope to his eyes to line up a more accurate shot. The half-Zabrak, half-Human opponent the Falleen faced did not give him the time however, grabbing hold of the railing and throwing himself over the railing before firing a burst from his jetpack to give extra lift and momentum towards his target.

The two collided with a *thud* and *clang* and as each grunted and grumbled, the pair went tumbling down the stairs both delivering blows to each other and taking blows from the metallic steps of the stairway. Both men rolled down from Node TJ-3 to Node TJ-1, falling two whole levels. Battered and bruised, it took a moment for each of the men to come to their senses and their feet.

The Liberation Front soldier Konnus was the first to recover, but his E-11 rifle had been lost somewhere in the fall down several flights of stairs. Instead he reached for his rapier, grabbing the blood-red ceramic weapon from its sheath at the right side of his belt with his left hand and the helmet of his kneeling opponent once he had stumbled over.

"And now you die, Brotherhood scum."

As Dreen brought his rapier back to prepare for the swing, the disorientation caused by his fall blurred his senses and prevented him from seeing Zxyl casually raise one of his arms towards his lower abdomen. With a large grin hidden across his face by his non-traditional Beskar'gam helmet as the blade came back down, he activated the repulsor on his vambrace. A blast of kinetic energy burst from his wrist, careening into the man's genitals.

The repulsor sent the Falleen doing front flips in a backward motion, slamming his head against the stairwell's access door to the rest of Deck 1 before he fell forward into the metallic floor with a clang. Surprisingly, the aspiring Liberation Front soldier stirred momentarily and began to crawl to his knees with slow agony.

"You'll pay... for that..."

"Not likely," mused Zxyl, who by this time had moved to his feet and drawn his pistol from his belt once more. In one quick motion, he raised it from a low ready position to Dreen's head and pulled the trigger not once, not twice, but three times to ensure he was *not* getting back up again.

A resilient one, Zxyl noted, before gathering himself and moving on to the next target.