# Geonosis Part 2

A co-op fiction written by Appius "Zappius" Wight and Locke Sonjie of Team BAT for the Pro Bowl Competition: **[Week 3] Can you feel the love tonight?**

Appius "Zappius" Wight - #15685
Locke Sonjie - #10311

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Appius = Blue

Locke = Red

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"Our team is better than yours!"

"No, ours is!"

"Nuh-huh!"

"Go Team BAT! Caped crusaders for the win!"

"Team TedTalk! Welcome to our TedTalk!"

"Team Lightning! Zap, Zap, Zap!"

If it wasn't already obvious to all those involved, the crowd was starting to get restless. The sun blazed over the Arx Colosseum like a giant lightbulb for the final of the fourth edition of the Pro Bowl. Even the Grand Master himself was privy to the occasion, and as he took his spectacular seat high above the rest of the commoners below, he signalled the start of the final bout.

Taldryan, Naga Sadow and Plagueis. These were the three clans involved in these various *sports*, which if previous years were any indication, could literally be anything.

It was.

Locke Sonjie had been through a lot. From hunting down a Di'Plagia and Sadowan, to completing some Force forsaken tasks such as completing a mission in some far off grunge-filled world with just a small handful of rocks. Even logic puzzles and

decryption were part of the norm over the last three weeks. But now the end was in sight, and he was damn well looking forward to it.

"Are you ready?" A man voiced from behind him. Locke turned and the man's amber eyes glistened in the shade of the Colosseum archway.

"Always, and you, Appius?"

The man now identified as one of Team BAT's captains shrugged. His manner nonchalant and almost seemingly uncaring.

"I'll be honest with you, Locke. This is not how I imagined my first Pro Bowl would go," the Sorcerer exclaimed.

"You've only been with the Brotherhood a year, give it time."

Appius held back a retort, more than likely a sarcastic one at that. But if they had any hope of getting out alive then they would have to get down to business.

"So, what do you know about this final task?" Appius asked.

"Apparently they are trying to recreate Geonosis," Locke responded.

"What? Why would they..." suddenly it hit Appius like a runaway landspeeder. His eyes widened and he threw his arms into the air. "You've got to be frakking kidding me!?"

It was no secret that both Locke and Appius were Niman masters. So what better way to put them through their paces than to recreate that moment in the Clone Wars where every single practitioner of that form died? It was sick, twisted, and oddly brilliant at the same time.

"You've figured it out too, I take it?" Locke commented on Appius' annoyed state.

"Yes, well..." the Sorcerer replied. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Prove them wrong and fight like we have been doing?"

"Good, I do like an optimist."

This Pro Bowl had been a struggle for both men throughout, yet as the gates finally opened, the pair strolled into the sunlight without so much as a second thought to their own wellbeing. The sunlight hit them like a powerful flashbang and the roar of the crowd could deafen them if it continued. Locke and Appius stood in the centre of the arena, a myriad of traps awaited them. They looked to each other gave each other a slight nod and drew upon their weapons.

Locke's conversion hilt burst to life with golden yellow blades out of each end, whilst Appius' two weapons produced two emerald green blades.

"Release the droids!"

As the Grand Master bellowed his order, the gates at the far end of the Colosseum clicked open as the crowd only got louder and louder. Locke and Appius braced themselves for whatever fresh hell awaited them.

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*Finally, something straightforward*, Locke thought.  He had had enough of puzzles, trivia, and mind games.  He was glad to have a fight, even if it was a highly unfair fight. No doubt whoever set this up had heard that all Niman users of the Jedi Order had died at Geonosis.

Appius and Locke were not those Jedi.  They were each powerful, skilled warriors.  If the organizers hoped to see someone die, they would be sorely disappointed.

"So how about I take the left…" Locke started.

He watched lightning arc from Appius' fingertips and hit the lead droid, then springing from that one to the next nearest.  Usually such a burst would not be that strong, but these were battle droids: their circuits fried, their servos malfunctioned, and they were out of the fight before they could fire their weapons.

Locke nodded. "Err, great idea."  He spun his lightsaber in one hand and pulled a grenade from his belt with the other.  He haphazardly tossed it in the middle of the horde of droids as they tried to regroup, sending droid parts flying.  The remaining droids were learning; they spread out and fired their weapons, sending converging streams of blaster fire on the two Equites.  Locke deflected some with his lightsaber, spinning it in a shield in front of him.  If these had been humans, he doubted he would be able to hold them off so effectively.  But since they were old battle droids, their attack programming was not that complicated.

It was then that he felt an uncomfortable twinge at the back of his neck.  He spun in a circle, quickly analyzing the battlefield.  He saw another group of droids approaching from behind them.  Of course, they *would* come from two entrances.  It couldn't be *that* easy.

Appius noticed as well and spun to face the new foe.  His lightsabers seemed to seek out blaster bolts; one reaching up to deflect a bolt aimed at his head; another reaching to stop once that was aiming toward Locke.

"Thanks," he said.

"Doesn't help us much if one of us is removed," Appius answered

Locke nodded.  "This could get messy.  Let's-"

"Split them up?"

"Sounds like a plan." Locke agreed.  He turned back to face the first group and called on the Force, sending its energy into his legs.  He leapt forward, somersaulting into the middle of that group and rolling up to a crouch, swinging his two blades in a wide arc that sliced two half a dozen droids.  Too close for them to aim properly, especially without hitting each other, he came to his feet and began laying about with his weapon, swinging it from side to side and trusting his Force senses to let him know when this was no longer safe.  Everywhere one of his blades went, it left glowing, broken droid parts behind.

Locke risked a glance across the arena to see how Appius was doing,  In one brief glance (while Locke spun his lightsaber around his body in an indecipherable, Force-assisted twirl that served no real purpose besides being a dizzying light show), he could see the Mandalorian chop down one group of droids, then turn and hurl one lightsaber through another group.  He rolled, calling it back to his hand, and came to his feet, lightning streaming at the droids who had only barely been able to follow his movements.

It seemed that Appius was holding his own.  Locke thought they had pretty good odds here, unless someone decided to throw a 'spanner in the works.  That would be *just* great.

Then he heard a new sound.  It was like metal rolling on dirt, and he could see clouds of sand behind the battle droids. "Incoming!" he shouted, spinning to check on Appius, but having no time to see the other man before laser fire ripped through the remaining droids nearby, dual gouts of lasers from multiple sides. Thinking quickly and mostly by instinct, Locke created a barrier with one hand and deflected lasers from the other side with his lightsaber.  Their shots beat at his barrier like a constant *whomp whomp whomp* and he could feel it cracking under the strain.

With no other choice, Locke waited for a brief lull in the firing and dropped the barrier, pulling a smoke grenade from his belt and tossing it at his feet as he retreated toward the center of the arena.

His spatial awareness told him Appius was nearby. "What are these?" Locke asked.

"Droidekas," Appius said, seemingly not out of breath at all.  "This *is* supposed to be Geonosis."

"True," Locke said. "They have shields, right?"

"Right, but I've heard they're vulnerable from behind and to an EMP burst."

"Ah, I hope that counts force lightning." Locke had never been sure if the Force-borne energy truly was electricity, or simply some arcane manifestation of the dark side.

"One way to find out."

As they talked, the destroyer droids advanced forward, firing their weapons again.  The two Jedi jumped sideways, circling the droids in an arc. Locke noticed that they could not turn very well, so he used the Force to aid his movements and got behind the droids.

These creations may have taken Old Republic Jedi by surprise, but they would not be a major impediment to an experienced Dark Jedi.  Locke considered the audacity of any - GM or otherwise - thinking this test could stop him.  He could usually manage his anger, but how he let it explode from deep within as he raised his hand toward the backside of the nearest droid.  He released one blast of lightning, then another, short-circuiting the droid's shield and half it's circuits. It fell in a crumpled heap and Locke used the Force to telekinetically throw it at the next nearest one as he went to work on it and it's shields, using the same process.

As he spun around, he saw Appius doing something similar.  The other man's twin weapons allowed him to charge straight toward a droid and leap over it, slicing at its tiny weak point from behind.  A split-second later his lightning disabled another.

Before long there was nothing standing - or functional - besides the two men.

Locke finally remembered that there was an audience as he heard their cheering die down and settle into quiet.

"They seem disappointed, " Appius said.

"Oh well," Locke answered.  He used the Force to enhance his vocal cords.  "*That's not what you were hoping for?*" he bellowed, much more loudly his voice could normally rise.  The silence turned into booing.

Locke shrugged and bowed as if to cheers.  "I guess that's over,"  he said.  "Well Appius, it was good fighting with you.  There aren't many others I think would have done so well in that situation."

The other man nodded. "You too.  So, same time next year?"

"Maybe," Locke muttered.