

In Chaos

New Tython Smoldering Temple

Plumes of smoke escaped from the tips of fire, filling the air of New Tython, covering its beauty in billowing destruction. A turbo laser battery was initiated and charged tibanna rained down with reckless abandon and ill intent. The ships were scarred with symbols of the Iron Throne and the commanders of those ships were carrying out the orders of the Grand Master, Darth Pravus.

Yet, while the temple burned, sitting in the smoldering remnants of hope, was Liam Torun-Urr. As usual, his foggy eyes were closed on quiet reflection as he sat on a flat slab of stone. A cornerstone to be exact. It was poetic in a sense as Gui raced towards him, sliding in the grit as he grabbed his elderly mentor by the shoulders.

"Master, we have to go!" Gui shouted, panicked by the slaughter.

"Gui," Liam spoke, in almost a whisper. His tone was soft and unburdened, "you have grown from a high-strung, and at times annoying boy with all the potential in the Galaxy," Liam's brow lifted in delight, "into a wise young man. Surely you know I can't leave this place."

"But Master!"

"I've taught you patience, kid. Even in times like these, we must remain patient. You will need it.."

"Patience, seriously?!"

"Yes, patience. I need you to do something for me and it will require a great deal of it."

Gui was flabbergasted as he heard cries of agony and pain. Liam sat, doing nothing, it was foolish.

Liam waved his hand and a large boulder shuttered and shook as it rolled away from a chamber that survived the bombardment.

"They need you." The old master pointed and out stepped three younglings. Sy Hoku, a Zabrak, Flora Gorn, a human female, and Bobo Buuson, a Rodian male. Engulfed by fear, they ran to Gui.

"What am I supposed to do with them?!"

"Teach them, show them the way. Leave this place."

"But Master!"

"Go, now!" Liam's voice transformed as a shuttle sliced through the smoke. He wasn't sitting, doing nothing. He was waiting. Waiting to defend the center of his toppled temple.

Darkness washed over Gui as he felt a presence he had only felt once before.

"It's him!"

"Yes, Darth Pravus himself. Coming to collect his spoils."

"I'll help you fight!"

"No, you are no match for his power. You need to keep the spirit of our Order alive. Now go, flee this place." Liam stood, once again waving his hand, only this time, his lightsaber hit leapt from his belt and came to rest in his waiting palm.

Gui growled and scooped up a few small stones and threw them in his pocket. He didn't know why he did it. But he did. New Tython and the temple was all that he had, and now it was gone. Everything was gone. Except these three children.

"Come on!" Gui commanded, racing towards the battered corridor which lead to the hangar. Easily navigating the rubble with a natural athleticism, the children found it difficult to keep up as their tiny legs seemed to be working harder than they ever had before.

"Shh," Gui suddenly stopped, pressing a single gloved finger to his lips. The children stopped, nearly piling on top of one another as their eyes widened in curiosity. "Look," he added. His emerald eyes flicked around the hangar, his mind processing the destruction. There was only one shuttle that appeared to be operational. However, appearances weren't everything. It suffered some hull damage and large pieces of rock were scattered about, causing it to lean. "Let's go. Follow me, and keep up."

In a mad dash, the group bound for the shuttle as it began to cave in around them. They dodged to the side and ducked beneath fallen pillars as they snaked their way through the maze of debris until finally they reached the ramp, which had already been lowered.

Grabbing a piece of the shuttle, Gui used it to swing himself inside, darting to the flickering control panel. "Come on," he grumbled, furiously working the controls and flipping switches that made the vessel lurch and moan as the engines tried to awaken. With gifted hands and a mind for machinery, Gui rerouted the power from the weapons and shields to the engines and like a sleeping jubba bird, poked with a stick, the engines fired up and rattled into a hover.

"That's it, hold together.." Gui said to himself, tugging back on the yoke and feathered the boosters until the ship rotated and tore through a collapsed wall, making a break for the atmosphere.

"Yeah!" Gui shouted with excitement as the navi-comp kept spitting out an ETA for Nar Shaddaa. Trying to manually override it was a complete waste of time as it was fried and closing in on him were two TIE fighters. He could feel it before even hearing the familiar screams of the twin-ion engines.

"Lambda 233, return to the hangar or we will be forced to destroy you." One of the Pilots had tapped into the comm.

On either side, a TIE fighter was waiting to escort the shuttle back to an untimely demise, Gui knew he could not allow that to happen. He and the children would be tormented by the Darkside, forced to bend the knee or be destroyed. None of that sounded like a plan to the kid.

"Nah, were leaving." Gui snapped into the comm.

"Have it your wa-"

Before the TIE pilot could finish the threat, the Shuttle went into a barrel roll. The outstretched wing clipped the TIE and sent it spiraling into a rocky spire until it was rendered a ball of fire. The shuttle then slammed to the left, its thrusters sputtering as it knocked the other TIE away, ripping a wing from its moorings which sent the cockpit into a violent spin before it too, burst into flames.

"I hope this still works." Gui continued his monologue as his ship slipped through the atmosphere and the nose aligned with Nar Shaddaa. "Full power, here we go, hang on." Gui flicked a switch, increased the throttle, and punched the controls to the hyperdrive. Shaking, the ship's engines whined with the power increase and like a bullet, it tore through time and space.

Nar Shaddaa

A New Home

Jolting in his seat from the sudden stop, Gui was forcefully awoken as his forehead clapped against the control panel.

"What the?" He rubbed his forehead and was instantly amazed by what he saw. A planet. A glowing planet, it was like a jewel in the black void. A City?

"The whole planet is a city?"

"Master Gui." Sy tugged at the kiffar's robe.

"Not now," Gui spoke, smacking away the child's hand.

"But Mas-"

"What?!" Just then, Gui's eyes grew wide with anxiety and a bit of terror as the shuttle began to shake violently and claxons blared in the cockpit. Shifting his gaze from the planet to his right wing allowed him to assess damage he should have noted before even attempting a hyperspace jump. Electricity crackled and the metal limb was beginning to separate from the hull. How they survived this long was a mystery, or the will of the Force. Gui diverted power from the wing thrusters as any further stress to it could cause catastrophe. After surviving the purging of those deemed 'undesirable,' he wasn't about to go out in such a way.

Gui pulled back on the yoke, presenting the belly of his vessel to the atmosphere as flames engulfed it. Worried looks dominated tiny faces as Gui bit his lip and growled, fighting the controls.

"Lambda 233, reduce speed, land at B-triple 7, welcome back to Nar Shadaa."

Welcome back? Gui had questions but they would have to wait as his ship rattled. It was gonna blow. The ship was failing. His heart raced. He could see panic on the faces of his new responsibility. Then, like an exhale of relief, he could see the surface of the planet getting closer and closer. The lights grew brighter and the blackened silhouettes revealed themselves to be great spires jutting from the surface. Other vessels littered the travel zone from what he could see, the air traffic was ridiculous, something he had never seen before. Not like that. In that moment it didn't matter as his ship plummeted.

"Alright guys." Gui strained. "I need all of you to focus on the wing. We need to hold it together. Remember moving the rocks back home?"

In unison, the children each raised a hand and the subtlety of the Force increased to a flow that caused the Kiffar to smile with hope.

"That's it, hold it together, only a little bit longer." The struggle was intense but it was time to kill the throttle and engage the landing thrusters. Hopefully they were operational.

"Impact, imminent" the monotone warning system was the messenger of their fate.

"Five.."

"Come on, come on," Gui reversed thrusters to full.

"Four.."

The Kid growled as he could sense the children's exhaustion setting in.

"Three.."

"Two.."

"One.."

Gui opened his eyes as the ship touched down and lurched to the side.

"We did it!" Gui laughed the most stressful laugh he had ever laughed and then *WHAM!* He nearly jumped out of his skin and looked out the view port to see that the wing had been completely severed. The children all buckled.

"Sy, Bobo, Flora, you saved our skins!" Gui shouted as he opened the ramp to his smoldering shuttle.

His emerald eyes scanned the city and immediately he was awakened to things he had never seen before. The noise was too much to bear, the lights, the action. It never stopped or slowed, not even when four children tourists stepped out of a severely damaged Imperial Shuttle. No one seemed to care, save for one man, a fleeting shadow that never took his eyes off of them. Even as they proceeded through the streets. He followed closely, careful not to be seen as the leather duster he wore flowed behind his silhouette.

"Here," Gui stopped his group, ripping a tarp by a trash receptacle. He instantly made four poncho's to help hide their jedi garb "We aren't Jedi here, guys, got it?"

They all nodded their heads in agreement as Gui peeked up at a sign that said Seebo's Droid Emporium. He thought he recognized the familiar sounds of a Hydrospanner pinging against metal and the high pitch beeps of a droid being tapped with a Plasma Torch. "This is a good place to start," the Techweaver stepped up to the door and in an instant, the mechanical entry point opened up.

There, the shadow was still there, in the darkness, periodically lit by the burning ember at his lips.

Clutter and madness, it was magnificent. Processors, vocabulators, droid parts and machinery. Gui was right at home.

"You, theya, boyo!" The Dug shop owner shouted. "No little humans allowed," he spat, Gui ignored his rules. "Boyo, who you?"

"I'm your new employee!" Gui shouted, his arms outstretched in greeting. The Dug's face recoiled in shock. "Wha?"

"That's right. Name's Avo, Avo Nox. At your service." He bowed. The Dug was not impressed, at least, not until he caught a glimpse of the silver cylinder hidden beneath the makeshift poncho; a Jedi weapon.

"Interesting, boyo, very interesting."

Gui grinned, waving the others inside.

"What you know bout' Swoops?"

His grin grew wider.

"Swoops?"

"Yeeeeeah," the Dug heard tail of Jedi reflexes and knew that opportunity like this didn't come by very often. The Glorious Jewel was only Glorious if you were wealthy. Avo Nox, was his ticket to the big leagues. "Follow me my boyo." He finished, guiding Gui to the back with his hand, his leg, his leg-hand..

Gui's jaw dropped "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!" He marveled at the rusted out hunk of a racer half on stands, the other half on a junk pile.

"Yah, aha!" Seebo chuckled, "It needs tiny repairs, you fix it, show me how you race, we talk about job." He had a motive, sure, but Gui's options were limited.

"You gotta deal, Seebo."