

Jon Silvon - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13632/snapshots/2836/5011>
Elyon de Neverse- <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/16071/snapshots/3415/5986>
Ira Ojiman - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13561/snapshots/3440/5985>

LAAT/i Troop Transport 4th transport
Myrkr - Above the Forest Tops
36 ABY

The soldiers of the Odanite Expeditionary Force were busy aboard the transport checking gear and preparing to execute their orders to deploy, surround the Temple structure and hold the location for the arrival of the remainder of the 1st regiment. Spread across eight Low Altitude Assault Transports they were prepared for any eventuality with the forces of Clan Plagueis reportedly en route.

Aboard the fourth shuttle a trio of figures stood apart from the Expeditionary Forces. Standing by the open doorway watching the treetops blur by beneath them. The wind whipped at the robes of the two Jedi and nearly drowned out the sound of Jon Silvon's voice as the Battleteam Leader relayed a tale to keep himself entertained during the flight. Drawing wry smiles from the Pantoran and Human accompanying him.

"You should have seen him! Bare as the day he was born thrown out of a tent in front of Vorsal and Aura both!" Jon burst out laughing, his boisterous laugh drawing a reaction from his companions and nearby soldier's alike.

Shifting movement from the LAAT/i forced the three to hold on the formation of troop transports shifted course. Elyon's gaze shifted from their Battleteam leader to take in the appearance of their newest member. Ira Ojiman looked out of place beside the youthful Silvon, the Pantoran's weathered appearance bore a smile but the building anxiety of his thoughts were picked up easily by the younger Odanite.

"Take care and calm your emotions there is little need for such concern" Elyon's thoughts drifted through the Force and broke through Ira's milling thoughts. With a small gesture of her free hand she reinforced the older man's feelings, concentrating and projecting a calming aura over her companion.

"Thank you, I have reservations about this conflict, knowing so little of our competition. This rush to our destination leaves me with a sense of dread." Ira let his thoughts flow freely, the woman before him appeared decades younger and yet the two both held memories of the fall of the Jedi on similar vessels to those they now flew above the forests of Myrkr.

"You two aren't doing that Jedi thing are you? Talking to each other in your heads?" Jon interrupted with a cocksure grin, his eyes flicking out of the open door of the transport, the grin faltering for a heartbeat as all of their comm-links came to life.

“Incoming fire!”

“Spread out!”

“DIVE! DIVE! GET LOW TO THE TREETOPS.”

The pilots of the squadron shouted information as it came in, red lasers and anti-air missile fire erupting from the forests below. The cover of the forest thinning as a clearing ahead came into view, a large structure covered with foliage, natural camouflage revealed their destination. An array of Plaguian forces already surrounding the far side of the structure had established a foothold.

Their companion transport veered closer in an attempt to avoid the incoming barrage. In the space of a single blink a Turbolaser tore through the hull of the LAAT/i. The blooming explosion rocking the companions as the heat of the explosion washed over them, forcing each of them to hold tight, their words and exclamations lost in the roar of detonations.

As they broke the forest's edge, the transports began to hard brake. Return fire from the transports tore into the opposition providing cover for the handful of remaining Odanite vessels. Their repulsors tore into the clearings grass and low shrubs as the pilots hard brakes and brought the vessels low to the deck.

Without hesitation the forces of the O.E.F began deploying, the soldiers of the battalion hitting the ground and taking cover returning small arms fire and establishing their own lines. Elyon and Ira followed close behind their battleteam leader as he dove into cover. The two Jedi forced in unison batting away incoming fire, providing protection for those nearby as Jon surveyed the environment.

“We have to get to the temple! We have ground support en route, our forces here will hold the line and keep the Plagueis forces occupied. I'll be damned if these Plagueis bastards get their hands on our prize.” Jon switched to their private commlinks, ensuring his companions would hear him without distracting the O.E.F from their work.

"Getting inside will be the least of our problems," Elyon replied on a private channel, releasing the lightsaber from her belt and reviving the sapphire blade with a typical click and buzz.

Ira followed her example and lit his sapphire blade. The trio advanced slowly. Explosions and enemy fire did not allow them to move faster. Both Jedi used their lightsabers to repel enemy fire and thus protect themselves and others until they reached a piles of stones that served to protect the hidden temple.

At that moment, Ira's thoughts flashed through her mind, and she saw a young Pantoran fighting alongside the Clones. The Image looked like battles of the Clone Wars to Elyon, similar to her

own memories. The trio and O.E.F forces moved behind the makeshift barricades and formed a defensive position there.

"Keep them as far away from the temple as possible," Jon said on the open channel.

"Yes, sir," the O.E.F Commander replied.

"You must keep them outside at all costs." The Captain ordered O.E.F. then switched back to the private channel and spoke to Elyon and Ira: "It must be a quick action."

"We'll do whatever it takes," Elyon replied, glancing at Ira.

"As Elyon says," Pantoran said, but he was not thrilled with this new order, on the contrary, his nervousness rose.

The main entrance to the temple was hardly recognizable in the forest area. However, two massive trees at the foot of the hill indicated the entrance.

"All right," Jon breathed, turning toward the temple and heading forward.

Both Jedi and Jon stood in front of the entrance after a few moments. Elyon raised the blade of her lightsaber and looked inside.

"Do you feel the cold," she asked, turning to her companions.

They nodded both silently as the temple emanated a chill that could be felt both in body and through the Force. Elyon looked inside again and stepped into the darkness. The light of the sun's rays was soon replaced by a gloomy darkness from which a supporting pillar or statue emerged from time to time, which was probably destroyed by treasure hunters who were looking for something valuable or for the Desired One. The blue glow of lightsabers cast even stranger shadows on everything.

"I don't like this," Jon remarked, saying the same thought to his companions. The hidden temple was a complex comprising many corridors, which for the uninitiated visitor may resemble a maze.

The three continued to walk through the corridors, often changing direction. At times Elyon would lead the trio, taking a turn based on intuition and guidance from the Force. The next Ira would silently make the decision and take the group down another passageway. Each twist and turn taking them further into the maze. Jon is ready to cover their backs behind them, but they didn't have time to wander.

"Does one of you have any idea where we're going? And if we're getting closer at all," Jon asked, stopping because it had come a long time and he didn't see any signs of them moving forward to finish their task.

"Hard to say," Ira replied, stopping as well.

"What about you, El," Jon asked her because she didn't answer.

"Yes, I believe so, but it's hard to focus here only on the Force," Elyon said, looking at Ira.

"What do you mean? What's happening? What do you feel? What aren't you telling me?" Jon asked, noticing their looks in the glow of the blades and realizing that something was happening.

"It's about ..." Ira began, but he didn't finish the thought.

"The point is, this place is weird. I can feel the light and the darkness at the same time. And the power of the artifact is trying to confuse us," Elyon said of Ira's thought.

"Elyon is right. The artifact is trying to confuse us because it doesn't want to be found, or maybe not found by us. So we feel it in front of us for a while, then over us and then behind us," Ira explained their situation.

"Okay, let's sum it up quickly," Jon began slowly. "So you think the artifact is here, but it's trying to confuse you, so you don't know exactly where it is. I'm right," Jon asked, hoping he was a little wrong.

"Yes, you are, Captain," the two Jedi replied in unison.

"So, what are we going to do?" Jon asked dejectedly because they weren't in a good situation and time was running out.

The trio had picked up their pace searching through the temple complex. Every turn seemed to loop back around onto itself, and every room looked identical to the one before it.

Somewhere along the way, distance rumblings and crashing echoed from the battle that was raging just outside; they were getting more frequent with each passing minute.

Elyon and Ira were concentrating all their thoughts on trying to pierce the shroud of darkness that suffused the temple, but it was like trying to swim up a waterfall - every push forward of light only got forced back by a never-ending flow of darkness. And not helping things was...

"... not a lot of time left before Plagueis breaks the lines," Jon muttered under his breath. "Maybe we could...? No, no, that's a terrible idea, and not in a fun way. But what if..."

The Captain's voice was quiet, but in the stillness of the Temple, it might as well have been a shout, and to his companion's ears, he sounded like he was getting ever more frantic.

Another distant rumble shook the temple, this one strong enough to make all three of them stumble.

Jon flinched, and began his muttering again. "No, no, *no*, that's a stupid idea, *stupid*. Come on, come up with *something*..."

He's getting more frantic, Ira "said" to Elyon.

I've never seen him like this, she responded. Gently, she walked to Jon and placed a hand on his shoulder. Jon's head snapped around to look at her.

"Captain," Elyon began. "Are you...?"

"Am I what?" Jon asked quickly. "Am I alright? Yeah, no, I'm good. I'm great."

Jon spread his arms out. "Whole Clan counting on us to find this thing before the Clan that hates us *almost* as much as Pravus did, this temple -"

Another crash shook the building, causing them all to flinch.

"Is coming down on top of our heads," he finished, gesturing to the ceiling to accentuate his point.

He walked over and leaned against a wall, closing his eyes.

"I just..." Jon closed his eyes and sighed. "I just need some time to figure this whole thing out."

Another distant *BOOM* shook the temple, reigning dusts and bits of stone down on their heads.

"Doesn't sound like we have that kind of time," Ira said aloud. "It might not be that much longer before Plagues can find a whole in our line."

Suddenly, Jon stood ram-rod straight. There was a look on his face like he'd just had an epiphany.

"...Maybe that's exactly what they should do," he said.

"Captain?" Elyon said, turning to look at him.

“Correct me if I’m wrong,” Jon began, turning to the two Jedi. “But you said you can’t locate the Desired One because it’s shrouding this place in the Dark Side, right?”

“It’s like trying to feel our way through a dark room,” Elyon confirmed.

“It seems to me,” Ira started, “That it’s more likely the Desired One doesn’t *want* to be found by servants of the Light.”

“That’s what I thought,” Jon said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his holo-communicator, activating a signal. “Attention O.E.F., this is Captain Jon Silvon.”

Ira and Elyon exchanged glances.

“We read you captain,” came the garbled reply. *“Is something wrong?”*

“I’m gonna need you to listen to me, *very* carefully,” Jon said. “I want you to leave an opening in our line, a *small* opening.”

There was no reply for a moment, then: *“Can you repeat those orders, Captain?”*

“I want you to leave an opening in our line just wide enough to be noticed. If I’m right, Plaguies will try to send a small strike-team through. *Let them*, is that understood?”

“...Understood Captain.” came the hesitant reply. *“Should we signal you when they’re through?”*

“Please and thank you,” Jon said cheerfully, before switching off his communicator. Turning back to Ira and Elyon he said: “We should probably hide before they get here.”

“Jon,” Elyon said, placing hand on her captain’s shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“Giving the Desired One what *it* desires,” Jon responded. “To be found by a Sith.”

“Hiding is one thing, but how are we going to watch them?” Ira said the same question that bothered Elyon now.

“There must be a way for you Jedi to disguise yourself,” Jon replied, looking at both of his companions.

“Yes, they do, but they’re more stationary. Movement is a problem,” Ira replied with an uncomfortable feeling from this situation. This time Elyon began to march.

“Maybe ... maybe I have an idea, but I can’t be sure that it will work and it’s safe,” Elyon said, looking at Ira.

"What do you mean," Ira asked, and he looked at Elyon, too, because he realized it was about him.

"We're going to have to use the Sith technique. If we want to get the Desired One into our hands," Elyon replied with nervousness in her voice, aware of the dangers she posed to both of them.

"What technique do you have in mind," Ira asked, surprised that Elyon was proposing this procedure.

"Essence transfer," Elyon breathed, waiting for Ira's response.

"Do you think that we can do it," Ira asked, who was skeptical.

"I think it's possible. I've studied this technique a lot because I found it very interesting. But the question is, are you willing to go to it with me?" Elyon asked with faith in her voice.

Ira was silent for a long time, and then he said, "If we have a chance of success, then yes."

"Thank you," Elyon said, nodding to show respect. Then she chose her comlink and turned it on, "Commander, this is Elyon de Neverse. What's your situation? Have they found a hole yet?"

"Yes, madam, two members of the enemy clan have legally penetrated the hole," the commander replied.

"Great job, Commander. No one is allowed in now," Elyon ordered, turning off the comlink.

Then she closed her eyes and opened herself to the Force and felt two strangers. "Master and apprentice," she said after a moment.

"It will be better for us. We should hide now." Elyon said, opening her eyes and looking for a suitable place. There was a blocked corridor not far from them.

"This will work. Captain, when we make the transfer. You must be on guard at our bodies. So that we have a place to return," Elyon said, looking at Jon.

"I understand," Jon confirmed, watching his two companions.

"What about me," Ira asked hesitantly.

"We'll transfer together. But it's important that you trust me and you will follow my instructions exactly. Do you agree?" Elyon asked, looking into Pantoran's face.

"I agree," Ira said amicably and a little surrendered.

There was another bang and the whole complex shook. "We're running out of time," Jon reminded them, hoping they'd be out in time.

"I understand. Ira, please put your hand on my left shoulder and then you dive into the Force. I'll lead you," Elyon said, closing her eyes.

Then the two Jedi raised their hands and floated together in the Force.

The first step is to find the Plagueians and then get into them and take control. Elyon told Ira in the Force. Elyon used her Empathy and felt the excitement she now eliminated from the pair.

We have them. He sensed and Elyon continued to hold on mentally.

Now, we must get the first Master. I intoxicate his mind with my Empathy and you get into his head with the help of your Telepathy. Once you're there, we'll block his consciousness, and then all you have to do is complete the move by imagining in the Force that you're leaving your body. Did you understand the principle of the technique? Elyon explained the procedure quickly and waited for an answer.

I understand. Let's get to it. Ira answered her more confidently.

It worked, and a few minutes later the bodies of both Jedi collapsed helplessly to the ground. A few feet away, Elyon and Ira rose to land in foreign bodies.

"This is really weird," Ira said in a deep male voice.

"It just takes a moment of practice," the young man replied, but it was Elyon.

They both started moving when there was another blow and another shock.

"There's no time to practice. We have to hurry," Elyon said, forcing her body to run. Ira followed. Elyon now felt the Desired One strongly and clearly.

They ran for about ten minutes before standing in the doorway of the huge hall. They were in the heart of the corridors. There were doors everywhere that they thought had a lot of beginnings.

The two Jedi hurried through the hall with giant columns that supported the star's vault. At the end of the hall was a bridge at the end of which was a decorated sarcophagus and a red stone set on it.

"Finally," they both exhaled as they reached the sarcophagus. Elyon carefully removed the stone from his seat, but unfortunately she did not know what would follow. The whole temple began to shake as if an earthquake had broken out.

"What do we do?" Elyon asked as she handed the stone to a safe place.

"We have to hurry before it overwhelms us," Ira replied, two jumps on the other side of the bridge, which crashed into the dark depths in the tremors.

Elyon followed, and they both set out for the return journey. They were almost at Jon and their bodies when Elyon stopped.

"What's going on? We have to go." Ira asked, a little out of breath.

"We can't bring them to us. I'll stay here and leave this body. You must take the stone to the Captain," Elyon explained, handing him the stone.

"As soon as I wake up in my body, I will come here with you and help you out, too," Elyon decided, and Ira agreed.

Even this plan worked out, and the trio stood over the helpless bodies of the Plagueians, because Elyon had led them into a healing trance with the help of the Force. The temple shook violently again.

"What now? We can't leave them here. They're members of the Brotherhood, too." Elyon objected, looking at Jon and Ira.

Jon looked at the bodies of his two friends as they lay insensate on the ground. He'd propped both of them up against the wall, hoping they'd at least be... comfortable? Did that even matter when there was no mind inhabiting them? What would happen if he moved them around too much? They wouldn't get stuck like this would they?

No, Jon told himself firmly. *Calm down. Panicking now isn't going to get you anywhere.*

Exhaling, Jon slumped against the wall, right alongside the comatose forms of Elyon and Ira. The sad truth was, there was nothing for him to do at this point but... wait.

Elyon's plan was *good*. It was nothing Jon could've ever come up with - he wasn't a space wizard... no, he wasn't a *Jedi*.

And where did that leave him on this demented mission? Watching over a pair of coma-patients?

"...spond; repeat, Master Essius, Apprentic Pilon, you have missed you check in, please respond."

Jon's eyes snapped open when he heard the mechanical voice echoing down the hallways. He could hear footsteps drawing closer, but they carried a metallic note, like iron striking against

stone. He didn't even need to look to know that a troop of droids had just stumbled on his location.

"Query," one voice said, different from the last. "The Masters continue to fail to respond; do these units take over the mission ourselves?"

"Negative," the first one responded. "These units will follow Master Essius' programming; these units will continue to signal the masters until such a times as they respond, in accordance with primary-"

Jon tuned out at that point. It didn't take a genius to figure out that "Essius and Pilon" were the Plagueians that had slipped through his opening - and if they had gone radio silent, it was a good sign that Elyon's plan had actually worked.

Which begged the question, however: what to do about his current predicament?

As he was pondering that, one of the droids rounded the corner, and immediately zeroed in on the three bodies lying propped against the wall. Jon slammed his eyes shut, and was very careful to not move.

"Commander Unit 717," one of the droids responded, immediately pointing them out. Jon allowed his eyes to open just a crack, but very carefully did not blink; he recognized them as HK droids - three to be specific.

There were no reports of the Plagueins fielding Hunter Killers, he thought frantically, keeping his breathing as steady and shallow as possible. These must've been this Essius guy's personal stock, then.

The trio of droids approached, and Jon carefully kept still.

"Unit 991," the leader commanded, "Scan for life-signs."

The three raised their blasters, and that's when Jon *moved*.

First he withdrew a stun grenade from his pocket, and launched it into the air - it was harmless to droids, of course, but that wasn't the goal.

The HK's reacted exactly as Jon predicted.

"Explosive device," one of them said emotionlessly. "Engage protocols."

One of them threw grabbed the stun grenade midair. Clutching the sphere to its chest, the droid through itself to the ground to cover the grenade. It didn't go off, of course - Jon hadn't even

activated it - but it left it open for Jon to raise one of his vambraces, take aim, and fire into its head.

The other two weren't as easily distracted: they raised their blasters and took aim.

But, Jon thought, there eyes are on me - not El and Ira.

The one good thing about this situation was that they were in a closed space; Jon's specialty. Ranged weapons were at a disadvantage in here, but *blades...*

An instant before the blasts came, Jon hit a switch on his vambraces, and a shield sprung to life around him. Drawing Kanshou and Bakuya from their sheaths, he charged.

The shield didn't last long - it absorbed the first blast, then the second. After the third, it fizzled out completely, by then, he was in between them.

The droid were smart, and fast, Jon quickly realised; they dropped their blasters to the ground and unsheathed a pair of vibroknives each. Jon parried the first thrust, and used the momentum to sever the arm of the one attacking him. Before he could finish it off its partner was him.

Jon tuned to block it, and found both his blades locked in a struggle with both his opponents knives. Before he could push him away and gain some distance, the second used its one remaining arm to press its blade to his throat.

Jon thought quickly, and came up with a plan. Dropping Kanshou to the ground, he hit another switch on his vambrace.

This is going to hurt, was the last thing he thought before the built-in repulsor activated.

The ring of energy burst outward, throwing both droids from their feet - and launch Jon straight into the ceiling.

Jon felt a loud *BANG* as he slammed into it, and had just enough time to recognize the pull of gravity before he fell down to the floor.

His vision swimming, Jon pushed himself off the ground, but only managed to get himself into a vague sitting position. He looked around for the two droids.

One, he noted with satisfaction, was lying deactivated on the ground - it seemed the repulsor blast had shoved the falling Kanshou into its chest. It still had both its arms, which left -

He heard the sound of a blaster priming behind him.

Jon spun just in time to avoid the first blast, and pulled Fang from its holster on his belt. He saw the droid aiming for another shot, and through the blade, whirling through the air. It planted itself in the droid's metal hand, causing it to drop the blaster, and its shot melted into the stone walls.

Jon rapidly recollected the fallen Bakuya. Just in time, as the now-armless droid was charging at him wildly, a last ditch effort to kill him.

Jon severed its head right before it tackled him. What he failed to do, however, was stop its momentum, and a great deal of metal moving at a high speed still crashed into him.

He pushed the now deactivated droid off of him, and took a deep breath. It seemed he hadn't been so useless on this mission after all. Now if only success was a little less painful...

Aboard The Remembrance Following the Battle of Myrkr Office of the Quaestor

"I have to admit Jon, I was not expecting your team to be the one to pull this off." Alethia Archenksov eyed the Battleteam leader of Tython and his two subordinates. The Human and Pantoran Jedi stood in silence behind Jon Silvon.

"Well, we aim to surprise Mam." Jon replied with a flicker of a grin.

The trio's retrieval of the artifact and capture of a pair of Plagueis Sith Warriors had allowed not only for Odan-Urr to withdraw from the protracted battle on Myrkr but have the upper hand in negotiations for ceasefire and return of the prisoners.

Ira shivered at the thought of what would happen to the pair of Sith they had been forced to make use of in obtaining the Desired One. From the rumors he'd heard, they would likely have been better off as prisoners of Odan-Urr than returning as failures to their Clan. He had sensed similar thoughts from Elyon, the two of them harbouring feelings of regret for the actions they had taken in controlling the Sith.

Realizing he'd stopped paying attention to the conversation, the old Jedi focused on the exchange of words between his superiors. "No matter the circumstances, we appreciate your efforts and will see your team recognized for their contributions Silvon. Please see yourselves out, we will discuss next steps once we know more from T'avar." Alethia dismissed them without much pomp or fanfare, the Quaestor's thoughts focused on the damages and loss of resources from their skirmish with Plagueis.

As Ira and Elyon exited the officers quarters, they felt Jon's arms wrap around their shoulders drawing them close. "I think I smell a promotion, or at least a decent payday out of this. Yet you two look like something dragged through the mud!" The Human smiled at each of the Jedi, clearly enjoying their minor discomfort at his excited tone.

“Is this... normal?” Ira asked suddenly of the other two, his brows furrowed in concern.

Elyon’s face drew tight and Jon just shrugged in response pulling his arms off the other two and walking slightly ahead of the two Jedi.

“What do you mean?” Jon asked, settling into a casual pace as they walked.

“The Clan learns of this artifact. They immediately set out to claim it, with good reasoning that something so dangerous falling into the wrong hands could be disastrous.” Ira spoke as he walked, his hands fidgeting slightly as the concern of questioning their motives grew.

“Yet, when we encounter an opposing faction. We don’t talk, we don’t try to make terms, they just started shooting and we did the same. The loss of so many lives on both sides. The depths to which we dug to claim this prize... it leaves me feeling our victory was empty. Will this Desired One bring back those who died? Will it restore peace in the Galaxy?” Ira’s thoughts spilled out as they traversed the interior of the vessel, passerbys catching his tone and his words stepping to avoid the trio.

“It is the Jedi’s responsibility to safeguard against these forms of threats Ira” Elyon spoke up, her tone calming as she sensed the older man’s growing concern.

“It’s also our jobs, yeah?” Jon responded looking back over his shoulder. “Listen I’m all for the altruism of it and all, but we have to get paid as well. Tython has a responsibility to the O.E.F and Sunrider, if that bothers you then you’re in the wrong place.”

“So that’s it? Responsibility, money, glory? That’s not the Jedi Order I knew.” The old Jedi’s voice grew firm.

“Maybe it isn’t” Jon said with another casual shrug.

Elyon’s young features grew taught for a moment as she considered the exchange.

Jon stood before the ship’s onboard cantina, the doors sliding open to reveal the celebrations of the men and women of Odan-Urr. A small band had assembled among the crew, the music, laughter and voices washing out from the room as the Battleteam Leader turned to face his companions.

“Maybe one of you two will change that someday. But right now? I need a drink and to forget how many times I was shot at today. You can join me, or go do whatever it is you Jedi do.” With a grin he walked into a chorus of applause as those within recognized the hero of the day, the Mercenary soaked in the adulation as he was handed a drink.

The two Jedi left standing in the corridor hesitated to move. Each of them lost in their own thoughts. Finally Ira nodded his head and straightened up, a smile on his wizened features.

"I think I'm a bit too old for that kind of enjoyment. I think I'll retire for now." The smile grew rueful and with a sigh the Jedi turned to depart.

"Wait a moment," Elyon said. Her eyes rose to meet his.

"This may not be the Jedi Order we remember Ira. But so much has changed throughout the years we have been missing. You should not judge so easily the decisions the Council has made to ensure the safety of Odan-Urr." Her tone was not harsh, instead she spoke as if instructing the newcomer.

"They lost their home, they have been hounded by the Clans of the Brotherhood and have fought ceaselessly to claim a place to rebuild. Battles like Myrkr must not be avoided, each time the Brotherhood chooses to fight, Odan-Urr must remind them where we stand and why. Today was not about claiming a prize, it wasn't about glory or responsibility. It was about reminding people that the Jedi will always stand against the darkness." Elyon stood taller as she spoke, the conviction in her words driving home her point.

The two Jedi faced one another as her words hung in the air and finally Ira bowed his head in respectful capitulation and took his leave.