

The Enemy of My Enemy Is My Friend

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Temporarily

By Ood Bnar

Unknown location, Unknown World, Unknown System

39 ABY

The Neti walked down the path, not even trying to hide. He'd been hunting this creature for about 50 years now. Ood may not be a Jedi anymore, nor may he have his sanity. But kill one of his students without requesting permission, and he'd make sure you die.

The target was a former Imperial Inquisitor. One of Vader's lapdogs. The weakling thought he was safe on this uncharted planet. That he could start a family? The Warlord would show him he was wrong. He had donned a set of apparel he had not worn in ages. If any old veteran was still alive, they'd be surprised to see a being dressed in full Jedi General attire wandering an unpaved road in the middle of nowhere. Especially considering the Order had been extinct for about half a century already.

A loud cheer distracted the old Arconan. Was that a gladiatorial arena up ahead? Surrounded by a tent camp?

Ood made his way through the nearly deserted camp and walked up to the arena structure as a grizzled figure moved into his path with a look of tired acceptance colouring his visage.

"You here to kill Inquisitor Grenling too aren't you?" the old man stated, moving his hands from his back to his front, displaying a clipboard.

"And if I was?" Ood stated, an amused interest showing in his voice.

"Well, said Inquisitor has quite a few enemies. If you're interested in competing in the tournament to decide who gets to kill him, you need to take a number at the machine to our left" Ood's eyes followed the finger to see a small desk and machine setup a few yards away.

"Once you have a number, you can enter and either go down to the dressing area and prepare yourself to fight or you can go up to the stands to watch the proceedings. Regardless, you'll have to enter the arena when your number is called or you'll not be allowed to participate."

"And why are you here? What did he do to you?" the Neti inquired.

“Oh no Master Jedi, I own this planet, technically, and am quite annoyed that all you fuckers won’t leave me alone.” the old hermit seemed to be genuinely weeping as he considered the intrusions he was dealing with.

“So, let’s say I go in there and kill everyone, will you tell me where I can find this grening person?” the Warlord asked, amused anticipation filling his voice, replacing the wonder and curiosity.

“Sure, as long as you promise to fuck off my world once you’re done”

“On one condition, I get to drop his bones down your outhouse and you eat beans every day for a year to make sure you truly honour his remains. After all, this is the person that caused all this distress to you.” Ood nearly burst into laughter as the old man began to nod in rapid, near rabid agreement.

Igniting his blade as he gathered lightning in his other hand, the former member of the Jedi Order began to slowly ascend into the arena. This was going to be fun!

The End