The Strong Protect the Weak

Competition Entry

Seer Raziel <https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Raziel>

Clan Odan-Urr

Guardian Corps

Pin 11584

“Yousa got bombad work to do Raz,” Kah said, coming up behind the blind Juggernaut in the middle of hammering out *something* on an anvil. His words were tranquil, and even, almost measured. The pacing of a Jedi.

Raz paused his hammer blows and left his work piece to cool slowly on the anvil. With a slow inhale, he turned to face his Gungan boss. “No rest for the wicked. What do you need me to do?”

Kah paused before speaking, taking the time to fully take in the Jensaarai attached to his House. When he finally spoke, he did so with that same measured intent. “Wesa got someting in common, wesa don’t likes the slavers,”

Raz gave a chuckle, and not the hearty mirthful kind. It was the kind of laugh that said he knew what was coming, and was happy to do it. “Point me in the right direction,”

“Dat simple huh? Yousa ready to go-sa like dat?”

“Well, I’d prefer to get dressed for such an auspicious event first, but mostly, yeah,” Raz turned his heavily muscled right arm towards Kah, where the slave tattoos were more visible. “I’m always ready to go.”

“Yousa headin’ to back to Jedha, seems da slavers dere didn’t take da hint first time around.”

Raz nodded and made a beckoning gesture into the back of his ship. A large container began to glide their way, and made a controlled stop near the two men. “Told you, I’m always ready to go,” Raziel said, popping open the latches on the cargo box to reveal his Beskar armor within. “Last time I was there, I didn’t have the good stuff. This time around they’re really gonna wish they’d stayed down.”

“Thissen to be worth readin’ the report, I think.”

“I’ll have Soona pepper it with good adjectives, make the reading more fun,” Raz said, already strapping on the chest piece to his armor.

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A short hyperspace hop was all it took to get to Jedha. Just enough time to grab a bite to eat, prep the rest of his gear, and get himself mentally into the zone.

The coordinates he was given to the village were intimately familiar to him. It was the same small settlement that Aura had tasked him to when the entire clan was on-world and looking for artifacts a year ago. Those people were good, hardworking folk, and they certainly didn’t deserve that kind of treatment.

“Soona,” Raziel called out into the ship. “Need you up here!”

Quickly the lavender Togruta girl dashed her way into the cockpit, her toothbrush still hanging from the side of her mouth. “Everything okay?” she asked around the hygiene implement.

“We’re about to drop out of hyperspace and I need you at the stick,” He said to her, and vacated the pilot’s seat. She traded him places and put her toothbrush into his hand with a sweet smile.

“Yeah, I got the hint,” He retorted. “Keep off the guns unless they bring in some heavy vehicles. Chances are good they’ll be technicals, not purpose built.”

“No pew-pew without big scary rides, got it,” Soona snarked. “I got this Raz, I promise.”

Raz sighed and nodded at his teenaged ward. “I know you do, just let an old man fret.”

It was about that moment that the ship dropped out of hyperspace over Jedha. Immediately the nav system locked onto the coordinates for the village, and provided Soona a course.

“I’ll drop out of the back, just get me low enough and take up a station way over the village. I don’t need surface to air missiles wrecking our home.”

“Well, we agree on that at least,” Soona said, and put her small hands on the control yoke.

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At fifty meters, the back hatch of the Kestrel transport opened, and from the back, Raz let himself drop. He focused within himself and tapped into the flow of the Force that surrounded him, manipulating it to cushion his impact at the last minute.

“Dramatic entrance, Master Jedi,” a villager said, immediately spotting the lightsaber on Raz’s hip.

“Just Raziel, or Raz, will suffice,” Raz replied, taking a moment to watch his ship gain some serious altitude, climbing in a tight spiral. The girl was definitely getting better at the controls.

“Let me lead you to the village elder, he sent the request for aid. Honestly, if I can be so bold, we didn’t expect so quick a response,”

“These slavers were my enemy the last time I was here. I wasn’t about to let them get back to work,”

“Very good, please come this way,” The villager said, and began walking towards the center structure in town. Along the way, several of the villagers poked their heads out of their homes to look at their suddenly arrived savior. A few waved, and were waved at in return. Like he’d said, Raz knew these villagers to be good people, and they were so far keeping him honest in his assessment.

Once inside the big building that served as something between a town hall and a meeting place, the village elder, an old human man, waved in greeting. “Raziel, it’s good to see you again!”

“You too, Elder Quoma!” Raz greeted back, taking the man’s offered hand and turning it into a hug. “Besides the slavers, how are things?”

“Our crops gave good harvest last month, and we discovered another, much larger well we can use for irrigation. It leaves us with much more fresh water. I would love to have you here for these reasons, but sadly, that isn’t the case.”

“Sadly indeed, tell me what’s happening.”

“They’re coming at night. I think they’re using nightvision optics because it’s not hindering them at all. They come close, send people into the village, and kidnap who they can. Largely it’s our women and children, and I shudder to think what they’re using them for.”

“I’ll leave a few alive, we’ll get someone to talk. If your people have been sold, I can contact the Jedi and we can start tracking them.”

“Do you have your armed forces accompanying you again?”

Raz shook his head. “No, just me this time. My ship is well above us in a holding pattern and she’s got her own guns if we need them. If they’re sneaking in though, chances are good they’re still recovering, so there shouldn’t be as many. When I get hostile though, it’s going to happen fast. Do your people still have the weapons we left them?”

Elder Quoma nodded. “Yes, of course. A bit heavy for hunting, but that’s how they’ve been used, so my people are keeping in good practice.”

“Perfect, here’s how this is going to go down,”

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Milish crept up towards the village, using the terrain to his advantage. Coupled with his optics painting him a perfect picture, it was nothing to get nice and close without anyone the wiser. A quick glance to his left and his right told him that his comrades were enjoying similar success.

He keyed up his comm and spoke into it quietly. “In position,”

His missive was met with a chorus of similar responses, but once that was over, another voice came across their comms. “This is the last run. We should have all of their child-bearing age women already, so grab whatever kids you can. Leave the elderly.”

“Yessir,” Milish said, and checked his side for his stun blaster and Stokhli spray stick. Satisfied that they were where he’d put them, Milish began moving ever closer into the village. Like his fellows, they began peering into windows, trying to locate more children to nap.

He’d even spotted one, and prepared to open the door, but the moment the door opened, his face was met by an armored gauntlet.

Taken by surprise, Milish didn’t have time to go for a weapon before he was grabbed up in a tight clench, turned around, and summarily choked out.

Across the village, the sudden sounds of blaster fire began ringing out, and not the squelchy ripple of stun bolts either. No, these were angry blasts, and they were the killing kind. These villagers, prepared for the raid, had clearly had enough. The only thing missing was a catalyst to turn their anger into courage, and that’s where Raziel had come in.

Igniting his lightsaber to draw attention, Raz dashed out of the house and ran into village center. With his vocoder in his helmet cranked up to maximum, he let out one hell of a bellow. “Jedi are worth ten times what a kid is, come and get it!”

With an invitation like that, it didn’t take long for the remaining slavers to come rushing, their stun blaster bolts preceding them.

Im the middle of the mess, Raziel’s lightsaber went into motionin spinning orbits meant to swat blaster bolts out of the way. While his footsteps were slow, they were seriously intentional, each movement, guided by training and the Force, put him where he needed to be at any given second.

Each step drew him closer towards a slaver or two, but of course they were smart enough to avoid the icy blue glowing blade that spelled their sudden doom. Maybe not much smarter than that, however.

One of the slavers triggered his spray stick, the gooey net taking shape in the air. Raz’s training had (quite painfully) taught him that cutting the net was a fool’s errand as it was still quite amorphous. That wasn’t his only recourse, however.

Raz’s arm shot out straight at the spray, where it paused in the air before it went flying back, return to sender. A pair of stunbolts hit him as he did this, but his armor deflected the blasts, making an almost pleasant chiming sound as it did.

“Anyone else dumb enough to shoot at me?” Raziel asked, a touch sad his smirk was hidden behind his helmet.

Forced to pause, and not sure how to go about apprehending the armored devil, the slavers just started shooting again, trying to overwhelm him with fire.

Just like Raz wanted.

Back into those orbiting, whipping motions, and now empowered by the Force, Raz moved at intense speed, dashing and darting his way through the gathered slavers. With such alacrity and boldness of motion, it was nothing to become the Djem-So avalanche, and so began hewing his way through the lot of them.

More blaster fire met his ears as he worked, now forced to run down some fleeing stragglers. It wasn’t from the villagers however, but instead from outside of town. Bright red, and rather large bolts began ripping through the city. “E-Web,” Raz snarled, knowing full well what kind of damage such a weapon could do to the unfortified town.

“Soona, it’s time to go to guns!” He called out over his comm, and above him, his girl didn’t disappoint.

The Kestrel transport was a luxury ship, the Taliahad even more so, but at the moment, it was moving like its namesake, swooping down out of the sky. Immediately it began spitting laser blasts from its four cannons, lighting up the terrain. *That* would definitely give them something to think about, and also pull focus with the big gun.

It’s what allowed him to keep running down slavers, his icy blue blade heralding a quick demise for those unable to escape.

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“Yousa tracked down da rest of da slavers?” Kah asked, his personal interest in the situation showing itself perhaps more than a Jedi’s training should allow.

Raziel nodded as the two men sat in the Quaestor’s office, a few days later. “Yeah, and this time, I’m a hundred percent sure I broke them.”

“What about da people already took?”

“We got lucky. The slavers didn’t want to take more than one trip. Once we found their hideout, we were able to recover everyone taken. Well, most everyone. Seems our last visit emboldened the villagers and a few had more spirit than the slavers felt like contending with. I made sure to illustrate my displeasure.”

“Good, the village was muy pleased at our showin’s up. Should help da reputation of da house.” Kah said, pouring a pair of drinks and offering Raz one of them.

“Thanks Kah,” Raz said, accepting his drink and raising it into the air. Kah clinked his glass against Raz’s and the two men took a sip from their respective beverages.

“Welcome. Da Jedha people be thankin’ us, sayin’ dey gonna let our Consulars come back and do more research too. Wesa callin’ that a win.”

“Just happy to do my part,” Raz said, taking another sip of whatever greenish-yellow liquor Kah had poured him. “Okay, Just happy to waste some slavers. Poor attitude, I know, but you didn’t hire me for my controlled and well adjusted approach.”