

A Reason to Fight
39 ABY
By Aura Ta'var

The Jedi Praxeum was calm this time of day. Students were on break and home with their families. The mountainous air was quiet with the lack of shuttles. The cold breeze was calming in its own way. Aura Ta'var, Jedi Knight and mother of already too many small children, used this moment to relax away from home. She felt lucky she had a spouse who was okay with trading off free time, who knew what chaos was being unleashed with a single parent in the house. The Zeltron pushed those thoughts away though as the training remotes turned on around her. She was training outside in one of the testing arenas. She liked the obstacles in the way and the open space for more remotes.

Aura closed her eyes and became one with the Force, breathing it into her body and mind. *I am one with the Force and the Force is with me. Use this vessel as you see fit*, she subconsciously spoke to herself as she slipped into Vaapad. She could hear the hum of the remotes started to charge up. She was ready, like a spring coiled. The moment one of the bolts let loose she rushed forward, blocking shots as she advanced. As they zinged off her blade they made satisfying divots in the stone blocks around her. To show off, she let one just pass her head, relying on the Force to contort her body out of the way. It felt good letting off steam. The pounding of her heart beat as time seemed to slow to a crawl.

Before she knew it, she a mere meter away from the remotes and with a quick flash of her saber cut down two and then three of them, her practice saber turning them off with a satisfying thud on the ground. Four more remotes spun around her flank and started to fire. Aura felt her muscles contract as she dodged behind a pillar and finished up in a crouch, the thud of fake blaster bolts pinging off the stone around her before dissipating into the ground.

She grinned and rushed the last bunch of remotes fearlessly. The Force was on her side. It was all she would need to face this barrage. Crucial heartbeats in advance she leaned this way, flipped or skidded, each time the bolts barely missing her until she came within striking distance. A simple and direct two strokes took out the remaining remotes with the last barely getting off a shot that she barely dodged. Her hair settled back into place as the remotes thudded to the ground, her breathing quick but measured.

Turning off her practice saber, she sat down and grabbed a drink. She took a moment to look at a holo of her family, whom she would see as soon after a few more repetitions of this exercise, and was thankful she had them. They were the reason she fought and the reason she had to keep living, no matter what the galaxy threw at her. She had to be at her sharpest. But she had the Force at her side and the love of her friends and family. That was all she needed to find a way home to them.