Locke knew when he picked up the shiny looking artifact and heard that alarm chime that he was in for a bad time. He didn't count on just *how* bad. He was in a big warehouse, right in the middle, and as soon as that alarm went off, battle droids began marching into the room from at least four different doorways. And they just kept coming and coming until at last they were surrounding him. He idly wondered if this was someone's idea of a joke, or if these belonged to a collector. He didn't think the trinket was even that valuable, and as he dropped it, none of the droids seem phased. They surrounded him, all standing as if ready to attack.

Then a voice piped up from a speaker somewhere. "Ready to surrender?"

Locke coughed. "Are *you* ready to surrender?" He was met with laughter through the intercom, then the command, "Kill him." Except, it only got to "Ki-" before Locke was in motion. His lightsaber ignited in it's staff configuration, he charged into the nearest group of droids, creating a spinning field of death. Where the 'saber struck, droids fell, were bisected, limbs flew, and heads were lopped off. He came to rest only a moment before raising his free hand and blasting the nearest group with lightning, destroying a few and stunning many more.

Then he lifted his fingers upward, lifting the remnants of those droids in the air, and he hurled them at another group, impaling them, knocking them over, and creating more damage.

All this had happened in the span of a second and a half. Locke separated his lightsaber, holding one in each hand. He had barely broken a sweat. He hurled one at the nearest group of droids and charged at different group, saber flicking this way and that, laying about himself more freely now that fewer droids were left and he had room to operate. It seemed like he killed hundreds of droids before finally none were standing. In that time, only a few had taken shots, and they had more often hit each other than Locke.

"Gratuitous violence will only get you so far!" the voice said.

"It's gotten me far enough!" Locke shot back.

More droids came, and he was starting to think this was ridiculous. What a story it would make when he got back. Yes, I picked up a random artifact. And then I was attacked by half an army's worth of battle droids. "That's believable," Locke growled under his breath, as he began slicing through this new group, wondering how much longer this Clone Wars-esque nightmare was going to last.

Then one of the droids started beeping. Locke's eyes went wide and he hurled himself as far across the room as he could, putting a Force barrier between himself and it just as it exploded and fire filled half the warehouse. He landed with a hard thud, grunting as the wind was knocked from his lungs.

As the smoke cleared he heard the voice again. "Are you dead yet?!"

"Not yet!" he yelled. Then there were more explosions. Deciding he had had enough, Locke desperately ran toward the nearest exit and decided this was not worth it. He made it to freedom and as he exited the warehouse; the entire thing exploded.

Then everything went black.