

GREAT JEDI WAR XV: Against All Odds

By Ood Bnar

Dajorra System

Selen

Approach, Fort Blindshot

'When had these trenches been dug again?' the Neti wondered as he ran past noncoms, dodging past a group trying to cantilever a large cannon over the edge in order to aim it towards the jungle's edge. 'What battles had Fort Blindshot been in again? Or was this a preventative measure that never saw action?'

It had been some time since whatever-it-was had crashed into the jungle. People were getting jittery as the wait got longer. Advance teams had been sent into the wilds to run guerrilla attacks and perform delay tactics but sounds had yet to penetrate the treeline. 'A frantic anthill or hive,' that's what this situation reminded the warlord of. Soldiers running all over the place yet maintaining silence in order to ensure they'd hear both the enemy approach and to allow any clues of the advance guard's fate to reach them.

As Ood walked up a ramp at the back of the approach field, looked back upon the fortified field. Slowly, gun emplacements started to pop up from deep ditches along the meandering approach road. He stepped aside as a group of engineers moved past to help block the road at each twisted corner. In a moment, he'd expected to see another group to set up gun nests in each reinforced corner.

Moving through the gate into the fortress itself, the old Arconan looked up to see people rushing about the battlements, performing final checks on the built-in emplacements that hadn't seen active use in decades. Artillery batteries were being retooled and aimed away from the sky and into the jungle. What did a turbolaser barrage hitting jungle look like again? He remembered once seeing an orbital bombardment from a distance but those were spaceborne weapons, not terrestrial artillery.

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Battlements, Fort Blindshot

"... and so sir, I think we're not going to be able to rely on ..." with a handwave, the Equite silenced the Major. "I sense a disturbance, listen, is that gunfire?"

The nearby troops immediately turned towards the edge, trying to see if they could see what the old Sith had sensed. Behind them, the Neti began barking orders and warnings into a commlink, alerting everyone to be on guard. Below the battlements, the alerted soldiers looked into the

jungle in time to see shadows move between the trees. Coloured blades flashing here and there in the dark. Journeymen and junior knights started to appear, dashing towards the defences as junior Equites covered their retreat. “The Elders and senior Equites must have sent them back while they keep harrowing the enemy.” “Sir, I don’t think they’ll make it.” the Major responded as crystal infused horrors began to appear from the treeline.

“Tell your men to get ready to fire upon the enemy wherever they can without risking the young ones,” Ood slowly removed his outer robes and handed them to the Major, “Oh and tell them, while they shouldn’t aim for me, anything sent near me may be redirected into the opponents!”

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Approach, Fort Blindshot

As the soldiers prepared, they wondered what command meant with “not hitting the Warlord.” A roar of rage punctured the field, forcing any who heard it to redirect their attention upwards. A tree had launched itself from the battlements, white blade piercing the gloom. The old Equite had decided to go help his juniors’ retreat.