

Centam turned to the small group of soldiers he had managed to rally. Several of them were badly wounded, and none of them had managed to avoid injury in their desperate charge for this small fort.

“Okay. Here’s the plan,” he said, fully intending to lead them in a charge against the enemy. What came out of his mouth surprised them all.

“We need to defend this place. It’s got the best defenses, and it’s on high ground. If we take turns watching for attackers, we can have the best warning. In the event of an advance, we hunker down behind the walls and take turns firing at them. Since I have a lightsaber, I’ll be able to provide a bit of additional protection for any who are staying back. Any questions?”

A soldier near the back tentatively raised a hand.

“What if we’re overrun?”

Centam made up his mind to go along with the plan the Force had given him, rather than turn around and follow his original intentions. He noticed the others were looking at him questioningly and he thought over the question quickly, voicing his final thoughts.

“I am glad you asked, since I forgot to tell you. I’ve noticed a small tunnel that leads deeper into the hill. After exploring it, I’ve determined that it leads to a heavily armored bunker that has a good supply of food and water, along with a small quantity of bacta. We should be safe there.”

“Isn’t our mission to distract the enemy army and give the civilians time to evacuate?” another soldier protested.

Centam pondered over this for a few seconds. “Yes,” he finally replied. “That’s why we are going to provide the best distraction this battlefield has ever seen. If we can make the enemy try their hardest to take this place, the people will have all the time in the world to leave.”

After no one else spoke, they began to execute the plan.

To get the enemy’s attention, Centam shot a couple blaster bolts in their general direction. This worked too well, as the main force of the army turned to stomp out the insignificant bug, the flea that was biting at them.

Diving under cover, Centam narrowly avoided being completely destroyed by a hail of fire. The bolts traveled overhead and into the sky. Standing back up carefully, Centam began a deadly dance with death. His lightsaber blade flashed back and forth, deflecting shots away from himself and others, creating a small bubble of protection from the storm.

He was forced to back up, however, when his men began to return fire, lest he accidentally hit one of them. This caution inevitably worked against him. Seconds later, the first men fell dead, hit in the left eye by a flaming red blaster bolt. An additional soldier fell soon after.

Raging internally at these needless deaths, Centam stepped up his game, beating back bolt after bolt with a new intensity. The Force guided his whirling blade more often than not, clipping shots away from his soldiers and letting them shoot through. This allowed them to gradually take out more of that massive army, though they were also running low on power for the blasters.

As the last bolt was fired, the enemy was upon them.

“Pull back! To the bunker!” Centam shouted to his men, hoping to himself that at least the majority of the innocent people had made it out of the city. Sealing the door behind himself, he joined his men in the bunker.