

# THE LAST JEDI GATHERING

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**STAR  
WARS**

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# **The Last Jedi Gathering**

A Star Wars Story

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*A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...*

## **Rebellion**

The Jedi Master Aric Tarek ran through the corridors of the Jedi Temple as blaster shots from the soldiers echoed behind him. Unbeknownst to him, Order 66 was underway, which meant that all Jedi were to be killed by the clones of the Galactic Republic's army. The temple had been surrounded by rebel troops, who launched a ruthless assault as part of an unprecedented coup whose scope and magnitude were still unpredictable.

Amidst the prevailing confusion, Aric managed to regroup with a band of survivors. Among them was his loyal and inseparable friend, Jedi Master Gaius Dun. Both had been brought to the temple on the same day when they were still very young. Since then, they forged an unbreakable friendship, growing together and delving into the mysteries of the Jedi Order under the guidance of prestigious masters, eventually becoming respected generals fighting side by side in the recent Clone Wars.

The small group found refuge in one of the administrative offices on the upper floor of the temple. Its main access, the grand staircase, was guarded by Gaius, who had erected a makeshift barricade using furniture remnants. Among the fortified, there were a handful of young padawans and some members of the Jedi Service Corps.

General Gaius Dun was an atypical Jedi. Though lacking remarkable piloting skills and having somewhat limited lightsaber proficiency, he possessed an extraordinary communion with the Force, particularly concerning mind control.

His bravery and audacity quickly turned him into a prestigious leader. He excelled in leading special assault commandos and was highly effective in infiltration operations behind enemy lines. He was renowned for devising clever tactics that allowed him to capture

prominent enemy leaders and effectively sabotage logistics and communication centers.

A fervent follower of Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn's teachings, Gaius Dun was a great scholar of the Living Force. In his youth, he undertook a long initiatory journey on the planet Dathomir, where rumors suggest he learned techniques of the dark side of the Force from Mother Talzin, a Nightsister. These rumors were reinforced by his subsequent long stays on the enigmatic planet Bardotta. In fact, he was the only Jedi to whom Queen Julia granted access to the planet after the dark incident Frangawl, in which Jedi Master Mace Windu and Senate representative Jar Jar Binks were involved. It is said that during his mysterious stays on the planet, he recovered ancient knowledge in the use of the Force, developing dark arts. Some claim that Gaius used these powers to read the minds of prisoners he interrogated during the war.

Despite his undeniable qualities, his defiant and rebellious attitude did not fit well with the strictness of the Order. He frequently clashed with the Jedi High Council, and rumors spread that his disagreements with Master Mace Windu were the reason he had not yet attained a position of responsibility within the order. His energetic speech in defense of Count Dooku's theses at the beginning of the war became famous, where he highlighted the contradictions of the Jedi. These actions earned him numerous hostilities among his peers, but also garnered a special respect from those who shared a more reformist vision of the Order.

With scarce resources at hand, Gaius showcased his tactical abilities to establish an effective defense setup. The few blasters that could be taken from the armory during the initial phase of the attack were efficiently placed, crossing fire along the grand staircase. The most experienced Jedi, including Gaius himself, stood at the front lines, deflecting enemy blaster shots with their lightsabers. Any frontal attack was a complete suicide, as the first clones who dared to try found their bodies piling up at the foot of the staircase. As long as they could hold the high ground, that position would be very difficult to take.

However, there were few reasons for hope. After all, the assailants were numerous, well-armed, and seasoned veterans with extensive combat experience forged in years of fighting in the Clone Wars. The small group of survivors, poorly armed, was hardly a match for the

professional rebel army. Moreover, time was against them. They lacked water, food, and medical assistance for the wounded. They couldn't afford for the siege to drag on for too long. It was necessary to devise a plan that would break the blockade as soon as possible.

While Gaius led the defense, Aric Tarek tried to communicate with other possible resistance cells. He hoped to find out what was happening in Coruscant and other areas of the temple to assess the forces they could rely on to organize a counterattack.

General Aric Tarek had a well-deserved reputation as a brilliant military strategist. He was recognized for his great ability to analyze complex situations on the battlefield and develop innovative strategies to effectively exploit the enemy's weaknesses. Combining his methodical approach with a daring spirit, he often made risky decisions and executed improbable maneuvers that almost always ended successfully.

His loyalty to the Jedi Order was unquestionable, and his personal friendship with the prestigious Master Ki-Adi-Mundi had earned him considerable influence in the Jedi High Council. Many were convinced that once the Clone Wars were over, Aric would hold an important position in the Jedi hierarchy.

Despite their differences, Aric and Gaius were inseparable. Over the years, they had learned to respect each other's strengths. While Gaius admired Aric's audacity and strategic vision, Aric valued Gaius' calmness and wisdom. Amidst a galaxy convulsed by war, the two friends found a unique way to combine their abilities and form a formidable duo of generals. Their teamwork and the combination of their skills allowed them to overcome obstacles and achieve resounding victories on countless occasions. Both were aware that their true power lay in the unity of their abilities.

The situation for the group started to become desperate when Aric realized that communications with the outside of the Jedi temple had been cut off. They couldn't receive help from the outside nor communicate the situation they were in. The efficiency and professionalism of the troopers were well-known, and it became evident that one of their first actions was to install disruptors to control the transmissions, electronically isolating the building.

Without external assistance, their hopes of survival gradually diminished as the siege tightened. The grand staircase was their only

possible way out. Maintaining control of that corridor of death was vital for their survival, and they were going to defend it inch by inch. They knew that as long as the battle lasted, they would manage to tie down numerous enemy troops in the siege. Those troopers wouldn't have the freedom to attack other positions or confront the Republic loyalist troops that were likely fighting insurgents throughout Coruscant. The two generals had confidence that their sacrifice would not be in vain.

Aric used his powerful holographic communicator, the Hush-98, to try and establish contact with Maya Raythorne, his young Padawan, whom he knew was inside the temple. Though he received no response, his communicator seemed to be active, indicating that she was still within the building. He then attempted to contact Kira Lesh, Gaius' Padawan, whose communicator appeared to be non-operational. This was not a good sign.

The master continued reaching out to other Jedi who he knew were stationed in Coruscant and might be inside the temple. He tried without success with Mace Windu, Kit Fisto, and Minas Velti. Unfortunately, none of them responded to his desperate calls, and even worse, their holographic communicators seemed to be turned off. They simply weren't responding to the signals sent. He hoped they were outside the temple; otherwise, the absence of signal could mean they had been captured or worse, eliminated.

Aric recalled seeing Anakin Skywalker in the temple earlier that day before the rebellion began. He was unsure if Anakin had managed to leave before the chaos, so he attempted to contact him immediately. Though Anakin did not respond to his calls, he noticed that, like Maya, his communicator was active. This meant that Anakin was inside the temple. If they could somehow make contact with him, they would have a powerful ally to repel the aggressive force.

Suddenly, the general realized that all the troops he had faced since the crisis began belonged to detachments of the 501st Legion. This was precisely the elite corps commanded by Anakin Skywalker. It was highly likely that Anakin himself was now a prisoner of his own soldiers, at best. But what about Chancellor Palpatine? Was he still in control of the Republic? Had he been captured by the rebels? Who was leading the 501st now? Captain Rex seemed unlikely. Aric found it inconceivable that such loyal and noble soldiers could act on

their own in such an act of disobedience. There had to be someone influential, perhaps a member of the Senate, behind this coup. A separatist plot could not be ruled out. He knew that once they quelled the rebellion, the Order would have a lot of work to unravel the extent of the conspiracy.

But for now, they had to focus on the present. Every minute counted.

Frustrated, Aric looked up from his communicator and glanced at his companion, Gaius. He sensed an eerie silence around them. While distant gunshots could still be heard, this part of the temple remained quiet and relatively calm. The grand staircase was clear, and the clones had stopped attacking. From experience, he knew this was not a good sign. The enemies were preparing something, and the surprise would undoubtedly be unpleasant. Despite he had a bad feeling about this, he decided it was time to take action.

—I have very good news for you, Gaius —said Aric—. No Jedi is responding. No one is coming to help us.

—And is that good news? —Gaius inquired.

—They are because it means we'll have to get out of here on our own, just like in the old good times.

—Do you have a plan? —Gaius asked.

—You know I always come up with something —Aric smiled. —We can access the lower floor by surprise and move through the outer service corridors. With a bit of luck, we'll quickly reach the Grand Ceremonial Hall, the only relatively dangerous place where we might have to fight our way through. From there, we can easily reach the workshop section. As it is a droid-designated area, it will be poorly guarded. There, we might find a vehicle to escape.

—It sounds like a suicide plan, very typical of you —Gaius responded sarcastically. —I like it. Your deliriums almost always work, but how do we access the lower floor with the staircase blocked?

Aric smiled. He ignited his lightsaber and gestured as if to draw a circle on the ground. It was evident that he intended to use the immense power of the lightsaber to create a hole for their escape.

—Once in the workshops, we'll have to get hold of some civilian transport —Aric continued. —Our only chance to survive is to flee towards the center of Coruscant and hide among the population.



Tonight, escaping the planet is impossible. We'd be an easy target for the rebel Z-95 fighters.

—Don't worry about that —Gaius said.— I know a few unsavory characters in the lower levels of the city who owe me favors. Smugglers and traders who are skilled at hiding. They can keep us hidden for some time.

—Excellent —replied Aric.— Once there, we must be cautious and avoid drawing attention. If we move discreetly, we can evade our pursuers. At least until it becomes feasible to escape the planet.

Suddenly, a loud snap ended the conversation. Aric's holographic screen activated, and a silhouette struggled to materialize through the multiple signal interferences that distorted the image. The figure finally stabilized enough to be recognizable. It showed a young Twi'lek wielding a lightsaber. It was Maya Raythorne, Aric's Padawan.

—You're alive! —Aric exclaimed.— I tried to reach you so many times! Where are you?

—I'm in the main classroom with the younglings, Master. We're being attacked by a squad of the 501st Legion. We need help urgently. We won't be able to hold on much longer.

—Is Kira with you? —Gaius interrupted the conversation.

—Yes, Master Dun. His Padawan is with us, but she's severely injured. She's fighting to stay conscious. We've moved her to the meditation room with the surviving younglings.

—Roger —Aric affirmed with concern.— We're going to execute an escape plan that revolves around the Grand Ceremonial Hall. That's very close to your position. If I recall correctly, there's a small service corridor that connects to the classrooms. Do you have a clear path to the hall?

—Negative. We're completely surrounded —his padawan replied.— The clones are also attacking us from that corridor, but it's very narrow, and it's easy to contain them there.

—Then we must act quickly —Aric said.— As soon as we reach the Grand Hall, we'll attack the clones from behind and make contact with your group.

—Please, be careful —Maya replied.

At that moment, a large cloud of dust completely covered Maya. The already deteriorated communications abruptly ceased, and the hologram disappeared.

But there was no time for regrets. A series of characteristic metallic creaks, coming from the grand staircase, caused everyone to turn their heads in the same direction. As the sound increased, tension rose, especially among the brave defenders stationed at the barricade.

—If that's what I think, I'm afraid we'll have to postpone the rescue plan —Gaius said.

—An all terrain tactical enforcer! —Aric exclaimed.— They must be desperate to bring an AT-TE inside the temple. They're coming for us.

Indeed, the footsteps of the walker became increasingly closer until its silhouette suddenly appeared in the field of view from the staircase. The robust vehicle had an intimidating appearance. Elevated on its six articulated legs, it allowed the pilot to move above the debris scattered everywhere, a result of the detonations and demolitions carried out by the assault soldiers. At its front, it had a heavy laser cannon ready to fire powerful energy blasts.

The spine-chilling sight of the AT-TE maneuvering to take a favorable combat position caused genuine terror among the defenders. Some of them dropped their blasters to the ground and retreated to the back of the Grand Hall. Gaius and Aric broke the tension of the moment by drawing an ironic smile on their lips. They had faced enemy armored vehicles on numerous occasions and knew that maneuvering these vehicles between buildings made them vulnerable. In combat, experience surpassed everything.

Aric extended his left hand towards one of the blasters on the ground. He used the Force to make the weapon fly towards him, firmly grasping it. With determination, he knelt behind the barricade and carefully aimed at the armored vehicle.

The huge vehicle had nearly aligned itself with the staircase, positioning itself for an acceptable shot. It was raising its cannon, preparing to fire a blast along the corridor towards the upper floor, where the impact could eliminate everyone. The gunner was programming the vehicle for a firing solution. The explosion was imminent.

But it never came. The frontal position of the vehicle offered a very small yet reachable target for a skilled shooter. Aric didn't waste the opportunity presented to him and the quarren fired two shots in

quick succession, hitting the driver and the gunner. The AT-TE had been disabled within seconds thanks to the Jedi's skill.

—Blasters are such uncivilized weapons —Gaius said with sarcasm.— You'll disappoint Obi-Wan when he finds out what you did.

—As long as they allow us to eliminate enemies at that distance, they are welcome —Aric replied with a grin.— Every time they try to replace the gunner, they'll count another casualty. It'll be like a shooting gallery.

— Perfect —said Gaius.— As soon as they try again and you fire the shot, I'll make a daring exit down the staircase. I'll go alone. They'll be so surprised to see me that they'll barely react. While I distract them, you should use the opportunity to escape according to the plan. I'll cover your retreat, and we'll regroup at the Grand Hall.

—I see it as suicidal, but I think it's our only chance. Take care, old friend. May the Force be with you! —Aric concluded.

At that precise moment, a second AT-TE appeared on the scene. However, this time, the crew took note of what happened to their predecessor. Instead of putting the pilot's and gunner's cabins within range, the armored vehicle maneuvered out of Aric's line of sight, exposing only the tip of its powerful cannon. Now the weapon pointed diagonally towards a target on the lower floor, just below the position of the defenders. The vehicle came to a stop with a click, and everyone heard the start of the energy ray charging process.

—What are they doing? —Gaius asked.— From that position, they wouldn't be able to shoot us.

Suddenly, Aric fully understood what was happening.

—Everyone, take cover! —Aric exclaimed.— Quickly! They're going to shoot the support columns on the lower floor! They intend to demolish this level of the building!

But the warning came too late. The onslaught caught the jedi's by surprise. The massive explosion shook the entire building. The ground collapsed beneath the defenders' feet, and a massive ball of light and heat engulfed them completely.

# The Code

The Jedi lay lifeless on the ground, wrapped in a blanket of dust that floated in the air. The shockwave from the tremendous explosion and the collapsing floor had rendered him unconscious and vulnerable amidst the destruction.

As he regained consciousness, he felt a heavy weight on his chest, as if an invisible giant was slowly crushing him. His breath was labored and suffocating, hindered by the thick layer of dust filling the air and seeping into his lungs. His eyelids felt as heavy as a neuranium alloy, but he fought to open his eyes, eager to see what had transpired.

He struggled to move, feeling every muscle protesting in agony. His mind, still in a state of confusion, grappled to comprehend the magnitude of the tragedy surrounding him. Gradually, his awareness started to take shape, like pieces of a puzzle slowly coming together.

With renewed strength and a sense of purpose, he pushed himself forward, freeing himself from the debris that held him captive. The pain he felt was immense. Burns and lacerations covered his body, but nothing that a night in a bacta tank couldn't fix. However, his left arm was in a dire state and undoubtedly required Healing Fire Crystals. It hung limply, possibly broken in several places. The pain was unbearable, and he had to draw on all his Jedi mental powers to ignore it.

Finally, Gaius Dun managed to sit up.

Due to the devastating attack, the entire area was engulfed in darkness. The shadows that enveloped him became a somber symbol of the situation he was in. It was not just a physical darkness; it was an emotional darkness that threatened to overwhelm him.

As he moved through the debris of the collapsed building, he had to ignite his lightsaber to light his path. It was fortunate that he still had it, and even more unusual that it still worked.

Everything around him was a desolate scene. The area had been reduced to a pile of rubble and ruins. Walls had collapsed, structures had crumbled, and the ceiling had fallen in a deadly cloud of dust.

The sight of motionless bodies stirred in him a feeling of profound sadness and despair. His comrades, who had once shared his mission and purpose, were now immersed in a sea of death and destruction.

For a long time, he searched in vain for the body of his friend, Aric Tarek, while wondering how he himself was still alive.

It was evident that the clones had deemed him dead. The Force had shown him great respect.

The complete absence of troopers in the area and the absolute silence indicated that the fighting had likely ceased. The resistance had come to a complete halt. It was the opportune moment to try to leave the temple without being discovered.

But before that, he had to rescue his Padawans.

Staggering and coughing, he reached the entrance to one of the side corridors of the temple. Before venturing in, he turned around and gave one last look at the pile of debris. He mentally bid farewell to his friend, Aric. Surely, the Quarren was already one with the Force. The Jedi couldn't help his eyes from welling up.

Stealthily, he moved through the corridor, avoiding the scattered debris. He also had to dodge several bodies strewn along the way. Jedi and soldiers lay intermingled. The battle must have been intense there.

The master was aware that the stress could cloud his thinking and lead him to make wrong decisions in a critical moment. He chose to focus his mind on the present through the meditation of the five essential lines of the Jedi Code. Reciting the age-old mantra in the context of a battle was an effective meditation technique that his master had taught him long ago when he was just a child. He had always been grateful for this, as it proved invaluable in successfully resolving extremely delicate situations during the Clone Wars.

***—There is no emotion, there is peace—***

As he rounded a corner, he spotted a pair of clone soldiers standing guard at the end of the hallway. They also noticed his presence and welcomed him with a series of precise shots. He struggled to block the rays with his lightsaber, realizing that using just one hand would make it very difficult to deflect them accurately towards his attackers. The path was blocked.

The Jedi then chose to use a technique he had developed with Aric Tarek during the recent siege of Saleucami. The trick had proved highly effective in advancing through the narrow tunnels leading to the city's perimeter shield generator. He deactivated his lightsaber

and threw it forcefully towards the clones, pulling his uninjured arm back for momentum. The lightsaber's hilt traveled in a straight line down the middle of the hallway towards the soldiers, who stopped firing, surprised. Using the Force to control its trajectory, he made the lightsaber spin rapidly. At the precise moment it was about to pass between the two soldiers, the Jedi ignited the lightsaber, mentally exerting pressure on the button. The beam of light acted like a massive scythe, cutting the clones in half.

—I hope you've enjoyed Aric's gift —Gaius snapped as he walked between the two figures, using his mind to draw the lightsaber's hilt into his hand.

He crossed the door guarded by the troopers and entered the Jedi Archives Hall. There, he was met with a terrible scene. The shelves were overturned, holocrons containing Jedi wisdom were scattered and destroyed everywhere. Fire was raging in several areas, threatening to consume the few shelves that remained intact. With the distant sound of clone voices echoing in their ears, Gaius ventured deeper into the vast library facility. As he advanced, he witnessed charred shelves swaying and collapsing, sending dust and debris flying in all directions. Library relics and artifacts shattered upon hitting the ground, adding to the cacophony of chaos.

In the Jedi Archive, he found no bodies. It was evident that no battle had taken place there. There was only senseless destruction. Those ignorants had come to destroy culture, to rid themselves of the legacy of Jedi knowledge accumulated over generations. A millennium of history had been destroyed. A victory for these beasts would cast a dark shadow over the Republic. The cultural diversity of its planets and its freedom would be restricted. Discrimination and exclusion would undoubtedly prevail. However, this would only be the beginning, the general thought, as where books are burned, so too are people.

Disgusted, Gaius left the archive through one of the ceiling conduits, where ventilation and communication systems were distributed. He knew the maze of tubes filled with cables that ran through a large part of the temple very well. As a youngling, he used them regularly to hide from punishments or as a secret access to infiltrate the classrooms when he was late for class. Many times, he used them in the opposite direction to leave the lessons that bored

him and take refuge in the Jedi Archive. There, he had the protection and complicity of Master Archivist Jocasta Nu, who stimulated his curiosity by providing him with a multitude of holocrons full of knowledge. It was in this way that, behind the backs of his masters, he began delving into the secrets of the Living Force and learned about the mysterious Frangawl cult, whose study would become his passion throughout his life.

*—There is no ignorance, there is knowledge—*

He fondly remembered Jocasta Nu and wondered about her fate. Knowing the professionalism of the Master Archivist, Gaius was sure that the insurrection would have caught her working in the grand archive. He knew that, had she been at her post, Jocasta Nu would never have allowed such destruction. With no bodies in the area, he wanted to believe that the venerable Jedi might have escaped in time, although his experience told him that it was more likely that the Master had been executed outside the premises. His eyes welled up again, but this time he couldn't contain the tears that slowly slid down his beard.

He crawled painfully through the narrow conduits in a journey that seemed endless. Finally, he reached a spacious chamber with a small exit grille. If his memory didn't fail him, that opening should be right above the meditation chamber, the last reported location of Maya.

He kicked down the grille with his sturdy leather boots. He passed through the small hole feet-first, groaning in pain as he bumped his burns against the opening. He hung for a moment from the conduit before rolling to the ground to cushion the impact.

He slowly got up in a small room illuminated only by the eerie light of the flames visible through the windows. He found himself in one of the training rooms for younglings, the Jedi apprentices who hadn't yet been assigned a master. As he looked around, he encountered a heartbreaking scene. The room's furniture was overturned and destroyed, evidence of the battle that had taken place there. The floor was covered in dark stains. Young bodies lay scattered everywhere. Some were lying on their backs with closed eyes and expressions of pain on their faces. Others rested in twisted and unnatural positions. Gaius Dun was horrified by the sight of

those younglings, identifying many of them as his students. He also recognized the padawans of some known Jedi knights. He even distinguished several young knights who had been knighted earlier than usual due to the urgent needs of the war. He concluded that the teaching rooms had witnessed the final act of the temple assault. There, the last Jedi generations had given their lives. The future of the Order had been virtually annihilated.

Suddenly, an intense pain clouded his mind. He had just discovered the figure of his young padawan among the bodies scattered throughout the room. Little Kira Lesh lay on her back on the floor. A little further away, he also glimpsed the unmistakable form of Maya Raythorne, Aric's young Twi'lek padawan. The Jedi made a tremendous effort to control his emotions, which he barely managed. It was extremely difficult for him to banish from his mind the shadow of intense disturbing hatred, a clear prelude to the Dark Side.

Devastated, he sat beside Kira's body and carefully rested the head of the very young Rodian between his thighs, tenderly stroking her green forehead. Unable to avoid it, his mind was suddenly engulfed by a sinister image of the young girl's recent past. In his vision, the padawan heroically fought, defending the lives of a group of very young younglings who huddled behind her, their minds clouded with terror. Through Kira's eyes, he could see with astonishment how a sinister figure with a hidden face emerged from among the attackers, wielding an ignited lightsaber.

The mastery of the Living Force, the energy of all living things, is a power that very few Jedi possess, and its control and mastery require a lifetime of study and dedication. Gaius Dun undoubtedly had a special sensitivity that no Jedi had achieved, earning him the respect and fear of his peers. His mastery of Tai Vordrax, the technique to relive experiences of the past through the Force present in objects, was so intense that at times he could receive visions spontaneously, without intending to. For most of his colleagues, it was considered a hidden art, closely related to the Dark Side of the Force. In fact, the Jedi Council expressly discouraged its use on deceased individuals, as the emotions preceding a violent death are so intense that the deceased person likely had some contact with the dark side, potentially dragging anyone who dared to revive them.



Despite the enormous danger it represented, unveiling the identity of the sinister figure through psychometry was perhaps the only chance Gaius had to find out why his world had turned completely upside down. The information obtained could be crucial in attempting to save what remained of the Jedi Order.

Through the essential physical contact with the padawan, Gaius decided to commune with the remnants of the Living Force that still lingered within Kira's body, initiating a meditation process that placed him in a trance. Almost immediately, his mind filled with visions that showed him the drama of Kira's final moments. Through the young girl's eyes, he could relive the intrusion into the room by a group of clones led by the dark figure. He saw them carry out the massacre without a trace of pity or emotion. The vision showed the young Maya protecting Kira until the end, giving her life to defend the last surviving padawans. He could feel through his padawan's body as she lay on the ground, gravely wounded and unarmed, pleading for mercy.

He watched in terror as the sinister character stood before Kira, revealing his face to her. His face became entirely clear, completely stripping away the darkness that surrounded him. To his surprise, the figure revealed himself as the Jedi Knight Anakin Skywalker.

He was the Chosen One.

Horrified, Gaius Dun witnessed as Anakin coldly annihilated the last surviving children and then, in a cruel and slow manner, executed his padawan by piercing her with his lightsaber.

The master emerged from the trance with his mind completely clouded. Anakin Skywalker, the hero of the Republic, had betrayed the Jedi and was leading the massacre of innocent younglings. It was he who was guiding the clone troops to the total destruction of the Jedi Order. He was the one leading the insurrection. It was the 501st Legion, his chosen troops, that acted as his iron fist.

Completely exhausted from the mental effort, Gaius collapsed beside the young padawan's body. Normally, the use of Tai Vordrax required extreme mental concentration, especially when applied to lifeless objects or when traveling far back in time. The Jedi's mind was now a whirlwind of overwhelming thoughts and emotions intertwined with feelings of deep sadness, hopelessness, and disappointment. Both his body and mind had been battered by that

experience. Aware of the gravity of the situation, he turned to meditation once again to restore his balance.

***—There is no chaos, there is harmony—***

As he slowly recovered, he understood that there was little hope of survival for the Jedi Order. He needed to urgently contact the surviving members of the Jedi Council to organize the defense and neutralize the rebellion led by Skywalker. Fortunately, most of the Council members were far away from Coruscant, participating in various missions to eradicate the last remnants of the separatists and end the war. This kept them out of Anakin's focus. They could likely organize a general counteroffensive on Coruscant, leading the loyal troops stationed throughout the galaxy. He knew for certain that his friend Depa Billaba and the powerful Plo Koon were on missions off-planet.

Gaius had to leave the temple as soon as possible and inform them of what had happened from a safe location. It was urgent to warn them about who was in charge of the insurrection so they wouldn't fall into Skywalker's trap. Then he would try to organize the resistance in the Republic's capital. Perhaps he could contact Master Shaak Ti and other surviving Jedi still on Coruscant to focus the defense around Chancellor Palpatine. He hoped that the leader of the Republic hadn't been captured yet by Anakin. Maybe he still held power hidden somewhere on the planet. Surely, time was running in favor of the traitor, and it was necessary to neutralize him as soon as possible.

Still very weakened from the effort, he slowly stood up and staggered toward the classroom door. The room was very close to the Grand Ceremonial Hall, and he could probably reach it without being seen using the service corridor. Before leaving the classroom, he turned his head to look at his dear Padawan, Kira Lesh, one last time. He swore by their memory and that of all the fallen Jedi on that terrible day to do everything in his power to save the Order and restore balance.

He hurriedly advanced along the long service corridor, occasionally leaning against the wall for support. The journey was very painful as he had to constantly maneuver around the bodies that

littered the path. As Maya had indicated, the battle must have been fierce on that front. Although he was exhausted, he was recovering quickly. However, the pain from his wounds clouded his mind, especially the terrible state of his left arm. He stopped halfway and struggled to open one of the pouches on his belt. From there, he took out a personal communicator with which he established contact with his astromech droid using an encoded transmission.

—Listen carefully, M1X-4, I need you to prepare my Delta-7 starfighter for a very important mission —Gaius ordered.— We may be the last hope of the Jedi Order, and we must leave immediately for the planet Stewjon to meet secretly with Master Selene.

The astromech droid confirmed the order from the workshops located just below the Grand Ceremonial Hall. Deploying its wheels, it swiftly headed towards Gaius Dun's Aethersprite-class light interceptor.

However, Gaius recalled the wise reflection made by his friend Aric Tarek and suddenly changed his mind.

—Forget what I told you, Mix-four —Gaius ordered.— The airspace of Coruscant must be in the hands of the 501. Flying off-planet at this moment is a suicide mission.

M1X-4 acknowledged the counter-order with beeps.

—Affirmative, Mix-four —clarified Gaius— Anakin is behind the rebellion. Listen carefully. I want you to board Aric Tarek's airspeeder and wait for me at the door of the workshops, right below the windows of the Grand Ceremonial Hall. Wait for me there and get ready to speed down to the lower levels of the planet. If anyone asks, tell them you are waiting for an important character to take them to dinner.

In the Republic army's slang, "taking someone to dinner" meant transporting a prisoner to the interrogation center. Gaius thought that phrase wouldn't raise suspicions among the clones. Nor would using Aric's RGC-16 speeder. His friend was proud of the vehicle, but in reality, it was quite common. Many similar vehicles had been confiscated by the troops under his command during the war, so he assumed they wouldn't find it unusual for someone to use it for prisoner transport. Moreover, an ordinary vehicle like that wouldn't raise many suspicions while traveling through the lower levels of Coruscant. Lending his precious vehicle would be a posthumous service from his friend Aric.

The Jedi continued on his way and, after finishing crossing the hallway, cautiously entered the Grand Hall. It was an immense space, completely open, with an octagonal floor crowned by a glass dome and surrounded by large windows. This magnificent installation was used for the celebration of significant ceremonies and rites of passage.

To his relief, the hall was completely empty, except for the bodies of a good number of soldiers and Jedi lying motionless on the floor. The once pristine walls now bore the marks of blaster fire, silent witnesses to the confrontation that had taken place there. Silence weighed in the air, only interrupted by the faint murmur of the wind seeping through the broken windows.

The master resumed his walk, cautiously crossing the hall to head towards the stairs leading to the workshops. But just as he stood under the great dome, he stopped, dismayed. His body trembled as his mind darkened with visions of future events. His great sensitivity to the Force allowed him to perceive the proximity of a looming dark shadow about to cross the main threshold of the hall.

When he turned towards the entrance, the dark silhouette of Anakin Skywalker was already outlined against the light filtering through the main door of the Great Hall.

—Where do you think you're going, Gaius?

The young Jedi ignited his lightsaber and advanced menacingly toward the general. He was accompanied by a group of troopers who quickly deployed, forming a wide circle around the two Jedi.

This time, there was no possible escape for Gaius. He had no chance against such a number of enemies and began to prepare himself mentally to become one with the Force. He knew that at any moment he would fall under the blasters of the clones. What he absolutely would not allow was to be executed by that arrogant traitor in any way.

—Anakin! How could you do this? —exclaimed Gaius.— Murdering defenseless younglings! All of this goes against what the Jedi stand for!

—I'm sorry, Gaius. I can't continue with the Jedi dogma— replied a sinister Anakin.— The Order is corrupted, and you can't blame me for it. You yourself repeatedly spoke out against it after the farce of a trial they held for my Padawan, Ahsoka Tano.

—You know well of my deep contempt for infallible authority —Gaius replied, measuring his words.— But change must be achieved through deliberate and free cooperation among equals. Never through a dictatorship, whatever its nature may be. And that is precisely what you bring with you.

The tension between the two Jedi was growing with each passing moment. As it escalated, freedom in the galaxy edged closer to the brink of the abyss. The Jedi Order was nearing its end.

—I was betrayed by the Jedi and the Republic —Anakin retorted.— Don't make me fight you. I thought you'd understand. You are the only Jedi I respect. The only one who defended Count Dooku's legacy before the High Jedi Council.

—You're making a mistake, Anakin —Gaius replied with careful calmness.— The true Order is the abolition of Authority. What Dooku preached was exactly the opposite. What about your loyalty to the Jedi Order? Doesn't it mean anything to you? What do you think you'll achieve by destroying it?

—I had hoped you would join me in cleansing the Republic —Anakin said.— I won't stop at anything to achieve it. If you don't, I'll have no choice but to kill you. But before you die, you'll reveal your secrets to me. I've come to claim all the Power.

—My secrets with the Force? —Gaius said incredulously.— Come and get them, Anakin! —Gaius retorted mockingly as he ignited his lightsaber, assuming a defensive stance.

Upon hearing this, Anakin initiated the attack, commencing a deadly dance of energy flashes. Known for his exceptional power and skill, the young Jedi displayed unmatched mastery in every move. Gaius, on the other hand, was at a disadvantage. With his left arm injured and exhausted from the mental effort, he was limited in his movements. Despite this disadvantage, he remained brave and determined, seeking any opportunity to counter his opponent's attacks.

The hum of lightsabers clashing filled the air and produced an eerie echo in the Grand Hall. The Jedi moved with grace and speed, closely watched by the trooper squad. Anakin used his strength and agility to execute fluid and precise movements, attempting to outmatch Gaius in every encounter. Meanwhile, Gaius moved slowly but skillfully dodged Anakin's attacks.

Despite his tenacity, Gaius began to show signs of fatigue and exhaustion. Anakin's strength and endurance were remarkable, and his combat expertise became increasingly evident. Anakin's attacks were faster and more forceful, and Gaius struggled to keep up.

Finally, Gaius was overpowered. Exhausted and wounded, he could no longer defend himself adequately against Anakin's relentless onslaught. At a critical moment in the duel, Anakin disarmed Gaius Dun, and his lightsaber flew to a corner of the room. Skywalker seized the opportunity to firmly grip Gaius by his injured arm, causing intense pain that spread throughout his body. Gaius, close to fainting, cried out in anguish, falling to his knees, completely defenseless against his opponent.

But in a bold move, Gaius decided to use his hidden powers.

***—There is no passion, there is serenity—***

Taking advantage of the physical contact with his opponent and despite playing with his last life breath, Gaius immediately entered a trance. His eyes rolled back at a dizzying speed, visualizing the events immediately leading up to the present moment. The temporal fabric of the Living Force linked to Anakin allowed him to travel much further into the past than he could with his Padawan. During his trance, he relived the moment when Anakin murdered the younglings. Only this time, he did so from Skywalker's perspective instead of his young Padawan's. He witnessed how the young Jedi killed Master Shaak Ti. He shuddered as he discovered how Anakin paid homage to a Sith Lord, who was none other than a cruelly deformed version of Supreme Chancellor Sheev Palpatine. He saw how Anakin betrayed Master Mace Windu and how the Sith killed him. But at the peak moment of mystical communion with the Living Force, Gaius traveled much further into the past, to a far-distant temporal plane...

Now Gaius knew the whole truth.

When Anakin Skywalker released Gaius Dun's arm, he slid slowly and pitifully to the ground, lying on his back, completely exhausted. From the coldness of the floor, his eyes stared glacially at the young Sith.

—You put your skills at the service of a Sith —murmured Gaius with a faint voice.— How could you betray the Jedi Order, Anakin? Or should I start calling you... Darth Vader?

Upon hearing these words, surprise flashed across Anakin's face. Only Palpatine was present when he pledged loyalty to the Sith under the name Darth Vader. How was it possible that Gaius Dun had found out? Perhaps those rumors about the sorcerer capable of reading minds were true. It was evident that the defeated gray Jedi lying at his feet was too dangerous. He had to eliminate him. But first, he had to take away his greatest power. The one Gaius guarded with the utmost secrecy and the reason why Skywalker had returned to the temple.

—So, you know my new name —Darth Vader replied.— Your powers are truly impressive, Gaius. But I also know some of your secrets. That which has tormented you for several years now. I have come for your daughter, Gaius. I want you to hand Tisha over to me.

Gaius's pupils dilated suddenly. With painful effort, he raised his torso from the ground and looked at the Sith firmly.

—Yes, Gaius. The youngling Tisha is the daughter you had secretly with Master Selene Voss —announced a defiant Vader.— Doesn't the Jedi Code prohibit parenthood? What would the High Jedi Council say about this?

Gaius began to crawl painfully backward, moving away from the Sith. His moans of pain as he scraped the floor with his wounds resonated in the grand dome, giving the scene a dramatic yet pathetic air. The Jedi was utterly exhausted from the mental effort he had put into interpreting the Living Force and moved with great clumsiness.

Satisfied, the Sith enjoyed his opponent's suffering. The scene was observed by the incredulous gaze of the troopers, who one by one removed their helmets to get a better view of the inevitable end of the Jedi general.

—For years, I've known that you passed your daughter off as an orphaned youngling to receive training in the temple —said a triumphant Vader.— I know that Selene and you have been secretly protecting her since then. She is the daughter of two powerful Jedi and the niece of a legendary master. The Force is extraordinarily strong in her, and she poses a great danger to the new Order. You understand that she must be eliminated.

Just then, Gaius Dun reached the very center of the Grand Hall. With difficulty, he got on his knees, sitting on his heels. After assuming the traditional meditation posture, he lowered his head to his chest and closed his eyes to enter the trance once more.

—I came for Tisha— Darth Vader said.— But I didn't sense her strong Force presence in the temple. I know you're hiding her, Gaius, and you're going to tell me where she is.

He then extended his right hand toward the staggering Jedi and, using the Dark Side, cruelly delved into the general's mind to find out Tisha's whereabouts.

However, Gaius Dun had other plans.

Despite his state of prostration and exhaustion, Vader's attempt to enter his mind barely represented a slight blockade for Gaius. His powerful mental control, the result of years of training in the dark arts of the Force, was far superior to that of the young Sith. They were now facing each other on a battlefield where Gaius was the unquestionable master. With the tactical advantage, Gaius decided to go on the offensive, using his hidden power. If there was still any hope of redeeming the Jedi Order, General Gaius would not hesitate to employ the power of the Dark Side itself to achieve it.

***—There is no death, there is the Force—***

Master Qui-Gon Jinn presented him with the possibility of its existence, the Great Mother Talzin showed him the way, and finally, Gaius Dun created and perfected the Force transfer by studying the Frangawl on the planet Bardotaa. Due to its danger, he never used the technique in combat, always opting for alternative solutions. But now, he had no other choice. This was his last hope.

The possibility of dying in the attempt was very high, so he would have to act with utmost care and decide the exact moment to stop his action. Determined, he used the little energy he had left to increase his concentration. He then initiated a process of interaction with the surrounding Living Force, generating a chain reaction that multiplied in several orders of magnitude every few seconds. His communion with the Force intensified as he merged with the environment in a unique way. To everyone's astonishment, his body began to vibrate violently as a mysterious green aura started to envelop him.



Slowly, Gaius extended his right fist towards Darth Vader. A mysterious halo of light was suddenly exhaled from Dun's arm towards his opponent, who was violently dragged several meters back, crashing against a wall under a large window. Gaius's aura grew more intense, and suddenly it transferred to Vader's body, which was engulfed by an intense green luminance. The Sith staggered as a series of green rays spun around him at high speed. Gaius opened his fist and brought his hand to his chest, not without difficulty. Suddenly, a powerful green ray of light accompanied by a loud boom erupted from Darth Vader, penetrating Gaius Dun's body, shaking him violently.

The Jedi then absorbed an enormous amount of Living Force extracted from Vader, who, in turn, weakened and fell to his knees. His body could not support him, and he collapsed forward, avoiding hitting his face at the last moment by putting his hands in front. Gaius felt the flow of the Force growing exponentially until his vitality was close to reaching its fullness. The process was on the verge of going out of control when Gaius managed to stop it, saving his life at the last moment. The green rays of light disappeared suddenly with a loud boom. A powerful shockwave spread from the center of the room to the outside. The energy blast threw the troopers out of the building through the windows, whose glass shattered from the conflagration. Some of the soldiers crashed against the walls of the room, becoming unconscious.

It had all lasted just a few seconds.

The general stood up with determination. He pointed his arm in the direction where his lightsaber lay, and it flew into his hand. He advanced step by step, slowly, towards his opponent while his tunic and hair fluttered in the breeze coming from outside. With each step, the ground trembled under his presence, demonstrating the Force that emanated from him. His serene and piercing gaze remained fixed on his rival, revealing a profound connection to the Force.

The sinister Sith still lay prostrate on the ground. His imposing figure, humiliated, swayed in a futile effort to stand up. With difficulty, he managed to fix a defiant and desperate look on the Jedi master.

Upon reaching his position, the general activated his lightsaber with a fluid motion. A brilliant column of purple light emerged from

the hilt, illuminating both of their faces with a warm and defiant glow.

—I'm afraid I won't be taking you prisoner, Vader —Gaius retorted with irony.

—Are you going to kill me, Gaius? —Vader inquired with resentment.— Are you seeking revenge?

—Like you did to Admiral Trench or Count Dooku? No, Vader. I am not an assassin —Gaius Dun replied firmly and deeply.— Revenge is not the Jedi way. I will never kill an unarmed opponent. I just wanted you to see my face illuminated by my Kyber crystal. I want you to remember it well in your nightmares.

The eyes of the young Sith, which previously radiated anger, now reflected infinite hatred. His heavy breathing sounded like an overwhelming lament as he tried to catch his breath. The hands that had wielded his lightsaber fiercely and skillfully just minutes ago now clung to the ground, fruitlessly trying to find some support to stand up.

The Jedi was aware of the danger of keeping Darth Vader alive. But he also knew that the true power of a Jedi lay in their will to defend what is right, no matter the adversities they faced, even when confronted with the most seductive temptations. However, even though he would recover, the young Sith would never reach the full extent of his potential power after the Force transfer he underwent.

—I know the Dark Side well, Vader. I've been there many times —Gaius pointed out.— But I assure you, there you won't find peace or redemption. The Force is like a river that flows seeking balance, and it will find it by returning you to the unimaginable suffering you caused —the master prophesied.

—Do you think pain scares me? —Vader shouted, enveloped in furious rage.— I eradicated all fear on my path to absolute power. I embraced the Dark Side by choice, not weakness. The Darkness is granting me unimaginable powers, and I don't care about the price. Nothing can stop my destiny, and that is to rule the galaxy with an iron fist.

—A true Jedi shouldn't control others nor allow others to control him —Gaius continued.— There's nothing more despicable than what you represent right now. You are scum. Rebel scum!

At the moment Vader was about to reply with fury, both contenders perceived slight vibrations in the Force, indicating the presence of a group of clones about to cross the threshold of the Grand Hall.

With agility and mastery, the Jedi performed an acrobatic leap, rising above one of the windows. There, he assumed a defensive position with his lightsaber ready for battle. The silhouette of the Jedi stood majestically in the window's opening, while his tunic billowed in the wind.

Without a word, the clones started firing from the entrance. With precise movements, Gaius deflected the rapid blaster shots, creating a luminous and spectacular dance in the air. Surprised by the Jedi's skill, the clones momentarily stepped back to rethink their strategy. Gaius Dun took advantage of this brief pause to address the Sith Lord for the last time.

—The Dark Side is powerful, but it won't give you what you are looking for —the master said as he bid farewell.— You will only find destruction and pain in your journey. You still have a chance to free yourself, Anakin. If you continue down this path, you will grasp something you won't be able to let go.

Having said that, he leaped backward through the enormous window opening and, with a masterful somersault, landed outside the building. He quickly spotted Aric's speeder, which was surrounded by a squad of soldiers. Confirming that this was the only threat present in the vicinity, he deactivated his lightsaber and hung it on his belt. He ran towards the airspeeder as the troopers approached him. Unfazed, he made a vigorous gesture with his open hand, and the clones were thrown away with extreme brutality, a striking demonstration of the Force flowing through the Jedi.

With a leap, he landed in the passenger seat and theatrically turned towards his loyal astromech droid, who occupied the driver's seat.

—Let's go, Mix-four. We have to visit some old acquaintances on level 1313. Disable the speed limiter, and don't stop for anything.

The old but reliable Tarek's RGC-16 roared to life, and the droid and the Jedi disappeared into the darkness of Coruscant's sorrowful night.

# The Gathering

Gaius Dun wandered alone through the dark and dangerous streets of the deepest and most depressing levels of Coruscant. He knew that at that moment, he was one of the top targets of the Republic's army and needed to find a safe place to hide.

He walked dressed in a long and dirty cloak made of rough material that he had stolen from a seedy cantina while its owner was distracted by a musical performance. That attire allowed him to conceal his Jedi robe from prying eyes.

Upon arriving at Level 1313, he sent M1X-4 to dispose of Tarek's speeder. He instructed the droid to take it to the Martez sisters' mechanic shop and negotiate a good price with them. During his infiltration missions in the war, he had made good deals with those rascals and duly instructed Mix-four on how to negotiate with them. He knew they wouldn't pay what the speeder was really worth, but at least he would get some good credits for it. He would need that money soon if he wanted to secure passage on any transport leaving the planet.

He directed his steps towards an old block of apartments. Inside, there was a small dwelling he frequently used as a cover during espionage missions in the Clone Wars. He had acquired the place through negotiations with some known gangsters from the Pyke Syndicate. Those traffickers were truly dangerous people, always involved in shady affairs of various kinds. However, the Pyke Syndicate had been very useful to him as informants and to facilitate various special actions in secrecy. His efforts allowed the Republic to keep that network of criminals under control and away from the war's influence, or at least away from the separatist faction. The spice trade generated an astronomical amount of money that could eventually transform into weapons in the hands of the Republic's enemies. It was better to keep the Pykes under control, even if it meant bribing their leaders.

After taking a long detour to ensure he wasn't being followed or recognized by security cameras, Gaius finally arrived at the apartment. Besides being small and rundown, it had nothing remarkable. Except, of course, for the Jedi belongings hidden inside. Concealed behind the bedroom panels was a powerful

communication system, an inheritance from the times when the Pykes used the place for their criminal activities. The syndicate took great care to ensure their communication network went completely unnoticed by law enforcement. That equipment could establish encrypted long-range transmissions with virtually any place in the galaxy. The encryption used in their messages made them impervious to interference by authorities. It was exactly what he needed and the main reason he had chosen that base to take refuge in, among the multiple secret locations scattered throughout the planet-city by the Jedi Order.

Without wasting a moment, he activated the holographic communication device and contacted Selene Voss, whose image, after a few moments, projected in the center of the small room.

—Gaius! Are you okay? I've been trying to contact you multiple times! —Selene exclaimed with great concern.— Terrible news has arrived from Coruscant. They say you have rebelled against the Republic. We just received the emergency message from the Jedi Council and we're heading to the capital through hyperspace. They're asking all Jedi to come to the temple immediately. Are you already there?

Gaius Dun was filled with anguish and indignation by Selene's words. He quickly understood the magnitude of the tragedy that loomed over the surviving members of the Order.

—Selene, listen to me carefully —Gaius replied, visibly struggling to maintain his composure.— That message is a trap! I have discovered that Chancellor Palpatine is actually a Sith Lord, and he's taking complete control of the Republic. He staged a coup and ordered the destruction of the Jedi Order. The troopers stormed the temple and killed everyone there. Aric is dead! Kira was killed! Maya also perished! Mace Windu was killed by Palpatine himself! I managed to escape at the last moment, and now I'm in hiding.

—But then... the emergency message from the temple is a trooper's doing! —Selene reflected.— The entire Order is in danger!

—I'm afraid that's the case —Gaius replied.— You must return to the academy on the planet Stewjon immediately! For now, there are no Republic army detachments there, and you'll be safe for a while. You have to hide Tisha and the other younglings in a secure place until we can regroup.

—Gaius, the younglings are no longer with me! —Selene said with consternation—. The group training on Stewjon was selected for the Jedi Assembly. They left for the planet Illum several days ago under Jaden Korr's command. I was waiting for your return to give you the big news. Tisha is with them!

The Jedi Assembly is a fundamental initiation rite in the life of every Jedi. Its purpose is to allow young apprentices to demonstrate their worthiness and connection to the Force. The Crystal Caves of the planet Illum are a sacred and mystical place, known for housing a wide variety of Kyber crystals. These crystals form the foundation for constructing lightsabers, providing the source of their powerful energy and the color of their blade. The Jedi in charge of the Assembly guides the younglings through the dangers and challenges of the cave. Individually, each young Jedi faces different emotional and physical tests in which they must overcome their fears. The younglings must attune themselves to the Force and trust their intuition to find the crystal that resonates with their unique energy. When they find the right crystal, they show their respect and reverence by carefully extracting it from its location.

Once the younglings obtain their Kyber crystals, they return to the Jedi Temple on Coruscant aboard the venerable training cruiser, the Crucible. Tradition dictates that the droid master, Huyang, will use the return journey to teach the future Jedi how to construct their first lightsaber. Each young apprentice will design and assemble their own weapon, using the chosen crystal.

—Besides Knight Jaden Korr, was anyone else accompanying them? —inquired Gaius.

—As tradition dictates, they were accompanied by the droid Huyang —sighed Selene—. But this time, the ship from Coruscant came with a platoon of assault soldiers as an escort.

Gaius Dun closed his eyes with anguish.

—May the Force be with you, my dearest Tisha —the general sobbed.

# Tisha

The Paladin-class training cruiser, the Crucible, destined for the Jedi Assembly ritual since the times of the Old Republic, traveled towards Coruscant, surpassing the speed of light in the apparent tranquility of hyperspace. Within this seemingly peaceful hyperdimension, one of the most dramatic chronicles of the Jedi Order's demise was unfolding.

Armed with their newly constructed lightsabers, the very young younglings had no choice but to engage in a suicidal and completely unequal battle against a group of determined professional soldiers intent on executing Order 66.

Led by Jedi Knight Jaden Korr, the children bravely and resolutely defended themselves, taking cover in the workshops hangar of the Crucible. Despite their youth and inexperience, the younglings fought with heroic determination. Skillfully using their lightsabers, they blocked blaster shots and counterattacked with agile and precise movements, managing to even cause some casualties among the enemy.

However, they didn't harbor many illusions. They knew the end was near, and some consciously prepared themselves to become one with the Force. The first to fall was their leader, Jaden Korr. With him gone, the resistance crumbled, and the group disbanded. Each child sought salvation on their own, fleeing in different directions, now easy targets for the precise shots of the troopers.

Amidst the confusion, the loyal companion of the young Jedi, the droid Huyang, managed to intervene and take control of the ancient ship. Seizing an opportunity, he had the ship exit hyperspace to decelerate to sublight speed, suddenly positioning it in the orbit of a desolate and desert planet.

Taking advantage of the chaos, the sole surviving youngling tried to flee at full speed along a long corridor. Young Tisha hoped to reunite with Huyang at the bow of the ship and take advantage of the cabin's armor to establish a strong point of defense until help arrived. In her hands, she wielded two lightsabers —one with a blue blade and the other with a white blade. To everyone's astonishment, Tisha was the only youngling who had managed to attune her Force with two different Kyber crystals —a rare feat not overlooked by Korr or Huyang.

In the middle of her race, a hatch suddenly opened in the ceiling of the corridor, and a burly soldier of assault dropped through it. With the speed she was running, Tisha didn't have time to stop or even ignite her lightsabers to defend herself. When the trooper aimed his blaster rifle at her, she could only instinctively extend her arms to shield herself while continuing to run. To her surprise, she felt a surge throughout her body at the same time she saw the trooper being thrown down the corridor, crashing forcefully against one of the access hatches. During her recent training on the planet Stewjon, she had witnessed her teacher Selene using the Force on various objects, but this was the first time Tisha had managed to do it herself. And she did it quite powerfully!

Concerned about the possibility of more troops appearing, Tisha decided to hide in one of the numerous escape pods of the ship, which were lined up on one side of the long corridor. Once the hatch was closed and secured, she could see through the pod's window that they were no longer traveling through hyperspace. Instead, they were moving in the orbit of a strange brown planet that showed an apparent lack of life and vegetation.

With danger so close, Tisha saw no other option but to take a leap of faith, abandoning the corvette in the escape pod. Shortly after the ejection, the small ship smoothly glided through the atmosphere of the unknown planet, leaving a trail of dust in its wake. It descended amid the vastness of the desert planet, gently correcting its trajectory with retro-rockets for a safe landing. As she approached the surface, Tisha could observe the arid and boundless expanse of a desolate landscape.

After a rough landing on the sandy ground, the young girl patiently waited for the cloud of sand particles to dissipate in the air before opening the hatch. All around her was a sandy terrain, with undulating dunes rising and falling in gentle curves. There were no apparent signs of vegetation or water—only an array of earth tones and golden hues that extended as far as the eye could see. The apparent lack of life created a sense of solitude and silence.

But what captured Tisha's attention the most were the two suns that were beginning to set on the horizon. Their light filtered through the dust, creating an incredible array of warm and brilliant colors that enveloped the entire landscape in a magical glow.



As the night fell upon the planet, Tisha continued to gaze at the sky, knowing that new challenges and adventures awaited her. In that moment, in the middle of the desert and under the gaze of the twin suns, the young Jedi felt full of determination and confidence in the path that lay ahead.



After Order 66 was declared, a group of Jedi is surrounded in the Temple by the clone army. They must combine their forces and abilities to fight for their survival.