

## **New Tython**

### **JoSeun temple, 30 km east of Seher**

The boot print was clear, its impression was distinct. A larger foot, from a larger man than the slight woman he'd been tailing. There was more to this common theft than had met the eye -- just as he'd suspected. It just didn't completely add up. Why go for the medium-sized jewel, rather than the billion-credit one in the next case over. Why leave your face uncovered, and have a traceable vehicle, yet also be street-wise enough to lose any pursuers with well-placed traps and bolt-holes. This wasn't about the money or the jewel; it was a distraction, one part in what could be an elaborate plan.

He'd found the hover-bike she'd used behind a nearby bush, the jewel bag (without the jewel) hidden in the temple archway. Now, just before the entrance to the temple, a clear, and no doubt planted, clue. With no other tracks in the nearby area, why leave this one? It was almost certainly a trap. But, Seridan loved untangling a trap. He entered the temple.

The narrow stone corridors would be like a labyrinth, but there was nowhere to turn. It just kept going, straight ahead. Ahead, in the gloom, he sensed an opening, a large chamber ahead. He slowed, surveying the area. There didn't seem to be any distinct grooves on the floor, so no pressure plates. No sounds or ambient movement of automated turrets. No significant life signatures anywhere near (it seemed to be only the insects in the ground). On the floor, a few small pebbles littered the floor. Among them, one was sharper than the others - clear, with a deep blue colour. The jewel. Seridan stopped, abruptly. Why the hell would they just leave the jewel outside? What is the point of that? He summoned the jewel to his hand, pocketing it. Then slowly, he crept toward the chamber. This case was not just some small-time thief. There was more to this -- either the thief had been mugged, or there was something bigger. Either way, Seridan needed to be thorough. Aaleeshah would expect a detailed report.

His hand drifted towards his saber, his senses flaring, bringing as many details as they could. The four stone walls, the line of ants marching through a small hole in the far right corner. As he passed through the doorway, a sudden manifestation of life made itself known. Seridan spun to his right, drawing and igniting his saber as he did so. The ice-blue light pierced the shadows, highlighting the dark silhouette. The figure moved slowly, reaching into his robe and drawing a hilt of his own. The figure's blood-orange blade joined his own.

*'A Jedi, of some kind. Powerful: can conceal himself to my senses. Seems comfortable with a saber. Dangerous.'*

Seridan moved his left foot forward. He held his blade with both hands, holding it above his head, pointing downward. He stepped forward slowly, switching between the various Soresu cadences in a seemingly random order. As he moved into the Soresu Pulsar, moving his hands to the side and his feet into a wide stance, the figure made his first move -- moving his lightsaber to the side, kicking up some dust and pushing it forward in a basic telekinetic wave.

The blind Agent pushed out his hand, halting the dust in the air. Though, the instant he applied pressure to it, the dark confines of the tomb shifted into bright light. This didn't have as much of a blinding effect as other species would have had, but it was disorientating.

As he focused himself on the rogue and the dust once more, he found that they'd disappeared; as had the tomb. He found himself on some sort of street, the buildings having perfectly straight edges, and a processed mineral beneath his feet that was near-smooth, but not metal. As on some of the more urban planets, like Coruscant, nature didn't seem to have a strong hold, only appearing in what seemed like cultivated plots and gardens. Along the street, there was a uniform depression, with straight edges and painted lines (Seridan assumed these were for landing some sort of primitive shuttle). Lining the depression, there were many metal boxes. They were all roughly the same size, but of different shapes and colours. They were some sort of vehicle, Seridan supposed, but they looked fairly inefficient. Their wheels suggested they were some sort of cart, but the metal looked too heavy to be of any use.

As he continued to look around, he saw a number of faces appear at the windows of the buildings, suspicious, smiling, frowning. Other than looking at him, then retreating behind their window-covers, they did nothing. Seridan stowed his lightsaber, feeling conspicuous. He started to walk along the street, then down more of the straight, geometric streets as he met them. Where was he?

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**Unknown**

**Unknown**

**A few seconds later**

He knew that it was relatively impossible to perform teleportation. He'd not heard that it was possible to do with the Force, and all scientific endeavours into it had been deemed inethical. But, that didn't stop people from researching it -- especially the kind of people whom he suspected of being behind this. He recalled that the basic premise of teleportation technology was that it was a mundane copy-paste. Every cell, every atom, would be copied, and then you would be deleted in that form, and reconstructed elsewhere. As always, religion, philosophy, and ethics got in the way. Would you lose your soul, as your original body would be destroyed? Was it possible to have several different selves running about the place? Either way, it was controversial, dodgy stuff. If the inhabitants of that temple, none of whom he had detected even with his skills in perception or his Force abilities, had access to this sort of technology, then something dangerous was about to happen, he was sure of it.

But first, he had to get back. Pedestrians he passed gave him odd looks, so to blend in, he looked at one of their own outfits (a grey polo top with some logo on it('Star Wars' was imprinted on it, with a picture of some people and stars (Seridan assumed it was some Jizz band))) and

formed an illusory shell around his own body, emulating it. Nothing happened. He couldn't make any illusions -- a power he'd worked the past few months trying to master. His telekinesis seemed to work, as did his sense. He could sense the big van coming towards him from behind, the men coming out of it, running towards him.

He spun, sword coming from its scabbard on his back. The men stopped, pulling small blaster-shaped gadgets from their sides. He got ready to push them all away with his telekinesis, when that stopped working as well. Looking down, his outfit was now a polo shirt, and his sword was now a meagre stick.

It finally clicked. He dropped the stick he was now holding, fell to his knees, and did a quick pulse of his Sense ability. The men in front of him were men, not Jedi. The life signatures in the houses were illusions -- tricks. One signature, behind him, was powerful, and Force-sensitive. A plan formed in Seridan's mind; a quick impulsive one, maybe, but Seridan's fast-paced mind was not so unstable -- it could account for most things.

The men had approached, slowly, as he'd fallen to his knees. As soon as they were close, he lunged forward, grabbing one by the shoulder and throwing him into another. He adopted a wide Echani stance, and began redirecting their blows, with quick counterattacks which would temporarily wind them. As one raised their blaster-thing again, he reached up, grabbing and pulling the arm with one hand, twisting the gun free with another. In one smooth motion, he spun, and pulled the trigger at the powerful life signature. In the illusion, he saw nothing, but he *had* seen something through the Force. The blaster sent two metal pellets, trailing wire, towards the phantom. He heard a noise, like a click, followed by a high-pitched rattle-and-whine.

Seridan's view shifted again, becoming much darker. He was back in the tomb. In front of him, a slumped woman lay in the folds of her robes. Behind him, there were six or seven mercenaries, groaning. He had one *very* powerful illusionist, and the taser-thing he'd used was not going to be powerful enough to stop a powerful Jedi. He tapped his comlink, asking for immediate assistance. He glared at the mercenaries, threatening them to stay there, in that dead-end room. He picked the female Jedi up and threw her over his shoulder, lightsaber in the other hand. He focussed on his time roaming the thick arboreal forests in the north of Owyhyee, and projected it around them. Hopefully it would disorientate the Jedi when she awoke, being carried by blue-skinned Harakoan lumberjack that Seridan had covered his body with.

His comlink beeped, signalling that there was help waiting outside the temple. He smirked, and moved off towards the entrance.

For all the oddities about that illusory world he'd been put in, it had a very real quality about it. It was almost too detailed to be purely imagination. And that logo -- 'Star Wars', wasn't a Jizz band. Further research would reveal that it was a very small-time opera in the far outerrim about the events of 0-5ABY. It was a flop, most of the story based on pure speculation. Its director and all leading cast members had disappeared without trace, with foulplay suspected. This case

would come to be Seridan's hobby, tracking down the cast members, director, script and figuring out why they had failed so terribly. And no matter what, Seridan would always want to find that planet where they wore shirts with it on. But alas, he wouldn't ever find it, because it was, well, too far, far away. Not to mention that it wouldn't exist for many years -- a long time in the future.