

New Beginnings

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This is a short work about my Jedi character, Trojo Spyps. I'll add more every so often, until I decide to start a new fic altogether. Comments are welcome!

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1 - Prologue

AUTHOR'S COMMENT: info command is null!**Author's Comment**

This prologue is short, I know. Sue me. MWAHAH! Anyway, it tells of how Trojo came to be with the Jedi Order... sorta. Comments are welcome and appreciated!

Prologue

Trojo was tossing and turning in his sleep. Another nightmare. In this one, he was an orphan... alone in the universe. But then there was a presence. A warm, comforting presence... motherly, yet like a mentor. Trojo saw something emerging from the blackness... it was the face of a Togruta, her large black eyes blinking, a warm smile across her face...

He bolted upright in bed, his forehead dripping with sweat. He had, unknowingly, sent a small wave of force out from himself, causing the glass of water next to his bed to teeter on the edge of the table. Trojo quickly reached for it, and took a sip. It was still cold, thankfully. He heard something coming from the a room on the other side of the house... but how? There were many yards of space and several feet of permacrete covered with durasteel between them. Voices... nearly silent.

"...yes, my lord."

The slight click of a comm device.

"Is the boy truly as powerful as they say, Zeron?"

"You cannot trust rumors. Now, let us get this over with..."

And then he heard it. The *snap-hiss* of an igniting lightsaber, a scream, a blaster fire off a single bolt, then the *hiss-snap* of a lightsaber being deactivated. He jumped out of bed, slipped on his clothes and ran towards his parents' bedroom. As he approached the room adjacent to theirs, he felt an immense tingling sensation and collapsed to the ground, barely conscious.

Once again, he heard the *snap-hiss*. As he braced himself for the end, he heard another sound. It was two sabers colliding. He managed to turn his head to see a figure lunging at the mysterious assassin. It was the Togruta from his dream. Her first strike had severed the head of the assassin with the blaster. As she now moved gracefully through her forms, the assassin was backing towards a window. He flicked his wrist, and a chair flew towards the Togruta, followed by a quick series of blows. She managed to raise her saber in time, but the force of the assassin's blows knocked her off balance, and she was slammed to the ground, her saber flying. The assassin raised his blade...

"NOOO!" Trojo let out a yell and through his hands out towards the assassin. A wave of force rippled out towards him. As it caught the assassin, it sent him hurtling backwards through the window, taking a segment of wall with him to the sea below. He managed to get up and limp over to the Togruta. She caught him in her arms as he collapsed, crying on her shoulder. She rested her head on his shoulder, saying softly "It's all right... shh... you are safe now..."

And there they sat, losing track of time. Trojo's world had just been shattered. He'd lost both his parents at once. He had no one left to love, no one to care for him... except this mysterious woman whom had saved his life. As his sobs finally diminished into sniffles, he looked up at her and said softly, "My name is Trojo... Trojo Spyps." She smiled at him, and responded in her soft voice "I am Mel-daan. I am a Jedi Knight of the New Republic." Trojo's eyes lit up. "A... a Jedi? What were you doing here?" Mel-daan's

smile diminished slightly. "It is... a long story," she said. "Come. I am to take you back to Coruscant." Trojo stood up and followed Mel-dann out the door of his house onto the front lawn. Mel-dann pressed a few keys on a small device on her wrist, and a small Republic Transport came down from the sky and landed several yards away from them. The docking ramp lowered, and they entered the vessel.