

Author's Note: *This will be my twenty-fourth (published) story and my third cross-over. As I have mentioned before, I was inspired to write these stories by the many amazing Authors on Fan Fiction who write Kick-Ass Stories.*

I will be pushing it with this story. It is in a universe that is new to me, but I thought I would give it a go, if for nothing more than a bit of fun! Please go easy with the criticism as this story may start, badly!

Synopsis:

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

*STAR
WARS*

The Jedi Awakening

*Seventeen years have passed
since the end of the Clone Wars.*

*The galaxy is in chaos as the
Galactic Empire continues to
tighten its grip on planets across
the galaxy.*

*There is a growing rebel
sentiment within those affected
by the Empire's seemingly
unstoppable spread.*

*One of those with rebellious
intent, is Mindy, a thirteen-year-
old Human – she is alone and
waging her own personal war on
the Empire as a bounty-hunter
under the pseudonym: Hit-Girl.*

*Her life takes a dramatic turn
when she finds something
calling her to the capital planet
of the galaxy, Coruscant.*

2 BBY

Coruscant

As ever, the city-covered planet was heaving with activity, as it always did, 24 hours a day, 5 days a week.

I was still trying to figure out why I was even on the planet. I would usually never venture this far in from the Outer Rim – the Core Worlds were havens for the Galactic Empire and as a rule, I avoided

all Imperial entanglements. It had been a dream which had convinced me to bring my ship and myself into the centre of Empire controlled territory. I had to be severely brain-damaged to have felt the need to follow a *dream*!

At least, I had my anonymity; my armour and mask hid my identity and I was generally overlooked by most. The armour also hid my age, too – as well as protecting me when I found myself in over my head; which was often. There were not too many rebellious vigilantes my age, but for some reason, I was able to fight and win against people who normally *should* be able to squash me like a bug on the windscreen of a T-16. My reflexes were remarkably good, but I put that off to my ancestry.

I found myself sinking down to some of the lower levels of Coruscant and ended up with myself in a seedy bar where I bought a drink and then sat down in a nice quiet corner to blend in.

I was keeping an eye on my surroundings, as always, but I never seemed to notice the old man who slid into the booth beside me.

“Hello, Mindy – we need to talk.”

I was instantly on guard, but something inside me told me that this old man was not a threat – at least not to me.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Falon, Falon Grey and I knew your parents before they were murdered...”

The man looked around for a moment before flipping the hood of his cloak up over his head.

“It is time to leave – follow me...”

I took a last gulp of my drink, pulled down my mask and wrapped the scarf around my lower face and stood up. The man moved quickly for somebody of his age and I had to jog after him before he jumped into a very dirty and very banged up speeder. He indicated for me to jump in, which I did and we rapidly moved off, ascending steeply and spiralling up a dozen levels before we stopped beside what looked to be a *very* bad neighbourhood.

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The man, Falon, climbed out and headed towards a door which opened at the wave of his hand – neat! We climbed up three levels in the apartment complex before he opened another door, in the same way. Who was this man?

“Sit – I have something to show you...”

The man was quiet and gentle in the way that he spoke.

“These were recovered after the death of your *real* parents. One belonged to your Father and the other to your Mother. They form a pair – a rarity for those devices, but not exceptional.”

The man produced a container about two feet long and he passed it across to me. I took it and placed it onto a table before me. I hesitated – I had nothing from my real parents; I had been adopted when I was about two.

“Your parents survived Order 66, but only for about four years. They were tracked down and murdered by the Sith Lord, Darth Vader, when you were two-years-old. Thankfully you were hidden away from him, or you might have met the same fate...”

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I tentatively opened the container. Inside was a cloth which I gently pulled apart to reveal two identical objects. I gently lifted one of them out and held it in my hand. It was just over a foot long and it felt cool and comfortable in my hand.

“That, is your Father’s lightsaber...”

“A *lightsaber* – I thought that they were banned...”

“They were – *are*, I should say, so don’t flash them about unless you really have to... Slide that down to activate the weapon and then press that button to extend the blade...”

With a whooshing sound, the blade of the laser sword extended out to about a little over three-feet. Surprisingly, the purple plasma that made up the blade did not feel hot, as I would have expected – a magnetic shield maybe? I released the button and the blade retracted. I turned my attention to the other lightsaber. It was identical to the first, except for the base of the hilt.

“They fit together to form a Saberstaff – quite rare...”

The two sections locked together to form a two-and-a-half-foot long device. I held it horizontally in my right hand and slid each switch towards the centre and two blades appeared, first one and then the other. Two identical purple blades. I felt the power of the weapon flow through me and then a thought came to my mind and I shut the Saberstaff off, separating each part and laying them back in the container.

“This is the weapon of a Jedi – are you saying that my parents were Jedi? Am I a Jedi?”

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I never received my response as Falon Grey jumped up and headed for the door.

“We must go – we are not safe here. I would advise you to get back to your ship and leave the planet as soon as possible.”

I seized the container and ran after Falon.

Once we were outside, Falon pointed to the elevators.

“Go – I will be in touch. I would suggest you make for Tatooine...”

With that, he was gone...

I made my way to the elevator that would take me up through the City and towards my ship which rested at one of the Docking Bays nearer the surface. I had walked maybe two hundred yards when I heard shouting and the echoes of blaster fire.

I made directly for the elevator – I had no wish to be involved in anything and I ensured that my scarf was wrapped tightly around my face and that my mask was in place. But as I approached the door to the elevator, I was roughly shoved to one side by a boy.

“What the hell do you think...?”

I never got to complete the sentence as I saw a white clad stormtrooper with blue markings come around the corner, just as the elevator door slid open. I dived in, pulling the boy with me and stabbing at the first button that my finger found.

I felt fear and I knew instantly that I was in a bad place. I turned and saw the stormtrooper stop and raise his blaster.

“Come out of there – now!” He yelled.

I thrust my hand up, palm out and to my surprise the stormtrooper fell backwards just as the door closed and the elevator accelerated upwards. I slumped to the floor, feeling drained. The boy looked down at me rather strangely. He had dark curly hair and blue eyes – then he smiled.

“Thanks...”

The elevator stopped, sixteen levels above and the moment the doors opened, I ran out, followed by the boy.

We headed towards the steps that would take us up the next few levels – we had to put a lot of distance between us and the stormtroopers. I ran fast, but the boy was able to keep up easily; he was a few inches taller than me and he had longer legs!

We must have run for quite a distance as we rose up to the surface and headed for the Docking Bay and safety. But then, when we were only a short distance from the Docking Bay, we stopped – at least the boy did and I skidded to a halt and stared at him strangely. He was staring in another direction and not the direction that we had been heading in.

“What’s up? We need to go – err... I’m Mindy by the way...”

“I’m Dave – I need, well I don’t know – something...”

“You losing it, err, Dave?”

The boy, Dave, began to walk off and when I saw where he was headed, I grabbed his arm.

“Are you nuts?” I exclaimed. “That’s the Imperial Palace!”

A while later, I was feeling very uncomfortable as I found myself in the shadow of the former Jedi Temple. The person that lived there made my skin crawl – *he* was the reason that I was an orphan and the reason that the entire galaxy was the way it was...

What the hell was I doing?

“Let’s get out of here!” Dave said suddenly and he began to walk away from the Palace.

That was when we were spotted and our walk turned into a very energetic run!

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As we approached the Docking Bay, I pulled out a comlink.

“Kate! Get the ship ready to leave and fast!”

We continued running, diving down alleyways as we tried to put off our pursuers.

Docking Bay 7632

Dave stopped and stared as we came around the corner.

“What?” I asked in a rather exasperated tone.

“What junk yard did you pull *that* out of?”

I glared at him very hard indeed, but he just smirked at me.

“The *Sentinel* is *not* junk!” I retorted angrily. “*She* is our ticket outta here!”

I headed for the access ramp and I was very pleased to hear the steadily increasing whine of the propulsion systems coming online one by one and then Dave suddenly skidded to a halt as Kate came down the ramp and brought up a heavy blaster.

“Sorry – Kate’s with me...”

“Kate!”

Dave’s eyes bulged out as he ran past the heavily modified, dark grey B1-K8 Battle Droid and up into the ship. From the engine room I could hear the ion drives and their associated fuel systems building up to operating temperature which told me that we were almost ready for take-off. The steady hum of the repulsorlift engines idling could be heard and a gentle vibration in the deck plates could be felt as the vessel came alive. I turned to the right and ran down a short corridor before making a left turn into the cockpit and diving into the left seat. I began to flick switches and yelled for Kate to get aboard. I saw the indicator light illuminate that showed the ramp closed and locked. Dave came in to the Cockpit and sat beside me.

“Kate – I need hyperspace co-ordinates ready for the moment we are clear of the atmosphere...”

“Already programmed into the navicomputer...”

“What would I do without him?” I grinned.

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The *Sentinel* lifted off the ground rather shakily and rose upwards. I felt five satisfying thumps as the landing struts locked into place. We angled upwards, accelerating through the ship filled sky and spinning to avoid a few close calls. Then we burst out into the blackness of space and a few seconds later the Cockpit windows filled with streaks of white light as we accelerated to light-speed and on into hyperspace.

Once in the blue tunnel of hyperspace travel, I turned to Dave.

“Fancy a drink?”