

I, Grievous
A pre RotS Story
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Chapter 1

Snow.

Little flakes as white as my armor and cape, if not whiter, fell from the sky and pelted me as I hurried through a snowy flatland on Eredenn, kicking up the gentle powder. My Magna Droids, my loyal soldiers and bodyguards, followed in my wake.

We parked our vehicles, two Geonosian Speeder Bikes and my versatile Wheel Bike, and left them behind several meters back. We didn't need them anymore. Not for the immediate moment.

Faster!

I motioned to them with one of my two six-fingered hands and we picked up our pace. Up a slope we went and down the other side. My Kaleesh eyes looked up and ahead, and there it was; A cave of gray stone. From the outside, it looked like a gaping maw, one belonging to that of some sort of deranged monster.

Deranged monster... That was the opinion of almost everyone around me. Such a gratifying feeling indeed.

"Forward!"

With a few "zzzzz's" and "whirs" of our mechanical bodies, we were moving again. I led the Magna Droids into the cave. The battle of Eredenn, which I had proudly led, was nigh over. The Republic base was captured, their personnel and soldiers slaughtered. All that was left to do was mop up the Republic resistance scattered across the planet and terminate the cowardly Jedi that took flight into the cave that graced my vision. The Magna Droids and I chased the fleeing warriors down and tracked them to this location.

But it wasn't in a Jedi's nature to be cowardly. I couldn't have spoken out of ignorance. Perhaps they were planning a trap, an ambush. Either way, they would not stand a chance against us no matter what they chose to set in motion.

I am the white terror, the angel of death.

I held up my hand upon reaching the cave's entrance.

"Remain," I commanded. "It is only three Jedi. Hypori had twice as many, though at least two, if I recall, lived to tell the tale. The Jedi would not do so again. The two of you will remain and make sure nobody attempts to stop me."

"Affirmative."

"Affirmative."

My bodyguards switched on their electro-staves, both ends now writhed in electrical surges. I clicked the fangs behind my skull mask in approval and strode inside the cave. It was dimly lit, so I reached into my white cloak that enveloped my skeletal body and pulled out one of my trophies. A sapphire blade extended from the hilt, serving as a light source. Of course my position would be given away, but I needed to see; a small price to pay for the bloodshed that lay on the horizon.

My rage built every step I took.

Cursed, cursed Jedi! Why do you live?! I thought to myself. Why could your Council's vaunted wisdom not see through the Huk's lies! Deceivers! I hate them! But I hate you more, though the Huk were a mere catalyst. I saw the mercy you gave my people. Thousands died and far more suffered. Soldiers, men, women,... and children. Oh the poor children, the sweet, innocent Kaleesh babies. I will once again, Jedi, unleash the mercy you gave Kalee upon your Order; I will break you. This I swear.

I stopped myself short and shut my eyes. A tear trickled from its little gland and slid down what remained of my face. I lowered my head so the little drop would fall out of my mask's eyehole and spare a circuit or two. The sweet little bit of water landed on the ground only to turn to frost.

My eyes flickered open again, angry this time. I moved on. My lightsaber hummed as I moved it about. So much darkness to cover; it was getting frustrating. I whipped out another Jedi tool and ignited a green blade. More light was at my disposal.

The cavern twisted and turned for several minutes and the Jedi were still no where in sight. Unless there was another entrance to the cave, they could not have gotten out. I had high hopes and was therefore convinced. They were still in here. Fighting them wouldn't be a challenge. Finding them would. So irritating.

There! A roar! In the distance. It sounded like a Wampa...

I followed the sounds in their general direction. Not only did Wampa roars bellow, but screams, loud hums, and crackling sounds.

The Jedi.

"Good fortune!" I exclaimed in a low tone.

I crouched down, slowing my pace, and crept up to the exit of the tunnel I inhabited. And then another roar, but this one sounded like a death cry.

CRASH!!

Curious. I switched off my sabers and stuck my head out for a look. Laying face down, the Wampa was dead. Lightsaber burns adorned its furry white body and its left forearm had been seared off. Around it stood the three Jedi, two Padawans and a Master, with their blades extended. I wasn't surprised that they didn't see me. The snow and ice caked up on the walls of the cavern camouflaged me. That and the only light in the cave came from lightsabers, I reiterate. Bah, what difference did it make?

So I listened in on them.

"That was a close one."

The Master nodded. "Indeed."

Then spoke the inane Padawans, each about eighteen years of age I assumed.

"I'd prefer a Wampa over the 'good general' who pursues us anyway."

"Speaking of which, what if he's in here?"

"Clumsy robot's probably lost."

"Perhaps." The Master looked to the left, and then the right. "Eyes aloft. I sense a disturbance in the Force."

That was my cue. I emerged from hiding and, with two familiar snap-hisses of my sabers, I launched myself at the human female Padawan with her back turned to me. She wailed as I snatched her thighs in my talons and sunk my blades into her back, killing her.

"Grievous!"

As I snatched her golden blade with my left talon, deactivated it, and latched it to my belt, I reared my head.

"You'll pay for this, mock-Jedi!" the human male Padawan protested.

Such insolence.

I closed my eyes and shook my head. Reopening the lids, I said, "On the contrary, it is you, your Order, which will be paying dues today all in red cents, blood red. You Jedi are a dangerous people. Your blindness and your arrogance have brought untold suffering to this galaxy."

"Suffering? That is the role of those who follow Count Dooku's Separatists," the Master countered.

"Ah," I retorted, "but Dooku's forces did not commit the crime you did unto me. He helped me. But we have spoken too much; our blades have not had their chance to speak."

I leapt off the girl's corpse and resumed my attack. Blue and green sabers from both fronts shined brightly, illuminating the area and projected our shadows which danced all over the cave's wall like some sort of mad ballet. The Padawan was quite the aggressive one, ironic as that was for a Jedi, while the Master remained on defense against my onslaught.

We were stalemated. Every blow I delivered was parried and the Jedi weren't getting through to me either. I had had it. So I picked up my right foot and, keeping my balance with the left, spun in a 180 degree arc, kicking the Jedi Master, and sending him flying into a wall. Now I could focus on just one and eliminate him.

"You shall not prevail!"

"Oh, but I will. Make no mistake about that!"

"I dare make a mistake about that!"

Our blades locked together. The boy was strong; he was pushing hard against my two blades on his. For a mere Padawan, I was impressed. The blue lightsaber that I intended on taking from him would be admired for years to come. I realized that right at that moment.

Suddenly, a cracking sound came from the ceiling. The both of us looked up. A stalactite fell and both myself and the Padawan dove out of its way before it crashed onto the floor, splintering. Then I saw the source of the disturbance. The Jedi Master, who sat propped up against the wall. With his hand extended, using the Force, or so I gathered, he dropped another one. I dodged. Then more, one at a time. I leapt about, missing the falling projectiles while the Padawan continued to fight back.

Then the damndest thing happened.

I had hopped backwards and the Padawan advanced and, by chance, crossed the path of an incoming stalactite. I saw the aghast face of the Jedi Master who had unwittingly killed his Padawan. I locked eyes with him as he snarled in defiance.

The Jedi called his belated Padawan's saber to him. Screaming in anger, he charged at me and I defended. Amongst the swift strokes and spins we incorporated in battle, I managed to notice that this Jedi wasn't particularly skilled in the art of two-weapon handling. I was willing to exploit such a weakness. With one false attack, the Jedi took the bait and I lopped off his right hand. But still that didn't stop him. He still kept coming, throwing heavy swings with his good arm. Useless. Within moments, the Jedi Master was without that appendage as well.

"You have failed!"

And with that said, I brought my arms back and cleaved the still-standing Master in half with a scissor-like motion; I finished with my arms crossing my chassis. The Jedi's hewn body collapsed and I held my sabers high, whilst sounding a triumphant mechanized scream that echoed throughout the freezing tunnels.

All Jedi existed for my glory. Not for the pathetic bounty hunters of the galaxy and not for my Sith Masters. All Jedi lived to be executed by my manipulators. I would not rest until the last Jedi was dead in no small part due to me.

Engines screamed and snow rose up from under our vehicles. We were on our way again. I sat comfortably in the driver's seat of my Wheel Bike whilst my Magna Droids provided escort.

I had requested a unit of battle droids to come and remove the mangled corpses of the recently departed Jedi. Upon retrieval, the droids were to leave the bodies in the woods as food for the local tusk cats, just another species of ridiculous flesh creatures, nothing special.

Smoke rose over the horizon. Over the slopes we went and into view came the Republic base that my armies had just overtaken. I instructed the machine warriors to leave the base intact and for the most part they'd carried out my orders to the letter. A few buildings and many more defense turrets had been wrecked, but overall the base seemed inhabitable. All that needed to be done was to staff the base, rebuild the defenses, get the appropriate utilities and facilities operational again, and add what needed to be added so to begin unit production.

That was easy enough for me. I was directing the operation after all. Count Dooku had instructed me to oversee the construction of a droid foundry and a base of operations for this sector of the galaxy. So far, the task had been wrought with care.

The Magna Droids and I passed the walls of the base and parked in front of the command center, a medium-sized grayish-brown building, rather bland in appearance. We disembarked our vehicles and went up to the double doors which opened with a familiar hiss as we approached. I drifted inside with my bodyguards following.

The interior hadn't been too badly damaged; just a few battle scars and rotting Republic soldiers littering the floor. Battle droids patrolled the interior, jabbering amongst themselves and paying no heed to us. I expected nothing less as they were nigh mindless.

The inspection of the command center went over quite well and, from outside reports from my battle droids, the base was in very good condition. One could say I deserved a reward, but I got it prematurely. The Jedi lightsabers, mind you.

Soon I came to a relatively clean looking room, silvery-white walls, shiny monitors, and even an unbroken window looking outside. I looked the room over and over before sitting myself down at a desk.

"For an office, this will do just fine."

I adjusted myself into a good position. Then I removed my new trophies from my belt and gently lay them on the desk, admiring the complexity of their hilt designs.

Chapter 2

Weeks passed and the Republic, now Confederate, base was fully operational to my approbation. All the carbon and the ore that the workers mined were emptied into the machines that churned out the weapons that would make Count Dooku's war. As of now, over ten thousand droids, both super and mundane, were prepared to do battle and sacrifice their circuits for the noble cause of the Sith. Not only soldiers, but the larger war droids themselves such as both Spider Droid models, the Corporate Alliance designed Tank Droids or the InterGalactic Banking Clan's Hailfire Droids, masterpieces truly.

I leaned back in my office chair, reclining, my hands resting behind my head.

I love my job. I love the Confederacy.

Then I wondered for a moment. A feeling nagged at me, suggesting that Dooku's loose alliance of corporations was really all that it seemed. Part of the reason why was that shuttle crash, oh that damned shuttle crash.

All of a sudden, in my present state, I felt gloomy again.

It was immediately after that when my mangled body was rebuilt into a weapon. The memory never went away, no matter what I did to purge it. I still feel disturbed. I remember my many wives and children being horrified at what I had become, aghast, wondering what abomination could have done this to me. Once I gained a new body, a stronger body, I'd not been in their company since.

I want them back... Please...

Perhaps this was the last shred of emotion left in my shell of hate?

The buzzing of the transceiver broke my thoughts, perhaps for the better. Perhaps I would think on it later. I undid my relaxed pose and answered. I expected Count Dooku, or Darth Tyrannus as he was called sometimes - it is confusing at times. Instead, the Dark Lord of the Sith, in the form of a blue crackling hologram, graced my presence.

"Greetings General Grievous. I have been told tales of success at your success at Eredenn via my apprentice. I trust you would be ready to engage in combat again soon?"

My mood improved. "I am, Lord Sidious," said my voice, confidently.

"Excellent," said Sidious, his tone wicked and eerie. "I now lay your task before you; you will use any means necessary to take the Republic World of Dantooine. Capture the Government Center, bomb the planet from orbit, I care not."

I grinned. "That sounds most appealing."

"Indeed."

"One question, milord, if I may?"

Sidious nodded. "You may speak."

"Why has Count Dooku not called on my transceiver?" I asked, cocking my head. "I raise such an interrogative because you have administered my orders and not him."

"Because the bumbling fool and the incompetent Dark Jedi woman he trains can't do things efficiently on Naboo." Based on his tone, Sidious was quite irritated. Then it changed. "Unlike you, who has proved to best them in every fashion."

"I see." I shook my head for a moment. "I just had to get that out of my mind. For now, please excuse me, milord. There is a planet which needs to be conquered."

Sidious cackled. "Yes, there is, isn't there? Go, and do not fail me."

I shook my head. "Not on my agenda, milord."

With an evil smile from the Sith Master, the transmission ended.

It was a gray evening and I was in the middle of a snow bank, outside the walls of the base, my cape blowing in the steady breeze. The cold didn't bother me all that much. The only reaction my body gave was a twitch of my face.

The skies were packed. Never mind the thick gray clouds all heavy with rain destined to become snow, but the massive transports lifting off and putting down, the whole process of hauling my freshly marshaled army to the Confederate fleet orbiting the planet.

What lay before me were legion upon legion of my machine warriors boarding the massive shuttles that cluttered the white plains. The droids themselves were the easiest to work with. The vast majority could fold themselves up, making them easier to cart around. The heavier droids – Spider Droids, Hailfire Droids, Tank Droids – lengthened the timeframe of the operation. And believe me; I built LOTS of those things.

"How much longer will this monotonous ferrying take?!"

I found this abhorrent. Necessary, but abhorrent. Weeks had past, as I mentioned beforehand, and I felt like I was going to go mad if I didn't have something to slaughter soon. My passion revolved around war, death, and destruction.

The Magna Droids behind me did not answer. Perhaps they recognized my last words as rhetorical. If so, finally they were showing intelligence. Most impressive to say the least. They weren't programmed to think, if I recall correctly.

Finally, only a few ships remained to be loaded. Good enough for me. I retreated back to the base and entered the hangar where I found my transport, a sleek black space jet. The Magna Droids and I boarded and we were on our way. Above Eredenn was the glorious Confederate fleet consisting of several Trade Federation Battle battleships and cruisers, as well as a few Commerce Guild and Techno Union vessels. The flight to my personal battle cruiser and center of attention in the fleet, *The Invisible Hand*, was relatively short, just the way I liked it.

And soon the ride was over.

"Clank, clank, clank," went our feet as we briskly marched through the dimly lit corridors of the titanic vessel whose shape reminded me of a Firaxa Shark. Aside from the noise we made and the hums of machinery and the blips of terminals, it was pretty quiet. Spooky, some sentients

would call it.

By the time my guardians and I came to the bridge, only a few more transports remained to be loaded. Only then would we depart. I was quite impatient, anticipated. I sunk into my seat on the bridge and the Magna Droids flanked it on either side.

Nearly a standard half hour before one of the pilot droids identified by a tan and blue color scheme spoke up.

"General, all forces are prepared to leave on your command."

"Standing by for audio input," said the helmsman.

Finally.

I nodded in approval. "Then we go now."

The order was carried out and the Confederate fleet, one ship at a time, zoomed off into the blackness and into hyperspace. Then came a rumbling from the *Hand* herself. The hyperdrive kicked in and a blue vortex filled the gaping windows before those on the bridge. We were a way.

"Here I come! Prepare!"

Chapter 3

*Today I would make amends for the previous attack on Dantooine by the Confederacy, thwarted by the lone Jedi, **Mace Windu**. Ah, his lightsaber would make an eye-catching addition to my collection.*

The Invisible Hand exited hyperspace and the olivine jewel of Dantooine lay before me with a Republic fleet waiting. It was a small fleet, or so my eyes perceived. They couldn't have known about the attack; they were most likely on the defensive. Either way, the planet was there and I was determined to take it by any means available. I do enjoy such situations, so pleasing.

I rose from my seat on the bridge. "Report."

A single pilot droid was quick to respond. "We count seven Venator Class Republic Star Destroyers directly ahead, General. And sir... The Republic is trying to establish communication. Shall I put them on visual or audio, sir?"

I shook my head and waved a dismissive hand. "Pay no heed to that. Their transmission is noted and ignored. Commence the attack!"

"Roger, roger!"

So it began. A myriad of droid fighters – Vultures, Tri-Fighters, Droid Bombers, etc. - shot out of their respective hangers, like angry wasps from their hives. Hundreds, vanguard upon vanguard, of the Republic's new ARC-170 Starfighters rushed out to meet us.

Their hundreds versus my thousands? It was folly. I scoffed at the pitiful resistance as blasterfire was exchanged, explosions flashed and sounded, and as the Tri-Fighters' Buzz Droids did their work, laying charges and ripping apart the Republic forces.

All the system's a motherboard. Tear through them my hungry mynocks, for they are but frail wires that seek to entangle us... Poorly I might add.

The Invisible Hand plowed on. White fires leapt up from her engines to move her and shining turbolasers rained down upon all enemies who crossed her path. Dantooine bloated as my titan, my pride and joy, closed in and cut through the Republic fleet like a searing hot blade graced with the gasses of a blue supergiant star.

"Jam all transmissions to and from the planet," I commanded. "There will be no one to come and stop me!"

"Roger, roger!"

Another droid spoke its voice. "General, we have pinpointed Dantooine's Government Center on the surface."

I nodded. "Yes. The pinnacle of the attack upon this pathetic planet. Transmit the coordinates to our troop landers."

The Confederate fleet plowed on, taking minimal losses. The H-shaped Trade Federation landers came, accompanied by the fan-like Commerce Guild transports and Techno Union rocket ships.

Down to the surface they went with my droid fighters providing escort.

I motioned to the Magna Droids. "I shall be departing for the surface now." I didn't have to add a "Come with me"; my twin bodyguards just followed me as I whipped around and exited the bridge for the hangar. Their programming dictated so, making them loyal and obedient; exactly what every general expects from his soldiers.

A storm. A perfect atmosphere.

White-hot lightning streaked across the sky, riddled with black clouds. Yes, a storm was here. But so was I. I assumed that some of my transport ships would be struck by lightning as they pierced the planet's troposphere, but surprisingly that didn't happen. Ah, the wonders of droid programs.

By the time the Magna Droids and I reached the surface, my entire army was spilling out of the carriers. The battle droids charged at full speed, with the heavy stuff following, to meet legion upon legion of clones. Blaster shots, red and blue, were exchanged between both armies. AT-TE projectiles and the continuous beams from the Republic gunships came our way and we returned with a volley of missiles with purple fire streaming from their jets.

I peered through a pair of macrobinoculars. Such a pretty sight. Then I turned my thoughts to the gate embedded in the walls surrounding the Government Center. It was the only way in. No sense attacking the other side since a large body of water, a lake or perhaps a large river, lay behind the base. From the looks of it, it might as well been made of a capital ship's hull.

But would that stop me? No.

I continued to observe the battle ahead from the temporary command center that had been set up. The droid army advanced. Fires leapt up. Shrapnel and severed limbs soared skyward. Then a path was cleared like a tree line on a mountainside. A line of Hailfire droids rolled through the breach in the Republic army and a flurry of missiles was hurled to the gate. Their projectiles exploded onto the gate, leaving smoking holes and black scars. Whoever designed that door was a master craftsman, no doubts there.

Another volley crashed, one missile at a time, into the door. Still it had not been breached and the number of the wheeled platforms was being thinned by stormtroopers on the ramparts of the walls and heavy weapons in range on the field.

I gripped the macrobinoculars in anticipation. I would see that gate breached. "Come on!"

Another volley just before the remaining droids were destroyed.

BOOM!!

A sphere of fire appeared and the gate shattered, taking several stormtroopers with it. I lowered my binoculars. "Ah, victory. I can almost taste it, laying on a polished durasteel platter, seasoned with the blood of organics."

I motioned to the Magna Droids. "We move." Several parked Geonosian Speeder Bikes awaited droid pilots and I mounted one.

"General, your Wheel Bike."

I shook my head. "Not right now. I'm going to entertain myself with this."

My bodyguards exchanged glances, obviously dumbfounded, and mounted their vehicles. I took off and they followed. We weaved through advancing droids and falling stormtroopers and then we passed through the gate and into the massive collection of buildings.

The Government Center was burning. Its fires joined the lightning flashes, blasterfire, explosions, and Hailfire missiles in the fabulous lightshow of death. I was pleased, truly pleased, with the slaughter, no matter how wanton. I really don't care who my nearly mindless lackeys killed. Soldiers, men, women, children, babies, the elderly; they're all the same in the end. But Jedi are a different story. No need for me to explain that again.

I hit my bike's accelerators with his talons and sped through the chaotic streets. My split his arms into four; two grabbed the swoops handles, while the others took hold of two lightsabers, sapphire and emerald. Anyone who crossed my path, be it the white-armored military or otherwise, maimed, killed, or even better - both. The Magna Droids rode at my flanks and gunned down targets of their own.

And then, a transmission. My comlink buzzed and I answered in turn.

"General Grievous. General Grievous, come in."

Darth Sidious. Again.

"General--brief me on your progress. For your sake, I hope it's suitable."

"Ah, my report is above suitable, my lord," I answered, proudly. "The Republic has and can do little to stop me here. A shame. I was looking forward to something more grand from them. There is no challenge from them here."

I cut down more unfortunate victims with my lightsabers as our communication continued.

"Dantooine's Government Center is crumbling. Soon my forces will be able to overrun this planet. The Republic will be without a means of coordinating a defense on this planet."

"Spare me your intentions, General," the Sith Lord snapped. "I wish only to hear your results. Now, I can tell you that I have received word of at least two Jedi Masters stationed at the Government Center. Obvious, as Jedi are the ones leading the Republic Army. I want these and all who accompany them dead. Also General, I have become aware that the officials of the Dantooinean Government did not evacuate. If you allowed them to escape, General...Well, for your sake I hope you did not."

"No one has been able to flee, Lord Sidious," I explained. "As reports to me have indicated, all those attempting to flee have been terminated or their escape vessels have been shot down."

It appeared that I had upset him, unwittingly.

"General, I do not want to hear of any ships shot down going unsearched. Jedi will not die easy. Rend their bones with your blades. Crush them with your bare hands. That was why Lord Tyranus trained you; Force help me, I should've done it myself! Report to me when you are finished. And General... Do not fail me. Not again."

"Understood milord. General Grievous out."

More clones died and more droids poured into the Government Center. More missiles flew, exploding like fireworks, and more buildings crashed to the ground.

"LET IT BURN! LET DANTOOINE BURN!"

Corpses lay at my feet and tongues of fire, crackling away, cheered for me like the masses cheering for their hero. I stood triumphantly as tidal waves of destruction swept away the once peaceful planet.

And then the comlink on my parked speeder bike buzzed; Another transmission. I tell you, buzzing comlinks never get old.

"General," came a mechanical soldier's voice, "we have pinpointed the location of the Jedi."

This was good news. While I led my army, I had left orders for my troops to have their photoreceptors open and on the lookout for the Jedi and Dantooine's government officials. Perhaps more good news awaited?

"And?"

"They are almost the landing terminal at the far side of the base. With them are the planetary governors and a squadron of stormtroopers."

I grinned with anticipation. "Well done commander. Send a unit of destroyer droids to meet me at the terminal. From there, our targets shall be attended to."

"Roger, roger!"

Killing time. I gripped the handles and floored my bike's accelerator, speeding off to my target with the Magna Droids close behind. We swerved past and weaved through flaming debris, moving war machines, and soldiers running around like little frenzied ants.

No escape! No escape! No escape!

We sped up, truly defining the meaning of haste. Within minutes the terminal had come into view and six destroyer droids rolled up, unfolded, energized their shields, and gunned down a group of waiting stormtroopers.

The Jedi must be here already. I hope I'm not too late!

The stormtroopers fell and the Magna droids and I brought our vehicles to an abrupt halt and dismounted. I tried the door to the landing terminal. Locked. They were definitely here. But a locked door? A simple solution. With two snap-hisses, I ignited two of my lightsabers, green and blue, and cut a gaping hole into the door. One quick motion afterwards and myself and my lackeys were inside. So were our targets, shocked to see us.

"Going somewhere, you ridiculous flesh creatures?"

I recognized the Jedi. Plo Koon and Vheem Frapin. The stormtroopers attacked and my destroyer droids returned fire. The Magna Droids switched on their electro-staves and rushed the panicked government officials while I took on the Jedi.

Pitiful; how quickly such a large number of Republic soldiers was being mowed down by six destroyer droids. Feh. So much for clones being superior to droids.

And lo, the timing of such a thought could not have been at all better. The Jedi really needed to take care of people better. They were ever so aghast to see my IG-100 Magna Droids impale and electrocute them with their staves.

Ah my dear Magna Droids... I love you so.

Master Koon's two sabers, one blue and one yellow, blazed as he rushed to engage the Magna Droids. I hoped he would have fun. Killing Jedi one by one was no shrapnel off my back. Dead Jedi were dead Jedi.

I observed Frapin as my sabers banged against his. The old human was breathing so much and so hard. I was wondering whether or not he was going to vomit all over me; he looked sick. Though he seemed to be tiring, Frapin defended against my advance with great skill.

I was getting bored. Savoring the anticipation of one Jedi's death was unbearable. So what if it made the kill more worthwhile? I picked up a foot and sunk my talons into Frapin's kneecap during one of his parries. My talons were painted red as flesh and bone tore and finally separated completely.

CRUNCH!!

Frapin collapsed on the floor, making a scream that jostled my brain. Quickly, I plunged my blue saber into his heart, cleaving it in two and silencing him.

As I collected his weapon, I managed to catch Plo Koon stiff, staring at me. It looked as if every cell in his body had gone to absolute zero. Only a few blaster shots from the remaining stormtroopers and droidekas prompted him to move again.

But what was this? He lifted my last two droidekas, their shields down, and flung them at me. I dodged and let them explode onto the walls behind me. The Magna Droids were all I had left to fight against the stormtroopers, and they vouched for me.

Then Plo Koon rushed me, his eyes locked with mine.

"Oh, ho, ho!" I gloated, "Someone's awfully angry!"

"You're right! I am!"

That response was quite unexpected, don't ask me why. Koon blocked my initial blows and ducked a scissor-like attack that followed. And then I found myself flying.

A Force Push.

I landed on my regulator and skidded across the floor, sparks rising in my wake, until I hit the wall.

The Jedi spoke to me again. "General, you lack one important skill that is essential for all successful warriors, these days. The Force is your enemy!"

Controlled by the Force, I presumed, Koon flung both of his sabers in my direction. Swiftly I took a stand. My arms split down the middle into four and I reached for the hilts. Koon gasped as his

weapons clicked into my manipulators.

"What's this? A present? Why thank you!"

And then I was taken by surprise. Koon pulled two of my sabers, both green, from my belt! Ugh, I suppose what goes around comes around. But I would have them back. I leapt forward and Koon blocked all four of my blades, forming a green X with the ones he took.

"Permit me to pose a question to you," I asked menacingly. "If the Force is my enemy, why is it that barely any of your Order who have encountered me have lived to tell the tale?"

Our sabers pushed against each other, crackling.

"You go after the weak ones, Grievous. Your killing has included mainly Padawans and injured Jedi, including my Master. You could not destroy Master Mundi on Hypori, and you sure won't take me!"

I formed my eyes into narrow crescents. "That's what you think."

And so the clash of the sabers began again as myself and the Jedi circled each other. I wish I had more of an audience, for it was truly a sight to see. Clearly, like a certain Jedi on Eredenn, Koon was not very masterful with two blades. Why he started out with two and why he had two again, I will never know nor care. All the easier for him to fall.

In one of my spins, Koon managed to duck a single two-bladed sweep, clip my shoulder, and dodge another sweep. Sparke flew and my cape caught fire. I ignored the nuisance for a moment and fought until I clipped Koon's shoulder, causing him to drop a lightsaber. Then I slashed his back, making two gashes. That blow caused him to fall.

"Nice speeches Jedi, and an even more wonderful bout. I will make sure that your arrogance is passed down through history."

All of a sudden, the Jedi flipped over on his back and pointed at me was a pistol; some sort of disruptor I assumed. Before I could even defend, he had squeezed off a shot. My whole body shook and buzzed as shockwaves crawled all over me. The pain! I never wanted to know what Force Lightning felt like after enduring that shot. My sabers deactivated and I crumpled onto the floor, my limbs twitching and my cape burning.

I slowly rolled onto my backside. Koon approached, stared down, and pointed his weapon at my head as I looked up to him.

"I'm sorry it had to end this way. Goodbye G-"

CLAMP!

I hoped he hadn't thought that I could be beaten so easily. I lefted my leg, opened my talons, and sunk them into the Jedi's personal region. "THAT-WAS-A-MISTAKE!" I hoisted Koon off the ground, pulled back my leg, and cast him into a pile of metal crates with a swift forward motion. Then I picked myself up, tore away my burning cape from its rondals, and collected my six lightsabers.