

# Dear sahara shadow knights: the unsung hero's

[People](#)



## Chapter One: Sweat and Blood

The stars twinkled with ferocity as I stared at them through the window of my room, the light of the moon brightened up my room with a natural glow. My face was milky white, and my armor glowed with a white aura, in this natural light show the moon provided. I sighed at the vast emptiness of space and continued to stare into the distance with the dazed stare I was all but famous for. I heard a knocking on my door that echoed throughout every corner of my room. A voice boomed out over the residual echo of the knocking

" Jesse, Jess are you there, we're late for our training"

I once again sighed at the deep dismal abyss that laid in front of me. I got out of my seat and stretched my arms up in the air. The voice and knocking continued

" Jesse, answer me are you there!"

I brought my hand to my forehead and slowly dragged it down. I replied with a hint of anger in my voice

" Yes I am here, and I told you its ShadowWolf now, that is my chosen Knight name."

The voice replied with a sense of sarcasm hindering in it

" Yes your knightness, but hey if you ever wish to BE one you should get you arse out here and get to the training room like we were supposed to be."

The voice stopped temporarily then flared up again with loud haste

" Ten minutes ago!!! the master will be very angry!"

The voice stopped and the silence was quickly followed by hard sound of hollow foot steps running down the hall. I made my way to the door slowly, whistling a low and sweet and sweet tune that matched perfectly with the milky white light that softly filled the room. I pressed the button and the door flew open with a loud swooch. The sound echoed down the empty metal halls. I stepped forward down the hall with the carefree speed of a child going to school. My long journey down the metal halls had brought me to a large grey door, above it laid ever so carefully the words " Training Room". I pushed the door open all the time whistling the tune I had begun in my room so far back. Everyone in the room drew silent as I walked past them, a large robed man stared at me with a dismal grin of disappointment. He shook his head in a negative fashion as he said to me

" Your late again, Mr Jesse. You know if you keep this up you wont reach knight level."

I looked down at my arm and brushed some dirt off my suit and replied

" Sorry masters, some things came up. You know?"

The master replied to me with anger

" That is no excuse, if you wish to become a great knight like your father you need to straighten up, and fly right for there will be a time that comes you will wish you had."

I lowered my head in shame, and replied with sincerity

" I'm sorry master, I truly am."

The master sighed and stared at me with a subsided rage

" Get into position, and then we may continue."

My training ensued, numerous drills of both physical and mental variety of which left me exhausted and sweaty. I panted for air and rested my hands on my knees as I bent over to catch my breathe. I looked at the ground below me and the metal glistened with my sweat provided a reflection of myself. I was a young man, full bodied face with my hair auburn red, my eyes were mud brown, and my aftershave left me with a rugged look.

The armor I wore was a dark black decorative vest the white flaps that came down from this vest synchronized their movements with my panting, under this was my shirt, soft and warm on the body with white scaled sleeves that reflected any light that touched their polished surface, below this was my gloves bulgy and black they stood out next to my white sleeves as a flame stands out in front of the dark, adjacent to this was my skirt it was black as space with triangles of white at the bottom and top, and it all was held together by my black boots polished to a shine that was unparalleled to others in the class.

My panting continued with no end in sight, a student came behind me and slapped me on the back.

" Haha, suck it up man were not even done yet."

I tried to form my words to say something , but nothing , but panting came out. I raised my hand and wiped the sweat from my forehead that had been dripping down forming a fairly large puddle below me. At that moment a large sound pierced my ears with the high-pitched scream that made me fall over into my puddle of sweat. I pushed my aching body up and spit on the floor as I dragged my hand over my face to get rid of the sweat.

" What the heck is that" I yelled over the sound

The master stared at us with serious stare, he mouth slowly opened to say

" It's the alarm. We are under attack"

The loud simultaneous yelp of " what" filled the room to be quickly white washed with the alarms high-pitched scream. The master slowly walked to the other side of the room where a small black box sat on the wall. The master pushed the buttons with the speed of a hurton as a section of the wall swung open to reveal an array of weapons and backpacks.

" Get geared up and ready, this is what we all have been training for"

His words filled the room and for a moment seemed to be the only things I could hear. I panted furiously and coughed rapidly. Rose up from my bent over position with the shaking slowness of a person that just got pummeled with a stun baton. We all ran towards the room as the alarm seemed to grow louder with each yelp. The room lay filled with Long Vibro Axes, the glare of light that reflected off of them blinded me as I slowly made my way in.

I grabbed an Axe and rushed out of the room and fell back into the formation the class was in as I had entered. The sound of ion cannons and TIE engines filled the room and overpowered the alarms loud noise. The master made his way slowly across the room as if nothing was happening.

The master then stopped 10 feet in front of us all and smiled with a wicked grin. He raised his arm slowly and pointed at one half of the class, he motioned them to take the exit to the right. The students did a salute and rushed out of the room, all armed with pikes and pistols. He pointed at our half now and motioned them to the left exit. He then walked towards me, he rubbed his eyes and little then set his hand on my shoulder.

" Lets just hope you learned enough."

I looked at him with a confused glare, he laughed and motioned at the left exit again. I was now running down the hall the sounds of my footsteps were all but unheard under the yelp of the alarms screaming every second, my body was still aching from training, and my leg wobbly from the idea of the battle that laid ahead. My foot stumbled to the side and balance became harder to maintain, I continued running until my foot tripped over what felt like a pike. My body flew forward and spun to the side a little, my body hit the floor in one big boom, and I began to tumble forward on the ground, my pike has dislodged from my holster on impact and now spun in the air ahead of me hitting the walls causing sparks to flare in its wake.

I finally stopped when I hit something, the sound of a splash boomed in my ears, my hair now filled with a cold liquid splashed. I slowly got up and grabbed the back of my head to help soften the pain that now overwhelmed

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me. I felt something squish in my hair as I pressed down, I quickly brought it to my face to reveal blood soaking over my hand. I quickly turned around to see a puddle of blood leading up to a stormtrooper whose neck was half way cut off. I panted fast and licked my lips, the sweat that lay dormant now began to drip into the puddle and mix with the blood, this mixture of sweat and blood made my stomach churn as it continued to spread out on the ground.