

Chapter 1 : SWFA: Light and Shadow - by Paul Danner

Written by some of today's leading science fiction writers, these tales sweep us into a world where the only laws are cunning, force, and power—and only the bravest, craziest, and deadliest dare to tread.

His thoughts were a jumbled mass, and as the sun vanished so did his hope of untangling those chaotic feelings. It was always worse at night, when he had nothing to do but stare up at the endless expanse of black sky and consider his plight. He had come to this world at the edge of the Galactic Frontier to try and salvage his very soul. Since he made the discovery, Dray figured he should also give his new home a name. He called it Vigil. At first, the verdant forest planet seemed like a perfect place for introspection and healing. However, its pastoral beauty only caused Dray more pain as he came to a terrible realization. The idyllic serenity of the environment served as a daily reminder that such tranquillity would never again be his. In the past, Dray had been the master of his emotions, but peace was now merely a fleeting dream. He fled civilized space in order to escape his troubles. But there was never any escape, no matter where he went. Not even on Vigil. Dray often contemplated leaving, but to go where? He would merely be hunted down as he was before, and Dray was tired of running. So he remained on the planet - both his paradise and perdition. He stretched out a tentative hand, like an infant reaching for its mother. Almost immediately he experienced the tingling sensation of the Force surging around his fingertips. A small chill touched the base of his spine with the knowing caress of an old lover. Dray sighed and rested himself in the small clearing under a canopy of wide-leaf arcosia trees. The delicately sweet smell of the foliage drifted through his nostrils and he drank in the aroma. Sitting cross-legged with his hands folded across his lap, Dray closed his eyes. The scent of arcosia swept into his lungs. He quieted himself down until all that remained was the sound of his own breath. Dray opened himself up to the harmony of nature. The shrill calls of the prismwings taking flight conjured up a breathtaking image of the brightly colored birds streaking a rainbow through the sky. He concentrated on distinguishing between the soft hoots of the other avians, the snuffling cries resounding from a hundred species of animals, and the tinny warbles of the bewildering array of insects. His breathing became slower, more exact, falling into an almost lulling rhythm. Dray tried to remember the meditative exercises taught to him by his Master, Ven-Mah Tyrrahl. He had not been able to call upon them in a very long time. A sharp pain nearly cut through his concentration, twisting like a vibroblade in his gut. He would never forget that day. His meditation had come to an abrupt end when Yeres Threem burst into the botanical garden. The Vultan Jedi adept was demanding answers and Dray had none to give his friend. Threem was beyond reason, attempting to kill Dray, but that hardly mattered. Threem knew the truth and therefore had to die. Dray could not identify it, so for the moment he ignored it. Dray could still hear the clash of their lightsabers, feel the haft of his weapon vibrate in his hand, smell the horrid cauterization of flesh. Then he was standing over the body of one of his closest friends. Those dark eyes like dull transparisteel accusing Dray of betrayal long after Threem had stopped breathing. It was the first Jedi that Dray had killed. It would not be the last. Other memories began to flood his mind, threatening to disrupt his contemplation. Dray took a cleansing breath, let go his focus, cleared his thoughts. He tried again and suddenly heard the words of his Master echoing through his head. Try and you will always fail. Success is not a goal. It is a conscious decision. Dray increased his concentration. The characteristic sounds of his adopted planet fell away as he searched for something else. Sweat beaded on his forehead, matting his hair, and dripping down his back in icy rivulets. He released his awareness of the physical body and grasped for something greater. For a moment Dray feared the ability was lost to him. He heard it, hushed at first but growing ever stronger. The heartbeat of his new home. The resonant geothermal pulse that warmed the cold rock. The crude vessel of the body could no longer contain his spirit. Dray did not fully abandon his physical form, but embraced it into the whole of his being and moved beyond. He was the rocks, the trees, the animals, the lakes, the dirt. It was not enough. He reached for the stars above, into the galaxy that surrounded him. Into the very heart of the Force. He felt his entire conscious being lifted into a place that words could never describe. His body was engulfed in flame and then dipped into a vast ocean of ice. He continued to rise, and as he did he felt his mind begin to open. It could not fully encompass what he was experiencing, but he knew he

was about to reach a plateau. The most beautiful woman in the galaxy was wrapping him in her arms and pulling him higher and higher. Something abruptly stopped his ascension. He heard the rumblings first, the terrible thunder emanating from great stormclouds clearing the horizon. Then came the lightning, unnaturally violet and unerringly vicious. The winds roared with fury and nothing could stand against them. The sky that had borne him aloft suddenly released him. Dray found himself falling. The storm was coming for him; fueled by fear, rage, hatred. Dray braced himself, but knew there was no hope of surviving the onslaught. Then came thunder like no other and Dray thought it was the first strike of the dark side storm. The anticipated attack never arrived and Dray realized the jarring sound was not a manifestation of the Force after all. His eyes snapped open and the trance was lost. The dreadful storm was gone as quickly as it had arrived. Dray immediately saw the streaking arc of light cutting through the sky; like a falling star only much closer. Whatever the object was it had just entered the atmosphere, burning as bright as any sun. It seemed to take forever to complete its descent. The flaring object disappeared momentarily behind the tree line and Dray felt the coldness of a metallic craft sheltering three lifeforms. He could feel the vital pulse of each being and for an awful moment, their emotions were also his to experience - fear, hopelessness, despair. Suddenly, there was an explosion so great Dray felt it from over a mile away. The ground shook as if wracked by a rampaging herd of angry bantha. Dray lost his footing and rode the rest of the aftershocks flat on his back. All was silent once more. Dray was already up and running. He stumbled through the last few meters of tangled underbrush, nearly landing head-first in the impact trench that stretched across the valley. Dray followed the track, running parallel to it, and estimated the size of the ship that may have caused the sizable furrow. His heart triphammered inside his chest as he closed in on the unnatural crater that yawned like an open wound. He skidded to a halt at the lip of the smoldering abyss and surveyed the situation. The vessel was some sort of scout craft; too small to be a freighter and not enough armor or weapons to be a fighter. The ship had split into two large sections and each half was a raging inferno. Dray slowly descended the dirt mound and moved toward the fiery remains, keeping one arm protectively over his face. He made his way over the minefield of flaming debris to what he guessed was the cockpit. He could see two bodies completely engulfed. For their sake, Dray hoped they died on impact. As sweat poured off him like rain, he carefully began moving away from the blazing inferno.

Chapter 2 : Tales from the New Republic: Star Wars Legends - Google Books

Tales from the New Republic has 2, ratings and 31 reviews. Written by some of today's leading science fiction writers, these tales sweep us into a wor.

Star Wars Tales books book novel novels lot 5 five paperbacks a Only 1 available Shipping: You may want to contact the merchant to confirm the availability of the product. Description For sale are 5 of Star Wars Tales paper back novels. These are all 1st edition paper backs. These books contain short Star Wars stories from several notable Science fiction authors with stories that span different timelines. The book is edited by Kevin J. The Tale of Muftak and Kabe by A. Crispin The Sand Tender: The Tale of Dr. Evazan and Ponda Baba by Kenneth C. Flint Drawing the Maps of Peace: Tales of the Bounty Hunters , edited by Kevin J. It presents the background stories about each bounty hunter that was seen aboard the Executor in the film The Empire Strikes Back. The stories all intersect at that particular movie scene. Anderson, who wrote one of the stories as well. The book was edited by Kevin J. Anderson and was released on December 1, Mallett "Out of the Closet: The book is edited by Peter Schweighofer. The centerpoint of the anthology is a short novel by Timothy Zahn and Michael A. Stackpole entitled "Side Trip". Stackpole 2 ABY 5. The book is edited by Peter Schweighofer and Craig Carey.

The Last Hand is a short story written by Paul Danner that was originally published in Star Wars Adventure Journal 13 by West End Games in May , and later republished in Tales from the New Republic by Bantam Spectra in December

Site Info Star Wars: Remember all those short stories mentioned in Star Wars: Prepare for a massive info dump. Kemp, published in Star Wars Insider in March Anderson, published in Star Wars Gamer 3 in January Shadow Hunter in December The Phantom Menace 3D novelization edition released in January Barr, published in Star Wars Insider 79 in December Triple Zero in February True Colors in October Trautmann, published in Star Wars Galaxy 8 in Kent, published in Star Wars Galactic Battleground: Stackpole, published in Tales from the New Republic in December Williams and Mark S. Williams, published in Star Wars Insider in January Schweighofer, published in Star Wars Galaxy 10 in The Tale of Dr. Strayton, published in Star Wars Galaxy 12 in TIE Fighter in July Anderson, published in Tales of the Bounty Hunters in December Erdelac, published as a Hyperspace exclusive in October , later released online by Suvudu. The 20th Anniversary Edition in September The Joiner King in July Kemp, published in Star Wars Insider in October Collections and anthologies of note:

Chapter 4 : The Rebellion > The Last Hand

Star Wars Books: The Last Hand (), a short story by Paul Danner.

If you have read this story, please rate it: Not yet reviewed [Be the first] Synopsis: On Morado, young Nyo loses another hand of sabacc to the Herglic gambler Doune. Down to one credit, he is ready to give up, when a mysterious figure enters the room and challenges Doune to a hand. The man reveals himself to be, by all appearances, the legendary Kinnin Vo-Shay, who should be over years old, or dead. With no credits to wager, Vo-Shay is snubbed by Doune, but Nyo tosses him his last credit. The game is on. When the final hand is complete, Vo-Shay and Nyo walk out with nearly , credits. Vo-Shay gives Nyo , of it, since it was based on his credit, and talks with the boy. Nyo had been in the game in order to win enough money to buy a lightsaber, a link to the Jedi he so admires, from a black marketeer on Nar Shaddaa. Vo-Shay confirms that he is the Vo-Shay of legend, but does not reveal any more. En route, Vo-Shay speaks with a mysterious disembodied voice, which Nyo will later hear but receive no explanation for until later. On Nar Shaddaa, they find that the lightsaber has already been sold. Doune challenges Vo-Shay to another hand of sabacc. If Vo-Shay wins, Nyo gets the lightsaber. If Doune wins, Doune can have the pendant that Vo-Shay wears and which is rumoured to be the source of his amazing luck. Victorious, Doune simply tosses away the lightsaber which Nyo retrieves and heads out with his new pendant. Nyo and Vo-Shay return to the Ashanda Ray, where Vo-Shay explains that when the Ashanda Ray was lost in the Tyus Cluster, back when he supposedly vanished for good, it was trapped between the black holes of the area, stuck in a place where time as we know it did not exist quite right. Others had been trapped there as well, including a Jedi Master named Aryzah, who helped Vo-Shay escape. After Vo-Shay tells Nyo this, he offers him a position as first mate. This story occurs approximately just after year after the Battle of Yavin. Related Stories in chronological order: Did you like it or loathe it? Write a short review max.

Chapter 5 : Simple Tricks by Chris Cassidy; Tish Pahl - FictionDB

Tales from the New Republic () is an anthology of short stories set in the fictional Star Wars universe. The book is edited by Peter Schweighofer and Craig Carey. The book is edited by Peter Schweighofer and Craig Carey.

Chapter 6 : Timeline > The Rebellion

The Last Hand - Paul Danner. *Two for One* - Paul Danner. *The Draw* - Angela Phillips. *The Darkstryder Campaign*. *Galaxy Magazine #1*. *Galaxy Magazine #2*.

Chapter 7 : Cover Gallery Anthologies West End Games

Paul Danner is an author who wrote six short stories for the *Star Wars Adventure Journal*: *One of a Kind*, *Easy Credits*, *Small Favors*, *The Last Hand*, *No Disintegrations*, *Please*, and *Two for One*.

Chapter 8 : Tales from the New Republic - Wikipedia

Mr. Paul K. Danner, III, served as Secretary of Alliance MMA, Inc. and served as its Chief Executive Officer since May 11, until February 7, Mr. Danner has been a Director of Worldwide.

Chapter 9 : Star Wars Tales books book novel novels lot 5 five paperbacks (a)

"*The Last Hand*" by Paul Danner "*Simple Tricks*" by Chris Cassidy and Tish Pahl Peter Schweighofer - Editor.