Shoom! Kylo Ren started up his lightsaber. A red line of laser beam shot out. He steadied himself. Rey leapt to her lightsaber, grabbed the handle and rushed forwards. A tangle of red and blue. Shoom! Shoom! Sparks flew from the merciless weapons. Shoom! They collided again. The air filled with flashes of colour. During the first few blows Ren concentrated on defending herself, trying to let her muscles settle into the rhythm of battle. Shoom! The red line of fierce laser beam made contact with a tree, slicing it clean in half. Rey was forced to retreat. Her opponent let out a menacing roar of sound, showing his rage as he advanced forwards. Like a hunter after his prey. Shoom! Their lightsabers connected again. A blaze of sparks shot out. Both locked in battle. They stood as if statues, trying to muster the strength to overpower their enemy. Rey ducked. The blue laser beam making contact and burning part of Kylo Ren’s shoulder. He fell to the floor.

“Stop!” he shouted with frustration raging through his words. At that very moment, Rey did just that. Her whole body tensed and suddenly she felt her grip on her lightsaber, her weapon, her only hope loosen as if icy fingers were prying it away from her. She tried to speak but her jaw was locked shut.

“Stupid youngling, you thought you could defeat me? You are no match for my mind control!” declared Kylo Ren triumphantly, mocking Rey’s bravery. Rey’s eyes started to fill with tears and her breathing quickened. He got to his feet, moved closer to Rey, so close that his breath invaded Rey’s ears.

“You will be a valuable asset to me,” he muttered in her ear, and with that Rey’s world went dark.