

Thanksgiving Day

Competition Fiction

By

Adept DarkHawk Sadow

[DarkHawk Snapshot](#)

Adept DarkHawk Sadow moved through the festive streets of Canto Blight, the coastal city WAS alive with the vibrant colors and joyous sounds of the holiday celebration. The air carried the scent of sea salt and exotic spices, and the atmosphere was electric with the anticipation of gratitude and merriment.

As DarkHawk navigated the crowded thoroughfare, his eyes scanned the surroundings, ever watchful for any disturbances in the Force. Brought to the planet to rendezvous with an informant regarding intel on a certain Children of Mortis Lieutenant. Amidst the revelry, he caught a glimpse of movement out of the corner of his eye—a small child, crawling into an alley. DarkHawk's acute senses picked up on the child's distress, and a momentary pause in his stride betrayed the internal conflict that stirred within the Sith assassin.

The child, one leg seemingly seized or broken, tugged at the frayed edges of DarkHawk's humanity. The dark side beckoned him to ignore the scene, a mere distraction from his mission. Yet, there was a lingering echo of compassion—a trace of the person he once was before the shadows claimed him.

After a brief internal struggle, DarkHawk chose an unexpected path. He veered towards the alley, his cloak billowing like a shroud as he approached the injured child. The narrow passage between buildings was dimly lit, and the child looked up with a mix of fear and hope as DarkHawk's imposing figure loomed.

The Sith assassin knelt beside the child, his gloved hands reaching out. With a delicate touch infused with the Force, he assessed the extent of the injury. It was a clean break, the bone jutting out at an odd angle. DarkHawk's cold exterior softened for a moment, and a flicker of empathy surfaced as he began to manipulate the Force to set the broken limb.

As the child's cries of pain gradually subsided, a small crowd had gathered at the mouth of the alley, drawn by the unusual sight of this wraith showing mercy. Whispers of curiosity and disbelief rippled through the onlookers. DarkHawk, however, paid them no heed. His focus remained on the child, a testament to a momentary lapse in his Sith demeanor.

Having done what he deemed necessary, DarkHawk rose from his crouched position. The child, now comforted by concerned bystanders, gazed up at the enigmatic figure who had emerged from the shadows to offer an unexpected act of kindness. The Sith assassin, a mysterious silhouette against the backdrop of the coastal city, cast one last glance at the alley before disappearing into the holiday crowd.

As DarkHawk continued through the streets of Canto Blight, his internal conflict remained unresolved. The dark side clawed at his consciousness, whispering accusations of weakness and sentimentality. Yet, somewhere within the depths of the Sith's soul, a flicker of something else remained—a distant memory of compassion, a fragment of the person he once was.

Unbeknownst to DarkHawk, his compassionate act had not gone unnoticed by a group of individuals hidden within the shadows of the city. Lieutenants of the Pyke Syndicate, notorious criminals with a reputation for cunning and ruthlessness, had observed the Sith's unexpected display of mercy. Their eyes glinted with opportunistic glee, recognizing the potential to exploit the momentary vulnerability of the Sith assassin.

One of the lieutenants recognized the Consul, immediately relishing the thought of ridding the galaxy of him. "That is the Sith that disrupted our raids outside of Kessel and Coruscant." The Pyke's eyes narrowed, "I have not forgotten about you," he said through gritted teeth.

As DarkHawk continued through the coastal city, his heightened senses detected a subtle shift in the atmosphere—a disturbance in the Force that hinted at danger. Instinctively, he became more alert, his senses honed to the shadows that concealed unseen threats.

The Pyke Syndicate lieutenants, well-versed in subterfuge, closed in on DarkHawk. The alleys of Canto Blight provided ample cover for their approach, and the Sith found himself surrounded by a group of adversaries as the holiday crowd carried on with their celebrations, oblivious to the impending clash.

Without warning, the criminals emerged from the shadows, striking with coordinated precision. DarkHawk kept his lightsaber stowed for now. Relying on his mastery of martial arts and the dark side of the Force to face the threat. The combat that ensued was a symphony of strikes and counters, the Sith's movements a deadly dance against skilled opponents.

DarkHawk's hands and feet moved with lethal precision, his training in the Sith arts and martial prowess evident in every fluid motion. The Pyke Syndicate lieutenants, however, were no ordinary adversaries. Their attacks were a coordinated effort to overwhelm the Sith assassin. However, that plan did not come to fruition for the Pyke representatives.

For every blow the Pykes got in, DarkHawk countered with a crushing blow of his own. As soon as one would stagger away, more attacks followed. One of the Pykes came in swinging his half staff, the assassin blocked the blow letting his Beskar vambrace take the brunt. Locking the Pykes hands, DarkHawk pivoted and used his assailant's momentum to carry the blow through, splitting an incoming Pyke's forehead wide open.

The coastal breeze carried the sounds of the fierce hand-to-hand combat across the city. DarkHawk's cloak billowed with each acrobatic maneuver, avoiding multiple attacks. The clash of bodies echoed through the narrow streets as they crashed to the ground. The assassin's mastery of the Force became evident to the Pykes. DarkHawk channeled his rage and unleashed bursts of dark cobalt lightning. Those tendrils of dark energy wrapped around his assailants burning the flesh from their bodies.

Only one Pyke remained. The stench of burning flesh engulfed the alley, the pungent smell caused his nostrils to flare violently. The lieutenant spat out a mouthful of blood staining the cobblestone alley. DarkHawk began to circle his prey, taunting him to attack. The lieutenant depressed a button on his half staff, a blade sprung out from one end. Twirling the staff around it whistled through its movements. Then the attack came.

The Pyke charged in and the blade caught the wraith across the left bicep, it took a moment for the feeling to register. Then the hormones and pain kicked in, a sense of burning, searing pain, cold sweat from adrenalin. He could feel the blood begin to trickle down his arm. The Pyke wasted no time and re-engaged his attack on the Sith.

DarkHawk's rage went into overdrive, blocking the strike before sinking the vibro blades of his talon gloves into the exposed hands of the Pyke. He howled in pain as he dropped the half staff. That is when DarkHawk unleashed a flurry of strikes to the

Pyke's abdomen. The vibro blades made quick work of the Pyke shredding through his clothing and spilling his entrails to the ground.

As the confrontation reached its climax, DarkHawk stood alone amid the fallen lieutenants. His cloak, now stained with the residue of Pyke blood, whispered in the wind like a phantom of death. The holiday crowd remained oblivious to the violent clash that had unfolded in the hidden corners of Canto Blight.

Breathing heavily, DarkHawk surveyed the aftermath of the battle. The Pyke Syndicate lieutenants lay defeated, their ambitious plot to exploit the Sith's momentary vulnerability foiled by the assassin's tenacity and mastery of the dark side.

With a final glance at his bloody aftermath, DarkHawk resumed his solitary mission. The echoes of the hand-to-hand combat lingered in the air, a testament to the duality that defined him—the Sith assassin who, for a brief moment, allowed compassion to eclipse the shadows. As the holiday celebration continued around him, DarkHawk vanished into the depths of the coastal city, leaving behind the enigma of an unexpected savior and a relentless harbinger of darkness.

The End