



## *Competition: Dathomir Adventure: Collect Local Flora and Fauna*

A fiction authored by

Adept DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's snapshot](#)

### **Quelli Sector**

### **Dathomir System**

### **Dathomir**

The black cloak of Adept DarkHawk Sadow billowed as he descended from his Sith Fury Interceptor the *Reaver* onto the ominous terrain of Dathomir. At his side, a sleek and lethal Viper Probot, affectionately named *VP*, slithered out, ready to carry out its master's bidding. DarkHawk's lightsabers hung at his belt, a symbol of the dark power he wielded. He took a moment to survey the eerie landscape before him, a twisted tapestry of flora and fauna that seemed to pulse with the dark energy of the Force.

Ty, DarkHawk's trusted Duros pilot, called down from the cockpit. "You two watch your six. Ping me your coordinates when you bag one of them big blokes and I will bring the ship around to your locale, savvy?"

"Copy that." replied DarkHawk.

The Sith assassin's mission was clear – to procure local plants and animals for Hector Von Ricmore's studies of Nightsister Magicks. The tools of the trade were provided: sedatives, a Carbonite projector, and secure containment options. DarkHawk's gaze shifted to *VP*, a robotic companion outfitted with advanced sensors and weaponry, designed to assist him in the perilous quest ahead.

The first target on their list was the elusive Dathomirian Rancor, a creature known for its aggression and strength. DarkHawk and *VP* moved through the dense jungle, the air thick with the acrid scent of the Nightsister Magik that permeated the environment. As they ventured deeper, the rhythmic hum of *VP*'s servos mixed with the ominous calls of the native creatures.

Suddenly, the duo encountered a group of Nightbrothers, the fierce and tribal warriors of Dathomir. DarkHawk ignited his crimson lightsaber, its glow casting an eerie hue on the surrounding foliage. The Nightbrothers, armed with various melee weapons, confronted the Sith assassin and his metallic companion.

The battle that ensued was a symphony of clashing lightsabers and the mechanical whirring of *VP*'s weaponry. DarkHawk, a master of the Dark side, moved with lethal precision, dispatching his adversaries with a combination of Force-enhanced strikes and acrobatics. *VP*, with blinding speed, unleashed a barrage of blaster fire, providing cover for DarkHawk as he advanced.

As the last Nightbrother fell, the duo pressed on, deeper into the heart of Dathomir. The landscape grew more treacherous, and the echoes of Nightsister incantations whispered through the twisted branches. DarkHawk sensed a disturbance in the Force, a sign that they were drawing near to the territory of the Dathomirian Rancor.

Their approach, however, did not go unnoticed. The ground trembled beneath massive footsteps as a pack of Rancors emerged from the shadows. DarkHawk activated the Carbonite projector, aiming to immobilize one of the creatures. *VP* unleashed a barrage of stun blasts to disorient the others, but the sheer ferocity of the Rancors posed a formidable challenge.

The Sith assassin danced through the chaos, narrowly avoiding the powerful strikes of the enraged Rancors. *VP*'s servos whirred as it circled the creatures, strategically disabling them one by one. DarkHawk, with the precision of a seasoned warrior, injected sedatives into the immobilized Rancor, its colossal form succumbing to the effects.

With the immediate threat subdued, DarkHawk and *VP* secured the sedated creature in a specialized containment unit. DarkHawk activated his comms and pinged his location back to

the *Reaver*. The Nightbrother resistance and Rancor encounter had tested their mettle, but the mission was far from over. DarkHawk knew that the true challenge lay in navigating the intricate web of Dathomir's supernatural forces as they sought out the elusive local plants required for Ricmore's studies.

As they continued their quest, the Sith assassin and his Viper Probot ventured into the heart of the dark side-infused planet, the promise of payment and the secrets of Nightsister Magicks driving them forward into the unknown depths of Dathomir.

# The End