**“The Fall of Coruscant”**

By Braecen Kaeth (4520)

*DJB Episode VII Celebration: Legends Never Die*

**Estle City**

**Dajorra System**

The cantina was a seedy place. Far from the prim and proper taverns one could find closer to The Citadel. Where the illustrious Shadow Lady ruled with absolute sovereignty over her dominion. While the Dajorra Defense Forces kept a grip on the system everyone remained afraid of the sporadic sightings of the Force Users. Some had taken to calling them magicians or wizards. Others had silently cursed them as oppressive demons. No one hailed them as heroes or angels.

 Yet, here, several miles from the epicenter of it all sat the unassuming form of an Elder. His tankard had grown lighter with every lift, but he knew it would soon be refilled by the barkeep or one of the serving girls that darted about. The Corellian craned his head in search of his favorite – a cute little red head - that had taken a shine to him or his credits. Honestly, he wasn’t sure which she valued more, but he was happy for the attention. Unable to locate her in his first glance, he drank the rest of the mug in defeat. It produced a surprisingly hollow ***thonk*** as it slapped down on the table before him.

 “One more,” it was more a suggestion than a question. Braecen raised his eyes from his mug to the person whom had taken a seat across from him. The Adept frowned. He was both dismayed by the appearance of the man before him and that his anonymity could be shattered in this particular watering hole. Yet, he was hardly surprised the VOICE of the Brotherhood had found him. He was rumored to be the indirect Director of the Inquisitorius that worked in the shadows and secrets for the Iron Throne.

 “If you are buying,” Braecen grunted in response.

Evant smiled coyly and raised a hand. A very pretty girl appeared at his side in a heartbeat, ready to take his order. “We will have two of what he is having.” Happily, she smiled and whirled away towards the bar. “And what *exactly* are we having, Braecen Kaeth?”

The older man chuckled before he answered, “Whyren’s Reserve. A good, single barrel batch. None of that diluted stuff you find around the galaxy – stuff shipped directly in from the Diktat.”

Some of the words he used sounded unfamiliar. Almost antique or nostalgic in the ears of the VOICE. It reassured him that the Grand Master had not, in fact, sent him on a fool’s quest. Somewhere deep inside this Elder would be knowledge useful to the Brotherhood. Useful to the Grand Master. If it cost him an expensive glass of whiskey, so be it. “I’d like you to tell me a story, Braecen. One the Grand Masters of Antei assure me you can tell.”

“Stories are a dangerous thing,” the Elder’s voice was hushed. Almost lost underneath the boisterous voices and music of the cantina. “But for the price of that drink, I’ll tell you just one.”

“Tell me,” Evant spoke eagerly, “about the fall of Coruscant.” He knew that the Grand Master was planning an operation deep into the seat of Republic power, but he could not be sure what would be gained by chasing down old wives tales from assorted members of the Brotherhood. Perhaps the collection of stories would present an operational profile or dissuade someone on the Dark Council for opposing the mission.

Braecen began with an explanation. “I heard this story but once. And it was from another Corellian that had studied at Skywalker’s Praxeum. Before that business with that Dark Jedi Kylo Ren had swept it off the face of the galaxy…”

Rogue Squadron had gotten in over their heads. Inserted into the metropolis world of Coruscant several weeks previous to detail the planet’s defenses, they had orchestrated an elaborate plan to bring down the shields of the planet. So that The Resistance might strike at the heart of the Galactic Empire’s remnants and depose the Imperial Director Ysanne Issard.

 She was twice their match in wits and infinitely beyond them in resources. Her most valued agent, Kirtan Loor, had become her instrument against their advances. And he had solved the riddle of how they planned to stage their coup. He had not been directed to stop them, but had been told to slow their advance. In a dashing, bold strike, he had wiped all of the central computer memory cores; replacing every existing unit with a newly manufactured one. This prevented The Resistance from using a slicing technique to allow administrative access to planetary shields.

 Had it not been for the quick wit of a Corellian named Corran Horn, the whole of their strike at the Imperial Center might not have ever occurred. Corran had heard that no weatherman could accurate predict the weather of Coruscant. The storms were erratic, that the slightest shift in atmospheric moisture could form a wild, devastating storm in minutes. Steps had been taken to prevent these storms and protect the populace. The grid would shut down in extreme storms and run on backup power routed deep through the planet’s core.

 Corran and his squadron decided to race through the city-world in old Z-95 Headhunters and destroy a nearby water station. The massive upheaval of moisture into the atmosphere caused a massive storm to arise and the lightning redirected power through the reserve channels to the planetary shield system. While this would limit their defenses, it would not drop those shields or open Coruscant to invasion by The Resistance.

 Instead, Corran would be forced to fly his ship through the storm and make a pivotal strike against the auxiliary power. If he felled the redundant system, he could collapse the shields long enough for the fleet to enter Imperial space, wage war in the skies, before moving to occupy the Imperial Center. This would be the first step to conquering the Galactic Empire and installing their own Republic.

Braecen drained the remainder of his tumbler. It had been a quaint story, but he had not been there himself to offer any other details. And he had later heard that a collective of worlds had come together in defiance to the Emperor-less Empire. A refusal of services, imports, and credits had crippled their hold on the center of the galaxy, but not the The Order’s hold on the galaxy.

 Evant sat before him deep in thought. As if his ears were penning the report directly into his brain. *He’s dangerous,* the Elder observed. Braecen came to a solid conclusion: what this man lacks in control over the Force, he has in control on the Dark Council.

 The VOICE of the Brotherhood nodded appreciatively before he stood and departed. Braecen attempted to keep an eye on the man throughout the busy tavern, but he simply disappeared within three steps. It sent a chill down the Elder’s back. To hear a story about a man was one thing. To see how he conducted himself was another.