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14287

**The *Millennium Falcon***  
**The Unknown Regions**

xxBegin.Log

I have waited for this moment for 52 years. I nurtured that damn child, Skywalker, to greatness, but Palpatine stole him from me. I had my revenge when I found his son and forged him into a living weapon to destroy both the so-called Emperor and my old apprentice, only to have the younger Skywalker push me aside. He ruined everything, and could have destroyed me - but he never realized my true aims until it was too late.

I built the First Order to bury the son under the father's legacy, yet he survives. I showed his own nephew the power of the Dark Side, yet Skywalker survives. I destroyed his precious academy, slaughtered his students, drove him to the edges of known space - yet he survives. But not for long.

When he fled, Skywalker ripped away a piece of my mind. For years now I've know every inch of the galaxy but the bit I've needed to find him. Now the girl has brought it to me. The coward dwells on Ahch-To, and there is where he will meet his fate. The last few days have been troublesome, but weapons can be rebuilt. Kylo Ren will survive and serve me better for it. These troubles are fleeting, but my revenge - my *victory* - will be eternal.

At last I have found the one remaining Jedi. At last I will have my revenge.

xxEnd.Log

**Ahch-To**  
**Unidentified Ruins**

Luke Skywalker turn at last to face her, pulling the hood of his robe down to let the sunlight fall unobstructed to his face. She looked at him, her eyes speaking volumes about the trials it had taken to come to this point. Meeting her gaze, Luke knew what she had suffered. The pain, the loneliness, the fear and wonder of discovering the Force, as if she had opened her eyes for the first time on some harsh but beautiful world. He saw flashes of an all too familiar desert world, of old friends, of death and destruction.

It also confirmed what he had felt through the eddies of the Force. Han was dead; Ben was a creature of darkness, enslaved to Snoke, but even more so to his own fears.

The girl reached out a hand, clutching a lightsaber - it couldn't be *that* lightsaber - and silently begging him to take it from her, to relieve her of that terrible burden.

Luke took a deep breath, struggling to assemble the first words he'd had to say in more than a decade. He opened his mouth, but the quiet roar of thrusters and an excited series of chirps and beeps interrupted him.

"Artoo?" he began with a smile, "I've miss you ol-"

The Force screamed out at him that there was immanent danger, but it was more distraction than an effective warning. Luke looked around with a wary eye, but the threat was one he least expected. R2-D2, thrusters hot, charged right into him.

"Artoo!" the girl shrieked and Luke tumbled to the ground, rolling over a few times and stopping precariously close to the edge of a cliff. The droid was rolling along now, making a beeline directly for his stunned prey.

Rey hurled herself between him, igniting the saber with a *snap-hiss* and holding it in front of her in a guard. The girl was strong; Luke had felt her through the Force before the *Falcon* had even made it into the atmosphere. But Rey was untrained and unprepared to face a true master of the Dark Side.

R2-D2 didn't even slow down. A small arm popped out of a compartment on the front of his round body, and lightning arced forth into the unfortunate young woman. Not the painful but ultimately harmless sparking that Luke had seen released so many times before, but a stream of terrible Force lightning. Rey screamed and fell to the ground, the lightsaber slipping free of her grasp. R2-D2 rolled inexorably onward.

Luke couldn't believe it, but he would have to make peace with that later. For now, all he could do was fight for his life. More lightning arced forth, but Luke was more canny than he had been thirty years early when he faced the Emperor. The Jedi Master caught the blast in the palm of his hand, drawing the energy into himself before redirecting it back at the droid.

*Whaaaaaaaaoooooooooooo* it screeched, and the rockets popped out again. As R2 launched himself into the air, his own crimson lightsaber ignited from a hidden compartment in his head-like dome.

Luke scrambled to his feet, calling the lightsaber to his skeletal robotic hand. *It is the same one!* he thought, suppressing an instinctive dread at the memory of his duel on Bespin.

The droid made his move, swooping in, poised to take Skywalker's head off. Luke closed his eyes and trusted in the Force. Ducking under the Sith's lightsaber he swung up with his own.

There was no pain, only a sad series of beeps, and then a distance splash as R2-D2's chassis and severed dome fell into the sea.