*Catch That Scientist!*

**Competition**

**Fiction by Warrior DarkHawk (264)**

**Kal Rasha**

**Cityscape**

DarkHawk peered out from the shadows of Kel Rasha. While on patrol, the Warrior was following a lead to the connection of Councilman Vangor and the plethora of underworld criminal sieges throughout the city. DarkHawk has been so consumed in exposing and making the connection between the two, he has almost forgot about his responsibility to the Night Hawks. As he watched the night, waiting for his suspects to reveal themselves, that very thought weighed heavily upon him. He reached out to the Force seeking its embrace of knowledge. As his thoughts traipsed the endless depths of the Force, a familiar voiced boomed in his consciousness.

“*Continue your path, our attention is required on a larger spectrum.*”

“*Master…*” called out DarkHawk

Master Muz’s voice soothed the Warrior’s apprehension. Over the last few weeks, the clan has been spread out conducting operations throughout to gain the upper hand on many fronts. At the forefront has been Kal Rasha. Breaking the grip on the city by the players of the underworld crime bosses. Which has turned out to be quite a chess match for DarkHawk. Many corrupt hands in the so-called “money pot” to control of the city.

Just then an Emergency Action Message (EAM) came over via a secure COMM channel. One of the operations the clan has been addressing has been a biological outbreak that turns non-force users into mindless lemmings. The caveat to that, this “plague” strips force users of their powers. As DarkHawk found out first hand when he and Battlemaster Armad first came to investigate Kel Rasha. The message detailed several high-interest scientists who may be responsible for the creation of the outbreak are wanted for questioning. No harm must come to them, and just so happens one has been spotted in the very district that DarkHawk was patrolling.

“This is Warrior DarkHawk, I confirm EAM and deviating from patrol in sector twelve.”

“Copy deviation confirmed and approved, dossier being uploaded to you now.”

The Warrior activated his communications array on his gauntlet and a full dossier of the suspect floated on a small hologram image above his gauntlet. DarkHawk memorized the details and he stored the image.

INTEL stated he was last seen leaving the medical facility over in sector nine. “*Seems like a good place to start,*” he said to himself.

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**Kal Rasha**

**Cityscape**

The Equite stood from his perch, high above the city. With all the efforts that the clan had been attending too, seems like a good night of what leads to being a standard “snatch and grab” operation. This would be good for the young Warrior. DarkHawk stared out into the night and embraced the cityscapes lights. Without even thinking he let himself fall into the night. Wind racing past him, his body streamlined in almost a bullet form and cutting through the darkness. The city rushed passed the Warrior, what seemed like a pause in time was merely seconds as the city surface rapidly approached. In one solid motion, the Equite rolled and simultaneously activated his wing pack and a custom set of glider wings extended and carried the Warrior silently over the city.

As DarkHawk soared high above the city, he watched the streets. The night not only brings out members of the clan but the low life scum that overruns it. The thoughts of imposing his will on the majority of the street dwellers gave solace to himself.

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**Kal Rasha**

**Science Division Building**

DarkHawk maneuvered his body through the high city buildings. Homing in on the science building and allowing the winds to carry him up to his target. Positioning his body in a vertical state and extending his wings to their full capacity he landed like a feather. Hitting another button on his gauntlet his wings retracted.

Making his way to the maintenance door he found it very odd that the door was unlocked. Entering and navigating his way down the stairs to the science lab. According to the INTEL, the lab is just three floors down. The warrior made his way down, again another door unlocked.

“*Someone’s already been here,*” he thought.

The hallways were dimly lit, the Warrior switched his cowl’s vision to infrared and scanned the vicinity. There were no signs of anyone on the floor. Once again he switched his cowl’s vision to thermal imaging, nothing.

He diligently made his way down the hallway and came upon the secure control panel to the lab's access doors. He worked the keyboard and hacked the security parameters and the doors whisked open. At first glance, the lab seemed in good standing, but looks are quite deceiving. DawkHawk made his way to the first computer station, checked the logs and it had not been used in days. Log books around the station deemed otherwise.

There were chemical formulas in various equations written throughout. The last formula was decisively close to the strain Augur Locke had briefed about. As he continued his investigation, he noticed vials of liquids still processing through individual manipulations. There were DNA strains on monitor screens with equations again matching the strain of the Plague.

Something was not right here, this evidence seemed to upfront and blatant. As he scrutinized through more of the data banks, DarkHawk found travel arrangments for our would be fugitive. Seems Dr. Dunbar is definitely making her way out of the city. But, why would she be so transparent with all this? Seems there is foul play abroad and someone was planting evidence to point to the good doctor.

*“Someones went to great lengths to set this up.”* DarkHawk thought.

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**Kal Rasha**

**Science Division Building**

At that very moment, two Transdosans came charging into the lab. Rifles laying down a heavy barrage of fire. DarkHawk dove to his left narrowly dodging being hit by the blaster bolts. The Warrior unsheathed his sabers and went on his own attack. The first scaled assailant was directly in front of him now. His sabers hummed as they cut through the air redirecting blaster bolts towards his foe. Sparks flew, lab equipment smashed against the walls from being hit by the Warrior’s saber volleys.

One blaster bolt the Warrior redirected, hit the Transdoshan in the right shoulder spinning him around. DarkHawk immediately carried his movement to his knees and slid toward the reptilian and drove his saber in and upward in the Transdoshan’s torso. His body slumped to the lab floor, green blood spewing from the dismembered figure.

Staying low the Equite maneuvered behind a console and waited for a pause from the blaster fire. As predicted the Transdoshan paused from his attack and try to make a clear vision through the smoke and debris of the lab. His long claws from his feet scraped the floor as he edged closer to his fallen comrade. DarkHawk gauged the proximity of the Transdoshan as the footsteps became louder, closer. Using the assistance of the Force, the Warrior braced himself against the console, in one solid motion launched himself into the air twisting and striking the Transdosan on his downward momentum. DarkHawk’s saber sliced the scaled assailant from shoulder to waist.

The Warrior checked the two downed Transdoshan’s bodies for any kind of information. They carried nothing on them. As he looked at the first of the fallen he noticed a small brand on the forearm. He checked the second and he also carried the same markings. Both were branded with the insignia of the Orion gang.

“*Well, this definitely sheds a bit of light on the manner.*” He said to himself.

As the Warrior stood up, a shadow whisked passed the demolished lab doors. DarkHawk went on a dead run out of the lab and caught the outline of a woman at the end of the hallway. She raced through the exit doors heading down the stairwell. DarkHawk raced down the hallway and laid his shoulder into the exit door sending it smashing into the wall behind it. He peered down the stairwell and saw the woman leaping two to three steps at a time in her get away. She was at least three floors ahead of him at this time.

“*Not bad, time to close the gap,*” he thought.

The Equite hurdled over the rail and dropped in between the empty space of the stairwell. He grabbed his whipcord thrower from his utility belt and fired the line at the railing above. It securely wrapped around the railing and using the energy from the fall drop right in front of her. She ran square into the black-clad figure and bounced directly into the wall behind her falling to her back.

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**Kal Rasha**

**Science Division Building**

“Dr. Dunbar I presume” DarkHawk growled.

The woman screamed, popped to her feet and ran through the adjacent door slamming it shut. Puzzled, DarkHawk tilted his head in bewilderment. “She’s got moxie,” he said with a half smile.

The Warrior opened the door and watched as the doctor was making her way for another exit. “*No harm must come to her*” the orders from the dossier transmission resonated with him. DarkHawk reached into his utility belt and grabbed two sets of bolos and immediately launched them into the air at the good doctor. Both hit their mark wrapping around the legs and the torso of the woman. She fell to the floor emanating a loud scream from the pain of the fall.

DarkHawk calmly walked over to the woman and kneeled beside her. He studied her, she was trembling with fear, scrapes, and bruises on her arms and face. Pants were torn and she had a deep laceration along her thigh. He had not noticed before, but her lip was busted open, no doubt someone worked her over not too long ago. She whimpered and screamed as he reached to pick her up.

“I did not dot it” she uttered.

“Then why run?” replied the Warrior.

The Equite stood over the petite woman, grabbed her by her shoulders and slung her over his own shoulder. She was wiggling and screaming trying to break the Warrior’s grip. She quickly realized her efforts were useless. DarkHawk made his way back up the stairs heading towards to the roof.

DarkHawk hit the COMM on his gauntlet. “HQ, this is DarkHawk I have one Dr. Dunbar in my possession, coordinates are being sent as we speak, request immediate evacuation.”

The break in COMM’s was merely a few seconds. “Understood, evac in route, ETA three minutes.”

The Warrior secured his package and raced up the stairs. Dr. Dunbar, not only taken back from the night's activities, was amazed at how easy this man was racing up the stairs with her in tow. As they made it to the roof access DarkHawk kicked the door open walked calmly to the middle of the roof. He sat her down and continued to exam her state of being.

“You going to kill me now?” she asked.

“Those are not my orders, other will decide your fate” replied DarkHawk.

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**Kal Rasha**

**Science Division Building Rooftop**

She sat there staring at her would be assailant, she had not seen anything like him before. Though she heard the stories, but she was a woman of science. She played it off as male bravado, though tonight she was proven wrong. The tales of individuals possessing amazing powers and manipulating the sheer exitance of living.

Just then a transport pulled up and hovered alongside the building. The doors opened and a disfigured woman or the remnants of a woman walked out with two armed men. Dr. Dunbar watched this giant of a man who captured her drop to one knee and bow to the woman.

“My Liege, may I introduce Dr. Dunbar, I believe she may have some pertinent information regarding the Plague,” said DarkHawk.

The disfigured woman looked down at her and was almost insulted at her presence. She turned her attention back to the black clad figure and gesture for him to rise. He did so accordingly.

“Dr. Dunbar, I would like to introduce you to Commander Delacroix, she has a few questions for you. I suggest you answer them truthfully and with haste,” DarkHawk said glaring at the doctor.

“As always DarkHawk, your measure of accountability is always a pleasure.” Commander Delacroix said.

The two men picked up the doctor and carried here into the transport. DarkHawk bowed once again to his superior and she turned and made her way into the transport. The doors shut and the shuttle jettisoned away. The Warrior, with one leg propped up on the ledge of the building, watched as the shuttle vanished into the night.

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