***The Impending War***

Fiction created by

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Pin #264

**Cenota Facility**

**Level 13**

**Sepros Moons**

The Dominion had been vanquished for the time being. They made a bold surprise attack, the task of pushing them back had taken a toll on Clan Naga Sadow. Takagari pondered those thoughts as he meditated. Firak and Baltrog Quillan are still at large. That fact was unsettling to the Equite. Now with the pending war in front of the clan, the Battlemaster needed to prepare his self.

DarkHawk finally found his way to the Cenota Facility, on the largest moon of Sepros. He had planned on being there for training with Dark Side Adept Macron Sadow. Most refer to the synthetic human as the “Mad Man”. DarkHawk found him to be a plethora of knowledge, especially in the area of Alchemy and the Light Saber. The Battlemaster had sought out the Son of Sadow and on bended knee asked the Dark Side Adept to train him in those areas. Macron saw the potential of the young Equite and agreed to the request.

Before any of that took place, the events of Abomination separated the two Siths. Macron was almost destroyed in a terrorist explosion, and prior to the explosion, Macron had sent Takagari to investigate other facets of the Dominion.

Now that the dust has settled a bit, DarkHawk is currently at Macron’s Level 13 facility, preparing for what is to come. The Great Jedi War is upon the Clan, all must be ready, all must hone their skills. DarkHawk being very diligent in that aspect has finally started his training with Macron.

The Battlamaster already up early and midway through his many daily meditation routines. Reenacting the past events in his mind, searching for mistakes to improve on. The door whisked open and the Elder entered his new tenant's quarters. He leaned up against the door jam, crossing his arms and watched the Battlemaster in trance. DarkHawk was so in tune with his meditation that he was floating above the mat he had laid out to meditate upon.

Macron did not disturb the tranquility he was witnessing, only impressed with the Battlemaster dedication to his studies. DarkHawk slowly came back to consciousness, opened his eyes. No expression of surprise came upon Takagari as Macron came into his vision’s focus. Which for Macron is a normal occurrence when people first lay eyes on him. The *Mad Man* had a map of scars all over his bodies from previous battles and experiments. It left a definite negative impression on most that see him for the first time.

“Your meditation study is impeccable DarkHawk, it will serve you well.”

Already to his knees, DarkHawk bowed to the Elder, “Thank you, Master.” replied Takagari.

“Ahh there is no need for that, the gesture is appreciated young one, but I am not a Master…yet.”

DarkHawk grabbed his things and the two headed out to the corridor and into a turbo lift. Macron punched a series of buttons, then an access code and the lift began to move.

“To the lab today?” asked Takagari.

“Indeed, much to prepare for,” replied Macron. The Adept seemed to be at ease with the Battlemaster. The Elder seemed more wound up around others, keeping his random quick pro quo's and outbursts more to himself and seemingly being tightly wound. Though through their recent interactions and discussions the Dark Side Adept let his guard down per say with the Battlemaster. DarkHawk was amused at the conversation the Elder seemed to be having with himself as the elevator moved along its path.

They entered the *Mad Man’s* lab, DarkHawk this time was taken back. The lab was something any Alchemist would dream of. Potions of plenty, testing equipment, forging equipment. All the toys a *Mad Scientist* would want to play with.

“Sir, this is all yours?” asked the Equite.

Macron chuckled, “Yes, you will learn much here, but you will also be tested. This being your first Jedi War, you need to prepare yourself even more than usual.” The Adept said with a certain hint of sarcasm.

DarkHawk noticed some of his equipment already on one of the many workbenches within the lab. Both his long hilted sabers were on separate stands, his quarter staffs, Nightsisters bow and something else that was partially covered up.

Takagari went directly to his equipment and started analyzing each piece. Nothing had been changed, at least for now.

Macron this time let out a solid laugh, “Those toys come last DarkHawk, don’t worry you will enjoy what I have in store for you and your tools.”

“Over here is where we will put our attention to first.” The Adept said gesturing to another workbench full of vials of unknown contents.

Takagari eagerly made his way over to the table. Macron handed him some sterile gloves and pointed to a what looked to be a block of clay.

“Thermite,” Macron said. “You should get to know this intimately, with your skill set you should know every aspect of how this is used, know its smells, how it explodes, where and when to use it.”

The Adept picked up the clay looking substance in one hand, then with his other he called out to the Force and the block of clay floated in front of them both.

“This can help you get out of tight situations, as well as be a nasty bugger to your adversaries.”

Macron still in tune with the Force, gently pushed it over to his pupil. DarkHawk scanned the clay as Macron gently set it down on the bench in front of the Equite.

“You see that book right there top shelf, to the left with the red binder?”  
  
Nodding in acknowledgment, DarkHawk reached up and brought the book down in front of him. The binder was well used, frayed at points of its bindings. The Equite opened the book sifting through some of the pages, they were well worn, to say the least. *This book has definitely seen some use* he thought.

“For the next few days, this book will be your doctrine, study it concentrate on the chapters for poisons and explosives.”

“As you wish.”

Picking up the block of clay studying its texture and smell, the Equite looked intrigued. He placed it back on the tray where he retrieved it from and then started flipping through more pages.

Macron was already deep in his own tasks pouring a bubbling vial of red fluid into another canister. DarkHawk watched intently as Macron seemingly unaware of his audience and completely engrossed with his experiment.

DarkHawk went back to reading his doctrine when the Elder stood next him holding the empty vial with pliers. The contents that had been in the vial had a putrid smell to it. Macron nonchalantly waved it around as he spoke.

“You know Takagari, you will have to make a decision as the war approaches. Pravus will eliminate all that oppose him. Naga Sadow has fallen to the wayside when it comes to Pravus imposing his will amongst the Brotherhood. Naga Sadow, I feel will not be so lucky this time around.”

The young Sith looked confused from the Adept’s words. “I don’t understand Macron, what choice are you referring to?”

“I can not tell you more than that, just know that sometime during the war, you will have to choose a side, You either follow Pravus and destroy clan mates that oppose him or you, yourself oppose Pravus and paint an even bigger target on your back.”

DarkHawk followed the Elder closely with his eyes, he said those words almost meaningless, but they weighed on the Equite’s shoulders like steel beams.

“What side will you be on Macron?” asked DarkHawk

Macron intensively studying a vial of poison he just concocted, slightly looking in the Equite’s direction and just smiled and continued his jibberish conversation with himself. DarkHawk watched the Elder again closely, catching broken bits of the conversation Macron was conducting with himself. Trying to put the pieces together of what the Elder was speaking before Takagari spoke himself.

“Choose your words, DarkHawk, there is no retribution here for what we say.” The Elder spoke clear and direct.

“Pravus’s ways are all not entirely lined for me, though those oppose him do have merit to their opposition towards him. The Brotherhood cannot be in this much turmoil, there are many works for us to complete. Why initiated what seems to be a civil war, don’t we all serve a higher calling?” Takagari asked.

“When you answer that question young one, you will have already chosen a side…”