

BENEVOLENT DICTATOR

By Aura Ta'var

35 ABY

Aura Ta'var sat on a recently placed chair in what used to be the Grand Master's Hall, a destroyed Iron Throne off to her right. Her simple wooden chair was in stark contrast with the opulence of the Grand Hall. It was empty, all of it was empty. Not even small rodents prowled its corridors, looking for their next meal. The Zeltron casually walked outside the hall into a balcony off to her right and gazed upon the devastation of Arx.

All that they had worked for was now gone. The opulence, the egos, the lust for power, people who lustily fed on the Dark Side, and even cookies. All of them were gone. There were no more royal guardsmen. There were no more Inquisitors. There were no more grand fleets that held the Clans in check like feudal societies. Everywhere was chaos. Beautiful chaos. The Force would be reign supreme rather than Sith who made it their slave. Aura's crystal blue eyes scanned the empty horizon as she remembered the events of her momentous day...

Like a gift from the Force itself, Aura was surprisingly granted an exquisite surprise. The entire Dark Brotherhood now called her Grandmaster, pledging their loyalty to her for the day. At first she had thought it a practical joke but their prostrations were clear enough after the initial shock. The woman once known as 'Blade' had helped destroy the Judecca system, now she was the leader of an entire Brotherhood with buttons she could press to deliver similar systems to justice. Eventually she embraced it and listened to their pleas.

"Spare us. We swear our loyalty."

"We could be good allies if you wish..."

"We had always supported the Lotus."

"Embrace the Dark Side and we can do wonderful things together. Unleash the Fleet!"

The last pitch was particularly enticing. The Dark Side pulled at Aura, tempting her with each passing breath. She paced over and over again, hearing everyone's pleas and in particular their suffering at the hands of the Dark Council. Her Jedi Master urged her to find another way but this was such an enticing target. She tapped her lip and wondered if she could get someone else to pull the trigger for her. Dark thoughts swirled within her again. This was not the Jedi way. Voices from her dear friends warred inside her.

"We can still damage their resources without resorting to such measures. Don't do it!"

"Finish what you started. Cut out the Sith from existence."

"You'll only create a power vacuum. Another will rise to fill it. Don't be an idiot!"

"Go ahead, Jedi. If you have the guts to do it."

The Zeltron looked again across the vast expanse of nothingness. A shuttle passed by to her right, waiting for her arrival. Her day was almost up. It was time to flee before any sympathizers tracked her down and exacted revenge. Her steps rang against the empty halls with shattered trinkets and echoed against the vast wastelands of Arx before she boarded the tidy YT-2300 bound for Kias. She would see her daughter again soon, a thought that brought the light of the Force forward and blossomed it within her. She sat in a passenger seat and grabbed a box of Zeltron cookies from the cabinet, munching on it while she kept her thoughts to herself.

"Ready, Aura?" asked the Lotus pilot.

"Yes, it's over. Take me home," sighed the Zeltron.

"You did the right thing, saved so many lives."

"I hope so, I really hope you are right," Aura muttered.

"For the billions of lives you've saved, thank you. Also, these free doges are awesome. Mine is going to be a top doge."