



There is a logic in the violence of War.
The worst of this violence is not born in madness or grand ideologies,
but rather through the opportunistic seizing the moment.

The Gardens
Lyra Colony
Mid Rim Territories
Essaga Sector

General Erig Roshane cherished the delicate flavors of the twelve-year old Billecart-Samone Reserve. The wine's fruit and candied nut tones gave off a pleasant aromatic smell that paired perfectly with the first course of Imperial Caviar and summer melon. The general allowed a slight smile to cross his lips as he swirled the alcohol within his glass and inhaled its fine scent. He was a man of elegant tastes and had finally achieved a position to demand the things he deserved.

The General was an impressive figure to the five other diners occupying the luxurious Garden's Amedda Room. His dress uniform was tailored to his lean physique, his posture was perfect, and his dining manners were impeccable. He was the epitome of an officer and a gentleman and was a shining example of his military upbringing at the Empire's Academy on Cardia.

Erig Roshane was in his element. His initiative and competence in the Empire would have only taken him so far, but here in the Principate he had risen through the ranks at considerable speed. The new rank insignia of General had recently been pinned upon his chest and his role as the Commander of the Vanguard of Evocati Legions was a position that was prized throughout the military. He had proven himself in the only true test of a soldier, combat, and he had the valor awards to commemorate the occasion.

Twenty-years of service made the starch of General Roshane's collar a familiar and comforting feeling around his neck. It always reminded him to keep his shoulders back, his chin tilted upward, and his inquisitive eyes upon those around him. The small room, dimly lit from tasteful chandeliers, housed the Severian Principate's illuminati. At one table sat the Charlarong's, an impeccable couple who dabbled in excessive trysts, but held sway over a considerable volume of mining contracts. Another table seated two members of the Severian Electorate Commission. The two women held immeasurable power and judgment over their peers and their huddled forms and whispered utterances suited their position's stereotypical secrecy. The room's other lone diner was a relative unknown to many at The Gardens, but Roshane knew the Twi'lek as the Industrialist and Trader Genler Famsane.

Roshane smiled in turn at each of the diners as the Garden's maître d'hôtel approached his table.

“General Roshane, your second course will consist of black label Jamón, baby vegetables from our private gardens, and a one-hundred-year old balsamic. The course will be paired with a White Blend from here on the Moon.”

“Excellent,” Erig Roshane said as his gaze passed over the second of his ten courses and locked with a pair of steel-grey eyes from his past.

Time paused, the soft noises within the room silenced, and the Vanguard General of the Evocati Legions could feel nothing but the rhythmic beating of his heart. His past was walking towards him.



“General Roark.”

“It is just Declan.”

“Ah, yes, I heard. The rank never suited you.”

“No.”

“Please sit.”

“Thank you.”

“How long has it been? Seven years?”

“Eleven.”

“That long?”

“Yes.”

“Will you join me for dinner?”

“No.”

“A drink then?”

“No.”

“What brings you to Lyra?”

“You do.”

“Surely you have not come this far to shoot me while I have dinner.”

“I have.”

General Erig Roshane, broke his military bearing, and leaned backwards, his chair tilting slightly on its back two legs. His eyes flashed incredulously.

“What?”

“I have come here to shoot you.”

“You are crazy.”

“We both know that is not true.”

“So, what, you come in here, with that emblem on your cape, letting everyone know who you work for, and you plan on shooting me?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll start a war.”

“It’s worth it.”

“I am unarmed.”

“You have thirty seconds.”

“This is insane. The people in this room will tell everyone. These aren’t just mere spectators.”

“I know.”

“This is not right.”

“Twenty seconds.”

““You can’t hold me accountable for something that happened when I was a young man. It was a long time ago. An indiscretion. A mistake.”

“We all have regrets.”

“That girl is not worth starting a war over,” Roshane said through gritted teeth as his chair’s front two legs dropped back to the ground.

“You will want to watch the next words you say carefully.”

“Or what.”

“It will hurt.”

“This is madness.”

“Ten seconds.”

“Wait, think about what you are doing. All of this, for a girl nobody even remembers.”



The discharge of twin blaster bolts interrupted the hushed conversations within the Amedda Room. The smell of charred cloth dominated the confined space and overpowered the small plates holding the night’s second course. Declan Roark, unknown those in the room, rose from his seat at the table and holstered his weapons.

The Lady Charlarong let out a whimper followed by a loud scream as her mind caught up with her eyes. The Severian Electorate Commission Senators dropped to the floor and huddled behind their table. The Industrialist Genler Famsane remained in his seat, his napkin dropped on his plate, his hands in open view.

The remaining party watched as the black-armored Mandalorian turned his back on them and walked towards the room’s exit. Famsane watched as the huddled Senators rapidly pulled their holopads from their clutch purses and rapid-fire snapped photos of the man’s exit. He knew it was not the man so much as the emblem upon his cape that they were photographing.

A member of the Dark Brotherhood’s Iron Legion had just executed the Severian Principate’s most popular general and rising star.

This would mean war.

SNAPSHOT: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/1120/snapshots/1752/3298>

GM Declan Roark #1120

