



MONSTER

A Dark Brotherhood Story

By

Grand Master Declan Roark

Temnos Transfer Yards
Industrial Center
Lyra Colony
Lyra 3k-a System

"What the hell," the fear-stricken voice whispered as screams echoed off the walls of his cramped hiding place.

"Work, damn it, work."

The lone survivor of Leth sat in a pool of his own urine. His bloody hands, shaking from nerves, fumbled with the audio and visual activation switch on his combat helmet.

"Please work," the man whimpered as the blue recording light flicked with his captured image.

"Finally."

Private First Class Nesan Romsta steeled his nerves and looked directly into his helmet's camera.

"To anyone that sees this recording. There is a monster on Lyra."

Temnos Transfer Yards
Industrial Center
Lyra Colony
Lyra 3k-a System
Two Hours Prior

"Command, this is Leth-1, we have positive confirmation on the high value target. Target has entered a Temnos warehouse."

Sergeant Rolf Jansen sat inside the highly modified A-A5 Speeder truck parked outside of the Temnos Transfer Yards. The interior of the clandestine vehicle was an impressive array of sophisticated sensors and tracking equipment. The exterior of the transport, painted with the markings of a local pet business, masked the vehicles true intent.

"Leth, this is command. You are cleared hot to engage. Good hunting.

Jansen dropped the communication headset onto the console next to him and turned to address his team.

Leth was the shining example that all other Collective special forces looked up to. Their secretive selection process incorporated grueling physical tests, extensive psychological screening, and detailed background investigations. Those that made it past the first selection phase were then put through a rigorous year of additional academic and practical training. In their second year, Leth recruits were paired with their future teams, given individual specialties, and thrown into a crucible event to certify their capabilities.

This team had been together for three years. They were best the Collective had to offer.

"Pre-combat checks. I want weapons, ammo, and supplies accounted for."

Rolf watched his team go through their checks. They were a well-oiled machine.

"You know the Op. One Mandalorian. Lethal force is required."



The back door of the A-A5 Speeder truck slid open as twelve Leth operators flowed smoothly onto the street. The squad moved in pairs, their weapons trained on their front, rear, and flanks.

"Command, we have cleared the street and are following the objective into the Temnos Transfer Yards warehouse.

"Roger Leth, we have you on overhead."

The twelve men breached the warehouse doorway and spread into the foyer in a diamond clearing pattern.

"Clear, clear," the sound of twelve voices confirmed.

"All clear," Jansen confirmed as he gave a hand motion for Leth to continue into the interior of the facility.

The team moved silently as Jansen spared a glance at his goggle's tactical heads up display. The visual readout provided him an overhead view of his team's position within the blueprints of the Temnos facility. It also provided him with his team's biometrics.

"Leth-Three, breathe. Your heart rate is spiking."

"Acknowledged."

Jansen glanced back down as the team cleared the foyer's hallway and entered a large storage hanger. A lone Mandalorian crouched on top of what appeared to be a modified Tie Interceptor. A cord extended from the Mandalorian's vambraces and into the ship's external computer.

Jansen did not hesitate.

"HVI confirmed, execute."



Major Johasa Burr ripped the headset from her ears as an unbearable shriek pierced her ears. Training and practice blindly compelled her to put the headset back on. She had conducted command overwatch on many missions and knew that communications were an assault force's only method to gain additional support in a crisis.

"Leth, Leth? Say again, your last transmission was broken and garbled."



Jansen's mind recoiled as the mission profile disintegrated before his eyes. Years of training melted away as uncontrollable streams of tears poured down his cheeks. The sergeant could not maintain his composure and dropped to his knees.

The target was not Declan Roark. It was death.

Blue and white waves billowed from the Mandalorian's hands and crashed into the majority of Leth. Their flesh burned from their bones as they screamed in agony.

"Run," Jansen heard on his headset as he watched the ironically beautiful lightning arc toward him in the final moment of his life.



Corporal Simon Buckstar ran through the maze of hallways at the back of the warehouse. Most of the team had attempted to exfiltrate through the same path they entered only to have their heads severed from their bodies.

"Command, Emerald Scythe. I say again, Emerald Scythe."

Buckstar repeated the code phrase for catastrophic loss of life, but his audio was failing to transmit.

"The lightning and static must have fried my comms", Buckstar said to himself before an animalistic roar reverberated down the hallway behind him.

Buckstar's arm felt like lead as it attempted to aim his weapon. A silent scream froze on his lips as the Mandalorian walked towards him. A single red blade ignited; its tip aimed at Buckstar's chest.

The blade moved slowly. Its unstable plasma matrix sputtered and sparked as it slid, millimeter, by millimeter into the Leth operative's chest.

The monster screamed an unholy curse as the lightsaber blade flashed upwards, halving Jansen from his heart to his brain.



Private First Class Nesan Romsta crawled on his hands and knees through a ventilation shaft. Moments earlier he witnessed one of the most hardened soldiers in the galaxy freeze as a lightsaber impaled him. Romsta had dropped his weapon and dove through a ventilation cover and scrambled away in pure fear. He continued to crawl on his hands and knees through the ventilation shaft until it came to a small utility closet



Temnos Transfer Yards
Industrial Center
Lyra Colony

Lyra 3k-a System

"What the hell," the fear-stricken voice whispered as screams echoed off the walls of his cramped hiding place.

"Work, damn it, work."

The lone survivor of Leth sat in a pool of his own urine. His bloody hands, shaking from nerves, fumbled with the audio and visual activation switch on his combat helmet.

"Please work," the man whimpered as the blue recording light flicked with his captured image.

"Finally."

Private First Class Nesan Romsta steeled his nerves and looked directly into his helmet's camera.

"To anyone that sees this recording. There is a monster on Lyra."

Romsta paused, panting, as he tried to recount what he had witnessed.

He began to speak again as the door to the closet exploded outwards, ripping from its hinges.

Romsta cried out.

"Please, no!"



Eorilia's Moon

Lyra 3K-A System

Tactical Command Post

Declan Roark stood behind two Special Mission soldiers as they monitored the fighting across Lyra 3K-A. The private communication channel in his helmet opened an encrypted text file.

THE COLLECTIVE IS HUNTING YOU.

THEIR FIRST TEAM FAILED.

I WILL ADD THIS TO YOUR LEDGER.

Roark closed the message and turned towards his command post's battle captain.

"Colonel Cortel, it is time to close up shop."

Snapshot: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/187/snapshots/1881/3568