**DarkHawk Down**

A blood red assault ship abruptly exited hyperspace to the view of the green jungle covered planet of Aeotheran. The 38-meter long Decimator, nicknamed the Crimson Angel by the Sith owner, slowed to a “fly casual” speed as it entered Naga Sadow territory.

The Crimson Angel had an armament of two quad laser turrets, two missile launchers, and had been recently upgraded with an ion cannon. While heavily armed, the ship’s interior had been designed for comfort and leisure, which suited the ship’s crew just fine. Moreover, what a crew it was.

“Arff arrf aarf arff arrrff aaarf?” the seal co-pilot questioned as he raised the forward shields.

“It’s been 5 years,” Sith Warlord Bob Sadow replied frowning, “They still can’t be mad over the cobra commander baboon incident. I’m willing to bet most of those members are not even around anymore or have forgot about it. Besides, you were the ring leader of that circus event; not me.”

“Arf,” Fred commented with a shrug and a can emptying chug of his beer. He crushed the can with his good flipper and tossed it over his round head striking a battle droid powered down behind him.

“Roger! Roger!” the Baktoid droid yelled as it jumped up in attack mode drawing its heavy blaster rifle.

Bob, almost chocking on his beer while taking a drink, “Woah, calm down their killer.”

The Sith had won the B1 Battle Droid while betting on a swoop bike race some years ago. However, the shape the droid was in really did not amount to that big of a win overall. The droid barely looked functional missing plates and wiring exposed. Bob would find out later that the broken-down appearance was a subtle rouge that led to many dismissals at the droids quite capable battle skills. Nevertheless, the loose wires did lead to one annoying trait for the droid; every time it spoke, it simply said “Roger. Roger.” Hence, Bob gave him the name of Roger.

“Roger. Roger.” Roger replied extremely sarcastically.

“Arf. Arf.” Fred mockingly answered while opening another beer.

“RRWWWRRRAHHRRR WRAHHRRAWWW GHRRAHHHRRWR HRR HRR HRR,” laughed a large shadow from the open doorway to the Crimson Angel’s cockpit.

Bob tossed the large white-furred wampa a beer, “Have a cold one Wally.”

The wampa used one of his curved horns on his head to poke a hole in the can and began to guzzle the cold refreshing beer, “GGRRH RAWRR.”

Wally had been liberated, or some might say stolen, by the Sith Warlord from the Dlarit Mining Corporation on Amphor Six. Fred and Bob had been working a job when things went far off the rails from the plan. The duo ended up utilizing the wampa’s skill set to make their very awkward escape and brought the hairy beast with them.

Not wanting to continually use his sith creature control to work with the wampa, Bob made a stop by the Clan’s favorite mad scientist Macron. With Mac owing Bob a favor, the Sith cashed in and performed a Sith Alchemy transmutation ritual. This transformed the creature into more rational instead of its natural primitive nature while also slightly upgrading its intelligence. Over the years, the now named Wally, continued to develop and learn even being taught the basic wookiespeak language so he can communicate with others.

“Arfff aarf arrrrf,” Fred murmured breaking the Sith’s wandering thoughts.

“Well play the message,” Bob stated while adjusted the lumbar support of his chair.

A message played from the Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan about the missing ProConsul of the Clan.

“What the hell is a Dark Hawk?” Bob asked rhetorically.

Wally replied, “GRHHHHH RRAWWHHH GRRRRRW.”

“You think everything tastes like chicken, shut up and listen,” the Sith replied annoyed.

The message continued and gave some coordinates where the PCON’s ship crashed and some BS about a secret diplomatic clan mission. The House was sending out individuals on a rescue mission with a high priority on lending the summit member assistance if needed. After the message ended, Bob gave it a second of thought, “Road trip.”

As the crew of the Crimson Angel prepared for their journey Sith Warlord Robert Sadow wasn’t buying the whole secret diplomatic mission excuse. Popping open his personal console he punched in a secret code (GOAT HAM) and a video surveillance footage showed up on his screen. As a former Consul and Black Guard member, not to mention a current Son of Sadow, Bob had taken the liberty of installing a small unknown camera in the office of the Consul of Clan Naga Sadow many moons ago. Now, he had done so in the main interest of gaining blackmail material in the inevitable need of getting himself out of hot water. But in this case, it might give him an edge on the true nature of the mission of the proconsul.

The image on Bob’s screen showed a man sitting at the consul’s desk. He had black hair with a combover covering a missing left eye. Along with an eye missing the man also seemed to have had some bad luck keeping hands as well, as his two cybernetic arms where disconnected and sitting on the desk in front of him. He was sitting alone talking to himself in what Bob believed to be Twi’leki, but he was a little rusty on the language to understand what he was saying. As Bob was trying to interpret, the man glanced up as if looking directly in the hidden camera. With a grin, one of the mechanical hands on the desk started to move until it was giving the middle finger in the camera’s direction.

“Hey Roger,” Bob shouted as the battle droid strolled over,” What do you call a man with no arms and one eye?”

“Roger, Roger,” the droid replied.

Annoyed, “Oh, you heard that one huh. Here take this and do an analysis on the last 60 days of footage focusing on any discussion with or about the Proconsul.”

As the droid went about his work, Bob thought it was worth a shot to get some info. Punching in the coordinates given by the Quaestor’s message the Crimson Angel entered hyperspace towards its mission.

The coordinates brought the Crimson Angel to a planet named Pamarthe. The planet was mostly covered by ocean with a few inhabited islands. Bob only had heard of the planet due to it’s famous alcoholic beverage *Port in a Storm* which Bob was sure he would be leaving with a few cases of. The blood red ship received clearance to land in one of the open docking bays.

Roger’s search through the secret surveillance footage had come if with little info to help with the mission, but Bob did have a new catalogue of blackmail for the current summit of the Clan. This rescue mission was going to have some legwork involved to find out where DarkHawk was.

“Roger and Wally,” Bob instructed, “You guys watch the ship. Myself and Frederick will see what we can find out.”

“Roger, Roger,” Roger replied.

“RARWWRRW RAARRRGRWH,” Wally echoed.

“What the hell you mean Fred left,” the Sith bellowed.

Both the droid and wampa shrugged in unison for a response.

“I’m going to sell you both when I get back,” Bob answered as he exited the ship down the ramp.

After hours of visiting numerous bars and other nefarious establishments the Sith Warlord had come up with zero information. He believed these places, where he fit in quite well, would either provide him with some details on the missing Proconsul or at the very least be where Fred had disappeared too. But neither had been a success.

As Bob stopped to regroup, he was greeted with a dagger to his neck. “Why are you looking for me?” a stern voice behind him questioned.

Bob grinned, “Quite impressive. Your reputation for ghosting and a Sith assassin doesn’t do you the respect you deserve.”

“My reputation as a cold killer is also under played,” the voice stated as he added more pressure to the blade at Bob’s throat, “I will ask one last time. Who are you?”

Bob slowly raised his left hand to reveal his Son of Sadow ring, “My name is Bob Sadow and I’m here to rescue you.”

“Rescue mission?!” the Sith Battlelord cursed.

“That’s what the orders were,” Bob replied lighting up a cigar, “I’m guessing you……Hey, wait a damn minute.”

DarkHawk looked confused as Bob dropped his cigar and began walking angerly towards a nearby shop. As they got closer, they both could see clearly Fred the Seal in a chair getting a tattoo on his back fin.

The two Sith barged in the tattoo parlor and Bob began to verbally scold his partner in crime for job abonnement. As Bob finished scolding and began admiring Fred’s new naked Hutt lady tattoo, he started to notice DarkHawk getting nervous.

“What’s up with you,” Bob questioned, “I mean you are pretty much head to toe with tribal tattoos so I would think you would feel right at home here. Is it the smell of burnt seal? It does kind of stink Fred.”

“No, I’m fine,” DarkHawk answered as he headed for the door, “I just don’t have time for this and need to get a communication out to cancel the search for me.”

“Hey! What are you doing back,” one of the tattoo workers yelled, “I told you I did the best I could with that. No refunds.”

Bob and Fred looked at each other confused, “Wait, you were here? Getting a tattoo?”

“Not exactly,” DarkHawk replied.

“No,” the tattoo worker stated, “A cover up for a mistake.”

Bob noticed a tattoo on the man’s arm that had a name, “So Colon Pete is it?” The man nodded, ‘You covered up a tattoo on this man’s arm today? What may I ask was it?”

Colon Pete managed to spit out two words before the Sith Assassin was able to quiet him forever with a well-placed shot from his energy bow, “Not a word Bob.”

As the three quietly made their exit from the shop, Fred made a grab for a snapshot hanging on the wall. “So, your secret mission was personal?” Bob asked, “How many people knew?”

DarkHawk glanced angrily at Bob, “That many,” Bob stated.

“Well you don’t need to worry about me,” Bob glanced at Fred who quickly showed him the picture, “Your secret is safe with us.”

“Fantastic,” the Proconsul said sarcastically as he wondered how long he was going to pay for this mistake.

The End

Written by:

SWL Robert Sadow/House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3944/snapshots/2875/5067>

Starring

DarkHawk

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/11894>

Roger

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/items/59064-b1-battle-droid>

Wally

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/items/66423-wampa>

Fred

*NPC Character Sheet denied due to Seal prejudice*

And Introducing:

Lonely Consul with missing body parts

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/11375>

No animals/wampas/seals were harmed during the writing of this.

Dedicated to Colon Pete. RIP