

COMPETITION: YOU REALIZE I'M GOING TO SNAP ONE DAY....RIGHT?

Fiction by:

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

DarkHawk Snapshot

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Cantina

Orian System

The cantina was busy as usual aboard Clan Naga Sadow's command ship. Shift personnel were leaving their duty sections to unwind with some tasty spirits at the well-stocked cantina. The war had taxed the crew, all staff personnel has been working twelve to eighteen-hour shifts to repair fleet ships. The war had been long and hard, these folks were in need of substantial R&R time.

The Proconsul of the Sadowans sat in the usual booth, back in the corner of the cantina. Takagari sat with his back to the wall, with a direct view of personnel coming in and out of the bar. Big clouds of cigar smoke filled the booth as he pondered his thoughts and drank his whiskey. After a deep drag of the cigar, the Shaevalian enjoyed the smooth taste of the tobacco. Blowing smoking rings out in perfect succession of one another.

Just then, two familiar faces entered the cantina, the two House Quaestors of the Clan, Xolarin of Marka Ragnos, along with Malisane Sadow of Shar Dakhan. Xolarin saw the PCon first and nodded. Both men headed over to the PCon's booth, Xolarin was first to speak as he approached the smoke-filled booth.

"Mind if we join you, Sir?" Xolarin asked.

"Only if you don't mind the smoke," replied DarkHawk.

Both men slid into the booth, DarkHawk leaned out of the booth a bit and waived at the bartender. The bartender acknowledged the gestured and immediately began prepping drinks for the table.

"We almost did not recognize you DH, you're not in your usual attire," Malisane said.

"Nope Mal, administrative duties this week, so it is a nice change, after what we all been through the last few weeks." DarkHawk was wearing a formal gray Kendogi over a blue undershirt, long full sleeves with wide-open cuffs. A far different from his usual battle uniform.

"Yes, Sir," the two Quaestors said. DarkHawk could sense the exhaustion in their voices.

The bartender brought over fresh drinks for the three Sadowans, "Put these on my tab Jobes and keep them coming," DarkHawk said the young barkeep.

"Absolutely, Sir," Jobes replied.

DarkHawk reached into the pocket of his Kendogi and pulled out two more cigars. Sliding them across the table in front of his two comrades. "Enjoy..." DarkHawk said.

"You two reacclimating back to normal from the war?" DarkHawk asked.

"Trying to DarkHawk," Xolarin said as he cut the end of the cigar off.

"Trust me, it gets better a lot of good things are coming our way due to our war efforts." DarkHawk said before taking another big drag of his cigar.

Malisane took a pull from the whiskey, "Damn, that is good where did you get this from?" he asked.

"Well, to be honest, it's one of my private stashes, I have not been able to acquire any more since I snagged this batch."

"Oh?" Xolarin chimed in. "Sounds like there is a story in that comment."

"A bit of one, yes..." DarkHawk replied.

"Well, well, this we have to hear," Malisane said.

DarkHawk took another long drag from the cigar, blowing a long plume of smoke away from his comrades. He began to explain that this particular incident took place back in his Satal Keto days. A young knight at the time was commissioned by one of his leaders, Gord Darkonian, to intercept a supply ship. The ship was carrying a substantial amount of rare jewels and as an added bonus, a personal supply of rum and scotch for a particularly high profile underworld boss.

Ord Mantell

Ord Mantell City

A smuggler's paradise. A young DarkHawk scanned the hangar to see if any guards would be stationed around the shuttle he was targeting. He had followed the shuttle through the Burke's Trailing run. A favorite among smugglers, especially to Ord Mantell. Seeing no sentry's posted DarkHawk decided to move in for a closer look.

Moving in silently and swiftly, the young Knight used the cover of darkness and the many maintenance carts to hide his presence. Strangely still, no guards were patrolling what was supposed to be a very esteemed supply ship. Making his way up the ship's ramp, the Journeyman would soon find out.

As DarkHawk made his way into the ship's cargo hold. The smell of fresh Ironwood filled this part of the cargo hold. Seeing the stacks of Ironwood barrels, DarkHawk pulled the cork from

the top of one of the barrels. The sweet aroma of flavored scotch invaded his sense of smell. Just then, a blaster bolt exploded past the Journeyman and punctured one of the other barrels spilling its contents all over the floor of the ship.

DarkHawk dove out of the way as another barrage of blaster fire narrowly missed the Shawevalian. "You have got to be flipping kidding me!" DarkHawk exclaimed.

"Ah, it speaks," the growly voice said.

Pulling out three shurikens, the Journeyman readied himself to go on the attack. "*Who would be such a douche and ruin these barrels?*" DarkHawk thought to himself.

The sound of heavy boots across the ship's deck grew louder. "*Now or never...*" DarkHawk thought. Popping up behind the stack of barrels, DarkHawk threw the shurikens simultaneously. Two flew wide of the target, but one happened to find the shoulder of its victim. A rather large Transdoshan staggered back as the shuriken sunk deep into its shoulder. This caused a natural reaction for the beast to squeeze the trigger of his rifle, causing a mass volley of blaster fire. The mass fire was uncontested and wild, shredding the Ironwood barrels and filling the supply ship with the sweet aroma of scotch.

The rage inside the Journeyman built for a twofold purpose, one, what a waster of good scotch, and two, DarkHawk prided himself on one hundred percent mission accomplishment. This would not bode well with leadership. DarkHawk moved swiftly away from the wounded reptile wreathed in pain, followed by a long hiss. Trying to garner another clear shot, the Journeyman produced a throwing knife from his belt sheath.

The Transdoshan regained his composure and began firing aimlessly in the vicinity of the Journeyman. Crates and more Ironwood barrels launched shards of wood and metal fragments as the blaster bolts decimated the cargo. The reptile made a crucial mistake in his attack and paused his firing to grab a frag grenade. Exactly the opening the young assassin needed. Diving out from behind his cover, DarkHawk threw the knife with extreme velocity. The blade cut through the air with an eerie "buzzing" sound.

"You're a complete and utter jackass!" DarkHawk shouted

The blade sunk deep into the Transdoshan's neck. Unfortunately for them both, the reptile had already pulled the pin of the frag grenade. As the scaly beast reached for his neck to cover the wound, he dropped the frag amid the desperate act to save his hide. The grenade rolled in the middle of the cargo hold, DarkHawk could not believe what he just inadvertently caused. Without hesitating, DarkHawk raced for the exit door. Diving out of the ship, the Journeyman completely bypassed the ramp by about three feet. Flipping over in mid-air, DarkHawk reached out to the Force and pulled four of the closest barrels towards him.

As he crashed to the hangar floor, he struggled to maintain a firm hold on the barrels. They fell to the floor and rolled up against the adjacent wall. Before being able to readjust, the explosion inside the shuttle drew his immediate attention. "*Well, if that should bring unnecessary attention, time to cut my losses...*" DarkHawk thought to himself

Getting to his feet, DarkHawk watched the shuttle smoke and could hear the snap, crackle and pop of the wood being burned. DarkHawk could feel the anger erupting inside of him, a rookie

mistake of not being diligent in his surveillance. "That son of a Wampa ruined a perfectly good Op!" DarkHawk snarled.

The whine of speeders could be heard in the distance. "Well, if I can't have what is left of that cargo, neither can anyone else," DarkHawk said aloud. Seeing the tanks of liquid oxygen and fuel tanks, DarkHawk consumed my anger, reached out to the Force, opening the valves to the containers. The toxic fumes began to saturate the hangar, "Ruin my operation will you, try getting your smugglers in with no resources!" DarkHawk screamed. Procuring his four-barrel prize and placing them on a small maintenance cart and made his way out at the rear exit of the hangar.

Before exiting, the Journeyman grabbed his own frag grenades, pulled the pins, and rolled them along the floor through the spilling liquid and the smoldering supply ship. Racing out and putting as much distance as he possibly could between him and the hanger. The hangar went up in a massive plume of fire and smoke.

"Four lousy barrels from a two week Op! Kiss my hiney, you douchebags! I will settle up soon enough..." DarkHawk said as he watched the fireball continue to rise in the night sky.

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Cantina

Orian System

Xolarin and Malisane sat in awe, then broke out in laughter. "You mean to tell me you blew a whole hangar over a couple of barrels of scotch?" Xolarin asked.

"You tell me Xol, you're drinking it now. Was it worth it?" DarkHawk asked.

"I admit, I let my emotions get the best of me, but at the end of the day, I still failed in my due diligence in surveillance. I also failed in overreacting to those emotions and was a bit overzealous in my solution to the problem." DarkHawk said before taking another drink.

"I probably would have done worse DarkHawk," Malisane said.

"Worse would have been not saving any of this! Boss, however you did it, right, wrong, or indifferent, this is the best scotch I have had to date!" Xolarin said with a smile.

The End