# Bob Sadow Beyond Eos City [Option 1]

“What the hell am I doing here?” Warlord Robert Sadow quietly slurred under his breath.

A confused random soldier questioned, “Pardon Sir?” Before the Sith could even reply a blaster, bolt splintered the soldier’s helmet leaving what resembled a recently cut open jack-o-lantern ready to have the insides cleaned out. As the Sith removed ammo and any valuables from the recently deceased corpse he had a sudden craving for a hot piece of pumpkin pie. Then emotionlessly he tossed the lifeless body over the side of the wall. Not a glance was given by the other nearby soldiers during the process either due to fear and indifference.

Robert Sadow was just days from returning to the ranks of the Brotherhood and had heard of the new capital city of the Dark Council. So, after five years of mainly frequenting the overly cliqued hives of scum and villainy, Bob thought hitting the bright lights of Eos City would be a nice change. Perhaps even get a drink out of a clean glass for a change. But in true form of the luck of Bob, a Great Jedi War was taking place and he was now hunkered down waiting for whatever fate vomited at him again.

“Private!” Bob yelled at the nearest soldier; whom were suspiciously inching farther and farther away from the Sith.

“Sir?” the Colonel replied irritated at the obvious rank slight the Sith had given.

“Status report,” Bob stated with a grin, “How fubar is the situation?”

The Colonel began to give a breakdown of the situation using terms such as Collective, planetary shields, slaughter, trapped, and reinforcements. The Sith quickly recognized from the Colonel’s tone that he hadn’t been in many scraps and by no means had ever dealt with the overwhelming odds scenario before.

Bob had never even heard of the Collective before this day. To him it sounded like one of the enemies from a CW show. But it also created an opportunity as he was for certain they’ve never had the pleasure of dealing with the tactics of a mean, old, drunk, bastard. “Colonel, let’s have some fun.”

A large group of Collective soldiers marched up to one of the many outreaching walls of Eos City. As they began to dig in to prepare for their assault a small door slowly opened with a creaking sound in the nearby wall. A voice rang out mockingly stating, “One Brotherhood soldier is better than ten of the Collectives!”

The Collective commander yelled “Go!” and quickly sent ten of his best troops charging through the open doorway. For a few minutes’ blaster fire rang out as you could hear the hum of a lightsaber followed by a number of screams of pain and agony. Then silence.

A voice called out from the doorway with a hint of laughter, “One Brotherhood soldier is better than a hundred of the Collectives!”

Furious, the Collective commander organizes a hundred of his best troops, “Slaughter that Brotherhood scum and bring me his head!” The Collective soldiers yell in unity as they storm through the open doorway. For over ten minutes a large skirmish can be heard. Blaster fire, explosions, and once again the deadly hum of a lightsaber. As the familiar sounds of battle slow, you could once again hear the many screams of pain followed by the silence of death.

A voice once again called out from the open doorway, this time with clear cockiness as stating an obvious fact, “One Brotherhood soldier is better than a thousand of the Collectives!”

The Collective commander became enraged and was going to finish this once and for all. “This ends now!” The commander organizes a thousand of his best soldiers and orders them through the open doorway. As the soldiers rush through the doorway a great battle can be heard. Cannons, rockets, and laser fire echo through the doorway. As the battle begins to become quieter and quieter all that the Collective commander can once again hear is the hum of a lightsaber.

As the battleground begins to quiet a lone Collective soldier staggers out of the doorway headed back to his fellow soldiers. As he reaches the Commander and with his dying breathe, “Don’t send any more men…..it’s a trap…….there are two of them.”

Warlord Robert Sadow wiped the blood of his forehead and looked over the numerous wounds on his body. “Nothing that will kill me,” he thought after examination. Glancing over at the Colonel he realized his fellow combatant wasn’t going to be so lucky.

The Colonel looked at the Sith, with the one good eye he had left, and let out a blood coughing laugh that involved some teeth flying through the air as well. “I don’t know what we accomplished, but it was a hell of a way to go.” With his last remark the Colonel’s now lifeless body slumped over a nearby rock.

“Just buying some time,” the Sith remarked as he lit up a cigar.

A quiet noise could be heard coming from the Colonel’s jacket, “Iron Legion forces have arrived for support.”

Warlord Robert Sadow (Sith)/ House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow – dossier 3944

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