

SHADES OF THE PAST

Fiction written
by
Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

NEW SADOW PALACE

SEPROS

The inventory within the palace's library is very vast and diverse. Books and manuscripts going back a millenium. Text so old that only a chosen few have been able to translate and decipher their teachings. The Proconsul of Naga Sadow has been diligently categorizing text and cross referencing meanings, night after night for the last couple of days. An empty black kettle was in front of the stack of books and papers, along with a half empty mug of tea. A plate full of crumbs from cantina, suggested the Shaevalian had been there for some time.

Just then the massive library doors opened up, Knight Corvo walked through the opening and slowly closed the door behind him. The young Journeyman immediately sighted his Proconsul and made his way over to the table DarkHawk had commandeered.

"Good afternoon DarkHawk, what brings you to the library this afternoon?"

DarkHawk, engrossed in his research, never even acknowledged Corvo's presence or salutation. Thumbing through multiple books, DarkHawk maintained his concentration within the history books of the Clan. Corvo, puzzled by the Proconsul's demeanor, could see the prominent stubble of growth across DarkHawk's face. *How long have you been here* Corvo thought.

"DarkHawk," Corvo said with an added measure of inflection.

The Battlelord's eyes blinked rapidly and the veil of reality finally set in. Looking up to see one of the Clan's Journeyman standing before him.

"Corvo, very nice to see you, would you like some tea?"

No, thanks boss I am good. But you, all due respect Sir, you look a little worse for wear,"

DarkHawk looked around at his table and the mess he created. "Yeah I suppose I've been at it a while."

“You think?” Corvo chuckled. “You look like you could use a shower and a hot meal.”

DarkHawk closed the book he had open in front of him, “You’re probably right Corvo. How about some fresh tea and a stogie? I need to take a break from all of...this. You showing up here is a perfect excuse to do just that.”

“Excellent Sir, what are you researching anyway?”

“History”

Corvo looked a bit perplexed by the Proconsul’s answer. “Is this not all history, Sir?”

“It is, but more specifically, my own history.”

“Oh, something you are needing to find?”

DarkHawk cut the tip of the cigar off and slowly twisted one end over the flame of a candle. He took a couple long draws from the cigar and expelled it from his lungs. A long blue plume of smoke shot out from the Battlelord’s lungs much like dragon’s breath scorching its prey. The smoke filled the area with the sweet aroma of flavored tobacco. The plume of smoke almost stretched the length of the table before dissipating.

“I am searching for a bit of everything I suppose.”

“Everything, is your past that skewed?”

“Not so much skewed, more scattered and in pieces. I remember some things very vividly, where other moments are but broken fragments.”

“What were you doing before you joined the Brotherhood?”

One of the Library assistants had come over and replaced the tea pot with a fresh kettle of tea. The hint of ginger mixed well with the flavored cigar the Battlelord was enjoying. Pouring the contents of the kettle into both Corvo’s and his own mug, DarkHawk simply stated “I was pretty much doing the same.”

Corvo’s brows raised a bit as he heard the PCon’s statement. “You mean you were always in the Brotherhood?”

“Not directly no,officially that came later in my life. Although, I was designed for it.”

“I don’t understand.”

DarkHawk took another long draw of the cigar, followed by another long plume of smoke as he exhaled. Pausing for a moment, Corvo could recognize that the PCon was collecting his thoughts.

“I will try my best to give you the abridged version”

Corvo laughed as he brought his tea up to his mouth, trying not to abruptly blow the contents out of his mug.

No I was not always in the Brotherhood, but I trained my entire life to be. My mother was unable to have children naturally. So being that both my parents were geneticists, they did what did come naturally to them, they designed a child. My father used his connections within the Shaevalian Royal family and used government resources to collect DNA from various donors of notoriety throughout the galaxy. Both he and my mother synthesized their DNA together with their other samples. My father had an above average midichlorian count, which he never learned the ways of the Force. He was too devoted to his science as was my mother to care about anything else. A waste really, the possibilities of combining their knowledge mixed in with the magic of the Sith. An alchemist dream really.

They were killed shortly after my gestation, I only know them from their notes and from those still alive that knew them. Training started when I learned to crawl and walk. A different instructor every eighteen or twenty-four months. Training was strictly regimented, a mixture of both mental and physical indoctrinations. I shared my training between Shaevalis Prime and Moraband, When the committee deemed I was of age, I was placed on missions with several Warhost SpecOps teams, for real-world training evaluations. That is how I met HSD's Fleet Admiral Krill, I was assigned to his squad the longest. Subsequently, that is also how I met Ty, being assigned to one of Krill's missions.

It was not until my early teens when I discovered the Nightsisters and visited Dathomir. I began my own studies of Nightsisters and their dark magic. Their teachings assimilated ideally with the ways of an assassin. So immersing myself into those teachings only seemed natural to me. Plus learning the discipline of the Nightsisters, expanded my skillset. As I aged and became stronger, the missions became more complex and dangerous. Word got out about a half breed Shaevalian assassin and that is when the Brotherhood came seeking me out.

My life, my destiny has always been predetermined from its conception to be a part of the Brotherhood. Regardless of what my life was prior to being here with you now, One way or another I was destined to be here. I know or have anything else, I have no genealogy, just the Brotherhood. The Clan is my brethren.

Corvo sat back in his seat, “Wow, but your memories, they show you nothing else? You never wanted anything else, never wanted to do anything else?”

“This is my path, and I embrace it. I thank the Sun God Gyssh'tyn everyday for putting me on this path. I enjoy what I do Corvo, and I am pretty good at what I do. I just want to piece these fragmented memories together so I can get a better perspective of what took place.”

“What do you feel stands out the most?”

DarkHawk sipped his tea, “The Stalkers most definitely.”

“Stalkers?” Corvo asked

“Yes, as a toddler I wandered off from the facility on Shaevalis Prime. Before I knew it, I was deep within the woods. I sat next to an Ironwood tree, the next thing I knew three Stalker cubs emerged from the depths of those woods. The cubs for whatever reason took to me, sat with me until their mother arrived. I remember her growls as she called to her cubs, she appeared from out of nowhere. What should have been the certain death of me, surprisingly did not.. When the King’s men found me, I was curled up against the mother and her cubs. She stood her ground against the guards as if I was one of her own. They had to sedate her in order to get me away from her. The King’s Hand placed a tracker on the mother and the cubs, and they have allowed me to observe and be a part of their pack ever since.”

“That is astonishing.”

“Well unfortunately that is the abridged version of it all Corvo.”

“That is crazy DarkHawk.”

“Somewhat, but if you do not mind, I am going to return to my research.”

“Back to history?” Corvo asked.

“Not any longer, I am researching how to create a toxin that can melt the skin of an assailant without killing them right away.”

“That is just not right DarkHawk.”