

FALL OF CORUSCANT (WHAT IF)

Authored by

DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

CORUSCANT

3653 BBY

This day will forever be etched in the history of the Sith. The planning that went into this operation had been painstakingly detailed. The Jedi and their parishioners would fall at the hands of the Sith. Major players had been moved around the chessboard to help secure a successful outcome of what was about to take place. For whatever reason, call it fate, call it the most realistic dream one could have. Two Sadowans, very much out of time & place, find themselves knee-deep in the middle of this operation.

“Ty, Lord Malgus, and his entourage are already en route to the temple. We need to make sure we can slide in out of sight and hit the library before the temple falls and all that knowledge is lost.”

“Are you not going to get into the mix of things here?”

“Hell no, I am not. Look, I may be overzealous and a bit on the touched side. There is no way in hell that I will go head-to-head with anyone on this operation unless it's necessary. Plus, we need to save those artifacts and documents before this place gets turned upside down.”

“Aye.”

Ty brought the Sith Fury over around towards the backside of the Jedi Temple. “My god man, I love how this ship handles. We need to get the Consul to buy us a few of these.”

“If we get out of this alive, Ty I will beg him to get us one.”

As the ship passed over the temple, the two could see Lord Malgus and Eleena Daru ascending the processional way towards the massive entry doors. They were met by Temple guards and were quickly dispatched by the Sith Lord.

DarkHawk watched how easy it was for the Sith Lord to cut down the palace guards. His prowess and tenacity were astonishing to see firsthand. Malgus showed no mercy, he killed without remorse. “Commencing has begun.”

Ty moved the Fury into position and landed on one of the small landing pads. The two Sadowans watched the dropship come in nearly full throttle targeting the citadel's massive doors. Once they lost sight of the ship, they could hear the thundering crash of the dropship demolish the citadel's doors, *B0000000000M!*

The sound of sabers and blaster could now be heard, "They have breached the temple Ty, are you ready?"

"The more burning question DH, are you ready? Your first engagement against seasoned Jedi will be here." Ty said, accentuating the last word.

"My concern is not the Jedi Ty, our concern has to be those artifacts. Especially the holocrons. I don't care who is in there, we are not leaving without those items in our possession."



CORUSCANT

JEDI TEMPLE

3653 BBY

DarkHawk and Ty moved into the palace. Blaster fire filled the temple room as temple guards and Mandalorians fiercely engaged one another. Sith and Jedi clashed sabers, and Lord Malgus just dispatched two young Jedi himself before he focused his attention on the Zabrak attacking his Twi'Lek mate.

The two Sadowans quickly crossed over piles of rubble and debris heading towards the east wing and library. Ty slid down one of the large structural pillars that had collapsed, and the Duros came to a sliding stop on the temple's marble floor. DarkHawk had to hurdle up and over a massive chunk of duracrete. As the Equite nearly landed his dismount, he was abruptly pushed to the left and slammed into the adjacent wall. The impact broke the wall's tile, leaving a rudimentary imprint of the Warlord, then sliding down to the floor about three meters.

Ty turned to see his comrade down and a young Jedi Knight crest over a pile of rubble about eight meters away from DarkHawk.

"I got this Ty, stick to the plan!"

The Duros nodded and began running down the corridor further into the temple. DarkHawk watched the Knight proceed closer towards him, then the saber ignited. The amber blade dripped sparks as the Jedi drug the tip across the temple debris. With a Force augmented jump, the Jedi launched himself into the air, his blade aimed right at the Warlord's torso. DarkHawk rolled forward, narrowly avoiding the strike. *SLAAAAAAAAM!!!!* The force behind the Jedi's strike had plunged the saber's blade deep into the wall.

Rolling up to his feet DarkHawk drew his saber from its hasp, spinning around and facing the Jedi. Quickly, the Warlord unleashed a barrage of Force lightning, directing its destructiveness at the Jedi. Its tendrils reached out to strike against the Jedi, quickly the Jedi moved to counter the Force assault. The Jedi pulled his saber from the wall bringing it across his left flank, blocking the lightning attack.

DarkHawk began to walk forward towards the Jedi, maintaining his lightning attack. The tendrils danced along the Jedi's blade. The young Jedi felt the strength behind the Warlord's assault; widening his stance the Jedi maintained his defense. The two pushed closer towards one another, then the Warlord terminated his force assault and moved his off-hand to grip the long hilt of his saber. DarkHawk's twirled his saber around before coming down with an overhead strike.

Vrãu, vrãu, vrãu.

Kksssshhhh, Kksssshhhh!

The blades crashed together in rapid succession. Each combatant was parrying the other's attacks, their movements almost seemed rehearsed, moving with such fluidity. Jockeying for the upper position, the Jedi made a near-fatal mistake when he tried to stab at the Warlord. The Jedi had blocked DarkHawk's blade, pushing it down and to the left. DarkHawk deactivated his blade, causing the Jedi to stumble forward. DarkHawk lowered his shoulder and drove his weight into the Jedi's chest. That assault staggered the Jedi back three steps allowing the Warlord to execute a spinning heel kick.

The bootheel of the Warlord landed solidly against the right side of the Jedi's face. Blood and spit flew out of the Jedi's mouth, the force of the blow buckled his knees and set the Jedi careening to the rubble. The Jedi staggered to his feet, blood still dripping from his mouth, DarkHawk went on the attack again.

Another volley of quick strikes hammered down against the Jedi, the attacks came from all angles. Quickly parrying a strike away aimed at his lower extremities, the Jedi rolled counterclockwise and was able to lead his aggressor's blade further away from his body. This created a small opening exposing the Warlord's lower abdomen. The Jedi quickly executed a right-leg roundhouse kick, burying the strike deep against the wraith's exposed flank.

DarkHawk staggered back, feeling the brutality of the blow. The Jedi wasted no time trying to capitalize on the situation and went right after the Warlord. Striking downward against the wraith, the Jedi could see the momentarily defenseless posture of the Sith. Just before the Jedi's blade came down onto its target, DarkHawk's blade came up and blocked the assault, pushing the Jedi's blade to the right. That movement allowed for two quick left jabs to the face, followed by a Force-assisted front kick. The kick sent the Jedi crashing back against the wall. Not giving the Jedi a chance to regain his bearings, DarkHawk dove forward, driving his saber through the Jedi's chest.



The eyes of the Jedi rolled back into his skull, a small sigh expelled from the Warlord. As necessary as it may be, the taking of life, a moment of immorality required for a more significant outcome. DarkHawk closed the Jedi's eyelids and placed his saber on his chest, crossing his arms over the weapon.

The sounds of the engagement in the main hall of the citadel were getting closer. DarkHawk began sprinting down the hallway to rendezvous with Ty in the library. Luckily for the two Sadowans, most of the fighting was contained in the main hall and outside the temple. Closer to the library, DarkHawk could see younglings evacuating and trying to flee from the chaos that filled the temple.

Older Padawans escorted the younglings out of the temple. Most paid no attention to the relatively large black attired visitor. Some of the young ones glared as they passed by. There was one older Padawan who decided to square off in front of DarkHawk.

"Boy, I have no quarrel with you. Should you feel the necessity to test your skill, the fight is out there," DarkHawk said, pointing back to the main hall.

The Padawan gripped his saber, twisting it tightly in his grip. The Warlord decided to end this quickly without any physical harm to the boy. With the assistance of the Force, DarkHawk's subtle hand gesture reached out between the fabric of space and locked its grip around its prey. The Padawan began to sweat profusely, the boy started to scream, "No, please don't hurt me! Someone save me!" The haunting images of a vicious Rancor began to invade the Padawan's mind. The Warlord concentrated only so much, the intent was to frighten the boy with fear, not to make him a mindless dolt.

The Padawan dropped to his knees, screaming in sheer terror. "*That is my queue to get out of here,*" DarkHawk thought to himself. Wasting no time, DarkHawk moved further down the hall blaster fire could be heard coming from what the Warlord believed to be the library. Arriving at the large doors of the library, DarkHawk found them already opened, and he could hear Ty scolding the temple guards as he engaged them.

Grabbing his Nightsister bow, DarkHawk peered around the corner to see a squad of men had Ty pinned behind a large table. The first target was a mere thirty meters away, quickly the Equite readied himself to engage. With a deep breath, a clear mind, DarkHawk dropped to a knee and spun into the open doorway. The Equite placed the targeting reticle on the first temple guard and released the bow's plasma arrow. The bolt flew true and penetrated the guard's right flank sending the guard crashing into a nearby bookshelf.

"About bloody time, man!" Ty scolded his comrade.

DarkHawk aimed at the second nearest guard and let two shots of the bow go in rapid succession. The first one went high as the guard ducked to avoid Ty's blaster fire. The second shot however, did not miss catching the man square in the jugular. A vapor cloud of blood engulfed the man's skull, the guard clasped his hands around the wound. There was no hope that he could salvage the small amount of life the guard had in him. Slumping to the floor, the guard took a last gasp of air before his life ended.

Blaster bolts ricochet off the door, and DarkHawk once again spun on the planted knee to the other side. Producing a smoke grenade from his belt pouch, DarkHawk, pulled the pin and rolled it into the library's foyer. The thick smoke began to engulf the foyer, minimizing visibility. DarkHawk took out another smoke bomb and pulled the pin rolling it towards the guards' foggy outline.

Switching his helm over to heat vision, DarkHawk could see the guards scurrying for cover. Aiming again with the plasma bow, the Warlord fired two more shots. The first plasma bolt

penetrated the guard's back and exited out the front. The second shot took the head of the last guard, and he slid to a stop underneath one of the massive tables in the library.

DarkHawk scanned around to clear the room, with no other heat signatures besides Ty were present. "All clear Ty!"

DarkHawk swung the library entry doors shut. "Ty you good?"

"Of course I am bloody good, you dolt. These wankers were about to walk right into my trap."

DarkHawk noticed that Ty had already downed four guards before he arrived. "I am glad you were here to save me then, Ty."

"Pompous arse! Let's find those bloody books and get the hell out of here, shall we?"

"I concur Sir."

"Do you think you can slice into the system and find out where they are located?"

"Honestly, DH I do not know what is more insulting, the fact that you're asking me or the insinuation that I am not capable of doing it."

"Well, are you?"

Ty rubbed his face in his hands, "I am beginning to resent you more and more..."

DarkHawk chuckled a bit, "You do your thing Ty. I am going to hit the archival section and see what I can find."

Ty went over to the nearest terminal, pulled out his computer probes, and worked on the computer terminal. Within moments, Ty had hacked the system and found what he was looking for. "DH northeast corner, should be a bookcase that is an entryway to another room. The Nightsister Holocron should be in there. Give me a moment to find the Naga Sadow Holocron."

DarkHawk moved towards the northeast corner as Ty instructed and found the bookcase. Running his index finger across the books' spine in the case, DarkHawk looked for anything out of the ordinary or blatantly obvious. DarkHawk noticed the small amount of dust on the shelves and noticed one book had been cleared of its granules of time. A book entitled *Mother* sat in the middle of the row. Grabbing the book, DarkHawk could feel the resistance before it gave way. A clank of gears meshing together, then the bookshelf slid back into the wall revealing another room.

DarkHawk entered the room, amazed at the number of Holocrons stored here. The Warlord scanned the room and its contents, seeking his prize. The circular room had rows of floor-to-ceiling open cabinets holding holocrons from all over the universe. The knowledge that each contained, what one could do with such knowledge. DarkHawk did not deter from mission parameters, locating the Holocron he sought out.

The Holocron of the Nightsisters contained many secrets of Dark Force magic. Spells and incantations that would aid a Dark Force practitioner, or if not done correctly, kill them in the most heinous ways.

A blood-red Holocron with the subdued image of the planet Dathomir engraved on all four of its sides. On two sides of the Holocron depicted a different engraving of the planet. One had a set

of wings engraved with it, paying homage to the Winged Goddess. The other had fangs engraved with the planet, and the Fanged Goddess is worshiped. DarkHawk stowed it away in an empty pouch on his belt.

“Aye, the next one is a bit more tricky to locate. It seems this one had higher security protocols.”

“Find it quickly before this place is swarming with irate folks.”

“No need to throw a wobbly, you don’t want me to bugger this up do you?”

“Ty, locate it, please! We don’t have much time that fight outside is coming here.”

Ty worked the computer terminal feverishly. Trying to hack this level of cryptology was beyond the electronic device the Duros had at the moment. DarkHawk made his way back up to where Ty was. Explosions were going off right outside the main doors as the Warlord made his way towards Ty. Ty overrode the locking mechanism and locked the doors. The large deadbolts could be heard engaging snapping in place.

“Ahhh, Ty, I think it's time we go. We have a lot of folks wanting to get in here. We got one of the Holocrons we will return after the siege. Let's GO!”

Ty unhooked from the terminal and the two Sadowans began to find an alternate exit. Suddenly a couple of muffled thunks could be heard against the library’s entry doors. Then the slow whine down beeps of a detonator. Both DarkHawk and Ty looked at the large row of stained glass windows near them.

“You are not bloody serious are you DH?” We are at least three stories up!”

B00000M! B00000M! B00000M!

The explosion at the doors sent wood splinters and metal shards throughout the foyer. DarkHawk grabbed Ty and sprinted for the nearest window. The Warlords crashed through the pane of glass with Ty in his clutches. Once cleared of the main structure of the temple, DarkHawk activated the wingpack. The telescoping wings extended and bit into the air slowing the descent. The two floated over the air until the Sith Fury came into sight. DarkHawk maneuvered the two gingerly through the air until they made their descent and landing alongside the Fury.

The two entered their ship quickly. Ty threw himself into the pilot’s seat and began flipping switches and control knobs. The engines of the Fury started to spool up and the pitot tubes expelled excess gas. Ty began to pull back on the ship’s yoke to takeoff, just then a squad of temple guards came on the scene. The guards immediately came out firing their weapons attempting to down the escaping Fury. Ty spun the Fury around and pushed the throttles forward, the Fury blasted off and headed for the darkness of space.