

INSPIRATION

Fiction Authored by

Warlord DarkHawk Sadow #264



Sepros

Orian System

Racing through the hyperlanes, a blacked-out VT49 Decimator, the *Tāron*, piloted by one Corsair Tytus “Sgt. Major” O’Baieron. The Duros pilot turned left slightly, deactivating the hyperdrive unit by flipping a series of switches on the captain’s control panel. Ellee, an aristocratic L3-37 custom pilot droid, simultaneously pulled back on the hyperdrive throttles and the Decimator came out of hyperspeed.

The forest planet of Sepros filled both the cockpit viewport and pilot/copilot control screens.

“Sepros Control...Sepros Control, this is *CNS-II*, callsign *Tāron*. Requesting landing approval at Sadow Temple.”

"Tāron... Tāron, this is Sepros Control. Request acknowledge, send transponder codes now."

"Copy that Sepros Control, sending transponder codes now."

Ty once again turned towards his pilot's control panel and activated the ship's transponder.

"Tāron... Tāron, this Sepros Control. Transponder codes are a go, permission to land approved. Welcome home, ProConsul. The Adept requests your presence in his office, he has been expecting you, sir."

"Copy that Sepros Control. ETA five mic."

Just behind the Decimators cockpit, DarkHawk and Yul, the hulking Shistavanen comrade of the Tāron crew, were engrossed with the success of the upgrades to the Nightsister bow Yul and Ty had crafted for the PCon.

Yul laid the bow down on the workbench then slapped DarkHawk on the back with his large furry paw. Yul began to speak. His thick rolling accent was deep and full of jest, "HA! Da boss man be requesting you already. Only means bad ju-ju for you!"

DarkHawk shook his head then leaned in towards his furry friend's broad chest. Sniffing twice, DarkHawk pulled back relatively quickly, wafting his face, "Yul, you stink.."

The Shistavanen bared his teeth and growled.



Sadow Temple

Overlord's Chambers

The Adept was standing in front of his desk when the ProConsul entered. As per usual, the Shaevalian joined promptly. Stopping short of the adept, DarkHawk bowed before his Consul.

"DH, it is good to see you. I hope your time on Shaevalis Prime was productive," Bentre said, motioning his second in command to rise.

"It was, sir. Some lineages have been discovered, and I am awaiting word from the King's Historian on some bloodline findings."

"Excellent, DH."

"Now that I am back, how can I be of service, sir?"

"I will be addressing the Orianites and would like your presence as I address the masses. Intel reports show we have visitors to our system. With the Pro Bowl about to kick off, this is a perfect time for an adversary to strike."

"What is heading our way?"

Bentre rubbed his chin with thumb and forefinger, "I cannot be certain, I have felt a presence that is both unfamiliar and disturbing. We must be vigilant. But before we all that, we must try to inspire the masses."

DarkHawk nodded. "You never seem to have a problem with that, my Liege."

The two Sadowans moved into the Consul's war room. The Adept took his seat at the head of the large wooden table in the middle of the room. DarkHawk stood to the right of his Consul. Bentre hit a comlink switch on the table's small control panel to his left. A massive viewscreen came to life directly in front of the Consul on the opposite side of the room. A young Captain appeared on the screen, the communications officer's voice crackled across the war room speakers, "We are ready for you, sir."

Bentre postured himself within his chair, "Ready, Captain."

The screen transitioned, and now both Sadowans were staring at themselves. The speakers cracked again, "In three, two, one..."

In the upper left corner of the screen, the word **LIVE** can now be seen.

The Consul began to speak,

"Good evening, citizens of Orian. Thanks to our new deep orbit communication arrays placed throughout Orian, we are very much coming to you live from the Temple of Sorrow. Before we head into the Pro Bowl festivities, I would like for you to remember a few words before you compete.

There are no guarantees, and for some of us, if the scheme of totality deems it, there is no tomorrow. Your adversaries have already judged you as weak. They see you as no viable threat. You are seen as a lesser being.

Their underestimation will be their undoing. We are not weak, we are a threat, and we are lesser than no other!."

Throughout the Orian system, in inhabited cities and planets. The Sadowan comm system transmitted the live stream to be seen by all. Crowds gathered to watch the large viewing screens throughout each city. The soft monotone of murmurs could be heard as the Consul continued to speak.

"We are warriors through and through. We are not heretics, we have a belief and a cause. That cause is what drives us. We are not anarchists for the galaxy to see. Why we fight is not the same as why they fight. We can only be who we are and what we are, is Sadowans.

No one has authority over us, we rule our own destiny. To battle one Orianite, means to fight an entire legion of Orianites.

I say to those who challenge us, if you push to impose your will too far, there will be no gesture of apologies for the loss you will incur. Other societies say we are inferior because of our beliefs. We will not bend a knee or pacify our enemies with adoring words. You will not find surrender nor retreat here. We are coming for your kings and their crowns."

Enthusiastic chants began to ripple through the gathering crowds. Raised fists bounced above the many groups of viewers.

“Orianires, hear my voice, see my face. Those outside of Orian do not want you to have a choice, no opportunity to be champion. They want you to think their way of life is one and just, therefore you are not worthy of victory. I say take what is yours, now is our time! The revolution begins today with you, be the revolution!”

The crowds roared as the Consul, in an act of triumph, raised his fist above his head. The chants of “**VICTORY, VICTORY**” reverberated throughout the galaxy.



The End