

[Back To Part 18](#)

[Back To Index](#)

This story was written just for fun and is not an attempt to make money or infringe on any copyrights or trademarks. Only the original ideas contained within the works on this nonprofit web site are the property of their authors, and please do not copy or link these stories to any other website or archive or print without permission of the author.

Lair of the Blue Falcon

Chapter 19: From the Ashes

by [J.A. Berger](#)

"My Lord, the transport has been ordered to report as soon as they have made contact with the stolen shuttle."

Darth Vader nodded, dismissing the trooper with a wave of his hand before returning his attention to the small interrogation room. The bodies had been removed, but the evidence of their brutal demise still stained the floor. He fingered the savagely twisted metal of what remained of the binders, which had bound the Corellian to the interrogation chair as he waited for the last of the troopers to leave the room.

Dropping the binders, he turned to the small mind probe unit he had found hovering beside the drug cabinet, still activated.

From the black globe issued the clear, precise recording of his own conversation with the medic prior to his leaving the chambers. He straightened in interest at the recorded sound of the forced entry; he slowed the recording.

His helmet covered whatever surprise he might have shown at the sound of a strange twang. Another. He stopped the recording and played it back.

First, the twang of some primitive, alien weapon, then another, followed by the thud of falling bodies. Pulling a metal dart from his robes, Vader fingered it with

interest, then ordered the probe to repeat the recording yet again. He increased the volume.

On the heels of the first discharge of the strange weapon and overlapping the second was the soft hum of energy, and his red-eyed gaze reverted to the strange, elongated scorch mark etched into the decking at his feet.

He thumbed a button and the audio filled the room with the disembodied voices of the medic and another; a young voice, tight with determination and concern, followed by a fear filled shout and a mighty roar, that had heralded the death scream of the Imperial interrogator.

Darth Vader listened intently until the recording ceased; then correlated the information.

The darts, the savage roars, all pointed to the sentient beings of Kashyyyk. And, with a simple adjustment to the probe, he had been able to isolate two distinctively different voices; one, deep, commanding in its obvious give and take with the human, the other angered to the point of vindictive mayhem.

The medic had died at the hands of the second, angered voice, which Vader surmised, would likely prove to be the prisoner's Wookiee copilot. However, it was the relationship between the youth and the first, older, more mature voice, which left him puzzled and uneasy. Again his toe touched the carbon scored burn on the deck. The mark had been left by a weapon he knew well---a light saber---the weapon of a Jedi.

The other strange voice picked up by the probe had been that of a human male; his voice betrayed his youth, his words denoting a ring of authority, and the one seemingly in command of the rescue.

Behind the black mask, naked brow ridges furrowed. Had the boy been the wielder of the Jedi weapon? Had a mere youth struck down the garrison commander before he could use the blaster he had already drawn?

"The boy!" The breath screen hissed in sudden recognition as Vader recalled the hidden bay and the capture of the Corellian pilot.

The dark lord's anger centered on the slight figure of the Tatooine farm boy who had stood in the hatchway of the Corellian vessel; sandy hair falling over the youthful forehead. "The boy!"

With an angry roar, a black-gloved fist shattered the small probe, scattering debris across the empty room.

Whirling, Vader exited the interrogation chambers and hurried to the lifts, fighting the fury that threatened to override caution.

First, he must recover the Corellian, who bore the marking of the ancient order; then he wanted the youth who had freed the Corellian with the use of a Jedi weapon and the help of Wookiees, the ancient allies of the Jedi.

Entering the lift, he programmed it for Communications and waited impatiently for the conveyance to reach its destination.

The overdose could mean the loss of the Corellian, but he did not accept it as fact. He had underestimated the Corellian once; he would not do so again. Nor, he assured himself, could he afford to make the same mistake with the youth. The boy carried the weapon of a Jedi. It was also possible, although unlikely, that he also carried the power and the knowledge with which to wield it.

He recalled again his probing of the boy, he had sensed only the restlessness of youth, the longing for adventure and a one way ticket off the desert world, but nothing to make him believe the boy was any other than what he had professed to be. Still. The thought lingered with an uneasiness the dark lord could not shake.

The lift doors opened onto the communications level and Vader exited, allowing the doors to close behind him. Lieutenant Branle hurried towards him.

"Lord Vader, we have news from the transport," he reported. "The storm has lifted, enabling them to intercept a transmission from the shuttle which led them to the illegal bay. They found the hangar beacons lit and evidence that a ship had docked, refueled, and lifted off. From the measurements taken, they estimate the ship to be either Corellian or Wookiee."

"What of the fugitives?" Vader demanded in angered expectation.

"Evidence found at the bay suggested that the ship must have lifted off as soon as the fugitives arrived."

"Recall the transport!" Vader ordered. "Tell them to leave everything as they found it. Come first light I want to see this evidence for myself! And, Lieutenant," the dark lord emphasized, "Relay to them, if any evidence is disturbed I will *personally* see to the discipline of those responsible. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, my Lord," Branle replied.

"Also see that my cruiser is on standby following my visit to the bay."

"At once, sire!" Lieutenant Branle relayed the message to another officer, who hurried to the lifts.

Branle continued. "The ship was a large one, my lord. And, from reported fuel levels used, she likely carried hyperspace capabilities. It will be impossible to chart her likely destination."

"I found the Corellian once, Lieutenant, I will find him again...as well as those who rescued him." Vader promised. "Injured, he will have to seek help."

"It will slow them down," the Lieutenant agreed. "But there are many places where help can be had for a price, my lord."

"Double the bounty on the Corellian." Vader ordered, turning back to the lifts. "And add a 10,000 bonus for the capture of anyone traveling with him."

end Chapter 19

[Continue To Part 20](#)

[Back To Index](#)