

STAR WARS

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Prologue

This story is set in the Star Wars universe, beginning in 315 BBY (Before the Battle of Yavin). This narrative nullifies part of the current canon prior to the prequels, where between 500 BBY and 100 BBY lies The High Republic, which was a golden age for both the Galactic Republic and the Jedi Order. It was a period of peace for the Republic, which was expanding into previously unexplored areas in the Outer Rim. In this story, that era is not completely annulled; rather, it concludes in the year 344 BBY.

During the height of peace, prosperity, and expansion for the Galactic Republic and the Jedi, a strange and mysterious plague was growing in the lower levels of Coruscant. This disease, which began to spread in the year 344 BBY, became popularly known as "Incubus Mortis," as it was more virulent in low light and low temperatures. It spread rapidly, affecting those who lived in the darkness and neglect of the lower levels. The Jedi and the high ranks of the Republic underestimated the case, as the death toll was not very high. Nevertheless, a year later, in 343 BBY, groups of scientists were dispatched to investigate the disease. Several Republic workers cleared parts of the lower levels to try to contain the disease, but unfortunately, it reached the upper parts of Coruscant, including the various lodgings of the Jedi, as well as the temple. Due to the disease, an approximate 70,000 deaths were reported in the lower levels, but when it reached the upper levels, the figure soared to 3,115,000 deaths, of which 17,000 were Jedi. This caused a total collapse of the wealthy parts of Coruscant, as well as a moment of great vulnerability for the Republic, as its Jedi army had been drastically and extensively reduced. Additionally, it caused an approximate 1,500,000 deaths in other parts of the galaxy controlled by the Republic. Fortunately for the Republic, the galaxy was in a time of considerable peace. We can consider that the era of The High Republic ends in the year 341 BBY.

Later, seven years after the Jedi Council was restructured, a young Yaddle was chosen as the Grand Master, as it was considered that fresh and renewed energy was needed. There were also many other changes in the Jedi structure, such as the extension of the Jedi Council from ten to twelve members or an investment in equipment and recruitment for the new Jedi. A decade after the great catastrophe in Coruscant, in 331 BBY, and after much work by senators, the Jedi, and even citizens, it was achieved that the capital recovered economically and structurally. The core planets were also in a situation of

stability, although the crisis on Alderaan generated rebel uprisings on the planet. The mid rim was also stable, but the problems for the Republic came from its systems in the Outer Rim. Lah'mu, Ord Biniir, Yaga Minor, Generis, and many other planets were abandoned, and Morishim, Muunlist, Rhen Vari, and some other planets decided unilaterally to secede from the Republic, as they did not provide them with enough aid or resources. In short, the Republic neglected the planets with fewer economic resources, causing great inequalities and massive immigrations. All this generated a certain feeling of separation and even hatred towards the Republic, and there were several rebellions on different planets. These rebellions, which formed on planets like Lah'mu, Salin, Dantooine (much softer and diplomatic), Rhen Vari, among others, disappeared for various reasons between the years 334 and 319 BBY. The exact causes of these rebellions dissolving were never known, but they brought about a return to peace after the last three decades of disasters and chaos.

SEASON 1

Common enemies

Chapter 1: The Growth of an "Enemy"

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...

Internal disputes! Some Republican senators and politicians, after several questionable decisions by the Republic, have begun to complain and debate about them, but it seems that the Republic is not taking any action...

In the Galactic Senate of Coruscant, the capital of the Galactic Republic, the dominant faction of the galaxy, a crowded meeting was taking place.

-Given the rebel attacks on Alderaan, we have decided to send resources to the planet and some of our Jedi to provide assistance - Supreme Chancellor Moff Teen announces in the center of the immense galactic senate.

The entire Senate applauds the decision, as does Huff Messoriam, although he doesn't seem pleased by his expression.

-It's always the same - says Huff to his companion - In Alderaan, there's money and a good social status, besides the headquarters of the Banking Clan are located there.

-Well, we have to help them, don't we? - his companion, Tiberius Veridian, says.

-We should also help people from more disadvantaged planets, for example Lah'mu, which was abandoned during the crisis, along with many others, but the Republic simply ignores them - Huff responds, curtly.

Tiberius and Huff have had this discussion before, so Tiberius decides not to continue the conversation.

In the Jedi Temple, Tyvokka is rapidly advancing in his training.

-The Wookiee has improved very quickly, indeed - says Yaddle - It won't be long before his training in the temple ends and you take him on his first real mission.

-Indeed, he has surprised us with his rapid progress - Master Finn Felth remarks - Although it wouldn't be his first mission, don't you remember Kashyyyk?

-I don't count that as a mission, it was just a visit to the planet - Yaddle replies.

-I believe it should count as such - Finn responds, offended.

Tyvokka, in the center of a room, is surrounded by circular-shaped droids that shoot non-harmful electric charges at him. With great skill, he deflects all the shots, demonstrating significant abilities despite a few errors here and there.

-Now I understand the confidence Yoda placed in him - Yaddle remarks - He has many capabilities to become a great Jedi.

Silence invaded Huff Messoriam's house. The letter, on the table, remained untouched. Tiberius looked at his companion as if the words that had just come out of the Roonan's mouth had stabbed him.

-What do you mean, rebelling against the Republic? - Tiberius asks, astonished - It goes against your ideals, Huff.

-No, Tiberius, you don't understand - Huff replies - There won't be violence, we'll simply offer help to the planets the Republic neglects.

-Then propose that in the Senate, instead of forming an organization against them! - his companion says, indignantly.

-The Republic won't listen to us - Huff counters - Besides, I already have several senators interested; we'll meet tomorrow in Bescane.

-I'll accompany you, but only to hear the proposal - Tiberius Veridian says - Don't expect me to join.

Huff Messoriam has everything prepared for the next day. He had already spoken with the owner of the Trade Guild, Mon Arich, who would monetize part of the project. Additionally, six more senators interested in Roonan's proposal were to participate in the meeting. Huff and Tiberius traveled together to Bescane, a planet in the Obtrecta sector, far from the core worlds. There, in a clandestine venue, the meeting to hear Huff Messoriam and Mon Arich's initiative was to take place. Upon arrival, they entered a room where all the senators, along with Mon Arich, were already seated in floating chairs, forming a circle. Huff Messoriam sat next to Mon Arich.

-The Federalism does not intend to be an enemy of anyone, but rather a new option for the citizens of the galaxy to live better - Mon Arich says.

-We will help the most needy, and in doing so, we will earn a reputation, apart from attempting to give more independence to each planet - Huff Messoriam adds.

-The Republic will see us as enemies and will attack us - says Hiram Wessiri, one of the leaders of the Trade Guild and interested in this proposal - We'll end up like the other rebellions before.

-Let's hope not - Huff replies, worried.

-But they shouldn't have reasons to attack us, besides those rebellions disappeared due to their own mistakes, the Republic wasn't involved - Tiberius Veridian says.

-We won't have an army, weaponry, or anything like that - Mon Arich says - The Republic won't have any justification to attack us.

-I agree, besides the planets we manage to convince won't be of interest to the Republic, we could persuade the planets that already rebelled in the past - Huff Messoriam says.

The different politicians and senators interested in the proposal began to leave the room until only the two initiative pioneers, Huff Messoriam and Mon Arich, remained.

-The only danger will be the ACS - says Huff, with a serious expression.

-ACS? What's that? - Mon, the Trade Guild leader, asks.

-I'm not exactly sure, but they're the ones who completely eliminated the rebellions during the insurgency era - Huff responds - The Republic controls them, I'm not exactly sure how it works, but they have a lot of power.

-Are they a threat? - Mon questions.

-Are Rathtars a threat? - Huff counters.

-I don't know, I'm not familiar with that species - Mon responds.

-Is the unknown a threat? - Huff asks, responding to his companion - The unknown is scary, but is it a threat? We can't know that for sure at the moment.

After the meeting, Tiberius and Huff leave the room to head to the ship that will take them back to Coruscant. Huff Messoriam looks at his companion with a worried expression.

-It's not so bad - Tiberius says, before Huff can say anything - The proposal isn't entirely bad, for now, I'll be with you.

-Thank you very much, my friend - his companion replies - I truly appreciate your support in this.

Chapter 2: Radicalization

Censure! Federalism begins to grow in certain parts of the galaxy, causing several planets belonging to the Republic to reconsider leaving the dominant faction of the galaxy. The Republic is not interested in these movements, so it will have to make decisions regarding them...

Mon Arich and Huff Messoriam are in Bescane, in the clandestine venue, waiting for the interested senators to arrive. This time, Tiberius and Huff have traveled separately due to the former's family issues, which are quite recurrent. Mon Arich was looking out of the square window of the venue, located on the second floor above an appliance store.

-We must formalize the organization - Mon Arich says, looking at the Roonan - Tomorrow more senators will come, we should establish a power scale.

-We should gather them today, and talk to them about the possibility of them being the top leaders of the initiative, after us - Huff Messoriam proposes.

-I agree, please request the meeting with all of them - Mon Arich says, looking at his assistant.

After a few hours, the senators begin to arrive at the venue, unaware of the reason for the unexpected meeting called by Huff and Mon.

-We want to take the Federalist proposal to another level - Mon Arich says, starting his speech - Considering that the attendance at tomorrow's meeting will likely be higher, we propose that you become the top leaders of the Federalist organization.

-This would imply having much more power in important decisions, but we would also demand more financial help from you to finance the initiative - Huff explains.

-Count me out - Tiberius Veridian says - I prefer to remain on the sidelines.

-I'm fully in - says Draxus Renth, a human from Alderaan.

-Me too - replies the Twi'lek Lysara Toren and the Fillitharian Zeth Vel, in unison.

-To be honest, I'm not sure... - says Venesia Drall, a Pkorian - Anyway, count me in.

-I have no other choice - says the co-leader of the Trade Guild, Hiram Wessiri, of the Boosodian species.

-Harkun, what about you? - asks Huff Messoriam, looking at the Hutt.

-Of course, I'm with you - says Harkun, nodding.

With this brief meeting, the Federalist leaders' board was officially formed, consisting of those most committed to the proposal, the majority of them former Republic senators.

Meanwhile, Belarius Dorn and Lorna Ressel, two Republican senators, are sent to Mandalore to negotiate aid, of which the former does not want to speak. These are direct orders from the unofficial Senatorial High Council, which qualifies the mission as highly secretive and important. The politicians arrive on the planet and enter the majestic and immense palace of the capital, Keldabe. There they meet with Noth Gid, the Vigo of the sun of Mandalore, the highest-ranking official of the planet. To his right is Cliegg Novadasher, the prime minister.

-Welcome, senators - says Cliegg Novadasher - We have already been informed of your... not very pleasant visit.

-What do you want, Republicans? - asks Noth Gid.

-We need to eliminate certain individuals - says Lorna Rossal - Or at least scare them.

-I don't do business with Republican scum - Noth replies.

-We would pay you very well, it's a job from the ACS - Belarius Dorn says - We would give you what you need and more. Here's the datapad with all the information.

-ACS? - asks the Vigo of the sun, surprised - One hundred thousand credits and weaponry, non-negotiable. I don't want problems with those criminals.

-Perfect, you'll do it tomorrow - Lorna replies, confidently.

The two senators head to their ship to return to Coruscant and report the success of the negotiations with the Mandalorians. Noth Gid, seated on his throne, watches as the politicians leave his immense palace.

-What is the ACS, Noth? - asks the prime minister, curious.

-They are terrorists - says the Vigo of the sun, disdainfully - Almost worse than us.

-What exactly are they? - Cliegg asks again, as Noth did not answer his question.

-The Senatorial High Council - Noth Gid replies - The most powerful politicians united, they do as they please. They are the ultimate power in the galaxy, without being an official organization.

-And they're hiring us to eliminate someone? - the prime minister asks.

-It's not the first time they've done it, they can't dirty their hands - Noth responds - They always contact criminal organizations and factions like us. They pay us not to talk about them, too.

-And what do we have to do? - Cliegg Novadasher inquires.

-Have you heard of the Federalists? - Noth Gid asks - They oppose the Republic with pacifist measures. The ACS isn't interested in them, so we have to attack them when they're gathered tomorrow on Dantooine.

The prime minister looks at the Vigo of the sun, seated on his throne, with a worried expression. Although these operations continue to increase Mandalore's power, he is alarmed by the Republic's significant influence and control in places where it shouldn't have a presence.

The next day, the leaders of Federalism are gathered again in Bescane. They discuss the possibility of Dantooine aligning with their proposal, possibly being the first planet to join the Federalist cause. The king of the planet, Ruwee Habea, was present at this meeting, weighing whether it was truly worth joining the cause or not.

-Lord Habea, if you join our cause, you will receive political protection, resources, and most importantly, autonomy - Huff Messoriam addresses the king of Dantooine - Thus, you would have much more control over local political decisions.

-How do you see it, sir? - Mon Arich asks.

-Well, honestly...

A bullet shatters the window to the right of the King, narrowly missing him, though fortunately, no one is injured. Quickly, the room is evacuated by the guards, one of whom gets shot by this unknown assassin. The senators and politicians board their ships to return home, and unfortunately, the guards fail to catch the mysterious assassin. The next day, the same senators and politicians gather in Karavis, a planet near Bescane, to continue their meeting. Upon arriving on the planet, they stroll through a city, sad, desolate, with little color. The few trees lining the main street are leafless, practically adopting a gray color. Later, they arrive at an abandoned palace, a grand structure of marble, elongated and with circular shapes, surrounded by gardens, now not so green. They sit in an extensive room with a very high ceiling.

-The assassin who tried to kill us is a bounty hunter hired by the Republic! - says Mon Arich.

-We're not sure about that - says Tiberius - The Republic wouldn't do something like this.

-Well, he had a Republic C-15 rifle, which also had the Republic symbol - says Venesia Drall - It's most likely that he was sent by them.

-I'm sure the Republic wasn't behind this - Tiberius asserts confidently, a bit defensively - We're no threat to them, why would they do this?

-Regardless of who is behind this, we have to defend ourselves, someone wants us dead - says Huff Messoriam.

-I have the possibility to create an army of androids, a possible factory on Dantooine - Mon Arich proposes - It would be a good way to defend ourselves, we could even use them to occupy a planet.

-We could try to invade Dantooine, they are the ones who have received our proposal the best - says Huff Messoriam - Maybe it would be the step they need to join our cause.

-No! From the beginning, we agreed that this would be a pacifist movement, when did we start thinking that violence is the solution? - Exclaims Tiberius, very angry - Huff, you know this isn't right.

-Tiberius, no one will listen to us if we don't make noise - Huff replies.

His companion looks him in the eyes with an expression of total disappointment. He opens his mouth, it seems that the words want to come out, but he decides to let out a sigh and leave the room. Huff Messoriam looks at him with sadness, although he was aware that this step would cause his companion to stop showing support for the proposal.

-Mon, how would we create a factory on Dantooine? - Venesia Drall, a senator willing to help with the project, asks - If the Republic finds out about the factory, they will attack us for sure.

-We will talk to Darion Habea, the son of the king and the prince of Dantooine - Mon Arich replies - It's easy to do business with him, for a few credits he gives us land and keeps the secret.

-Perfect, you can start moving forward with that - says Huff Messoriam, getting up from his seat.

Huff heads to the exit of the deteriorated and sad palace. At the exit, he meets his companion Tiberius, waiting for him to board the ship that will take them back to Coruscant.

-If there will be a droid factory - says Huff, coldly.

-I won't contribute - Tiberius replies - I'll stay in command at the senate, and I'll have you removed from the Republic's political registry.

-Thank you, Tiberius, and I'm really sorry - says Huff, sadly.