

This has all happened before. It is happening now. It will all happen again.

History tells us there is a pattern in the cosmos, an undeniable fact of the nature of sentient species that guides us to knowing an essential basic tenet for the universe's development. This is much different than fate, mind you. This is destiny. Accepted. Pursued. Fulfilled.

Young galaxies start with worlds scattered, disconnected, and unaware of one another's existence, outside of basic extra-terrestrial hypotheses. Over time, many of these species evolve, not just biologically but technologically as well. They learn of one another, but there is animosity; on young worlds it's as if two nations discovered one another's existence, only to learn that their aims and hopes conflict at almost every turn.

There then arrives a point when these planets move towards a shared hope, a shared destiny routed in prosperity and peace. They form together, creating great republics and federations with one another, collections of peace-loving worlds all working together to make their collective dream a reality. For a time, they receive just that.

Yet destiny means little without a struggle to fulfill it.

One such story happened a long time ago. For some of you reading this, it was in a galaxy far, far away from your own. This makes it no less relevant for you, however. If you've grown enough to know of the existence of these writings, maybe all of this has already happened for you, and you can explore the similarities and differences between the two histories. On the other hand, maybe it hasn't happened. Perhaps, if you're lucky, you can learn from the mistakes of this galaxy and better prepare yourself for the struggles that lie ahead.

The story of this galaxy spans the millennia, but the full story should be left to historians far more qualified than those who documented this one. Here, we start at the turning point in galactic affairs, the beginning of what would become its defining moment: its salvation.

Some galaxies fail, others succeed, and those who do succeed are saved. Sometimes it's by one person, and often by many. This is the story of a man who became the savior, even if that's the last thing he ever wanted, and those who followed him. This is the tale of individuals destined to become legends.

These are the last of the great star wars. If hope is worth fighting for, it has known no greater battle than this.

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A thousand years ago, a devastating war came to a sudden end. The forces of evil were vanquished by their own hand, leaving only one of their dark lords left standing. It was this

dark warrior who forged a new path of destruction, one resolved to hide in the shadows as it plotted to overthrow the force for good in the galaxy: the Republic.

When the evil empire fell at the end of the Ruusan campaigns, the galaxy's Outer Rim Territories fell into lawlessness and disarray. Having lived under the rule of a tyrannical government for centuries, the Rim worlds were ill-equipped to handle their liberation. While the Republic began competing for the interests of the territories in an effort to strengthen their weakened galactic government, the Hutt Lords of Nal Hutta began filling the void of the fallen empire.

Promising freedom and liberty, with a government that the people would barely even know existed in their lives, the Hutt Lords soon amassed influence throughout the southern portions of the Outer Rim, stretching all the way eastward to Nal Hutta. On Nar Shaddaa, the Smuggler's Moon, representatives from hundreds of Rim worlds pledged their allegiance to the Hutts, falling under the banner of those who valued economic prosperity above all else.

As it happened, the Republic began reforming itself as well. Under the leadership of a benign Supreme Chancellor, Tarsus Valorum, the Republic instituted the Ruusan Reformation. With it, the Republic's defenders abandoned their military, and the Republic transitioned its military force into peacekeepers. With the evil empire declared dead forever, the Republic saw no reason to have a standing military. The government became de-centralized and promised sweeping economic reforms, and the powerful Office of the Supreme Chancellor was reformed into the President of the Republic, far less influential than the powerful Galactic Senate.

The two galactic economies began to rebound as the decades went on. The Senate and the Hutt Lords recognized that they soon be in an economic war with one another, and they quickly worked to stem the tide of it—neither side believed they were ready to engage in a trade war.

In spite of their so-called economic cooperation, tensions continued to grow between the two governments for several centuries. The Hutt Lords consolidated their holdings over the southern and eastern areas of the Outer Rim, creating an iron-clad curtain between the Rim worlds and the Mid Rim, where the Republic's border ended. Traveling beyond the Rim from either side, across the Great Rift, became ever more difficult.

Behind the Hutt curtain, the Rim worlds were beginning to understand that swearing loyalty to the Hutt Lords was a mistake. Limited government soon became barely any government at all, and the criminal scum of the Outer Rim underworld that the Hutts employed grew ever more powerful. Promises of prosperity became realities of impoverishment, and the criminal gangs and armed forces under the Hutt banner made it impossible to stand against the Hutt Lords.

After five hundred years of relative yet tense peace between the Republic and the Hutts, the Republic made stronger pushes towards the Outer Rim Territories, hoping to alleviate the

tyrannical grip of the Hutt Lords over the worlds nearest to the Republic—and possibly providing those words cover to change allegiances.

These actions led to a cold war between the two feuding empires, with standoffs and blockades popping up across the border between the two great societies. After years of tension, a hot war was sparked in the Mid Rim, thrusting that region of the galaxy into a brief but destructive war. At the war's end, neither the Republic's peacekeepers nor the Hutt criminal army were particularly damaged, but the Republic suffered the brunt of the consequences.

Blaming the Republic for its miscalculation, Mid Rim worlds began to leave the Republic's protection, risking a takeover from the Hutt Lords. The Republic knew the danger the secessions posed but was powerless to stop a constitutional break from the government. Knowing that the Hutts were not interested in disrupting the delicate economic status quo at that time, the Republic proposed a treaty that would declare the unaffiliated regions of the Mid Rim as neutral ground, where neither the Republic nor the Hutts would enter without first consulting the other.

With the Treaty of Lannik signed, the Republic's millennia-long diplomatic presence in the Outer Rim Territories came to an un-climactic close. No government figure or representative would enter the Outer Rim for several centuries, and the Republic became nothing more than a whisper from beyond the Rim that almost no one but smugglers and deep space pilots spoke of.

Nearly half a millennia of oppression and lack of Republic support began to wear the citizens of the worlds on the Outer Rim and Mid Rim border down. Many of them wished to return to the days where they could rely on the support of the Republic and desired to overthrow their rulers. A fledging rebellion rose and challenged the Hutt Lords, sparking the Rim Wars that lasted for several years until one damning mistake in the Mid Rim crushed the rebellion and ended the war.

The rebels disbanded and the Hutt Lords sought revenge against those who had challenged their rule. They chose to make an example of the rebellious border worlds and tightened their oppressive grip over them. Poverty, disease, and despair ran rampant across them, and the Hutt Lords believed that the weakened state of the worlds meant a rebellion could never be sparked from there again.

Deep in the galactic core, the Republic was in the midst of its own political and social turmoil, the likes of which it had not seen since the great reformation a millennia earlier. Unexpectedly, a seemingly benign ruling in the Supreme Court gave the special corporate interests more power than anyone had foreseen. Using this newfound power, these interests asserted themselves into the government, with a small group of individuals amassing more influence than even the incalculable number of beings in the galaxy. As often happens when wealth and power pass beyond the admirable and attain the awesome, there appears those evil ones who have greed to match.

Yet despite the corporate power, some pushed back. The idyllic world of Ondos, in the far frontier near the lawless Outer Rim and a member of the Republic for only the last century, introduced proposal after proposal in an effort to stem the tide of greed that was becoming a stranglehold over the Republic. For a time, their efforts seemed in vein, until a discovery was made that even the most corrupt Senators could not ignore.

The Trade Alliance, the most powerful of all the interests, had been exploiting a loophole in the Rights of Sentience clause of the Galactic Constitution, one that said that no Republic citizen could ever be victim to slavery. The cunning leaders of the Alliance recognized this to mean that non-Republic citizens could be taken as slaves without legal ramification by the Republic, so the Senator of Ondos, backed by the planet's fearless monarch, introduced legislation to make that a high crime.

When the President of the Republic signed the bill into law, the Trade Alliance set its sights on a new target: the people of Ondos. Amassing an army of scum and villainy under the loose guidelines of corporate laws, the Trade Alliance blockaded Ondos, preventing supplies from reaching the planet for over a year as the politicians in the Republic watched helplessly as the Ondosians began to starve. The world was held hostage to the demands of the Trade Alliance.

It was then that the great defenders of the Republic chose to act.