

RESTORATION:
A STAR WARS fan audio production
by
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In the waning hours of The Clone Wars, the fall of Jedi Master Mace Windu foreshadows the subsequent fall of the Jedi Order itself, as the ulterior plans of the Sith are fulfilled with the implementation of Order 66, a secret directive embedded in all Clone Troopers. The Jedi Knights, the guardians of peace and freedom throughout the galaxy for thousands of years, are brought to extinction. Or so it would seem...

Coruscant. 19 years before the Battle of Yavin

The betrayal of the Jedi Order was complete. As the Jedi Master fell from the Senate building through the skyways and speeder lanes of Coruscant toward the underworld far below, the pain of his severed hand and injuries from force-lightning racked his body as he free-fell toward his inevitable demise. He closed his eyes, accepting his destiny.

As he plummeted, the Force spoke to him, in the familiar style of images his mind's eye would display to him when he routinely meditated. Images and sound. Of things past, present, and likely to come. Ironic, he thought, that during his final moments of life the Force would reveal such things to him.

He saw the forbidden attachment Anakin had for Padme, he felt the fear he had of losing her. And, her unborn. The fear of loss and the drive to protect her was so great, Anakin was willing to do anything, even traverse the ways of forbidden practice, in order to keep her safe. That is why he sensed so much confusion in Anakin; the dark side clouded his judgment, and consumed him fully. Master Windu understood that now.

But there was more. The visions also revealed a monster. A monster that sat at the right hand of the new Emperor. The monster was Anakin, completely immersed in the ways of the Sith, with his back turned to everything he ever had in life. Even his own name.

Windu saw a moon-sized space station exploding, followed by an image of the Emperor speaking to Vader. "Now, Lord Vader, I sense you wish to resume your search for young Skywalker."

"He will join us or die," Vader replied.

The visions in Windu's mind evaporated as quickly as they first materialized. But his presence in the Force did not diminish as he fell. Instead, he drew upon all he had within him to slow and direct his fall.

Anakin was not the Chosen One, Windu theorized to himself. How could Skywalker, now Darth Vader, bring balance to the Force, when he'd been given over completely to evil? Could the Chosen One be the other "Skywalker" his vision referred to?

The surface of Coruscant was nearly upon him. But there would be no impact. He could not stop his descent, but he could certainly reduce his velocity and steer himself toward a hopefully less-injurious landing. He disappeared into a service tunnel that led to somewhere deep within the planet's notoriously seedy underbelly. It was there that the identity of Jedi Master Mace Windu would also come to an end. For now, at least. Realizing that the Sith were in control of the galaxy for the first time in centuries, it was time to hide. But the Jedi Order would return one day. He felt it.

Tatooine. 11 years after the Battle of Yavin. Former palace of Jabba the Hutt.

Fennec Shand brought her employer the news; rumors of a New Jedi Order were indeed factual. As she was still informing Boba Fett about the resurgence of the Jedi, a figure wearing a tattered robe over weather-beaten clothing entered his audience chamber, without an escort. It was a male human, but that was all Fett could make out, as he eyed the intruder cautiously.

The “intruder” approached Fett, and pulled back the hood that, until now, had fairly well concealed his identity.

“Master Windu. I’ve waited a long time for this moment,” Fett said, standing up and reaching for his blaster.

Suddenly, the blaster flew from Fett’s grip, flung far across the chamber via the Force.

Windu spoke. “I am not here to fight. I am unarmed.” He then raised both of his arms, in a gesture indicating that he was telling the truth and had no weapons.

Fennec Shand spoke next. “Then you will die much more easily!” She then aimed her own blaster at the old Jedi Master, which in turn also went flying spontaneously from her hand as she fired, the blaster bolt shooting harmlessly into the native stone surface of the ceiling above.

“Tell me the location of this supposed New Jedi Order, and I will leave in peace,” Windu said.

“The only thing I will tell you is that now, as of this moment, you will answer for what you did to my father,” Fett replied. “As daimyo of this place, I sentence you to die!”

As the standoff continued, the unmistakable sound of an X-Wing fighter passed by overhead. The sound didn’t trigger any sense of heightened awareness for those present; the seldom-used but still-operational spaceport of Mos Eisley was not far away. All three persons in the audience chamber were fixated solely upon each other, and the confrontation that seemed inevitable.

“Your father killed many Jedi, and died fighting in a war that should have never happened,” Windu stated.

“He was beheaded by you!” Fett then launched himself into the air, intent on nothing but avenging his late father, Jango Fett. In mid-flight, and without a blaster, Boba Fett resorted to the few tools he had available; he angled his wrist toward Master Windu and emitted a stream of fire. As the flames were about to envelope the Jedi Master, Mace Windu dropped to his knees and reverse-somersaulted out of harm’s way, then stood and sent a wave of pushed energy through the Force that sent Boba Fett tumbling into a nearby wall, and then onto the floor of the chamber.

While Fett and Windu fought, Fennec Shand used the distraction to reach for and produce a small holdout blaster from the inside of her left arm sleeve. She aimed it at Windu while he was still engaged with Boba Fett, and fired her weapon.

The laser bolt nearly hit Windu in his right hand, a simple cybernetic prosthesis which he raised up in the nick of time, using the Force to block the bolt and disperse its energy outwards. Shand fired again, and then a third time, each shot being blocked in a similar manner. A fourth

shot, however, found its mark through Windu's makeshift shield, and struck his prosthetic hand, leaving a scorched and sparking hole where two of his knuckles used to be.

Windu winced in pain, even though it was his artificial hand that was hit. He tucked it inward and cradled it, reversing his stance toward Shand, bringing his good arm to bear in front of him.

By now, Boba Fett had gotten to his feet and stood up, his composure regained. The exchange between Windu and Shand had afforded him the opportunity to produce a vibro-blade from a hidden compartment within his armor, and he approached Windu with it from an angle opposite Fennec Shand. Windu was between both of his assailants now, and there was nowhere for the unarmed Jedi to escape to. Fett lunged forward with the vibro-blade.

The blade, for whatever reason, did not impale Mace Windu. In fact, Fett missed him by nearly a meter. Something had pushed him aside as he lowered the weapon toward his father's killer, and he was nearly knocked off of his feet.

As Fett staggered, Shand fired another shot at Windu. The bolt completely missed the old Master this time, hitting the ground nearby and barely missing a blue and white astromech droid that had trundled into the audience chamber during the melee. The droid screeched out an alarm of surprise, and quickly rolled back in the direction it had just come from, out of the line of fire.

Fennec Shand aimed the holdout blaster at Windu yet again, only to have it fly out of her hand like her previous weapon did. But, this was not the work of the old Jedi Master before her, who was slightly injured and struggling to maintain his defense. It was the work of someone else.

A hooded figure entered the audience chamber, wearing dark robes, and positioned itself next to Mace Windu, pulling back its hood at the same time.

The revealed face was that of a clean cut man who appeared relaxed, calm, and free of emotion. The unmistakable hilt of a lightsaber dangled from his belt. Fett instantly recognized him from the showdown at the Sarlacc pit many years before. "Stand down," the figure stated.

Boba Fett and Fennec Shand looked at each other, the odds that had been in their favor just a few moments ago were now at least even, if not completely reversed.

"Give me one good reason not to eliminate either of you," Fett said, trying to stall for time and regain an upper hand. "Then maybe I will consider letting you live."

"Revenge is a very unhealthy habit," the Force user in dark robes said. "It never did my father any favors. Perhaps you once knew him. He went by the name Darth Vader."

Mace Windu's face bore an expression of surprise, then understanding, as he whispered under his breath the true name of the person his companion was speaking about. "Skywalker."

His companion then turned to face him, and winked. "At your service."

"I remember that he paid well," Fett said, gesturing toward Shand to relax her posture and stand down. "State your business, Jedi."

Luke Skywalker then addressed Boba Fett and Fennec Shand, saying, "It is I that my friend here came searching for. Allow him to leave with me, and we will go in peace."

Fett spoke again, clearly disinterested. "I will not let my father's killer leave here alive!"

Luke responded, "I too, lost my father. He died in front of me, fallen in battle, victim of a senseless war orchestrated by an evil being bent on nothing but galactic conquest. Revenge will not bring my father back, nor yours."

Fett approached Windu, and looked him straight in the eyes. Both men, old and weary from war and isolation, stood face to face.

"I don't like you," Fett said, "But I also don't want to be like you."

Windu nodded, understanding the emotions that were coursing through the daimyo's head.

"Leave this place," Fett continued. "In fact, leave Tatooine altogether. Never return, and know for the remainder of your existence that it was I, Boba Fett, who spared your life."

Shand spoke up, incredulous at what had just transpired before her. "You're just going to let them leave?"

Luke gestured toward the astromech hiding just outside the doorway, saying, "Come on back in, Artoo, it's safe now. You may present our host with his gift."

Artoo Detoo slowly, cautiously, entered the audience chamber once again. The droid rolled right up to Boba Fett, and released a pile of New Republic Credits onto the floor, in a manner similar to the gambling machines on Canto Bight. "For your trouble," Luke said.

Fett accepted the gift, saying that he has all he needs already, but that he would use it to improve the quality of life of his people, referring to the local populace.

Mos Eisley Spaceport, Tatooine

With his X-Wing not having enough room for his new passenger, Luke Skywalker chartered a flight for Master Windu.

"I'll see you at the Temple on Ossus," Luke said. "My students will learn much from you. I'm sure I will, as well."

The old Master nodded, then boarded the vessel bound for his new home. Ossus was an ancient Jedi stronghold, the perfect place for a new academy. Jedi Master Mace Windu would spend the rest of his days there, teaching new students first hand about the old ways of the Order.

One particular student, also of the Skywalker bloodline and apprenticed to Luke, took an interest in Master Windu's stories and teachings, becoming exceedingly powerful with the Force. Powerful and unpredictable, very much like the Skywalker that Mace Windu once had a difficult time trusting, a long time ago and far, far away...

The End