

# Look at the Dawn

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*Based around Knights of the Old Republic when Morgana, Carth's wife lived and how she died.  
One-shot*

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# 1 - Look at the Dawn

Look at the Dawn

Morgana looked out her window. Something had woken her up. It was near dawn, the sky a pink color. The sun looked breathtaking. But she heard some booming...somewhere. She couldn't see anything out her window. She slipped on a robe and slippers and then walked out into her living room, then walked to a window.

What she saw made her gasp. Telos... her city... was in ruins. The ship in the sky was bombing Telos... and if she and Dustil didn't move soon, they would soon be in ruins too. Where was Carth? He was supposed to arrive around this day.

"Dustil!" she screamed. She ran to his room. "Dustil!"

Dustil groaned from under his covers. "What?"

"Pack your bags now!"

"Why?"

"We are getting bombed!" Morgana already had her son's bag out and was throwing clothes in it.

"What?"

"You heard me!" Morgana said, going a bit too fast.

Dustil ran out of the room and came back in a flash. His face was white. "Mom...I'll pack my bags, you pack yours."

"Dustil..." Morgana nodded, and then left the room.

Dustil finished packing his clothes, and grabbed some holopictures off his family. He looked at the picture of his father and him. He glared angrily at it. *Thanks for being here*, he thought sarcastically.

## ***Flashback***

*"Daddy, where you going?" a young boy asked. He was watching his father put on his orange jacket.*

*"I have to go help the republic," his father answered.*

*Dustil grabbed his hand. "Why do you have to go?"*

*His father leaned down and placed his hands on his shoulders. "I was called away to do this... it is my duty."*

*"Is that why you always go and leave us here?"*

*His father signed. "I'm sorry, I have to, but I never do want to leave you guys." His father smiled. "You're my family, and never forget that I love you."*

*Dustil still didn't look like he was satisfied. "Alright."*

*"That's a good boy!" His father said. He grabbed a few bags and handed some to his son. "Want to help an old man carry his bags?"*

*"Only if you promise to come back."*

*"I promise."*

*Dustil gave a little grin and took some bags. He followed his father out and his mother came out from her room. She looked like she had been crying, for her eyes were a little puffy.*

*His father grinned at his mother and wiped a little tear off her face. "I'll come back. I won't die! Don't worry."*

*Morgana gave a little smile. "I know you will." She and Dustil followed Carth Onasi out to his speeder.*

*Carth got in and waved to them. "I love you!"*

*Morgana smiled and answered with a wave and blowing a kiss.*

*Dustil just waved.*

**End flashback**

Dustil pushed the memory backed. His father had come home, but it had been over six months. Dustil had been only about six around that time. That was seven years ago.

He sighed.

He looked out his window and saw the lasers getting closer. Blast! It was destroying tons of cities and

what was happening to his friends? The families he knew on that side...

He picked up his bags and headed for their ship. "Mom! I'm going to get our ship started up!"

Morgana ran out of her room holding some bags. "Let's go!" Morgana was crying. This was her home, her city, and her friends could be suffering right now.

She grabbed Dustil's arm and ran to the ship. They were about to get on when their ship exploded.

Morgana screamed and was thrown back by the blow. Dustil let out a yell and slammed into the wall.

Morgana ignored the pain in her back and ran to Dustil. "Are you alright?"

Dustil's head was bleeding, and he was unconscious. Morgana dropped her bags and picked him up. She staggered under his weight, for he was thirteen years old and not a young boy anymore.

"We'll leave our stuff! We need to find shelter!" Morgana shouted over the noise. Not that Dustil could hear her. They had gotten to the ship too late. The bombing had reached them.

*Oh Carth, where are you?*

### **Flashback**

*Morgana paced frantically in her room. Carth was being sent away again. He has been sent away so many times, she barely had time to have a full conversation without having interruptions.*

*Carth entered in the room.*

*Morgana walked up to him. "Carth, you can't always be sent away."*

*Carth looked a little defeated. "Morgy, it's my duty to protect the Republic."*

*"Yes, but what about your family. Your son, who barely knows you. You have missed all his parties, his birthdays... he acts like he doesn't know you!"*

*"Yes, and I know that... and I'm sorry." Carth looked down at his feet.*

*"Carth, I'm beginning to worry about Dustil. When I mention you to him, he doesn't even answer... he wants nothing to do with you." Morgana said this with tears coming down her face.*

*Carth walked to her and held her close. "That's why I'm giving up my uniform this last time."*

*Morgana pushed away and looked at him. She had disbelief written on her face. "Are you serious?"*

*"As serious as I could be."*

*Morgana gave a huge smile. "I can't wait to tell Dustil!" She turned around and opened her door. "Dustil, come here!"*

*Dustil ran in the room, looking wary of his father. "Yes?"*

*"Your father has something to tell you," Morgana said, grinning.*

*Carth walked to Dustil. "Son, I have something to tell you. This is the last time I'm going away, and after I complete this mission, I'll turn in my uniform."*

*Dustil looked a little hesitant, and then gave a small smile. "You sure?"*

*"I'm sure, and I plan to be back in time for your 13th birthday," Carth said, a big smile on his face.*

*Dustil had the same look of disbelief his mother had had. "You will?"*

*Carth hugged his son. "I promise."*

*Dustil hugged him back and he looked at his mother, seeing her smiling at them. He smiled back at her... for once; they might be a real family.*

### ***End flashback***

Morgana smiled at the memory, but it was a sad smile. She pushed that memory away; there was a big cause at hand. People were walking through the streets, holding injuries and crying for their friends or families name. She started running to get away from the mess.

"Morgana!"

She turned to find Jordo, their family friend, running toward them. "Jordo!"

"Blast it Morgana, what happened to your back?" Jordo took Dustil, who had just awoken, from her and asked him if he could walk. Dustil said yes a little shakily, and Jordo took off his jacket and wrapped it around Morgana. "I'm going to tie this up, you are bleeding very badly."

"I must have crashed into something sharp..." Morgana thought back.

Jordo finished and said, "Follow me! I know a good shelter!" He ran off, Morgana and Dustil who was holding his head, followed him.

Along the way, Morgana ripped a little bit off her shirt and stopped. "Dustil, here, I need to tie this around your head." Dustil nodded his head. Once Morgana finished, they started running again. "Grab

my hand so we don't get separated." Dustil tried to wipe the blood off his hands so he could grab his mother's hand. "Dustil, I don't think you have to worry about cleanliness right now." He nodded, grabbed her hand and ran faster, pulling his mother along so they could catch up to Jordo.

## **Flashback**

*Dustil sighed and scratched his head. He swallowed the big lump in his throat and was trying not to cry.*

*A holocard arrived that day.*

*Carth, his father, couldn't be home for another two months.*

*Carth, his father, had broken his promise.*

*Carth, his father, couldn't make it for his birthday.*

*Morgana walked in and hugged him by the shoulders. "Dustil, are you doing alright?"*

*Dustil angrily looked at her. "Do I look alright? How do you think I am doing, after my father **lied** to me?"*

*"Dustil, I know you are upset."*

*"Upset is just too small of word for what I really am," Dustil started saying. "I thought that he would make it and finally be here for one of my birthdays!"*

*"Dustil, you know after his two months are done, he will come back, never again to work for the Republic. And he wasn't sure he could come back in time for your birthday. You could at least try realizing the situation."*

*"Why did he even promise then? And why are **you** defending him? You want him back as much as I do!"*

*Morgana got up. "Dustil, I have waited for him for a long time to turn in his uniform, and two months isn't going to make much of a difference." She turned away. "I only just realized what your father is fighting for... why he is fighting for the Republic."*

*Dustil closed his mouth into a firm line. "He should have never worked for the Republic anyways."*

*"Try to think of others Dustil, and why your father is fighting for Telos."*

*Dustil just shrugged and stormed off to his room. Morgana sat down where Dustil was and cried for Carth, and for her son, who wasn't realizing the selfishness that he showed...*

*Morgana slowed her tears. What Carth is doing is good for the Republic, but Dustil was in need of a*

father. She sighed and rested her head on the window. She was so confused.

### **End flashback**

They were following Jordo a great distance, but Morgana was getting tired. "Jordo, how much farther?"

"Not too far. I tried to gather as many people as I could and get them in there, and I wanted to find you guys before we closed it up." Jordo stopped in his tracks. "Oh no... I think some Sith soldiers are coming this way." Jordo pulled them the other direction. "We'll have to hide somewhere else. If the people saw the soldiers, then they would have closed up the shelter."

They hid behind a building. Innocent people who had gotten in the way of the soldiers were getting cut down.

Morgana looked away from the bloodshed. "Dustil, you don't have to look."

Dustil was about to say something when the build next to them exploded. This time Morgana was not so lucky. Metal and glass went everywhere and a big metal bar crushed Morgana to the ground. She was stuck.

Jordo had grabbed Dustil and thrown him out of the way. Jordo looked a little banged up, but from the injuries, Morgana couldn't tell, for her vision was blurring up.

"Mom?"

Morgana looked over to see Dustil. She groaned in pain.

Dustil had tears running down his face. He tried to lift the bar, but couldn't. Jordo ran over and tried to help. It was too heavy.

Morgana beckoned to Dustil, and he ran over. "Dustil... leave me..." Her breath came out ragged and harsh, and blood began leaking out of her mouth.

"No..."

She looked at Jordo. "Leave me... You can't help me..." she started coughing and more blood spurted out.

"Morgana..."

"Go!"

Jordo obeyed and picked up Dustil. Dustil squirmed and tried to get out of his grasp. "No! We cannot leave my mom! No, let me go!" Jordo had turned the corner and Dustil couldn't see his mother anymore.

“MOTHER!” he screamed, tears pouring out of his face, and Jordo living with the guilt of leaving her behind. “MOTHER!”

## **Morgana**

*I can't help it... my body is too weak... and I am bleeding very badly...* She heard Dustil screaming in the distance. *Oh Dustil, I'm so sorry...*

Suddenly she heard someone beside her.

“Morgana! Morgana, are you alright? No, this can't be true...MORGANA!”

She felt the bar get lifted off of her. “Carth?” she mumbled. She strained to open her eyes. Her vision was dark but she could see Carth. “Carth?” she asked again.

“Morgana, it's me...” Carth was crying. He picked her up and held her in his arms. “Morgana... I'm so sorry I couldn't be here sooner. I could have protected you.”

“Carth...” She started coughing. “Find Dustil...” Her eyes began to roll into her head.

“Morgy...?” Carth started to ask.

“I...love...you...”

She fell limp in his arms. “Morgy? Morgana? MORGANA!” He started wailing her name. *Morgana, I love you... why did you have to leave?*

Someone tapped his shoulder. “Sir? I'm sorry to bother you, but more people need help.” It was one of Carth's men who helped move the bar off Morgana.

Carth looked at him with puffy eyes and tears on his face. “I can't... I can't... I've lost everything...”

The man looked a little sorry. “Sir, I'm sorry...” he ran off to help other people.

Dustil... where was Dustil?

Carth put Morgana back down. “I'll find Dustil...” He kissed Morgana lightly, and then left calling Dustil's name.

## **Dustil**



Dustil ran with Jordo now. He had to accept that his mother was probably dead. They ran to building that no one seemed to be around.

Jordo turned to Dustil. "Stay here and I'll go check around for anywhere safe."

Jordo gave a little squeeze to Dustil's shoulders, and then left. Dustil sat down and buried his face in his knees. He quietly sobbed. His father hadn't been there... He could've saved his mother...

Dustil suddenly got hit in the head. He landed on the ground and looked up. Sith Soldiers stood before him.

One of them kicked Dustil in the leg. "Take him as a prisoner."

Later, when Jordo came back, Dustil was gone. "Dustil?" He looked around. *No...* He looked at the footprints in the light dirt. Shoes that looked like they could be related to the Sith soldiers' shoes... And it looked like something had been dragged. He put his head in his hands. *Dustil... I'm so sorry...*

## **Carth**

Carth looked until nightfall to find Dustil. Nothing. He didn't even find a body. He didn't like to think that he had been taken prisoner. He gave up, hoping someone would contact him later if they found out anything about Dustil.

The bombs had stopped a little after Carth had left to find Dustil.

He went back to where he left Morgana. When he got there, he found out she was gone. Some men were around that place. "Men, where did my wife's body go?" he asked painfully.

They all looked sympathetic. "She's been taken in and cleaned for burial. She would be in one of the tents."

Carth nodded his thanks. After a while, he found her. All the blood was gone from her wounds, but her skin was white and pasty. "Morgana, I'm so sorry... I couldn't find Dustil..." he said. He sat in a chair and just cried.

## **Epilogue**

### **Carth's P.O.V.**

I look back on the day Telos was destroyed. It was not so long ago, being only a couple months passed, but every day, I feel the pain knowing that my wife and my son are out of my reach.

My wife is dead. My loving, cheerful and caring wife is dead. But I hope she is in a better place.

I've been looking for Dustil ever since the day I had to leave the destroyed Telos. I never found any clue on Telos, so I assumed he had died. My son, who I had grown so apart from being away so long... was gone. I would give anything to have him back.

I would give anything to have my wife back.

I found out about the person who attacked Telos. Admiral Saul Karath... He turned against the Republic. The man that I myself had worked for... now worked for the Sith.

And I will give my all to get my revenge on Saul Karath.

For Morgana,

For Dustil...

For Telos.