

## **A Foundation.**

The endless, steady droning of the hyperdrive engines would have lulled most people into a slumber before too long and this particular flight was no exception.

The star of our story had himself fallen victim to the soft melody a short time ago, several hours into the latest and final leg of the journey. Given his lack of restful sleep lately it wasn't terribly surprising.

Those who can feel the Force have always had an interesting relationship with dreaming, long studied by old and forgotten Jedi over the eons it was well known for bestowing visions, glimpses of potential futures and even great warnings in times of great peril.

Over the last few months, the mighty man of our story, known to many, wanted by most; General Master – Pilot of the mighty Emperor's Hammer had himself started to suffer such an affliction. Even now he had begun shifting in his sleep clearly troubled by whatever he saw.

Most of the time when he awoke, he had little memory of what he had witnessed, but he did manage to retain a few glimpses, unfortunately they only left more questions.

Images of darkness, caves stretching deep within the earth, fire, heat, fear and pain.

And throughout it all, the Force was screaming.

He was no stranger to experiencing more traditional nightmares, usually consisting of bloodshed, turmoil and death, something that he often saw in his career and during his many travels throughout the galaxy. While thankfully rare, but they were never easy to cope with. This was something rather different.

With a start and a slight moan of protest Master stretched and sat up straighter in the pilot's chair before he opened his eyes and slowly took stock of his surroundings.

While he spent most of his time flying the *Missile Boat 'Intruder'* alongside the infamous *Typhoon Squadron* the *YT-2000 Vornskr* was Master's beloved personal vessel. Its phrik reinforced hull gave it a uniquely shadowy hue and made it almost impossible to see, its darkness blending in seamlessly with the endless vastness of open space.

Improved engines, shields and a few fancy armaments rounded out her improvements over the stock standard build with Master spending countless credits and hours improving the design. Given that it had saved his life countless times over the years, it was clear it was time well spent.

After checking the instruments to ensure he was still on course, Master took stock of his current situation. With the fleet recently so busy with battles with the Ishtari and tour through the Chaos Region of the Unknown Regions he hadn't had a chance before now to follow up on a hunch and maybe make sense of what he was seeing.

He had very little to go on but was relieved to have a possible lead; one of the fragments that he could remember; a place that felt creepy and dark, a large cave system with a wide chamber bathed in flame. It wasn't somewhere he'd typically go, but he tried to recall when he might have seen it before.

Racking his brain he had considered all the dark and creepy places he had been unfortunate enough to visit and in the end one place stood out. Given that he had only visited this place once in his long, exalted career and had never really had the desire to return it would not have been his first choice. Problem was when he considered it, he could feel the Force sing in response.

*Eos*. Moon of Aurora Prime, Home of the Dark Brotherhood.

On his previous visit as a lofty Vice Admiral, assigned Command Attache to the Tactical Officer; HA Frodo, Frodo had private business with the Dark Council which allowed Master to explore and see the sights as it were.

He had been given a tour by a rather cute Krath Apprentice who had seemingly pissed off her Juggalo superior for some reason or another and it was now her job to show him around and keep him out of trouble.

The Dark Hall had been a very impressive place. Over several hours, he had seen as much as possible inspecting everything that was on offer. The training rooms and the library archives had been highlights but the place he most remembered was the entrance to the Catacombs.

The Dark Hall sat above a vast network of tunnels and caves that remained largely unexplored. Known as the Catacombs, those stupidly brave enough to enter and survive these depths spoke of creatures of darkness, numerous deadly traps, and horrors incomprehensible to the sentient mind. A whole world lay beneath the temple, one of unspeakable terror.

At the time as he stood before the entrance, he had felt its great power. Despite his untrained status in the eyes of the Brotherhood he had never been weak in the Force, and this place was drowning in power.

He had been quite drawn to the ancient stone archway, engraved with Sith runes; still as sharp as the day they were carved and for just a moment, he felt like he could stare into its deep depths forever, filled with a great urge to explore its corridors, investigate its secrets and unlock the powers hidden deep inside.

Shaking his head, he attempted to clear his mind. He thought perhaps the answer to the question lay within *Eos* and given first opportunity he had attempted to head there and demand answers.

Unfortunately, it seemed fate was against such a quest, at least at the present time.

While the *Vornskr* would always have been Master's first choice of vehicle for this endeavour, mainly due to its comfort, speed and ability to get out of a tight spot – it was more of a curse in this case.

Prior to leaving on his gallant quest, squad mate and long-time friend, *Colonel Locke Setzer* had asked, what he called a small favour.

Locke had ordered a large delivery of electronic components for some strange simulator XW project he was working on. While normally not one to get involved in Locke's crazy XW schemes given the fact he refused to allow Master to make his own custom Death Star mission (that would have totally been game changing... but also insane). The shipping costs had been immensely excessive and while `L had managed to get it transferred as close as he could, he needed help with the final part of the delivery.

Normally Master would have politely declined his friends request, he had his own missing to undertake - he needed answers after all, but Locke was rather instant with his request. He couldn't do it himself due to 'having his own quest' and had even used the excuse of an old favour owed – so Master had agreed to pick up the cargo.

Ultimately, it would mean *Eos* would have to wait. But that's how things were.

The console began to emit a warning tone advising that the return to real space was imminent and before long the craft emerged with a slight burst of cronau radiation signalling his arrival in the outskirts of the Xal system, deep within the Ablajeck Sector.

His ultimate destination was *Foundation Station*.

It was a vast facility made up of multiple asteroids fused together, the largest in these remote reaches of space. The various sections and walkways connected to one another, creating an immense structure that included casinos, cantinas, trade & auction yards, massive residential archologies, starship repair facilities and much, much more. The whole station contained a population of slightly over two million sentient beings and was a great place to relax and trade alike.

Approach to the station was a difficult affair without the appropriate approval. Given its position amongst a rather volatile and chaotic asteroid field, entrance to the facility was carefully controlled and its star-charts heavily restricted. All entry was scheduled at certain times that best suited travel through the asteroid field and all craft were slaved to a control ship that as aptly named, controlled the overall journey from the extremely fortified entrance zone, a short hyperspace jump and then the short sublight journey to the main facility. It was all done professionally, with minimal fuss and very carefully controlled.

Casting an eye at the impressively large Golan III facility a few clicks directly in front of his craft, Master announced his crafts presence and intent with a few flipped switches on the console as he prepared himself for the next step of his journey.

If all went well the next scheduled convoy heading for the Station was scheduled to leave four hours and twenty minutes from now, more than enough time to get through any form of bureaucracy and inspection the security forces demanded. Given that he had nothing to hide and wasn't doing anything particularly dodgy nor illegal he wasn't expecting any trouble, but it was always good to be prepared.

Settling in, Master attempted to relax. Once he was at *Foundation Station* he could conduct his business, get the cargo and maybe even have a drink or five in a local cantina. While it wasn't Eos, it didn't mean he couldn't have a little fun or find something interesting to do.

~36 Hours Later~

The *Vornskr* jinked, dived and spun its way through the asteroid field and surrounding space as it did its utmost best to avoid the concentrated enemy fire and what seemed like countless exploding craft.

Turbolasers lit up the surrounding space, craft by the hundreds were incinerated in their wake, asteroids caught in the devastation exploded into countless fragments of rocks and dust billowing out into the surrounding space and the massive super-structure that was once *Foundation Station* slowly burned on its own escaping atmosphere, its reactor critical and power wildly fluctuating all over – dying a slow agonising death.

Inches separated the *Vornskr* from the fiery demise of instant death as it skirted the surface of another large asteroid that had been propelled in its general direction. Its shields had been under constant pressure from almost the moment the craft had escaped from the station – between the lasers that strayed too close, the various explosions and the countless micro-asteroids that now pelted the area, it was a rather volatile place to be.

Master, moderately injured from his recent endeavours (thankfully not seriously), piloted the craft with a grim but determined expression. He knew that without the asteroid movement charts and

given the current state of affairs, escape was going to be more difficult than he would have appreciated.

The thrum of the twin-trio turrets that protected the craft as they fired relentlessly at a nearby enemy craft spurred him into further action. While he had managed to escape the destruction of the Station, surprisingly with all his effects intact, cargo loaded and impromptu mission completed, the force attacking the station had taken both him and everyone by surprise. During his hasty exit he could not help himself but aid a rather large group of the station's population, mostly comprising of women and children who had been sheltering from the destruction and with little protection available.

So now his ship, loaded with more people than it could technically sustain for an extended period flew with a sense of desperation while it did its best to avoid surrounding destruction and escape safely.

Delving deep into the Force, Master focused on the movement of the asteroid belt, while its overall movements were sporadic, they did follow a plan, one the owners of Foundation Station had used to their advantage, one that he could anticipate and utilise.

The turrets continued to pelt the nearby enemy ships and another explosion lit up the nearby space while Master's hands moved slowly but with purpose over the console.

The ship continued to dip and dive as required but Master clearly had purpose to escape sooner rather than later as he powered up the hyperdrive and nav computer, punching in coordinates. It was a long three minutes with several close calls before the nav confirmed what was entered wouldn't result in complete disaster although it couldn't guarantee against it given his position.

Picking his line he accelerated towards his exit vector, forcing the ship forward at an increased rate, the turrets continuing thrum as they protected against the chasing fighters.

Reaching for the hyperdrive lever, Master completely focused on the task at hand never noticed one of the survivors making his way towards him.

Given his position in the cockpit and facing open space he never saw him reach into his clothing and pull out a small hold-out blaster pistol.

As the craft entered hyperspace, the pistol discharged three times.

*~24 Hours Earlier~*

The *Vornskr* had just touched down in its assigned hangar bay within the Station. After arming himself and his two 'security' droid companions, Master descended the gangplank.

Sorting out the paperwork was fairly painless, he quickly paid for his landing fee before arranging to have Locke's junk transported to the ship. A few hours of waiting were ahead of him - enough time to explore and grab a few drinks.

He addressed the two droids standing at the edge of the open gangway. "*Uno*, stay here and keep watch over the ship. If anyone tries anything, take action. *Dos*, carry out your surveillance mission. Any questions?"

Their silent compliance was all he needed.

Without needing to say anything further, he pressed a few buttons alongside the gangplank before it rose with a hiss and snap as it locked into place.

Due to the large size of *Foundation Station*, it had a wide selection of cantinas, casinos and other places of entertainment where one could potentially lose themselves for days at a time. Connected by a series of large tubes that carried passengers between various points of the station it was very easy to transverse the whole station quickly and find exactly what you wanted.

That said, Master upon arriving at one of the better-known entertainment areas did wander for a while looking for something of special note. Surprisingly it was not some impressive bar or entertainment venue that drew his attention but an auction yard.

Given its rather isolated location this station only really thrived due to the travellers that passed through and the trade they brought. The auction & trade yards that had sprung up provided a significant economic boon and as far as anyone could tell everything was legitimate & legal. But there were rumours that not all goods were acquired lawfully, and despite the well-intended regulations, it seemed like some items made their way into the market without a lot of scrutiny or oversight.

As he entered the yard he had quickly headed for the ongoing auction, this normally wouldn't have been his first choice of entertainment, even if it was always a good place for a bargain, but Master had a feeling that he needed to be here or something bad would happen. So, he sat and listened as the Twilek auctioneer called up the next item. Half listening to the official, he reached out with the Force in an attempt to get more of a read on what was going on, what felt strange, elusive, wrong.

After a moment he got the answer to that question. Three rows to the front, two to the left sat a seemingly unremarkable figure. Had you been looking at the crowd your eyes would have simply slid over him, deeming him unremarkable, another face in the crowd, not worthy of further reflection, this was a mistake. He hid it very well, he was restrained almost to the point where he almost missed it, but when he looked it was there. A spark of power in the Dark Side.

This individual was a trained in the Dark Side and he was trained well. Master didn't know why he was here and while he had no particular beef with this person, it didn't bode well.

All further thoughts of what to do about this were then completely derailed with the final item of the auction being unveiled.

"Ladies and Gentleoids, your final item of our schedule today. Item MU-777; Bone Specimen - unknown species. Discovered on an asteroid by a passing ship within the Unknown Regions. Origin is unknown and has undergone various testing to confirm its authenticity and design".

Master picked up an abandoned copy of a nearby information pack, flipping to the right page he scanned what they had tested for. The tests had revealed that the bone was certainly from an animal, yet its base structure had a composition more similar to a metal substance like beskar than to any known bone composition. In the end, they couldn't tell which species it belonged to, only that it was unique and virtually indestructible. Most notably, it resonated within the Force.

There were few times in Master's long and exciting life that he could honestly say that he had been completely and utterly terrified. He had flown countless missions death defying, dangerous missions, skirting death on sometimes a daily basis and had his fair share of all but deathly injuries, but right now he was almost terrified beyond all rational thought at what was unfolding in front of him.

“Bidding will start at 450,000 credits, who would like to start”?

The auction begun with clearly a few of the attendees interested in the item with the price increasing at a respectable rate. Finally getting his issues under control he knew he needed to act, while it was possible it would end up property to some ignorant collector who thought it was a pretty item they could show off at dinner parties and swanky events the inclusion of the Dark Jedi in the audience meant it was never going to be that simple.

Either way, it really didn't matter who won the auction. This item could not be allowed to be owned by anyone who was not aware of what it was and didn't understand the immense danger they would be in by daring to possess it.

It was his own bid, declaring his intention in the race that first drew unwanted attention and he was carefully assessed by the Dark Jedi. He felt his gaze judging and for a moment they held eye contact, two hunters sizing each other up for what was to come.

The price continued to rise and slowly bidders dropped out. The Dark Jedi had yet to enter his own bid but Master had been forced to a few times when some buyers had developed second thoughts. There were only two others still interested in the item, both collectors with more money than brains and extremely intent on being the owner, thankfully Master had enough emergency reserves and could outbid them if really required but given the already exorbitant price and what he might need to spend it wasn't exactly a great plan.

When it seemed like he may in fact win without having to sell several of his considerate assets to cover the extreme cost, things changed and not for the better. An official entered auction area, had a few quiet words with the auctioneer and within moments the item “had been withdrawn”. Given that no explanation was given for the abrupt change of face from the auctioneer and the smug impression he received from his Dark Jedi friend as he passed on his way out of the room Master was left in a quickly emptying room with an overwhelming sense of foreboding. This was not good.

~Eight Hours Later~

With a deep sigh he prepared himself for what was to become. It had taken him longer than he'd wanted but he'd gotten his answers and tracked his target.

After his arrival, when he'd sent *Dos* out to complete his mission, he knew that while the droid could be a right vindictive bastard, he was extremely good at his job and always useful in a fight. As always, the droid's meticulous attention to detail was of great benefit and it ensured when needed he had all the plans, surveillance footage and logs he could ever want or need to plot his next move.

The original idea was to steal the item from the Auction Yard before it could be transferred to another location. While perhaps not the best plan and the size of the guard force would prove to be a concern at least it was a plan, besides he could be subtle if he needed to be.

In the end it didn't matter. As he was about to implement a daring robbery that he'd dubbed '*Operation: This will probably end badly*' fate intervened. Surveillance footage showed the container carrying the item being loaded onto an extremely armoured speeder before being transported to a private landing platform, high above a large Hotel Archology.

This left Master in a bigger quandary. Stealing the item from the auction yard would have been difficult, now things were even more so. He knew three things for certain; First; the item was still

atop the very tall and impressive piece of engineering that was the *Iblex Hotel*. This hotel housed thousands between its guests and hundreds of staff, not to mention a very respectable and well-trained security force.

Second; the item was not alone. His new Dark Jedi friend was also atop the hotel, and he was waiting.

Third; if he didn't get that damn thing off this rock soon, every-one and every-thing on it would die.

So, with time of the essence, he had gone with the more unorthodox approach of simply walking in the front door. While it didn't make the grand entrance of flying in through a window or smashing through the wall, it did save time and hopefully avoided the unpleasant yet inevitable fight that was to come.

Both men stared at each other for a moment, and it was the Dark Jedi who spoke first, "I have been waiting for you, you could feel its power, I knew you would come".

Master's only response was a grimace as he continued to speak, 'You wish to take it for yourself, then take it, if you are strong enough'.

"You do not know what you possess. It will be your undoing", the seriousness of his words and the grim look on his face spoke volumes but it did not shake the Dark Jedi's faith in his path. The grin in response was almost feral and Master felt the weight of his opponent's power begin to wash over the area, he was powerful in the Dark Side, that much was certain this would be an interesting test of abilities.

Without warning, one of the various chairs that dotted the room was flung towards Master at a high speed with the intent to complete annihilate him. With only a moment to react, his response was calm and swift – he simply held up his right hand and stopped the object cold. It would not be that easy, staring directly at his opponent the challenge was clear in his voice "No".

The chair crashed the few inches to the ground as if its strings had been cut with a slight bang. Both men stared at each other waiting for the next move, Master didn't have to wait long as within an instant his opponent had his lightsaber ignited and was lunging at him intending to remove his head.

While having no operational lightsaber of his own, Master was not defenceless. The incoming overhead attack was quickly blocked by the beskar bracers that he wore for this exact purpose, and he quickly took advantage of his opponent's surprise, if only for a moment. He managed one decent attack to the unprotected body before he had to move to avoid the next strike. Drawing blades from within his clothing Master dodged the incoming attacks, blocking only when required all the while taking his quick shots at his opponent when able.

After several moments of terse and exciting battle our Dark Jedi friend managed a good shot on the General's leg, while not grievous it was enough for a slight advantage and Master found himself being pushed back. Sensing the tide was turning he was left with only one option, 'cheat'.

With a subtle push of a button he sent a signal and a moment later, just after he had ducked under a vicious chop that would have done serious damage, the left wall exploded.

Master was instantly on the move, taking advantage of his opponents confusion he had bypassed him grabbed the elusive item from its security box and was already half way to the big hole in the wall, and the hovering speeder-car that sat there waiting patiently.

He felt the instant rage of the Dark Jedi and the next attack was easy to avoid given it was rather unfocused. He had almost left the room before he had been forced to dive to avoid an attack – a huge piece of rubble thrown directly at him. The momentary change of direction meant his opponent had time to cover some distance and almost catch his quarry, it was then that *Dos* felt the need to make his presence more felt, the sound of his modified E-web shock the entire room as it unloaded its enhanced rounds directly at its target, it was never going to stop him but it did allow enough of a distraction for Master to get on the vehicle and hit the accelerator.

He got a final glimpse of an enraged Dark Jedi standing in the remains of the hotel room before he hit the booster and made all haste for his ship.

*~Six Hours Later~*

Master stood at the open gangway to his ship silently urging everything to move faster, he needed to escape before someone caught up with him and most importantly, he next window for the asteroid passage was rapidly approaching. Everything had gone well since he'd gotten back, the ship had been loaded with Locke's delivery, the item was safely secure on-board and no one had attempted to engage him.

He was just about to think he gotten away with it when he noticed he was no longer alone. The Dark Jedi was back, and he looked prepared this time and more than a little angry.

Knowing that it wasn't the best idea he couldn't help but goad his opponent on a little, "oh there you are, I wondered where you went off to, had better things to do did we"? a smirk gracing his lips.

The answer, while not as direct as he thought would be coming wasn't far off, the Dark Jedi simply smiled before slowly igniting his lightsaber, took a moment to stare into the crimson blade before he spoke, "When I was commanded by the Brotherhood to gain control of the item, I knew there would be obstacles, challenges to face and enemies to destroy. I promised myself that while I would do whatever it took to complete the mission, I wouldn't let myself have too much pleasure in ending my foes. But then, you came along... the man that so many call Master".

"I'm afraid if you're expecting an autograph you're coming about it the wrong way" was his confident retort even if internally he was screaming 'this is bad, this is very bad'.

The Dark Jedi grinned wider before continuing, "Known all through the Brotherhood, few would dare challenge you given who you are - stories of your power whispered in the dark corners of the Dark Hall, Novices and Clan Leaders know to fear you. But do you know what I see... I see weakness. I see a fool that is not strong enough, that hides behind a moniker he can never obtain or is too scared too"!

Before Master could respond he was forced to immediately to go on the defensive as his opponent launched a flurry of attacks and all he could do was dodge, block and move out of the way as he avoided the attempts to injure him.

The ferocity was far more intense than their previous battle and before long the Dark Jedi stood triumphantly over Master who was seated on the ground holding his side, injured from where he



had failed to dodge fast enough, not his only wound it was perhaps the worst as he was covered in small injuries where the lightsaber had made it through his defences. Despite his best efforts and he lay battered, bleeding and seemingly beaten.

Like all bad guys the Dark Jedi couldn't help but gloat, secure in his imminent victory, "Like I thought, weak! Nothing but a cheap magician, a tale to scare children, a broken man hiding behind a false title, too scared to use his own name, well I'm not weak! I am strong and when I take the item and your head back to the Grand Master I will be the strongest! Nothing will stand in my way"!

Master thought to himself that this guy really did like the sound of his own voice, and while everything he said was wrong, there was one kernel of truth to his ramblings, Master did hide his true name, though not for the reasons everyone assumed.

Clearly tiring of his evil monologue, the Dark Jedi raised his weapon, intent clear, "And now I end you, False Apprentice! Weak and pathetic! Death to the Master! Death to the False Idol! Death to the Betrayer"!

As the words registered within him, he felt a rage he had not felt in a long time, the world blurred in the haze of uncontrollable anger, words long forgotten, words of power, how dare this creature, this arrogant child, speak that name!

As he watched the incoming lightsaber coming directly for him, he grabbed that hold of the rage and dove deep into it. The force exploded around him and at the last possible moment before his life ended, Master moved.

The Dark Jedi felt sudden pain in his side as something sharp pierced his flesh and knew something was wrong. All his strength and breath begun to leave him while he was barely able to finish out his attack, which completely missed its target. Master however, had not missed and was now behind him with a blade pressed to his throat to ensure the job was finished.

He wanted to ask how, how had he managed to win, he was beaten, how had he done it! He moved so fast! It was impossible! But he couldn't speak, even now his vision was fading, time almost gone, life escaping. As he slumped to the ground and looked up into the face of his enemy, how had he done it, who was he, what was his name....

Master looked down on his defeated enemy, who was now barely clinging to life. As his foe took their final breath, Master smiled and whispered something that chilled him in these final moments, "Weak".

After taking the few valuables on his opponent's person, Master walked back towards the ship just in time for all the alarms to go crazy. Sensors had picked up a massive fleet arriving through an unexpected vector, smashing its way through the asteroid field and they seemed intent on destroying everything in their path.

As the ship was loaded he didn't intend to hang around, but getting out was a different story, there was an immediate rush for the exit so Master had to wait his turn, despite the destruction it still took almost two hours for him to be given the green light, but it was time spent wisely with him able to help several families onboard in an effort to escape the destruction and plan his exit vector through the asteroid field. What came next would not be fun.

~18 Hours Later~

“So, after I dropped off the survivors on the hospital ship, I parked my ship so your cargo could be unloaded, and I felt like I deserved a drink for my hard efforts so I came here” Master finished his tale with a smile and a swig of his drink. Locke and Boliv both looked at each other with sceptical eyes before Boliv spoke up, “So let me get this straight, while on what should have been a perfectly standard cargo transport mission, you not only stole a item of great value but you also killed a Dark Jedi of the Brotherhood”?

With a shrug and another sip Master answered, clear it was not a topic for further discussion, “he tried to kill me first”.

Boliv frowned but didn't push the comment. Locke however had some questions he wanted answered, “You missed some things, what happened to the guy who tired to shoot you, why didn't the droids help you against the Dark Jedi the second time and what was this fancy item that was so important”?

Master smiled and filled in the gaps he had admittedly skipped over, “Well the Droids didn't help me because they were the backup plan if I failed, so they were locked down tight in the ship just in case”. After a nod from both men, he continued with a slight grimace, “it did not end well for the person who tried to shoot me in the back, *Uno* took great offense at his attempted murder and crushed his skull”.

“The item that was so sought after I have at the moment hidden it in a place where it cannot be tracked and is completely protected. Even having it in my position without precautions is incredibly dangerous. It was not a coincidence that *Foundation Station* was destroyed so soon after it was brought onboard”, he took another sip and a moment to gather his thoughts before he spoke again.

“There are many dangerous and deadly creatures in this universe, some more than others and this bone is from one of them. Normally found on only one planet in the galaxy, it is incredibly rare to come across them and even rarer to live to tell the tail. My own experiences with this creature are one I will never forget and will haunt me until my last day. While once I held out hope id never again see one, after today I am no longer so sure. They are completely without mercy, remorse and will not stop until they have achieved their set goal, no matter the cost”.

His face showed a moment of fear before it was hidden back behind his bravado, swigging the rest of his drink answered their final question as if it pained him, the voice soft so it wouldn't carry, so it wouldn't be widely heard, “*The Space Emu*”.

After his disbelief passed Locke asked his final question, “What are you going to do with it”?

Now Master grinned, smile wide and slightly crazed, both men were slightly taken aback and surprised by his answer, “I'm going to use it, it will be the foundation of the hilt that I'm using to my build a new lightsaber”.

“Bone as a lightsaber hilt”? was Boliv's only voiced question.

“It won't be just the bone, too powerful on its own, overwhelming, dangerous, it will need tempering, Brylark wood perhaps” he muttered in response thinking the idea over.

Master looked up as their Wing Commander, *LC Denrys Elara* entered the cantina and with a wide smile and a retort about 'time to annoy his favourite WC' he wandered off to buy her a drink and cause some mischief.

Boliv and Locke looked at each other again before they spoke, "Space Emus"? "Bone as a Lightsaber hilt"? Nah, surely not.

*~A short time later~*

On a forgotten planet in the middle of nowhere, a creature of horrific beauty took one last look at the sky before boarding the nearby ship. It was one among many of countless others. The creatures within were excited and eager to begin, a call had been given and the flock would respond.

FIN