In the still, quiet cavern he had found amongst the ruins of the frozen wasteland that he would be calling home for the next however long it would take, Evoroth sat, resting open palms on his knees, meditating.

He had followed his Master, Lord Ramar to this desolate, long thought forgotten world of the Sith as the House Plagueis regrouped, recovered and readied themselves for whatever may lay ahead for them during this crusade. Ramar thought his apprentice lost after the assault on the *Avenger II*, as Evoroth did not return to the side of his Master.

There was no doubt in his mind that he had made the right decision. After he had helped to take the bridge, he’d been captured in his haste to escape the doomed vessel. Taken to a remote world that he’d later determined to be the world in which he was temporarily calling home during this stage in the campaign of the Brotherhood, he sat in captivity, out in the frozen wastes of Ziost.

It was here that he found what he was searching for, what it truly meant to live off of his anger and his hatred for those that had captured him and for his failure. It was his preference to have died out there, to have been put out of his misery, but his future was much brighter than that. Wherever he was being held, he struggled to find the Force. It felt as if he had been completely cut off from it, except for the cold and familiar feeling of darkness, somewhere at the base of his skull.

Months passed. Evoroth’s time was spent in solitude, meditating, building his body and focussing on the faint hint of darkness that he could grasp. He expected it to be stronger, overwhelming even, when he had uncovered that the planet he was being held on was indeed the ancient Sith world. Though wherever it was in particular that he was being held prisoner was almost like a void in the Force.

In the months that passed, the focus on the faint trace of darkside energy at the base of his skull, almost like an itch that he couldn’t quite scratch began to pay off for him. Evoroth began to grasp at the itch through the Force, widening the crack in the void marginally every day through meditation until the crack was wide enough to grab hold of the darkness on the other side, finding that it had a familiar presence about it: Teylas.

In a raid, led by Teylas Ramar to recover a Sith artifact on Ziost, the Sith Warrior felt compelled to search what appeared to be a wall. Extending his Force awareness, Teylas felt nothing, until Evoroth tugged at the darkness. There was a void in the Force on the other side of the wall. A faint trickle of a familiar presence for Teylas that grew stronger with every hard tug Evoroth gave the darkness. Teylas soon recognized the presence of his thought-lost Apprentice, hanging there in the void. With a thought and the flick of his hand, he tore the wall down, sending dust and debris up into the air and revealing his captured and caged Zabrak apprentice, his skin somewhat paler than he remembered thanks to the months of a lack of sunlight.

He had expected to be killed for his failure, but to his surprise, his master freed him, passing him a lightsaber and enlisting his assistance in the recovery of the artifact.

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It had been a number of days since his rescue and now, in the center of the cavern, he sat in silence, drawing in deep, cool breaths and exhaling them as mist.

It had been no secret among the Brotherhood that this crusade was starting to take it’s toll on his master and their Brothers, even on Evoroth who had spent most of the Crusade as a prisoner of war. Teylas looked thinner and more worn than he remembered him being, and again, the same could be said for a lot of his Brothers.

The body could only be sustained by continued usage of the Force for so long before it started to leave permanent damage - first the eyes and then the skin. He’d heard stories of ancient members of the Sith surviving on only the Force with broken bones and charred skin, but they kept going until they were ultimately killed in combat, though a formidable opponent or their body reached couldn’t take any more and it was consumed by darkside energy, leaving nothing behind.

Rumours were rife around the Brotherhood that they had seen this happen to a number of Acolytes trying the technique before they were ready, doing whatever they could in service to the Brotherhood.

The sound of footsteps across the cold, rocky ground disturbed his meditation - a habit he now endured whenever he could, strengthening his will and binding himself to the Force any way that he could as not to lose it again.

“So, is this all you do now?” the voice of Teylas echoed around the cavern

Evoroth opened his eyes and looked directly at his Master, bowing his head in acknowledgement of the man’s presence. “For the moment, it sustains me. Though, forgive me, my lord, even after my ordeal, I fear I’m faring somewhat better than you.” Any other Master would have chastised their apprentice for such a remark.

Ramar smirked, much to Evoroth’s surprise. “That may be true but, my young apprentice, I fear you are in fact the one at a disadvantage,” extending his hand outwards, he lifted his apprentice’s lightsaber off his robes that Evoroth had set down beside him to begin his meditation into the air, “though I am not the one that’s, shall we say, out of practice.”

Evoroth readied himself, putting thoughts of confidence out into the Force, his right hand ready to grip the hilt of his saber, “Though I have spent my time building my body and my mind, ready to give much of it over to the Dark Side and the Brotherhood. While I may not have had ample opportunity in the void to practice or learn, I feel more invigorated and ready than I ever was.”

Teylas saw this as overconfidence in his apprentice. Evoroth was young and prone to mistakes, such as the one that Teylas was certain he was about to make. He placed a hand of the curved hilt of his own saber. Ramar was ready to defend himself, but he wasn’t prepared to lose his apprentice for all the added hassle of finding a replacement one.

“The Brotherhood has changed in my absence, my Lord. It is, not what it once was,” Evoroth continued.

“True, Evoroth. War takes it’s toll on the best of us. The victors and the losers, though one more noticeably than the other.”

“Indeed. Though which are we in this?”

“That remains to be seen, my apprentice,” Teylas said, laying Evoroth’s saber down back on top of his robes before taking a seat, cross-legged in front of him, “Now, to catch up on your training.”

This is what Evoroth craved. Knowledge and knowledge was indeed power. Both he and his master shared this philosophy. Force techniques however were somewhere he lacked adequate skill and knowledge and if he was to one day overthrow his master and take his place, he needed to be strong in all areas of the Sith. From there, he would work his way up through the ranks of the Brotherhood, into a seat of power to bring balance to the Galaxy, providing a better quality of life for each of it’s citizens. This is something he believed could only be achieved through the power that accompanied the dark side of the Force.

It wouldn’t be long until this war was over and Evoroth would embark on an errand of discovery, to enhance his abilities and to find long lost techniques that could prove quite useful. One of which he had spotted in one of the ancient texts that had been recovered, an ability that would allow a user to look at any given point in time and even affect it to some degree, referred to as Flow-walking. At least that is what he understood, but Evoroth was unsure how to accomplish it, though he was fairly certain that walking into the future wouldn’t be the easiest as he’d assumed that you would only be able to walk into one of many possible futures. Though even then he was sure that having such an ability would definitely improve his saber technique, even if it was technically “cheating”.

His starting point would be to track down a place of myth - Sinkhole Station - thought to be located somewhere in the deathtrap that was The Maw. The myth wasn’t without it’s danger though. Thought to be sitting in perfect equilibrium between two black holes, of which there were many in The Maw, and to be inhabited by beings known as “Mind Eaters”, there was a very good chance that for any being, force-sensitive or not, this would be a one way trip that would never be completed.

His immediate future however would yield enough to suffice for now. Before he embarked on anything, his first task was building on what he already knew, though he had his suspicions that his master wasn’t quite teaching him everything.