Kaayn sat in a meditative state. Slowly taking a breath in, and exhaling sharply he tried to shake the image from his memory. It had been over a year since his master was killed by the Dark Jedi Garik Burren and almost a year since he took Gariks life. He reflected on the emotion that poured into that tragic event.

Kaayn opened his eyes and looked at the barren world before him. The cobalt blade instantly hissed to life as he hit the activation plate on his lightsaber. As he cautiously walked past the broken bodies, Jedi and soldier alike their lives snuffed out like the fire of a candle in a gust of wind, a flood of sadness and despair resonated through his every being.

Reaching out for any signs of life, he felt nothing. Suddenly a flash of red light screamed toward him. He felt the heat of the blaster bolt in his chest. His heart felt as if it was on fire. Then all was black.

Kaayn awoke screaming and in a cold sweat. Taking in a few deep breaths and slowly exhaling. Visions flashed through his mind of death, destruction, torture, sadness. He cringed as the pain of the events bubbled to the surface. He rose from his bed and dressed himself. Retreating to the common area of his living quarters, he looked picked up his datapad and looked at the current published list of casualties. Dropping the datapad on the counter, Kaayn returned to his meditation chamber. He had only returned to House Odan Urr a few weeks ago, sent to investigate a Krath Cult, but he was called back early to help with the Crusade. House Odan Urr was doing well, but since his return he had repeated visions of the destruction of the entire Dark Jedi Brotherhood.

Closing his eyes, he reached out through the force. Again, he saw the barren world more vividly than before. Far off in the distance he saw something... a large image. He approached the image. The local star was beating on his bare back, the heat searing his skin, the pain sapping his strength as if it was a beast consuming his energy, tearing his ability to use the force from him. What seemed like days passed before he reached the ruins of a city. Reaching out with his feelings, he searched for signs of life. Again, he felt nothing. The pain and lack of energy took its toll on him. Kaayn collapsed in his meditation chambers.

Days passed before Kaayn awoke. The stress of the meditation took a physical toll on his body. He tried to climb to his feet, but his body protested. Drawing on the little strength that remained, he clamored to his feet. Disturbed by the visions, he sought the guidance of Liam Torun, the Quaster of House Odan Urr.

As he began towards the Quasters chambers, he thought to himself “Why would the Grand Master order the Dark Jedi Brotherhood to invade the Sith?” “What did the Grand Master feel the Dark Jedi Brotherhood would gain from all of this?” Kaayn shook his head in disapproval. “I don’t agree with any of this… none of it.” Kaayn continued down the long corridor. “But even is House Odan Urr is doing so well.. why do I keep having visions that House Odan Urr and the Dark Jedi Brotherhood are going to be destroyed?”

Continuing down the corridor, Kaayn stopped and looked at a painting. It appeared to have been created sometime around the Clone Wars. He carefully studied it in almost obsessive detail Every curve, every color, every shade and shadow committed to his memory. The picture detailed a battle. A squad of clone troopers led by a Jedi. They looked weary from the war, but were still fighting. How it survived the Jedi Purge, Kaayn did not know. What seemed like hours passed before Kaayn gave a nod to the painting. He felt a reassurance that everything would be okay. A renewed sense of motivation game over him. He resumed his mission down the corridor to meet with the Quaster of House Odan Urr. Running his fingers over the cold walls, he grabbed his comlink and contacted his apprentice, T’Espera.

“T’Espera, please accompany me to the chambers of the Quaster.”

A simple “Yes Master” crackled over the comlink. As Kaayn approached the chambers of the Quaster, T’Espera was already waiting.

“Master is everything alright?” She asked.

Kaayn simply nodded and knocked on the door.

“Master Torun, may I speak with you…..”