**Design the Gomorag**

*by*

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**Note:** Due to my rank, I chose NOT to design a member of the Gomorag cult itself, since it felt unfair to throw a Dark Prophet at people in Seng Karash—instead, this is either for later in the run-on, or for “Phase 3” of the Orian Assembly storyline, depending on what happens.

Nevertheless, a Gomorag cultist or not, Omega 1 has chosen to ally himself with Anaxela.

[***From the Contingency Orders of Clan Naga Sadow:***](https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Contingency_Orders_for_Clan_Naga_Sadow)

Please note: the following text has been un-redacted!

**Order 7:** In the event of a majority of the Clan, including the Consul and the Proconsul, either (i) being killed in action, (ii) being captured, incapacitated, or otherwise rendered incapable of the continued execution of their duties to the Overlord, or (iii) acting against the interests of the Overlord, overall Clan command shall fall to **OMEGA 1**, and Emergency Protocol Omega shall be initiated in order to safeguard the Overlord and ensure the continuation of the Clan, foremost of which shall mean the immediate activation of contingency countermeasures at **INSTALLATION 7.**

**OMEGA 1**

**Omega 1** is the Administrator of Installation 7. A male Falleen, he was cloned from a tissue sample of Xanos Zorrixor in 18 ABY by the Adasca Corporation. The clone embryo was stored in a secret facility deep in the Nifokalija Mountains on the planet Aeotheran.

The Administrator was ‘born’ in 21 ABY during the Sixth Great Jedi War when both of Clan Naga Sadow’s former leaders were incapacitated, causing the automated AI in control of Installation 7 to initiate Protocol Omega, believing the Clan to have been killed.

**History**

**An Exodus forgotten…**

*“What… if my Master’s visions are wrong?”*

* Consul Zorrixor

In 18 ABY, Xanos Zorrixor, who was then the Consul of Clan Naga Sadow, secretly made contact with a small subsidiary of the Adasca BioMechanical Corporation of Arkania that specialised in life insurance programs for private individuals; specifically, personal cloning policies. With the Exodus looming, the Consul used his influence inside the Imperial logistics department to divert funds to a secret project on the planet Aeotheran: **Protocol Omega**.

Protocol Omega was so-named because the Consul had had visions of what he believed was a future disaster that would befall the Clan, and secretly procured tissue samples of the senior members of the Clan whom he believed would be necessary to safeguard the future of Clan Naga Sadow and the mission of the Sons of Sadow. These he sent to Arkania, where the tissue samples were artificially gestated, before the embryos were then sent to be stored in a secret facility that the Consul had had constructed inside one of the ancient Kwa ruins deep in the Nifokalija Mountains on Aeotheran: the facility was codenamed **Installation 7**.

There the clones were to rest, unknown to all but the Consul himself, forgotten until a day should come when those who had formed the core of the Overlord’s inner circle all fell silent.

Fortunately, that day did not come, and the Exodus went off without failure.

**Protocol Omega awakens!**

*“Consul and Proconsul have been incapacitated. Executing Order 7.”*

*—*Installation 7 AI

But sometimes, things do not go as planned…

Three years later, during the crisis that befell the Dark Brotherhood following the opening of the ancient ruins of the original Star Chamber on Antei, and the release of the plague that swept through the Clans, driving brother against brother, as the dark consciousness birthed by the ancient Sith Lord Okemi threatened to consume the entire brotherhood, the facility back on Aeotheran… woke. Xanos Zorrixor, by then the Sith High Warrior of the Dark Council, had been defeated in battle, and left on the brink of death; and Trevarus Caerick, having been corrupted by the plague unearthed on Antei, had been imprisoned within the invulnerably shield of the Amulet of Orian which he wore on his right arm. Furthermore, back in the Orian System, the House of Primus Goluud was beaten to submission, with countless warriors lost.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Installation 7 had detected this, and its automated systems had come to their only logical conclusion: Clan Naga Sadow was under threat of annihilation.

And Protocol Omega *went live*.

**Irony… is an unwelcome bedfellow**

*“Errooor. Multiple life signat… bzzt… detected. Da-da-data conflict. Sh-shutting downnnn.”*

 *—*Installation 7 AI

Deep in the Nifokalija Mountains, the clones of the Exodus-era Clan woke into a world quite unlike what their original selves would have recognised. These were not the clinical quarters of Kamino, nor even the comfortable quarters of Vohai; no, they awoke to the cold caverns of an ancient underground labyrinth, its builders’ names—even species—long since forgotten.

However, as quickly as Emergency Protocol Omega had activated, tragedy struck.

The plague on Antei was cleansed, and both Trevarus Caerick and Xanos Zorrixor recovered from their injuries—and Installation 7’s programming was thrown into confusion. How could the living die and… be alive again? This was not an eventuality that was foreseen, and as a result, all that the facility’s AI could do was revert to its original programming and seal again.

So the facility deep in the mountains shut its doors once more… and the clones were trapped.

**The chaos within us all**

*“I have seen into the eyes of the Goddess! Here she will descend! We shall be her Children!”*

 *—Omega 2*

Years passed as the clones grew, forming their own social order, some even believed to have had children, though of course not the children they or their original selves may or may not have had back in the wider galaxy. Chaos took hold, as, with no one else to turn their anger against, the clones had no option but to take to blaming each other, each accusing the others.

In the end, the clones broke into two factions, one led by Omega 1, who had always been designed to become the Administrator, and to lead the re-education of those who had made up the Clan until the day would be ready for them to re-enter the world, find where their Overlord had gone—whom had never been cloned, due to the belief at the time by Xanos Zorrixor that the Heir of Sadow was eternal—and track him down to reform the Clan again.

In the lower levels, however, the other clones rallied around Omega 2, who anointed himself their Oracle, claiming to have seen out beyond the mountains into the eye of the Force and seen their true destiny—a Goddess, who would arise from inside the depths of the caverns, and anoint them her children, whom the Goddess would lead to freedom as the lords of her new dominion. But, of course, this could surely only have been a lie—or else a sign of true madness—for deep within the Nifokalija Mountains, the Force Nexus that consumed those mountains blocked everything, entombing the clones not just physically, but mentally.

So how could Omega 2 have foreseen *anything*…?

**The doors… open**

*“This Clan… they call themselves Sadow… but how can they be? We are the true Sadows.”*

 *—Rowaan*

It took many years, but eventually, the Administrator decided he had no other choice: Omega 2 had taken control of the cloning equipment in the lowest reaches, and had begun producing his own army of servants. Worse, there were even bigger dangers deeper in the original ruins beneath the facility that had become Installation 7, and Omega 2 was fast threatening to take control of the original Kwa equipment… and who knows what horrors those would unleash.

So the Administrator ventured to the surface—and unlocked the facility.

One of those loyal to him, Rowaan, scouted the surface world… and what he discovered horrified him. Rowaan found a new Clan Naga Sadow, already operating in the star system. But… that was impossible. Clan Naga Sadow had been destroyed. That was what Emergency Protocol Omega had been built for. That was why they had been birthed!

This new Clan Naga Sadow… could only be *imposters*.

Having realised they would find not hope from the surface world, Rowaan returned to facility, where he and the Administrator realised they would need to await another answer…

**The Witch’s salvation**

*“You are the true Clan Naga Sadow. Tehehehe, you shall restore your honour.”*

 *—*Anaxela

Many more years passed when the most unexpected of visitors would come knocking on the doors of Installation 7. A clone herself, grown in a test tube many, many years earlier by the scientists of the Galactic Empire, a woman whom none of the facility’s inhabitants had met before: a witch by the name of… **Anaxela**.

Anaxela herself had been led to the facility by the markings she had first unearthed in a tomb she had discovered on the distant planet called Kangaras. There on Kangaras, she had found the tomb of Hafalia Chunasca, the former princess of the native race of the Orian system. In the tomb, a voice in Anaxela’s mind had spoken to her, promising her the tools to repair and rebuild—and even *improve*—her ailing body. Anaxela had jumped at the promise of healing her failing body, and had listened to the voice, being led back to the Orian system, from where Anaxela had been forced to flee years earlier to Kangaras, and then finally finding her way to the Nifokalija Mountains, and to the ancient ruins where Installation 7 was buried.

There Anaxela discovered the facility that had been left behind from the Exodus—and the clones that had longed for so long for someone they could *trust*, who would reveal the *truth* of what had happened in the galaxy the past twenty years, and who would lead them to glory.

In exchange, Anaxela would find the healing she herself was searching for…

And the voice in her head, would find the forbidden answers *it* sought also.

**A future yet to be told…**

*“You are the First of my Children, Trevarus. You will lead the Sons of Ombus.”*

—Hafalia Chunasca, reborn in Installation 7, speaking to Omega 2

So, Anaxela found the Tomb of Hafa Chun on Kangaras. Hafa Chun’s ghost spoke to her, and has led Anaxela back to Aeotheran, and to the Nifokalija Mountains. Hafa Chun knew all about the Kwa ruins—and knew what Xanos had done there. She has used Anaxela to bring her spirit there, since a ghost could not enter the Force Nexus without an escort.

Now that Hafa Chun has been brought there, she finds that Omega 2—Trevarus’s clone—has been having visions off her. But surely impossible, Omega 1 said? Surely the ‘Oracle’ could not see outside the Force Nexus? Indeed, he could not—and didn’t. He foresaw Hafa’s rebirth *inside* the mountains, in one of the cloning tanks inside Installation 7.

So Hafa Chun is reborn—with Omega 2, the Oracle, at her side as her champion—and an army of clones that Omega 2 has been creating for the last 17 years, warping with alchemy, transforming into the army that he foresaw himself leading one day. The Sons of Ombus.