“But why do *I* have to go to this stupid planet?” Lord Tash was whining again. “It isn’t *my* fault Katraasii is switching sides.” The Kel Dor was slumped against the side of the Plagueian shuttle. Everything about him reeked of laziness and a disinterest in anything outside his own little world, even when it would affect him too, such as losing a planet to the Galactic Alliance. “Besides, Operation Lethisk Aurekresh is way more vital than this planet.”

“I’d be happy to eject you out of the airlock and leave you here, if you’d prefer.” Hask replied with a strong tone of irritation. His long hair was hidden by the hood of his robes. He’d raised the hood knowing it wouldn’t help mute the Kel Dor’s incessant whining, but it was one of those things you just do anyway, vainly hoping it’ll work by some divine magic. Of course it didn’t.

“What did you say, you little worm?” Tash exclaimed as he sat forward. Tash’s rank was above his, though Hask had no idea how he’d managed to secure that position. “I am a Sith Lord, you can’t talk to me that way!”

Hask loathed Tash, his whining, his laziness, and his lies. He knew there was no Operation Tash was involved in. He was just trying to make excuses so he could sit in his chamber and watch Huttball all day.

“On any given day, you’re of little more use than a puddle on the floor. Please, give me a reason to turn you into one!” Hask’s request came out as a growl that seethed with hatred.

“Enough, both of you.” Lord Qo Saarwai finally cut in. The Chiss had been trying to silently ignore them, but his patience had run out. “You’re here, Tash, because losing planets is harmful to Plagueis’ powerbase. If we don’t secure Katraasii, we risk losing more planets and eventually we’re left with nothing except a powerful Galactic Alliance who will come to destroy us all. Including you.” This apparently caught Tash’s attention, at least a little bit. His face finally showed a small amount of concern. “And we do need him, Hask. As much as I sometimes share your desire to eject him from the airlock, having an extra Sith Lord will only help our negotiations.”

Of course Hask knew this, but he couldn’t help letting his hatred get the better of him. The silence following Saarwai’s comments didn’t last long.

“But why *me*…”

The negotiations on Katraasii were rocky to begin with, but an uprising of rebels cut them short anyway. The local population had heard about the arrival of the Sith and were keen to make it clear that they didn’t want them there.

The Sith quickly left the capitol building and began to get to work combating the rioters. Ugnaughts, weequay, humans, gran, and trandoshans all seemed to approach from everywhere, converging on the Sith. They were nothing more than a disorganized mob, but they had numbers over the Sith.

Lord Saarwai began to push to the west, while Hask and Tash pushed east, cutting down rioters and force pushing the larger groups as they went. Hask and Tash eventually ended up on their own behind a large building, when Hask suddenly felt a brief pulse in the force. He instinctively leapt to the side as a weequay Jedi leapt out and slashed at the space where Hask had stood only moments ago. Tash was, however, not so lucky. The Jedi blade arced past Hask’s face and then across Tash’s throat, nearly completely severing his head from his body. The Jedi had been hiding his presence in the force and had caught the Sith off-guard. As Hask prepared to attack the Jedi, he heard Lord Saarwai’s voice calling from around the corner. He’d felt Tash’s death.

Hask turned to see Saarwai bound around the corner, but when he turned back to the Jedi, he was gone. Hask stood alone, lightsaber buzzing, and Tash’s corpse lying at his feet. Once again, the Jedi's signature in the force was gone. He’d only felt it for an instant to begin with.

Saarwai held his blade to Hask’s face. “Are you insane?! Killing a Lord of the Sith during an important negotiation? You’ve just cost us this planet!” Saarwai was furious. Tash was dead with an obvious lightsaber wound and standing in front of the only lightsaber-wielding person he could sense on the planet.

Hask remained silent, but disengaged his lightsaber and returned it to his hip. He knew how things looked and he knew he wouldn’t be believed. Of course it wasn’t unusual for Sith to kill each other. It was a wonder anyone even raised an eyebrow anymore. But generally Sith didn’t sabotage important missions to be rid of irritants.

Saarwai led Hask back to the shuttle and the two Sith returned to the Anchorage. This time, the ride was quiet.

War broke out across the galaxy. The Galactic Alliance was asserting itself and fighting to bring key planets under their control. It had been weeks since the incident on Katraasii. The planet had ultimately switched sides and was now a member of the Galactic Alliance. Exactly what Hask and the two Lords had been there to try to stop. But now, with battles raging across the galaxy on more important planets, Katraasii was left unpunished for their traitorism. Instead, all hands were called to battle. Everyone able to hold a weapon was off to try to reclaim key positions in the galaxy. Everyone, that is, except Hask.

Hask was officially grounded. He hadn’t been imprisoned, nor had his lightsaber even been taken from him, but this was really only because the war had broken out before they’d had a chance to put Hask on trial for Tash’s murder. He’d already tried to explain to the summit what had really happened, but, naturally, they hadn’t believed him.

Hask seethed in his chambers. He belonged on the battlefield with the rest of his clan. They needed all the help they could get and he longed to cut down the Alliance forces. Or anyone, really. Hask truly hated sentients. People irritated him. Even his fellow Sith, really, but at least by their sides, he could rend whole populations to bloody little bits. But now they didn’t trust him. He was kept at home for fear that they’d be the next to lose their heads. More stupidity. Hask hated stupidity. They hadn’t even been willing to go searching for the Jedi. And now it was too late.

He reached his limits. He stormed out of his chambers and headed for the slave facilities. As he entered the facility, the guard tried to stop him. With a wave of his hand, the guard flew against the wall and fell to the floor unconscious. He wasn’t interested in arguments. He moved to one of the cells and dropped the shield wall that kept about 50 slaves in place.

The slaves slunk back. Hask was roiling with hatred, which didn’t really cause the slaves to want to leap forward with open arms.

“You’re all coming with me.” Hask commanded. The slaves remained frozen in fear. He triggered the shock collars around their necks, prompting cries of pain as many of them fell to their knees. “Now. Or die.”

The slaves quickly moved forward, following Hask to a nearby hangar where a few shuttles still remained. The slaves filled the personnel are of the shuttle, which also held easily enough blasters for the whole lot of them. Hask took the pilot seat, flew out of the hangar and set course for Katraasii.

Hask exited the shuttle as the slaves filed out of the personnel area, each wielding a blaster. They’d landed just outside a smaller city near the capital city where the Jedi had ambushed them. The Plagueis Clan may have been too busy for Katraasii, but Hask certainly wasn’t. He would show them what happens when you turn your back on the Sith.

“You will fan out and execute everyone. No one lives. Not elderly, not women, not children.” The slaves stared back in horror. “I can feel the presence of life forms. If a single being lives, I will know and you will all die. Obey my command and you will live.”

Hask turned and headed for the city. Hask began kicking in doors and cutting down anyone inside. Initially, the slaves only looked on in horror. A shock from their collars got them moving. They began to kick in doors, some even started shooting the people inside. But most couldn’t bring themselves to pull the trigger.

With a quick swipe of his saber, a shock collar fell to the ground. And a head. “You’ll get no more warnings.” Hask growled.

This kicked the slaves into motion and steadily the sound of blaster fire and crackling of lightsaber filled the air alongside the cries of pain and terror from the people of the small city as one by one they were all exterminated.

Within a few hours, the city was lifeless, save the Sith and his haphazard army of slaves. A handful had been lost by civilians who managed to defend themselves, but for the most part the population had been caught off guard. Hask led the group past the city limits and began to move for the capital city, only a short distance away. This small city had only been a warm up. The slaves were finally doing their jobs as well as could be expected. He knew they’d ultimately be destroyed in the larger capital city, but he really only needed them to provide enough of a distraction so he could hit the capitol building and eliminate the planetary leaders.

The plans changed. The weequay Jedi, Tash’s true killer, appeared before them. The Jedi had felt the slaughter and had come to stop them. Hask hadn’t expected the Jedi to still be on Katraasii. In that moment, his original plans were discarded. He had something much better in mind now.

“Kill the Jedi.” Hask commanded of the slaves, knowing these first time soldiers were no match for a Jedi. A barrage of blaster bolts flew at the Jedi with poor accuracy, but in great enough number to keep the Jedi pinned down. Hask waved a hand, sending a small rock into the Jedi's skull while he was distracted, knocking him out. “Cease fire!” he commanded. He tossed the Jedi's body over his shoulder and led the slaves back to the shuttle. He tossed the limp Jedi onto the floor of the personnel area and then flew the shuttle over to the outskirts of the capital city. He exited the shuttle and returned a short time later with a small group of civilian hostages. He shoved them onto the shuttle, hopped into the pilot seat and headed back to the Anchorage.

With the surviving slaves returned to their cell, Hask carted the unconscious Jedi back to his chambers. He walked silently through the halls of the Anchorage, catching the attention of more than a few guards along the way. That’s right, he’d been telling the truth. This was the Jedi that had killed Tash. But no, they could not have him. This Jedi was going to be part of a little experiment. He was going to see if he could create a monster.

Hask shackled the Jedi to a wall in a room near his chambers and imprisoned the civilian hostages in another room. There was much preparation to be done. He installed a short post in the floor of the Jedi's new cell. He bound the Jedi's neck to the top of the post and his wrists lower down. The post was short enough that the Jedi couldn’t stand upright, but tall enough that he couldn’t kneel, either. At first, this would be a minor annoyance, but after hours and even days, it would become excruciating. He left the Jedi to his slow torture and went about preparing the next phase of the experiment. It took several days to retrofit a couple of adjacent rooms and to gather up the necessary equipment, but finally he was ready.

He led the Jedi into the first of the two rooms he’d set up. It was fairly small with a window on one wall that connected to the next room. The second room was empty for now, but there was clearly a setup in place to hold another prisoner. For now, though, Hask affixed the Jedi into an upright torture table in the center of the room. Numerous torture devices and tools surrounded the Jedi, including various torture droids.

“Before we begin, who are you? I’d like to know who I’m cutting apart.” he asked of the Jedi.

“I am Master Graks. That is all you’ll get from me. I am not afraid of you.”

“A Jedi master, hmm? Now that is unexpected. I didn’t think Jedi masters employed such tricks as hiding their force presence and cutting people down from the shadows.”

“I do what I must to protect the people.”

“Don’t worry. We’re going to change that.” Hask didn’t wait for a response before setting one of the torture droids on the Jedi. He walked out of the room and left the droid to do its work. No questions were asked of the Jedi. There was no further information that Hask was interested in. Instead, he sat back and listened to the screaming echoes of the Jedi as the hours passed. It had been too long since he’d been able to have this kind of fun with a Jedi. Periodically, Hask took over for the droid. A Sith needs to have his fun too, after all.

The Jedi master was resilient. Even after a couple of days of torture, he was still clinging to his resistance of the Sith, but he could tell that he was getting ready to break. It was time for the next phase of the experiment.

He rotated the Jedi's table towards the window and then left the room. The Jedi watched as Hask led one of the civilian hostages into the restraints in the next room. The civilian was rotated away from the window, so he could not see the Jedi in the next room. When the Sith returned to the Jedi's room, he rotated him back away from the window. He placed a device with a large button and a dial within reach of the Jedi's hand.

“This device is your new best friend. Press this button and your suffering will be reduced for a time. It will also shock the man in the next room, but it’ll only be a minor annoyance to him. At first. The more you use this button, the less of an effect it will have on your pain. You’ll have to turn the dial to raise its effectiveness. But of course, that will also make your neighbor’s pain worse.”

“I won’t... do it. I… I can… endure this…” The Jedi panted heavily.

“That is also an option.” Hask set the torture droid to its task. The Jedi resumed his screaming in agony. The civilian in the next room waited, scared, but so far unharmed.

The Jedi managed to endure much more pain than Hask had expected. He’d gone on for a couple of days already. But he didn’t mind. Everyone else was still off fighting a war that he was not permitted to join. He had nothing better to do.

The endless torment wore on the Jedi and he eventually began to break. “*Just once would be okay. The civilian would understand, surely”* he tried to reason with himself. He pressed the button at his fingertips and saw the civilian in the next room receive a sharp zap. Truly a minor irritant, compared to the pain that was wracking the Jedi endlessly. But true to Hask’s word, there was a very noticeable reduction in the Jedi's suffering. The Jedi was astonished to feel the difference and to see how little an effect pressing the button had on the captive. But sure enough, within a short time, the torture ramped back up to full power. “*I won’t turn up the dial. This will be good enough. I will beg forgiveness when this is over..”* He pressed the button again.

As the hours passed, the button did less and less to ease his pain. He felt like he was losing his mind. He couldn’t continue to endure this. He fought with himself, but it had been days and the torture hadn’t let up. Finally, he couldn’t take it anymore. He raised the dial one notch and pressed the button. The pain lessened considerably, but this time the civilian’s pain was greatly increased. *“Forgive me”* The Jedi thought. The civilian’s pain wasn’t so bad, he thought. He would understand. He struggled to justify himself.

But as the hours moved on, again the button’s effects on his pain began to lull. This time, with much less hesitation, he turned the dial again and pressed the button. And the next time, too. By now, the civilian was in as much agony as the Jedi had been, but the Jedi's pain had been greatly reduced. What was more, the Jedi, lost in his pain, had come to fully justify the pain he was inflicting on the civilian.

It was time for another phase of the experiment. Hask turned the civilian to face the window of the Jedi's chamber. From now on, the Jedi would have to stare into the eyes of the civilian he was now torturing. The civilian was now feeling the full force of his torture and he could see now that the Jedi was the one who was causing it. He tried to plead with the Jedi to stop. For a short time, the Jedi was brought back to his senses. He was forced to see now what he was doing. But as the pain began to rise again, he just wanted it to stop. And with reluctance, he pressed the button again. The Jedi was too far gone, now.

As the Jedi raised the dial, the civilian’s torture would ultimately rise past the breaking point and he would die. Hask would replace the civilian with another and the Jedi would momentarily draw back from his actions, but ultimately he’d go right back to pressing the button, putting the captives through extreme pain before ultimately dying, only to be replaced by yet another.

The Jedi's pain lessened and lessened. He had become so lost that he was even pressing the button before the pain had begun to ramp back up. Eventually, he came to a point where he’d all but brought his torture to a stop, while the civilian writhed in unbelievable pain.

Hask was very pleased. His little experiment was going perfectly and even faster than he’d anticipated. From outside the Jedi's chamber, he turned off the torture droid completely. The Jedi was now free from any new pain. But the Jedi was gone now. He’d been fully pulled in by the dark side. His body had come to learn that inflicting pain on others made him feel better. Though his torture had stopped, he continued to press the button. He was now in full control of the civilian’s torture and he was continuing it, not stopping it. Hask was even pleasantly shocked when he heard the former Jedi master begin to even laugh a little as he continued the torture of the civilians in the next room. Hask’s monster had risen.

There were no civilians left for former Jedi Graks to kill. And so the experiment was over. Hask placed a shock collar on Graks and freed him from his restraints. Graks, now crazed from the ordeal, immediately began to attack Hask with a sadistic grin on his face. Hask knocked Graks to the ground with a strong blow to the face and triggered the shock collar.

“I am your master now. You will obey my command and in exchange, I will give you more people to kill.”

Graks again leapt at him, but in his crazed state, he was no match for the Sith. He stepped to the side and smashed Graks’ face into a nearby table. He triggered the collar again.

“You will not attack without my permission. The pain from your collar is what you will receive if you defy me.” Graks seemed to understand, even in his maddened state. Hask had a new pet to play with. It was time to finish what he had started.

Hask led the crazed former Jedi back to the hangar. Again a guard tried to stop him, but this time, he scarcely began to speak before Graks leapt at him and tore him apart. It was one of their own guards that had just been killed, but Hask couldn’t help but smile. He led Graks to the shuttle and shackled him in place. It was time to reunite the Katraasii people with the Jedi that had once fought for them.

The shuttle touched down near the capitol building. Hask unshackled Graks and let him exit the shuttle first. Recognized by a few senators from the capitol, they moved towards Graks.

“Master Graks! We’d been wondering where you’d--”

The senator’s sentence was cut short as his eyes moved to the Sith that appeared in the shuttle doorway behind Graks. The sadistic grin returned to Graks’ face as he leapt at the senators, slicing them down with the lightsaber Hask had returned to him.

“Let’s go, my pet. We have business at the capitol.”

Hask continued on his way to the capitol building. His little pet followed loosely behind, slicing up anyone who happened to be unfortunate enough to be within range of the psychotic force wielder. The two cut their way through the guards and politicians alike, until they arrived before the Katraasiian leader.

“P-please, don’t kill me!” The leader stammered. “Katraasii swears loyalty to Clan Plagueis! We swear loyalty, please!”

“It’s too late for that now, worm. Your former savior, Master Graks here, is going to show you why you never cross the Sith. Feel free to take your time with this one, Graks.”

That familiar sadistic grin grew on Graks’ face as he moved towards the quivering Katraasiian leader. He might have been more concerned with why the Jedi was about to kill him, but he was too busy being terrified by his imminent demise. Graks didn’t even use his lightsaber this time. Instead, he tore into the leader’s flesh with his bare hands. The tortured screams only excited the crazed monster, as blood poured out of the deep gashes. Fist fulls of flesh and organ tossed around the room. The weequay not-so-Jedi monster was now painted deep red, sitting over the unrecognizable remains of the political corpse. Even Hask, with his nearly permanently furrowed brow, couldn’t resist grinning in delight. This little experiment had gone so well, and now the Katraasiian planet was in need of a new leader. Hask was sure Clan Plagueis could provide one. And so, the two killers headed back to their shuttle.

Hask stood before the Plagueis summit, his monster sat beside him, like a trained dog. He had delivered Katraasii back to the Brotherhood and now had proof that he had not been the one to kill Tash, though he wasn’t sad to be rid of the sniveling wretch. He’d slaughtered countless civilians indiscriminately, fueled by intense misanthropy. He’d converted a Jedi master into a dark side, psychotic, murdering pet. All of this on his own, without the support of his clan.

“We were wrong to doubt you, Hask.” Lord Qo Saarwai spoke. “You’ve clearly shown more than enough loyalty to Plagueis, even when we doubted you. You delivered an entire planet to us on your own. All of this has come from the never-ending hatred that fills you. You emanate with more hatred than I’ve ever felt from another Sith. You don’t just win a fight, your hatred brings about total annihilation of entire populations. It is for all of these reasons and more that the Plagueis summit has decided to award you with the title of Darth Misium, based on ‘-misia’, the suffix for hate. You have made us all proud. And now, if you don’t mind, we’d like to learn more about your experiment…”