

## *Introspection*

Fear. Fear is my constant companion. It is more than a tool I use to get what I want, it is a close personal friend that is always with me. It is, however, the thing I use against others. Very rarely is it something I find myself feeling. Not often do I find myself in a situation where I feel that things have spiraled out of my control. Not often, but it does happen from time to time. Now is one of those times.

I can still feel the others. I can even discern the presence of the Dread Lord, though his is the only one I can identify. The others are barely there. And even with that feeling, just at the outside of my perceptions, I still feel alone. The darkness is not simply a lack of illumination, there is something else to it here in the dark of our so called home. The ranks of Plagueis have been here, on this station, for years now. And yet only now do we begin to plumb its depths. I feel a primal rage that overwhelms my senses, even my sense of the Force. Like a fog that hides shapes that move just out of reach.

As likely as not the Anzati master of House Ajunta Pall has already been swallowed by it. Searching for him is a fool's errand. But no, the Dread Lord has decreed that we will discover the answer to this mystery, find his servant here in the dark. A dark that we all should be well suited for, but one that is far deeper than we could have imagined. Like stepping out into the water where an unknown cliff drops the ground out from under us. Now we must tread water, not knowing what beasts lurk below us.

I should never have come here. To this place, to this station. It never felt quite right, I always knew that there was something slumbering in the dark. It had waited for eons, patiently, for the right time. That time had apparently come.

There, in the corridors before me, I see it. A shape, vaguely humanoid but more than a man. It moves slowly, but seemingly with purpose. Now it knows, it sees me. Feels me, it moves toward me like a stalking animal. I lash out at it, pummeling it with blows through the Force. I feel some strike, some deflected away. A Sithspawn, no doubt. Only a Force-imbued beast could turn back my attacks. I strike again, but now it is upon me.

The beast's arms move, clawed hands digging into my wrists. I struggle as my eyes shut tightly, kicking out with my legs while trying to push the beast away with the Force. Then its face moves close to mine, I feel its breath upon my face. I open my eyes, knowing what I will see. But the visage that finally reveals itself through the dark is that of a man, not a beast.

Ramar.

He is speaking. Barking commands, telling me to cease my struggle. I do, and yet I know it is just a momentary respite. Now, we are merely trapped once again in the darkness. The only difference now is we are trapped together.

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AK / SB / GCx2 / SCx4 / ACx5 / DCx6 / GNx16 / SNx13 / BNx13 / Cr:3D-5R-15A-5S-8E-5T-3Q / PoBx31 / CFx5556 / Cix28 / DSSx9 / Slix5 / SoFx5 / SotMx3 / LSx44 / SoLx4 / S:1D-1Dk-3U-8B-3Ret-28Dec-25Aff-38Cr  
{SA: MVC - MVF - MVH - MVL - MVPH - MVS - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGG - SGL - SVLC - SVS - SVTC - SVWP}