PRT Rod, Dossier # 14052

*Antei, 58 ABY*

Rod’s heavy steps echoed loudly through the hollowed hallway as he made his way to the main chamber. The Consul didn’t know why the Grand Master had summoned him, but he had a feeling that whatever it was, it wasn’t good.

As he approached the entrance to the Grand Master’s chamber, he stopped, collected his thoughts, and boldly pushed the heavy doors aside.

The Grand Master stood at the center of the chamber, his back to the Warlord.

“Come here Rod, we have something we must speak about.” The aging Twi’lek said.

Rod approached slowly, he wasn’t entirely sure if he should prepare for a conversation or a battle.

“For twenty years now you have served the brotherhood,” the Grand Master began, “In that time, you’ve proven yourself, not only to me, but to the brotherhood as a whole.”

“As Headmaster, the Shadow Academy saw its greatest number of students since its inception. As FIST, you lead the warriors of the brotherhood to greatness through discipline and training. And as Consul of Clan Arcona, you fearlessly lead the Arconan Armed Forces through the Second Battle of Antei. It has been a long time since a warrior of your prowess, with the leadership that comes so naturally to you, has walked these halls.”

“Now kneel Sith, kneel before the Grand Master.”

Confused, Rod slowly bent down to one knee and bowed his head.

“Today you are born again my son. Today, you become a Dark Lord of the Sith. It is an ancient custom for Dark Lords to take on a new name. Take a few moments to think, and then rise, reborn as a Dark Lord of the Sith.”

Rod was shocked, he had no idea if this was some kind of sick joke or if he had really finally become everything he had ever dreamed of. He closed his eyes, and his mind wandered off to what felt like another life on a distant planet.

Tenupe, 36 ABY

The shuttle shook violently as it made its way through Tenupe’s atmosphere.

“You alright Rod?” Sergeant Wymann asked.

“I’m good Sarge,” the young soldier replied “I just get a little motion sick.”

“Don’t worry bud, we’ll be kicking some Killik shell on the planet soon.” Cassius said, placing his hand on Rod’s soldier.

Almost on cue, the shuttle began to decelerate, and the sounds of battle could already be heard through the durasteel doors.

“Here we go men,” Sarge said “lock and load, it’s time to go to work.”

The shuttle doors opened with a loud hiss and the squad funneled out, immediately securing the area around their transport.

After a perimeter was established, Sergeant Wymann pulled out his communicator and connected with the Megador.

“Alright Alpha Squad, your mission is simple. Do whatever you can to aid the Chiss in their retreat. We just need enough time to take back the Admiral Ackbar and this battle will be over.”

“You heard him Alpha, let’s go take care of business.”

They moved out quickly in a file through the wood line towards the sounds of battle. The blasters and screams grew louder and louder with each step that they took. As they neared the edge of the trees, it became clear that they were in the middle of hell.

“Alright boys, we need to help the Chiss fall back, the easiest way to do that is to waste as many Killiks as we can. The plan is simple, shoot any bugs you see.”

With that, Sarge charged out of the trees and into the battlefield. Rod, Cassius, and Devon followed close behind.

They came out of the wood line blasting. There were Killiks and Chiss spread out across the entire field, some fighting, some running, and some dying. As they left the trees a large explosion went off about 30 feet to their left.

“Those fracking Chiss need to watch where they’re throwing their grenades, they didn’t even hit anything with that one.” Sarge yelled over the blaster fire. “Rod, Cassius, keep headed east, me and Devon will take west.”

Rod and Cassius took off across the field, dodging explosions and stray blaster fire as they went. Cassius spotted a small boulder and they sprinted to take cover behind it.

“You alright Cass?” Rod asked.

“I’m good brother,” he replied “Just another day in paradise huh?”

As the words left his mouth his blaster sprang up towards his face, pointing directly at Rod. He fired a quick three round burst then dropped the muzzle back to the ground.

Just as Rod was about to ask what in the world had come over him, he looked over his shoulder to see a freshly dead Killik sprawled out on the ground.

“Hey man, I owe you on-,“ Rod stopped mid-sentence as a grenade slowly rolled between the pair.

The two young soldiers both looked down and then immediately up at each other. Rod knew it was over, and was happy he spent his last few minutes with such a good friend.

Before Rod knew it, Cassius had tackled him to the ground and was sprawled out on top of the young human’s body. And then, pain.

Rod’s left foot was the only part of his body the Cassius wasn’t able to cover and as such it was torn to shreds. The pain coursing through his entire body was unlike anything he had ever felt before. But slowly his mind began to calm and a new thought overtook the soldier’s mind.

*Cass.*

Rod gathered what little strength he could and pushed his friend over on to his back. When he finally got Cassius on his back, the Zabrak was gasping for air as his own blood filled his throat. His body had been torn to shreds by the explosion, and although Rod had extensive combat aid training, he had no idea where to begin. Just as he started to dig for a tourniquet in his aid back, Cass grabbed his hand.

Rod looked his friend in the face and watched as the life slowly left his eyes.

*Antei, 58 ABY*

“Now rise my lord, rise and tell me your name.” The Grand Master commanded.

“Cassius.” Rod said as he slowly arose from his kneeling position, “My name is Darth Cassius.”