Callus Bo'Amar coughed and sat upright as several decades of dust that had recently been dispersed into the air began to settle again. Callus looked up through the hole from which he fell to see the outline of Kelly's head looking down at him. "Master! Are you okay?"

"I've had worse." Callus grumbled rubbing his lower back.

"We are looking for a rope or something to pull you up." She called down to him.

"Don't bother," he said rising to his feet and brushing a layer of dust off his body, "Just throw me a glow rod and head to the original rendezvous. I'll meet you there."

"As you wish." The answer was punctuated by a lit glow rod tumbling through the hole. Callus caught it and played it across the room he found himself in. It seemed to be some sort of research lab filled with strange equipment that looked old and advanced at the same time. It also felt very dark, well as much as inanimate objects could have feelings. His light found two exits but none that parallelled the course they had been following before his fall. The hatches were simply marked 'north' and 'south' Callus shrugged and made his way toward the southern hatch.

The hatch finally opened with the application of a bit of elbow grease. The door gave an audible \*pop\* followed by an inflow of stale air. It seemed that this lab could independently pressurize from the rest of the station. Considering the age of the station, and the fact that he'd fallen through the ceiling, it was impressive that this door had been able to hold a seal. The corridor beyond was an impenetrable inky blackness that the glow rod couldn't pierce. He could barely see five feet in front of his feet it was an ominous situation to be sure but he pressed on none the less.

The corridor had a slight bend to it and no doors on either side that Callus could identify. Callus assumed he'd been going down the path for about ten minutes when his glow rod began to fail, first flickering and then completely turning off. "Great," Callus muttered to himself, "of course they give me the one that isn't charged." He stashed the useless device into one of his pockets and removed his lightsaber from it's place on his belt. The weapon ignited with a \*snap-hiss\* and its azure glow provided a slight illumination to the immediate area.

Callus exhaled and extended his senses throughout the station and could feel no other beings in the vicinity. All he could sense was a feeling of unease, the faint raising of hair at the base of his neck that warned of incoming danger. How could there be danger if there was no one else near him? There was a scratching sound behind him and he turned to find nothing. Again an unusual scratching sound and he turned to find nothing. Callus took a breath to steel his nerves and pressed forward.

He couldn't shake the feeling he was being followed and his pace increased with every step as did his sense that there was someone or something behind him ready to pounce. The corridor finally came to an end at a pressurized hatch. Callus opened it and slammed it behind him frantically collapsing to the deck of the new room breathing heavily and sweating profusely.

When he'd finally caught his breath he looked up and by the dim glow of his lightsaber he could tell he was in the same lab where he began. It was different though. The equipment was smashed and there were large oddly shaped tracks in the dust leading toward the door that Callus had egressed through previously. He got to his feet and searched the room more thoroughly. In a corner was the slumped form of Teylas Ramar.

It was clear Teylas was dead but there were no markings on his body but it seemed like he was wasting away, like something had removed his very essence from his body. Was the presence that Callus felt respon responsible for Teylas' demise? What could do something like that? Technically he'd accomplished what he'd come to do, he had found Teylas. Though finding him only raised more questions. Maybe the Anchorage wasn't the prize Plagueis believed it to be.