**The war is over.**

Lighting a candle and dripping some wax into a bowl. The hot dark red liquid that was already in the bowl turned a lighter shade of red. And as two oily leaves were thrown in, a very distinct aroma rose up from the bowl. A few stirs to mix it all, and then a gentle flame to ignite it for a few seconds.

A lid was then placed over it, to extinguish the fire. When the lid was lifted, a fragrant smoke arose from it.

Krath Priest Lokasena Corvinus sat in a large leather chair. He placed the bowl on a table beside the chair and also a glass holding pale blue liquid that was also of Sena’s own making, but unlike the aforementioned stuff, was fit for consumption. Although, depending who you ask, could have also easily been used to strip paint off walls and clean hyper drives.

Sena took the hilt of his saber from his belt and placed in ton his lap. The weapon was covered in dirt and oxidation. He then took a piece of cloth and dipped it in the bowl. Then he gently began to apply the emulsion onto the metal of the hilt in a precise circular motion. Each time he had finished applying it to and area, he would take a clean cloth and wipe of the excessive material, together with all the dirt. Then he would take a sip of his drink. These three actions he would repeat until the weapon was clean and the glass was empty.

Usually after practice and sparring matches he would play music as well. But today there was no music. Just a dimly light room and the dying screams of the men, women and creatures he had killed in his last adventures. If he closed his eyes, he could see their faces, which made sleeping a bit of a problem. Cleaning his weapon usually relaxed him, but now. . .

So much death, such a damn waste of life. The Dark Side demanded sacrifices to make you strong, but it was a circular argument. Since it is life, after all, which sparks the Force. So after a war, although personal glory might be high, the Force itself was always diminished. A waste!

Battles were won, the war was won. But life was lost, and it should be mourned, not celebrated.

All those brave warriors, patting themselves one the back. Revelling in their personal glory or the glory they did for their Houses and Clans. Sith with their megalomaniacal view of their actions, or the Obelisk with no consideration for anything but that one perfect saber strike. Valiant fools. The Krath knew better, they always have and always will. But life would manage balance it all out. It always did. After a time, the Force would recover, and people would forget. Forget the horrors and make room for new conflicts. Arrogance and fear would overrule intelligence and caution. A new war would come. And he would again be called upon to fight.

He would do his part. For the Brotherhood. For Taldryan.

KP Lokasena Corvinus

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