**Goodnight Saigon**

Korriban Surface

CSP Staging Area

38 ABY

The few remaining shuttles were idle on the rough hewn and ramshackle landing zone. It had taken the better part of the afternoon to clear what little space was available for the shuttlecraft. Luckily, there was not need for many.

Surviving Scholae Palatinae forces were few and far between. They had been decimated during the events of the calamitous Great Jedi War. Yet, somehow, they had emerged on the victorious side.

The time to depart the dead world of Korriban was at hand. It was left to the remnant to bury those who would never see Judecca once more. Mixed company of soldiers and Dark Jedi marshaled with the glow of the stars rising above the dusk and the fluorescent lights of the awaiting craft.

The Emperor and most of the command staff had already been hurried to the bridge of the capital ships remaining to the newly repopulated Clan. As Battle Team Sergeant for Acclivis Draco, Krath Priest Zagro Fenn remained with his men. Lucyeth had been summoned skyward to make ready the embarkation of his forces as well as the Kraken Regiment personnel loyal to Draco.

“Knights of Acclivis Draco. Sons and daughters of Antenora. We were the first of the Clan to be honored in the vanguard of Korriban. It is fitting we are the last of our kind on this desolate and cursed place” began Fenn.

All eyes converged on the Hapan. The soldiers had taken off their helmets by this point, and the Force sensitive amongst them had lowered their hoods. The solemnity of the occasion had overcome these battle hardened and weary warriors.

Zagro continued, “The bodies of our fallen which we have recovered with great sacrifice and cost are now in hallowed ground. We leave no lasting monument to these men and women. May we never return.”

Two soldiers emerged from the rear carrying torches fully ablaze. An honor guard assembled and handed out spears to their brethren.

“The traditional weapon of the Antenoran tribes is the spear. These men began life as simple warriors of the plains and badlands of Antenora. It is only fitting that we consecrate their deaths in the old ways.” Fenn continued.

The torches were now all afire, and the throng pressed upon the burial mound. The Krath Priest nodded and approved of the convergence. The time was almost at hand to end the ceremony and return home.

“Acclivis Draco, the dragon. Fire is a hallmark of the dragon. As is rebirth and luck. We who have survived are the lucky ones, yet one day our brothers may be reborn in the light of the old ways. So too in the beginning, now in the end. What you people took as your gods we know as the Force. All is one in the Force as our friends have now joined. Let us honor their legacy. You may begin brothers” Zagro nodded and tossed his torch on the mound. The others followed suit.

“The war is over. As these assembled turn to ash, let us like ash scatter homeward. To the shuttles and may this fire burn eternal.”