**IT WAS MY FIRST DAY**

*Ocheron*

A slight rumble rippled through the shuttle, shaking the inhabitants to their core. No matter the light that splashed across the cold metal of the ship, it was still dark. As if the darkness lived in the corners and crevices and fought back violently against the light. Space, despite the artificial climate controls, would always be a cold place. Finding it’s way through the layers of protection, it always seemed to chill to the bone.

Ocheron sat silently. His eyes closed and his arms crossed against his chest. His mind was relaxed, calculating, docile. Despite the other recruits chatting and carrying on aboard the shuttle, Ocheron remained unbothered and undisturbed. That was until a human was pushed into the Zabrak, disturbing his meditation.

With a growl, the young Ocheron rose from his feet, towering above the boy. His hand closed around the mans face, his flesh pressed against the cold callused hands of the Zabrak as he pushed his head into the side of shuttle with enough force that the cracking of the boys skull echoed throughout the hull for a moment.

The shuttle went silent, as the other recruits in silent terror retreated to their seats and remained there for the duration of the journey. Ocheron let the boys head fall from his grasp as his body slipped to the floor with a dull ‘thud’, his body laying in a sickeningly distorted pose. With a grimace, the Zabrak returned to his seat, his arms crossing in front of him as he closed his eyes once more.   
  
 He was not disturbed again for the duration of the trip.

The sound of metal scraping against metal shook Ocheron from his meditation once

more. His eyes crept open as the red light above the release hatch flashed to green, indicating their arrival to the docking station. The hatch decompressed, matching the environmental pressure of the stations interior before a loud crack reverberated throughout the shuttle. The hatch released and extended outward, allowing a splash of light to pour in.   
  
 Moments later the recruits began filing out of the shuttle, one by one until it was only Ocheron and the body remaining. The Zabrak reached down, grabbing the boy by his neck and lifting him as he strode to the release hatch. The recruits turned to watch as the man dragged the body down the steps and dropped him on the deck in front of him.

An officer that was in charge of receiving walked up to the Zabrak, his judgemental eyes scanning over him before looking to the body. His eyes then returned to Ocheron.

“*I suppose you are responsible for this.*” his voice tinged with irritation as his eyes shifted down to his clipboard, scanning through the names.

Ocheron remained silent, as it was quite obvious who was responsible for the corpse on the ground.

“*Very well. Less paperwork for me.*” The officer concluded as he crossed a name off of the checklist and turned on his heel and made his way to stand in front of the recruits.

*“You are now in processing. Over the next several days you will go through sorting, where some of you will be placed within the Houses of the Clans we find you will suit best, while others will be put into the Officers program and set to guard duty.”* He sighed, as if he was speaking this line for the 200th time that day.

Ocheron crossed his arms once more, his eyes searching throughout the docking bay, inspecting it. Looking over it. This is where he would begin his journey through the Dark Side. The tingling of the hunger for power grew each moment he remained in this place. Soon, he felt, it would become insatiable.