The comical chase montage ended abruptly as Esoteric, the man who had been terrorizing the Dark Jedi Brotherhood for years, slid the length of the hallway on a haphazardly discarded banana peel, ultimately leading him to crash into the wall and knock a painting of Darth Plagueis off the wall. The unknown Dark Lord’s head and torso popped through the painting, pinning his arms at his side.

After a brief cut, the Plagueian summit stood gathered around Esoteric, the painting still around his body. Vivackus and Teylas each held one of his biceps, as the group looked on. They had been after this phantom antagonist for a long time and now it would finally be time to discover his true identity.

“Now it’s time to find out who you *really* are!” Misium declared as he stepped forward and removed Esoteric’s mask.

“Former Grand Master Darth Sarin?!” the entire group exclaimed in simultaneous surprise.

“But I thought Darth Pravus killed you!” Furios commented.

“The Old Sith Emperor, Revan, Maul, Palpatine, they all came back from the dead. It really shouldn’t surprise you at this point.” Sarin replied matter-of-factly.

“He has a point,” Octavia stated to the summit as an aside, out of Sarin’s hearing range.

“He may have a point, but that doesn’t make it a good point,” Taranae stated.

“Well, a point’s a point.” Callus replied.

“I swear to god, I will blaster-whip the next person who says ‘point’!” Furios interjected angrily.

After a short silence, Misium called over to the former Grand Master. “Hey Sarin, what’s the name of that Microsoft Office software you like so much with the slides?”

“You mean PowerPoint?” he responded enthusiastically.

Tra’an let out an “ooooh!” and the rest of the nearby summiters stifled laughter as the former Plagueis leader held his blaster up for Furios to take.

“Put that away!” Furios insisted with great irritation.

“But why have you fought against the Dark Brotherhood all this time, Sarin?” Octavia returned their attention to the matter at hand.

“The Brotherhood was mine!” the Darth replied. “Muz was my apprentice! I couldn’t just sit back and let him take what was rightfully mine!”

“You really went far out of your way to try to get your revenge,” Taranae added.

“And I would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren’t for you meddling Sith and that darned bug!” the Dark Lord seethed.

“Kz’setty-etty eeeeeet!” Kz’set howled, as the gathered summit broke into canned laughter.

“But wait, I’m an Obelisk, we’re not all Sith.” Furios cut in.

“It fits the structure better, just let it go.” Misium expressed with a shrug.