# The Sands of Korriban are coarse and harsh, but they are an integral part of the experience of the Planet. It was a decent place for someone like Amon Nihilus Judas, comfort mattered very little to him as he is an old man for whatever reason living well beyond the normal lifespan of a Clawdite. Very few remember Amon as his last major brotherhood immersion was during the Sixth Great Jedi War. He has sense secluded himself on Korriban away from House, Clan, and Order with the majority of his efforts, wealth and family destroyed in the Eighth Great Jedi War. He has lived as a hermit since the retreat of Antei recovering and studying artifacts in a cave near the Tomb of Naga Sadow.

# “*You around old man?*” a voice from the entrance of his cave could be heard. Amon sighed with obvious annoyance. “*Where else do I go Vath? You know I’m a breakthrough here*.” Vath is a fellow Rogue of the Brotherhood, another Clawdite, one with a lot of ambition, Amon has something of an unofficial partnership with the Sith. “*I found the sword you wanted, you were right it was guarded but it doesn’t look like much.*” Vath placed a cloth covered sword on the table “*Doesn’t even look like it’s made out of Cortosis don’t even see why it was Guarded.*” Amon opened the clothed and examined the sword. “*Of course you don’t, that’s why we leave the thinking to me.*” Before Vath could feel too insulted Amon flipped a coin at him, Vath just shook his head and smiled. “*So what do YOU see about the sword.*” Amon looked at the younger Dark Jedi with the large eyes of the Nautolan form Amon most often uses. “*It always astounds me that they never teach you Sith your own language, according to the markings here...”* Amon slides his fingers carefully across the old sword hilt *“… this is not meant for battle but it appears to be a special key of some kind.”*

# Suddenly a obviously sweaty and frightened Bith runs into the cave, he bows while catching his breath. *“Master Judas, we were attacked, droids.*” Amon raised his hand “*Calm yourself student, are the rest of the students safe.*” The Bith stands up straight. *“Yes Master, The damned droids backed us into the ship but they haven’t attacked since we fortified our position.”* Amon nods “*Good, as long they are fortified they will be safe; you students are not ready for such a battle. Return to your brothers and sisters, tell them to stay put unless the droids advance, if they try to gain ground take the ship and leave without me. I’ll see what all the fuss is about.*” The Bith hastily bows *“Yes Master.”* The Bith runs back from the direction he came, as Amon grabs his Armory lightsaber. Vath just looks at Amon curiously, “*Master?” “Old friends from Om’Jagred, force-sensitives that are not quite Brotherhood material but still have their uses; Now come I could probably use your help with this.”* Vath Shrugs and follows Amon.

#  As the two set out it is obvious to see Amon’s unauthorized Cult was most likely not the sole target of the attack. Thick clouds of black smoke coming from many of the Tombs and Vault that spot the Korriban landscape, blaster fire could also be heard in the distance. Amon takes a brief moment to breath and meditate. “Only the Blood of failed Acolytes was ever supposed to touch these sands. There is so much conflicting dark side energies on this planet now” Vath seems confused by the whole experience, one of the many problems with being a rouge is being kept out of the loop in a network that is already difficult to gather information in. *“How can a civil war just sprout out like this?”*

# Amon keeps walking towards one of the most powerful collection of energy. “*Search your feelings, with your own knowledge about this planet and if you had the means, what would you do? The dark side encourages power, not loyalty or unity. A victory on Korriban would solidify oneself as one deserving to rule even without the rite to rule.”* Vath struggles to keep up with Amon, still not used to the climate or the shifting landscape. *“But who could have the power, or even the chance to split the Brotherhood against Grand Master Ashen?”* Amon and Vath reach the top of the tallest Sand Dune as Amon looks out with his Electrobinoculars. “*His Apprentice, a former Grandmaster, Member of the Council, A rather eager member of those ‘One Sith’ I keep hearing about; for an ambitious youngster yourself I’m surprised you are having trouble fathoming betrayal in our ranks.”*

# At that moment Amon hits Vath in the chest and points in the Direction of a small building to the North-West of their location. Vath takes the Electrobinoculars the building is small with smoke coming from it, the doors had recently been forced open by something. Vath sighs and gives Amon back his device “Best lead we got, come on old man.” The two silently make their way to the building focusing more on reaching the destination then the usual banter the two tend to unleash on each other. When they reach the building Amon intently examines it. The building is rather secluded and he himself had never bothered to come this far. The looks over as much of the door as he can translating. “It’s a tomb of some kind, but for whatever reason it doesn’t seem to give a name.”

# The two enter the dark building, and suddenly across a large collection of bodies scattered about the place. Some of them bore armor marked with the respective House or Clan they belonged too, others had different symbols engraved on their armor. Some a Tarthosian Lion, while others bore 5 stars in an ‘X’ shape. A fierce battle had taken place here, it was likely both sides where after something, especially for both of the known parties to send such a large amount of forces*. “Looks like Grand Master Jac is back.”* Amon says recognizing the symbol from his more active days. Vath places a lighting device near his feet and activated it illuminating the hole room, no survivors seemed to be present having likely already left if there were. They looked down and noticed something trouble, the from those slain here had gathered in crevices in the floor and formed a large symbol that neither Clawdites recognized in the center of the symbol they could see a woman wearing green armor with the Tarthosian Lion on her shoulder pads. Her body was still warm, she had died more recently the rest of those here. She was clutching onto a hexagonal crystal, to the point her fingers had bled from holding onto it so hard.

# Vath took the crystal from the dead woman’s hand, making an unsettling cracking noise as he moves the lifeless fingers to ease their grasp on the object, examining it but finding nothing to interesting about it. *“What do we do now?”* Vath said unsure what to make of all this. Amon looked around trying to put the pieces together, *“There are over 100 bodies here, we need to gain intel before we do anything, doing the wrong thing in this situation will have us both killed and whatever this crystal is it is apparently well worth two of the most powerful Dark Siders in the Galaxy sending a large amount of their troops to die for it. We need to hide it, and find allies.”* The two nod in agreement and leave the scene of the battle to organize their plan.