*Disturbed*

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The Dark Side of the Force is passion. Anger, hatred, terror and disgust are its currency and it surges through *The Anchorage* like an ocean. The station is thought to have been built thousands of years ago by the ancient Sith. I’m beginning to think its disappearance and subsequent re-discovery by the Dark Brotherhood was no coincidence. There is a subtle intelligence to this place.

Many parts of the station have not been inhabited or even scouted since the Sith abandoned it. In searching for Xander Drax we have been treading through those ancient spaces, untouched for thousands of years. The stillness of these labyrinthine corridors would suggest emptiness but since setting foot on this accursed station I have never felt alone. It feels like an ember in the pit of my stomach. Each metallic groan from the bulkheads communicates three thousand years of calculating patience. Each blast door grinding open for the first time in tens of centuries is by the station’s permission; far more than sensors and circuitry but time, experience and the Dark Side of the Force.

I only hope the doors will open again on the way back.

I’ve been in this room before. Those are my footprints in the dust. Those rows of durasteel bunks once housed a company of Sith soldiers. The bedding had long deteriorated, but I had opened one of the lockers and found it empty but for more dust. *Which one was it? I don’t see my fingerprints on any of these.* Must press on.

Each hallway is starting to look the same. *Could those footprints be mine? Or are they Drax’s?*

Something is ahead of me. I catch glimpses of it, but as fast as I can run it’s not enough. Through dozens of identical rooms I fear *The Anchorage* is leading me into its inner recesses. *For what?* Through barracks, mess halls, training pits, maintenance shafts I pass; a fly, I fear, lured into the maw of a carnivorous plant. *Are those footprints mine?*