

All men and women have fears, whether ordinary fears such as the dark or drastic phobias like toothpaste, it mattered not. For the halls of the soul projected them into the most twisted, vile and disheartening demons possible. It was an eternal land of darkness, which had the ebb and flow of mystery to match. The fears weren't just visual either, as many prisoners of this world found their nasals were invaded by the stank of rotting corpses, the ashen smoke of fires and sometimes even the saltiness of the deep blue sea. Whether the realm was a hallucination of the Force, a plant's fruit or just a common nightmare on this planet is not entirely sure, but the smells indeed felt real. The ambient noises and the blasting sound waves coming from this void were also a problem, as they raised into manic shrieks of pain and laughter, then descended into ushered words directly into your ears. This horrific, inconceivable, unholy realm was a place you wouldn't wish on your nemesis, but the Quarren was still here.

Racked in pain and consorting the possibility of amputating his own legs, the Battlemaster yanked his body up from the cold steel floor and struggled to scan the immediate area for a solution to this purgatory. The only possible route out of this place was a thin catwalk made of grills and one very shaky bannister, it wasn't the most welcoming of routes. The Quarren felt his knees shake and rattle together like tin cans, except the tin can sound came from the catwalk as his shaky feet tread. Forcing himself onwards into his inevitable death, the Battlemaster caught the familiar scent of the salty ocean waves, invading his gills like an infectious cold. Like waves on an antarctic shore the icy waters drenched the Quarren and weighed down his robes, but the strength within him forced his legs onwards. He must escape as this wasn't his true home, he had a calling somewhere else and he wasn't going to let the sea stop him. Each few and precious steps the waves grew harsher against the Battlemaster, knocking and slapping him around with a careless attempt. Ahead of him he saw a rickety abode that held firm in this harsh ocean of storms and death, the copper glow from the arch was his inspiration to continue. He gritted his teeth and roared at himself in an attempt at bravery, each heavy step caused immense pain in his ankles and shins. The cloth from his torso and legs had been shredded from his lithe body, revealing the beaten and scarred temple he trained everyday. Finally the stone tablet shrunk into the floor of the lone house and Lexic rushed inside to the warm, dry central chamber.

The Quarren admitted this was much better than the harsh seas and oceans he came from, as the palatial aesthetics were mesmerising to admire. Tribal etchings of stories long gone decorated the hall sky high, as a formation of religious furniture stood before him. The first to greet him was a thick and strong Ambo, mahogany wood polished brightly while an indigo banner fell to the floor. A Missal used by the shaman of the temple nested perfectly upon the lip of the ambo, falling onto the daily psalm page. The Battlemaster circled this in wonder and found a large circular stone altar, which kept a golden paten and chalice on top. The paten held a bloodied heart, eerily beating away while blood left it's vessels an ancient time ago. A corporal cloth kept these safe, while a purificator cloth adorned a cruet jug of mossy water and a lavabo bowl. Then just a short distance away was a large, regal presidential chair that held a rounded symbol on the back, where tentacles slithered from the borders as blue eyes shone like gems from the centre. It seemed to be the same symbol across all the banners and cloth in this eerie temple, but he has seen this before.

“Nosolar Qor!” Lexic quickly turned to his right and stood in complete shock, as storming towards him with a Monstrance in hand was his father. The elderly Quarren adorned the typical Chasuble and Alb known for this place, while a Cincture kept his oversized stomach in. His hands swiftly blurred into a shocking speed as the Quarren threw the monstrance towards Lexic. The Battlemaster had no time and turned to his side in a split second, but a spike from the monstrance pierced his side and collapsed onto the floor with a loud rattle. Lexic held his bleeding side and hissed in agony as he tried to heal it with the Dark Side, but nothing happened. The man who Lexic recognised as his father, Qrod, stormed to the presidential chair and planted himself there while he gripped a Lectionary.

“You have shamed us with your misuse of your powers, boy! You ancestors will punish you for this!” Qrod spat his words out with venom, while Lexic heard something chilling coming from the hallways of darkness. Synchronised with the opposite side, hordes of ghostly Quarren chanted holy psalms together while holding eternally burning candles. Lining in assembly to isolate Lexic with his father, the rotting and ancient members of his bloodline glared and gave accursed looks towards him. They despised his link to the Dark Side and the Sith code, he could tell from just looking at them. Even his disfigured mother, murdered when he was a babe, speared her eyes into her unworthy son. “The Old Gods are displeased with you, boy. You have shunned us all, for that I have no son!” Lexic felt a lump grow permanently in his throat as those words struck true to his heart, but he had enough of this witch trial. “The Dark Side is my ally, and always has been! If you cannot accept who I am then I damn you to eternity and your Old Gods!” The Battlemaster roared out in fury and threw the monstrance back directly at his father who simply vanished into laughter, as did the entire room.

Lexic slowly opened his eyes to witness the emerald glow around the room slither into the darkness, as the room’s vibrations dissipated. It seemed the Quarren battled his inner demons and won. He forced himself onto his feet and brushed the dust from his robes, while an echo began to emerge from the nearby alcove. “You’re no son of mine,” the soft voice vanished on their last words, leaving the Battlemaster with more mystery of it’s origin and whether this attempt worked.