

Blade of a Sith

By Battlemaster Zakath

It was almost complete.

Zakath was seated on the thinly carpeted floor of his private quarters aboard the AVG *Nighthawk*, his green eyes focused on an elongated and wickedly curved tooth that laid on the floor before him. It had taken him a long time to acquire this particular trophy, and now it was his... provided that it survived the coming test.

Exhaling softly, the Sith Battlemaster allowed himself to slip into a meditative trance, opening his mind to the infinite power of the Force. In an instant, the sweet intoxicating power of the Dark Side rushed into and through him, singing through his blood and whispering dark promises of power into his ears. As the power flowed through him, he felt himself being transformed, changing from a mere Security Chief aboard the *Nighthawk* into a dark colossus that bestrode the galaxy with an aura of absolute power.

Had anyone been there with him in that instant, they would've seen the unnatural shadow that fell upon the Barabel as he drew upon the Dark, his glossy black scales seemingly beginning to lose its luster, a scale here and there cracking under the weight of the power now contained within him. The most visible change however, were his eyes. The formerly emerald green eyes erupted into hot flames of violet fire, as if showing hints of what burned within him.

With the greatest of care, Zakath reached out with his mind and began to draw upon the dark fountain of power, directing it toward the tooth, slowly and carefully. Through the purple flames of his eyes, he could see dark energy wrapping itself around the tooth under his direction, until it was drowned in the Force. In response, the tooth began to levitate slowly, rising upward until it hovered just in front of his eyes.

The Sith did not move, continuing to bathe the tooth in dark power as if waiting for a predetermined sign from the tooth to stop. Viewing through the lens of the Force, Zakath looked upon the tooth and allowed a slight smile to touch his lips as he watched dark shadows wrap around the tooth, starting from the pointed tip and rising upward, like smoke slowly billowing up.

As the tooth became completely cloaked in shadows, he could feel his mood rising in murderous exaltation at the promise that the tooth represented to him. As he extended a hand, he allowed the Force to recede from him, the tooth suddenly falling in response, right into his grip.

Zakath's smile widened as he caressed the tooth and the strange bony button attached to it. If everything was performed to perfection...

He hit the button.

Zakath's glowing eyes took on a reddish cast as the bloodshine blade of a Sith lightsaber sprang into existence from the tooth, the hum of power filling the silence.

Zakath rose to his feet, allowing the blade to slice through the air as he gave it a few experimental swings.

He was pleased with the result.

Zakath was a Sith Battlemaster in service to Clan Arcona, and had little desire for material possessions. He would not die surrounded by rich goods acquired over the course of a long and prosperous career.

He was a Sith Battlemaster.

He would die on the battlefield. There was no other acceptable fate.

And only then would his new lightsaber, crafted with painstaking precision from the hollowed tooth of an rancor, would leave his grasp.

Until then, he would serve as a vanguard of destruction, his bloody blade pointed directly at Arcona's enemies.

He was a warrior, and the only possession he required was his blade.

Woe be to the person who tried to take it from him.