Deeper Catacombs

Sepros

The wide chasm of a cavern echoed ominously as Macron peered into it. His heads-up display indicated no impending threats. Nothing moved but the ancient and timeless drip of water on stone, slowly laying down millimeters of new stalactites and stalagmites over millennia. If he could smell anything through his helm, the air would have smelled pregnantly of wet, dank limestone and cold water. That was frustrating and to be remedied.

The synthetic human unclicked his helm and greedily drank in the old wet air. The scent was delicious. It was quite unlike the disgusting jungles above, or the the sterile chemical-laden air of the laboratories that he frequented. No, this was living rock. Rock that actually grew over slowly measurable geologic time and not in quick cataclysmic moments.

“Ah.” The Adept had slipped away from his group for just a bit and relished this time in the deeps. It reminded him in a way of growing up in the guts of Coruscant, albeit without the persistent stench of cancerous chemical waste. “Like a womb, and an unpolluted one at that. Not that I would know… considering I know nothing of wombs personally aside from my research.”

He sat down and listened quietly. With a closing of mismatched eyes, everything changed. The lunatic’s breath slowed and his ears and senses hungered for every bit of sensation. Drips.. plops… the gentle susurrus of the water and stone was seductive. Even so something stood out.

It was not of the living rock, but of the Force. Something glimmered and whispered to him from a few meters away. It stabbed at his reverie. There was no peace- peace was always, ever, only a lie to a Sith. Something always got in the way. There was always a test.

“Uh,” the Sith grunted as popped a glow-rod as he worked his way towards the sensory point. Closing his helm would allow for night vision, but he wanted to experience this with his own eyes. By the steady light of the glow-rod a small statuette stood in an alcove of stone. It had not been covered over by the dripping stone, and in fact seemed strangely dry around it’s base.

The statuette was disgusting in demeanor. It was roughly three decimeters in height. It seemed to be made of a deep green stone with black veins quite unlike the native rock. The thing was carved in the shape of a leering amalgamation of a bat, an octopus, and a dinosaur. Evil glyphs of an unknown variety ran around the base.

“Quotsok hieak,” remarked Macron in Sith as he took the object from it’s stony cradle. It radiated power and uncertainty. The thing fairly tingled with uncertainty and Force energy.

The Adept sat right down and began to meditate upon the awful artifact of course. As his mind wandered it seemed to suck him down deeper, deeper…. he was lost within the statue and it’s miniature world.

A horrible figure appeared. It was Macron alright, except completely normal. The figure was a normal human, even skin coloration, and handsome features. It appeared to be a man borne from a woman and not a raw man-made being grown in bubbling vats. The awful thing wore the brown robes of a Jedi. It raised before itself a lightsaber hilt, and the blade that erupted was a searing azure blue….

“Noooooooo! Noooo….Fuck YOU!” Macron surged forward with all the power he could muster raging within his mental body. He had never been given the chance that this handsome doppelganger had. There had been no loving parents, no caring father…. nothing but neglect, violence, and loss. No one to take care of him but his sister who had turned out to be an awfully insane and evil bitch.

The Adept’s orange blade crashed hard into the vision’s blue one. The perfect man fought him back in return, forcing his blade down and smiling with perfect teeth. Sparks flew. The System.. the MAN… the Pretty People were about to beat him down. Everything would be orderly, nice, and clean.

“RRRrrraaarghRRRAGHNyyaYYah!” Macron screamed a scream that was so loud it burst blood vessels in his lungs and temples. Lightning flew from his off-hand as his saber hand darted in-between the virtual Ken-doll’s guard. The lightning shot into the eyes of his foe and melted them as the orange blade took him at the hips.

The perfect beautiful virtual Macron died twitchingly, and the hope of ever having a normal life died with it. The Adept watched the self that he could have been die at this feet. Life as a horror was his lot and there was no sense in fighting it.

“So be it.”