

**Ohmen Laboratory,
Ohmen,
Judecca,
39 ABY**

Locked away into a highly secretive and energised room, Lexiconus Qor and a handful of scientists worked diligently away through the night. Graduate student kept note of the cable management and components, while standard lab technicians were working away on building a cylindrical glass tube complete with a computer system. The lead scientist sat at the desk from afar, writing his reports and monitoring the communications log from the machine itself. All the while, the Quarren watched from afar and slowly stroked his prehensile mouth-limbs. The lights suddenly flickered in the room which caused some technicians to flinch and look around in fear, as the Battlemaster locked his cold glare towards the lead scientist.

“You said power wouldn’t be an issue. The backup generators haven’t started yet.” Lexic growled at the Verpine, who crossed his arms.

“You will need to stop sulking and concentrating your abilities on the circuitry. Everything will be fine as long as you keep the Dark Side where it is. This is going to take a lot of power from the city so be ready to dive if this doesn’t work.” The Verpine hastily said, as the Quarren patted him and watched the preparation finalise. Eventually the technicians gave the okay at the manager of the experiment gave the system a once over, then Lexic entered the tube.

“Now remember, you do not interact or alter anything. You are going to a past where you don’t exist, and your very actions could change your birth or the birth of what the brotherhood is. You understand?” As the machine slowly warmed up and circled sensing equipment around the tube, Lexic nodded in agreement and gripped the sides of the glass.

“Palpatine won’t know any different. This time, we will see what made him the true Dark Lord he is.” The Battlemaster cackled out as the machine lit up with life and Lexic body flickered in and out of existence. Then a shot of pain flew through the Quarren’s body as the experiment machine began to crack and jolt with bolts of electricity. Suddenly the Battlemaster’s hands lit up in the Dark Side energy, with arcs of energy shooting out through the machine and into himself. With a bright flash, Lexic disappeared and the machine crumbled.

**Yavin IV,
4401 BBY**

With a buckle and jolt of energy, the tomb lit up with a cerulean glow as the Quarren barrelled across the dusty floor and directly into a lone sarcophagus. Cracking the stone with his momentum, Lexic grunted out in pain and rubbed his head slowly as he wondered why he wasn’t on Naboo. He struggled to stand and leaned against the dusty lid for the stone coffin, and looked around at the design in his hazy vision. He noted the tropical artistry and

dynamic symbols on the walls, which pointed to a Massassi origin of sorts. As the Quarren glanced at the sarcophagus itself, the Sith symbols standing for *Naga Sadow* stood out with a bold statement, as if he was ordered to read them. Lexic nervously looked away and slowly backed away from the coffin in fear, his senses licking and sliding across the tomb itself for signs of life other than his own. But it was too late, an aura latched onto his own like a barnacle on a ship and the tomb itself burst the lid across the room. A red light ignited into the dust as a silhouette slowly rose from the tomb itself and cackled in sheer pride. The Battlemaster felt a weird itching sense in his stomach as the cerulean energy shot from his body and arced across the room once more. As the lightsaber of the Sith Lord came into view, the Quarren disappeared into nothing once more.

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Flashing and tumbling into the laboratory once more, Lexic smashed through the glass machinery of the cockpit and directly against a graduate student who shrieked out in terror. The two men were panting and sweating profusely as they came to a halt, bruised by a barrelling into the main computer. The Verpine scientist slowly looked down at the Quarren and slowly rubbed his chitin chin.

“I guess we got the time zone wrong somehow, Palpatine wasn’t around in 4400 BBY?” Lexic growled in anger at the Verpine’s remark. New staff wouldn’t be a difficult issue to restock.