

Hunt for Power

The light from the glowrod played across the cavern walls, casting shadows in every direction. It was warm in the cave, the sound of water dripping in the distance simply drawing attention to the humidity as well. Warm and damp, not the best conditions for hope when it came to what the Ryn was searching for. He'd spent months researching everything he could find, connecting half destroyed bits of information together to form some kind of picture. Between that and the guidance of the Force through meditation, trances, and the occasional abuse of 'medicines' that claimed to assist in psychic visions, he had been lead to this place. Not that the bit with the drugs hadn't been fun — life can't be all researching dusty scrolls and digging through databases.

Kordath climbed over a ledge, making his way further into the depths of the caves. He held the glowrod up high, the white light seeming impotent before the massive darkness that filled the cavern. The sound of dripping water could still be heard, coming from somewhere deeper, yet he came to an impasse. A solid wall of rock, the apparent back of this cave. Bleu didn't despair; this was the third such system of caverns he'd investigated since making planetfall, and there were dozens more to be checked, but the Force had lead him to this area first. Running the light over the uneven surface, he noticed a strange shadow off to his right. Stepping around stalagmites with care, the Ryn lifted his light once more and grinned feverishly.

He'd found a crack, big enough for the small humanoid to fit through. Without hesitation he wriggled his way through, finding another chamber beyond, though smaller than the first. He began a circuit, stepping carefully around where stalactites were dripping water into a subterranean pond. As he neared the wall furthest from his entry, he came across clean cuts, as if from some kind of plasma torch. A doorway, he realized, as he examined it, opening to yet another smaller room. Kordath stepped through, shutting off his glowrod as dust covered lights flickered to life along the walls. Another kind of light was in the Ryn's eye as he took in the scene before him.

"Months of bloody work, months of huntin' down leads. Bloody hell, ya done good, Bleu," he whispered to himself as he looked at the ancient holo projector set in the floor. Lights were blinking across the controls on the bottom, showing that it had power. A sound filled the room, the noise of the projector powering up as the blue and white shades of a hologram coalesced before the Arconan. An image appeared, still at first, an ancient member of the Sith race, with their sharp, angular features.

It spoke, using words that the Ryn didn't understand. Typical of an ancient holocron hooked to a projector of this kind, it didn't default to the current version of Galactic Basic.

"Wot? Sorry, uhh, venerable old one, I dinnae understand what yer spoutin' there."

“—this. I see recognition in your eyes, this is the form today’s language takes, then? How boring.”

Kordath bowed, extending an arm out and a leg back. “Oh venerable Lord Formuls, I have searched many months ta find your holocron, filled with knowledge and experience from a bygone age. If ya think me worthy, I would learn from ya.”

“Formuls? My strange looking boy, I believe you have me mixed up with my little brother.”

“B...brother!?”

“Yes. Though you have found *my* holocron, I was known as, hmm, how would this translate. Dark Lord Fromage, or Darth Fromage.”

“I...I see, my Lord. I understood that Darth Formuls was a near legendary alchemist, with many recipes and creations to his name. Formidable, he was said ta be, in the tomes I could find.”

“You seek recipes and have a creative drive, my boy? Then perhaps you have found the right brother’s holocron!”

Kordath was confused, watching the smiling face of the ancient, long dead Sith. He spoke in a familiar manner, friendly even, as if speaking to a nephew or valued student. This was against everything the Ryn knew about the old ones of the Sith Empire.

How’d I find the wrong bloody ancient Sith Lord? HOW? I mean, the names aren’t even enough alike for me ta screw it up that badly! Wait, he’s still talkin’, what’d he say? Somethin’ about a menu of recipes? Maybe he was a grand alchemist too! Anythin’ from that era could prove valuable, gotta bring somethin’ back to K’tana, prove she didn’t waste her time takin’ me into Shadow Gate.

“Sorry, did ya say menu?”

“Yes! Allow me to show you the menu!” Fromage sounded...excited? *What kind of Sith was this guy back in the day?* wondered the Ryn as box of text appeared in the holoimage, scrolling slowly.

“Three Kaadu eggs, two tablespoons of fresh dill, one teaspoon of salt, one of pepper...” the Ryn trailed off, reading line after line, before finally looking up in horror.

“These are all food recipes!”

“Well of course they are! I was the personal chef to Lord Naga Sadow! As well as many prominent Lords on Ziost; Dark Lord of the Kitchen, Darth Fromage!”

Kordath felt as if he was falling, though his body didn't move.

‘Months. MONTHS. WASTED! I nearly killed myself stayin’ up researchin’ this bloke, and I end up with a bloody list of recipes for dishes that...don’t look half bad, ya know. That one looks tasty, might be hard ta source Alderaanian fowl these days, but I’m sure there’s a workaround. Huh. Maybe I can use this still.’

Shaking his head, Bleu took a deep breath and looked up at the image of Darth Fromage. “Ya tired of bein’ in this hole in the ground, mate? Might be time ta take your knowledge back out to the Galaxy, eh?”

“I will admit, waiting on a master chef to stumble upon my holocron was likely a foolish plan. Perhaps it would be better to spread my expansive experience. Do you have somewhere that one could prepare such dishes?”

“Yes...no...ya know what, I bet I could get a lovely place set up back home, no worries. You tell me what ta do, I’ll be yer hands, eh, Master Fromage?”

“Sounds like a lovely idea! A restaurant, ah, I remember the days!”

Thus did Kordath retrieve the holocron and ship back to Port Ol’val with it in hand. After some convincing, done by both pleading and then finally making a few of the dishes that Darth Fromage walked him through, he got K’tana to let him move into a property. Converting it into a fine dining establishment took a few weeks, but the location was good, not far off the Plaza.

Within two months the restaurant was opened to amazing reviews from the local food critics, though Kordath never revealed that an ancient and long dead man was instructing him, an overgrown rodent, how to cook. Rynataoullie’s became a raving success on Ol’val, the profits further fueling Shadow Gate’s operations.