

**Trekker's Deep,  
Somatic Ocean,  
Dac,  
17 ABY**

Deep under the storming waves above, a small settlement blossoms to life with light while the evening sun descends and darkens their underwater valley. Just several hundred meters above, a group of young toddler Quarren giggle and swim happily towards a school of fish who weave and dive out of the way. Their faces full of glee while they try their best to swim just as fast, as the younger and more plump toddlers fall shortly behind. In a world of his own, singing a lullaby while holding a tropical clam, Nosolar spins around in the water and nuzzles the clam in his hand. Happy and content with playing with this temporary pet, he failed to notice the group had swam away quickly from his sight. Nosolar looked up to see no one in sight, as the ocean fell silent and dark. A solarpowered belt lit up from his waist which his parents gave him before he went out, and lit some partial commotion in the distance.

A strangely shaped vehicle sat in the distance, hovering and rocking with the tide falling onto it, Nosolar watched curiously while petting his clam. Naturally frightful of new things, the young Quarren decided to make his way back to the village, descending deeper into the waters. But as he swam down, so too did the strange observer. Nosolar now felt incredibly frightened and whimpered to the clam, petting it quickly as he sped up in swimming. No matter how fast his legs could pedal, the vehicle chased him down and caught up. Then a beam of highly powered lights blasted open and blinded the young Quarren. With all he could muster, Nosolar screamed out for help across the sea. The vehicle approached the Quarren slowly as a tractor device locked onto him, and reeled the toddler slowly into its belly. Screaming and struggling to break free did nothing, while the transport enveloped the young Quarren into a capsule. The doors closed tightly behind the screaming Quarren, while water was drained away and the clam shivered and locked itself up tightly. The strange and new room was lit only by a small, blinking lamp of blue, as a chuckle echoed from the shadows.

"Such a peculiar race, I wonder what potential the Force has stored in you." A language foreign to the young Quarren, who flapped and bounced around on the floor of the transport. He screamed more until his throat was dry and he became tired, then broke down into a fit of tears. The room slowly began to light up as a face started to appear around the blue light, showing it to be an eye of a Human. He had seen this race before, but Nosolar was not interested in being around them. A dry and skinny species, who couldn't last in the ocean, who only came for trouble and usually made him cry when they took his clams. Nosolar did not like this Human at all, he wanted to get out and back to the sea.

"You should sleep, we have a long journey ahead of us back to the ship." His words were deep and frightening, a language completely strange to him. It didn't sound like his in the slightest, but no matter how many times Nosolar cried and shouted out, the Human didn't understand him.

“My name is Nikola. You will learn to call me Master. Say it, Master.”

“Mah. Mah. Mahstar!” Nosolar imitated the dryskinned one. If he wasn’t going home, then he wanted to talk like him until he did go home. He needed to learn more.

### **Several hours later...**

Shining and burning into the sockets of his sensitive eyes, a bright light forced the young Quarren to wriggle and awake from his slumber. His sticky and stinging eyes nervously looked around the room to find only darkness, except for the circle of light around him. Nosolar slowly stood and wobbled, he couldn’t get used to walking on this. He was breathing, but there was no water. He could speak, but bubbles didn’t rise from his mouth. Nosolar panicked and jumped into the air, desperately trying to swim onto the ceiling. He whined and struggled, his weak and frail arms and legs got him nowhere but sweaty and tired again. The Quarren slumped onto the floor and covered his sticky eyes with his hands, sobbing uncontrollably. He didn’t feel safe, and he was hungry. As he inhaled, his sensitive gills took in the strong and smoky smell of a familiar scent, something which he craved for ever since he arrived; fish. The wall wooshed open and a tall, shadowy figure walked inside with a bowl of steaming fish meat, then placed it in the spotlight.

“Morning, beast. Here is the rules, you train, you fight, you defend yourself and you can eat. You refuse to obey my orders and I will tie you outside by a collar on your neck, while the sun crispens you. Rise and prepare yourself.” The young Quarren was too intoxicated by the smell of the fish, he jumped on the bowl and devoured the white fleshy meat inside. He glanced at the tall being who motioned his hand, and Nosolar was forced to stand, while a low throbbing vibration trembled around his body. The being chuckled softly.

“You are a peculiar one, a Lexicon of mysteries. That is a good name. Come, Lexiconus.” The young Quarren was still baffled by his foreign tongue, but the word *Lexiconus* stuck into his memory like ink. Curious about what was on the other side, the Quarren slowly waddled towards it. It was a choice he would later regret.