

## A Sense of Balance

Lucyeth gazed with a drunken stupor at the tall glass of lum that was on the bar before him. It was mere days after the war against Naga Sadow came to an end publicly known as the Shattered Ties Campaign. Lucyeth felt like it was still going on with a war raging across the Empire with a new anarchy ready to rise over the ashes. The Palatinaean hadn't slept in days with flashbacks that continued to haunt him with no mercy. The Clan was praised for its victory and steadfast move back to order but Lucyeth felt he was led astray from it all. With all the artifacts that were recovered from the plunder of Naga Sadow, Lucyeth never got a chance to see any of them. He thought for all the work he had done with the war for the good of the clan, something would come out of it but the Emperor simply said that the Grandmaster himself came took it all.

Lucyeth took a big swig of the bitterly strong ale before the bartender was already on the move to bring another. The full glass stared back at the Battlelord like a much needed prescription to cure an illness but it was to suppress and drown out the misery. The Palatinaean swiveled the bar chair around towards the throng of drunken clients. People laughed from humorous bar stories while some sat and enjoyed themselves. The feeling of security angered Lucyeth to the sense of security that these fools enjoyed thanks to the Empire that watched over them. No one seemed to grasp the value of what the people like Lucyeth went through and yet there they sat and laughed, enjoying themselves like nothing happened. The Palatinaean instead sat there to wallow in his own self-pity while no one seemed to care. Lucyeth put down the rest of his lum with his tongue back and throat open, like drinking water. The bartender motioned for another but Lucyeth waved his hand to signal his night's end. The Palatinean stood slowly and walked across the cantina floor with a stagger. There was a mob of people in the center of the room dancing and mingling. Lucyeth could mingle and dance anytime but tonight was not a night to make an attempt. The Palatinaean was always confident and outgoing with a personality to match that would interest anybody but he was not in the mood. Lucyeth simply walked towards the door and exited the cantina that was already a short walk from a cheap hovel that he could stay for the night.

Blaster bolts exchanged back and forth in simultaneous volleys while the concussive force of a thermal detonator shook the ground beneath the dark Jedi. Shell-shocked with imperial troopers falling beside him, Lucyeth remained on the offensive. He moved with speed toward the enemy lines and cut down anyone in his path. The Battlelord took cover behind a pillar to draw out enemy fire. It worked as his troopers made a push for control of the vicinity. Brave souls dropped on both sides but the imperial troopers were able to overcome the Sadowans. The enemy was no more than a pile of dead corpses and Lucyeth always embellished in his victories. The glory was limitless as they advanced for the treasure within that was believed to be kept by Naga Sadow. The commlink on Lucyeth's wrist suddenly chirped at a message from the Emperor himself. A hologram of the Emperor appeared before Lucyeth stating that the war is over and that order can be restored. No artifacts of value were kept with the Grandmaster securing them for the Brotherhood. Lucyeth saw the crates of amulets among other artifacts being carted away

in the back ground before the holoimage disappeared. Lucyeth suddenly woke up from his many flashbacks that he got since the campaign of Shattered Ties. However, there was one thing that was in common with them all. Lucyeth kept visualizing artifacts of power with his conscience and he knew what he had to do. He needed to find an artifact or something of power that can bring him into a deeper bind with the force; the dark side of the force. Lucyeth could feel the force charge in his body at the mere thought of having one and the Palatinaean couldn't even imagine what he would do if he were near an object of such raw power.

Lucyeth wasted no time with packing the bare necessities for his vacation as he was going to call it. At least that is what he told the Clan. A simple sabbatical for relaxation and a deeper thought of the force was enough for the clan not that they would question his decision anyway. He made sure he had his lightsaber and blaster before he went out of the hovel toward the Imperial Palace. He needed to get to his ship for where he was going to be going and a ship that can fly off world was enough for his needs.

Moments later, Lucyeth was able to get into a ship from a small imperial hangar. It was a small freighter with not much to talk about but the Battlelord didn't care. The freighter was equipped with the bare minimum that you could ask for but luckily, it had a hyper drive able to get from one place to another. The ship followed the coordinates that Lucyeth plugged into the navcomp at takeoff. He looked out of the viewport to gaze upon the vast landscape before his eyes. The rock jutted out of the water like teeth as the furious waves licked up the sides of the jagged cliffs. Lucyeth took the ship back in manual and set the ship down with a soft thud. Lucyeth sighed with relief before he walked slowly to the ramp. He had no need to rush and chose to take it in slowly. The air was crisp and the Palatinaean could feel the intensity in the air. It fueled his emotions as he could feel the force course through his veins like venom. He was at peace and he had no intention of leaving anytime soon. He would need more for himself; for the force.