

Marick Tyris had few vices. As a child, he had never really been able to indulge much and took pleasure in the simple things in life that helped him survive. Things like sink water and scraps of food from the garbage had honestly been treats when things got really bad. Of course, things weren't always that dire. There were times where he got lucky, and, on rare occasions, was snuck a candy by his younger sister. She knew that she wouldn't get in trouble, so she would often request it for herself but then "leave" the candy on a windowsill or somewhere else inconspicuous or out of site. His older sister would never have approved, but he was careful to make sure she never knew.

They were called Milnar Way bars, named after one of the more mysterious planets in the Hapes cluster. They were chocolate bars with caramel baked into the insides.

The first time he had ever had one, Marick was starving. Literally. Hunger had it's many forms, and Marick had learned to cope with most of them. When it started to go beyond cramping and nearly reduced him to whimpering in a curled up ball, he often wondered what would happen to him if he simply didn't show up for cleaning duty one day. Would anyone have cared?

His younger sister must have picked up on the signs and left him a small pouch that was nothing more than the burnt bits of one of the kitchen pans. Under the bits, however, she had hidden the Milnar Way bars.

Slowly peeling off the wrapper, Marick would never forget the sweet and savory sensation of biting into the chocolate out layer, only to *then* discover the gooey caramel inside. It had been the best thing he had ever tasted. It changed everything.

It wasn't until later in his life that Marick would be reunited with *Milnar Ways*. Long after his trials as a member of Clan Arcona, he received a small package from Hapes. After helping remove his mother and sister from power—replacing them instead with his more sane and rational younger sister—it was not unusual for him to receive such packages. He kept a stash of them in his office, locked away in a safe. It was one of the few things he valued other than his lightsaber or blades.

So it was that Marick was informed that Milnar Way bars would no longer be made. The last batch had been shipped, and the company producing them had declared bankruptcy for some reason. They sold off all of their assets, including the fabled recipe they had kept secret for so long. Apparently, the buyers did not care for the joy that Milnar Way bars brought, and were content to sit on the recipe while they pushed their other products.

So it was that Marick stalked down the corridor of *Magenta Corps* central offices. The bodies of the woefully under-equipped rent-a-guards lay sprawled out across the floor. The *Shadicar* didn't even bother with stealth or subtlety. His ultraviolet lightsaber hummed indifferently at his side and then slowly began to cut a hole in the secured door blocking his way.

The Hapan cut a neat outline in the durasteel in the shape of a doorway arch, and then pushed on the metal plate with the Force. The metal that had been severed from the rest of the door shot forward into the room, slamming into the closest guard and knocking him off his feet.

Marick Tyriss stepped through the threshold and swept his cold blue eyes around the room.

“I’m here for the Milnar Way bar recipe,” he said flatly.

The executive trembled as he stared at the Voice of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. “R-r-right away, of c-c-course,” he stammered as he began to fumble with a set of key cards.

Marick never took his eyes off the executive, his face a dispassionate mask devoid of approval or disgust. Once he had the datadisk in hand, the Hapan nodded once.

“Have a good evening,” he said as he turned and left the way he came.