

Power. I desired only power. However, power can be a very fickle thing, in a way. History seems to show time and again that by trying to contain a storm, you being to tear your own body apart. Life is already short and by trying fate, you ensure your days are further numbered.

I studied the supposed tomes of ancient Sith Lords. How many were truly what they seemed, I was never sure. The holocrons' contents still proved efficacious in the end. Force Zombies, Sithspawn, body modifications- all these things were possibilities that became as open and known as the back of my own hand. The practices are simple enough in theory, but I lacked the means to accomplish them myself. The labs of Macron had been locked away from my access. Perhaps the Consul feared what I might do. Perhaps it was just to ensure the old Son of Sadow had something to come back to. Ultimately, his concerns came to naught. I am sure that the old Sith's laboratory has fallen into disrepair, has been bombed into dust with the rest of Sepros, or perhaps has been re-purposed to house orphans of the wars created by my former fellows and the Brotherhood.

It is interestingly, really how things change. I wanted the ultimate power. I should have figured it would be like this. I expected to have the strength to rival the likes of Pravus, Muz Ashen or any of the other Grand Masters still around. So many seemed to have taken their own way in the galaxy. I would have united the Brotherhood, talked to the Jedi of Odan-Urr, perhaps even invited the previously "Undesirable" elements back into the fold. I have heard it said that you never want to meet your heroes, and I think that a wish granted it much like that. The result it never quite what you expect. In this case it was much more than I had expected.

If I realized this is what I was getting into, I might have wished something different. I guess the morale of the story is to be careful what gift horse you look in the mouth or something. The metaphor doesn't sound right, but then again I never quite got those turns of phrase before. It was one place that I guess I lacked growing up how I did. It all seems so pointless now.

It isn't painful for me anymore. It is an odd feeling. I could describe it as a sort of floating, I guess. I am not listless, precisely, but I do wander without a real goal. I have seen visions of Arx, of Tasha'Vel in her old age, my own daughter with offspring of her own, and the history of the Brotherhood all in one go. I always wondered what it was like when a Force manifestation came into being. It is a melancholy thing, to see the entirety of your previous life laid out like a tapestry. Future, past and present visible all in one sight.

The knowledge is a useless thing though. One could always manifest oneself to loved ones or former compatriots, but it all matters so little in the big scheme. Even the woman of my former heart in but a blink in the great expanse of time.

It is an odd thing to feel the soul of the galaxy laid bare to be plumbed. Who would have thought that with the ultimate power, ultimate knowledge would have passed? Becoming one with the Force, I have to admit it is one way to attain power. It is a sad realization that so much of my efforts were wasted. Who knows, if I had a fragment of this kind of knowledge, perhaps I would

have become a Jedi. The destiny of the Brotherhood is a moot point now. I am of the Force, and the Force is of me.