Another Nexus

Etah sat on the shores of Lake Natth. He wore his Dark Armor, armor he partook to shed his Clone Trooper Armor. The idea behind the transition was that his past was limiting him and in order to move forward he needed to let so of his past life as a soldier. But something about the Dark Armor didn’t sit right with him. Something he couldn’t put his finger on.

But the slight breeze passing over his skin from the Lake felt perfect. In the soft kiss of the air current he felt ….. Murder. The souls trapped in the Lake for millennia had been Sith Lords in a losing war with the Jedi and the galaxy at large. Where Naga Sadow and Shar Dakhan fell in that rebellion, these spirits were able to survive and in their exile became immortal.

The shore line was deceivingly still. One might think families could play on its banks and animals could drink from the water. But the spirits were a powerful corrupting force and none of the scavengers left on the planet would date travel here for fear of the mighty Hssiss dragons. Fierce predators, strong in the dark side of the force.

Etah felt at total ease here as the Darkside came whispering from the rushing waters of the lake and glided across his skin. His arm airs stood up but his muscles were completely relaxed. The spirits of the Lake recognized him as a kindred spirit, if not an equal. Not that none of the spirits were more powerful than the Dark Jedi Brotherhood Equite but that none of them had delved deeper into the depths of the Darkside than him.

The former Stormtrooper looked into the lake as its depths got darker and deeper blue, eventually becoming a grimy black. He reached into the cold depths of the haunted Lake with the extensive powers of his mind. There he found the spirits had basically merged into a single non-corporeal entity of unimaginable power. Their distinctness still exited, but like little whispers that together created a loud roar. The entity had thoughts, a thousand thoughts but they were not words. More like images, an endless series of images being conjured in ways that seemed to make sense within itself but were indecipherable.

The beings from the Lake began to invade his mind. Even Etah was not near powerful enough to hold them back as they forced themselves into his soul. He could feel their presence in his mind, ripping through his thoughts and memories in a way that Etah had never conceived. Yet it was not malicious, it was not harmful. It was as if they were searching for something within him as if they wanted to help unlock some unknown power within the Sadowin.

Three beings walked from the depths of the Lake. They wore armor like the followers of General Shar Dakhan. It was immediately clear to Etah in a fashion he was unfamiliar with that these three skeletons were apprentices of Shar Dakhan and that they survived the Battle of Coruscant to wind up here in exile. While their skin had melted away, the armor of the middle apprentice who seemed to be the senior of the three was pristine.

Etah awoke on the shores of Lake Natth, not realizing that he had passed out to begin with. The Dark Armor that he wore was split in two from the top to the bottom. Climbing to his feet the Sith Battlelord shed the armor that seemed very much like an opened can and stood on the shoreline wearing only athletic underwear. He looked down to realize that the pristine armor worn by the senior Apprentice of Shar Dakhan sat only feet away. He heard a single whisper in his ear as he realized it was meant as a gift to the spirits. Later, he would find a way to repay the entity of Lake Nettah. For now Etah had his Dark Age Sith Armor with which he would never part.

~ (#8075) Battlelord Etah Kilij Bloodfyre (Sith)/QUA/House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow

**"We Stand on the Shoulders of Giants!"**