**Raiding the Vault**

By Furios Morega di Plagia

Hogwart Wastes

Jerrel Ko, Rowling System

37 ABY

The rocky terrain was grey stained with ferrous, jagged, crumbling, and treacherous as the cloaked figure traversed the barren wasteland with slow, deliberate movements.  Most hand and footholds threatened to give out. Several did, but the Battlelord always caught himself, letting the brittle stone fall away into whatever crevice or pit would have swallowed him up.  Each time he continued his journey with an unwavering pace until finally overcoming the last ridge before his destination.

Standing on an empty stretch of grey stone, Furios Morega faced a sheer cliff of slate-grey rock.  At the bottom, built into the cliffside was the Keep of Erised, which supposedly guarded the Vault of Erised.  He marched across the dusty ground and approached the large stone entrance of the keep. With a mighty shove, the hefty doors groaned open before the Epicanthix.  Inside was a large chamber lined with torches and at the far end was a large structure made of smooth metal. Keeping a careful eye out for traps, he stepped into the keep, walking at a wary pace.  He jolted around as the doors slammed shut behind him, drawing his saber with its familiar snap-hiss. He looked but it seemed as though the doors had closed of their own accord. The clinking sounds of metal on metal alerted him to something else moving and he spun around again.  The structure turned out to be a massive mechanical construct that resembled a large three-headed beast. Beneath its hind leg Furios saw a trapdoor that he concluded must be the way forward. As the machine let out a menacing metallic roar he started toward it. The beast charged snapping and snarling but as it pounced upon the intruder, he swung with a powerful cleave, severing all three heads from their body, which scraped and slid to a halt on the rough stone floor.  The power core died, letting the servos and motors grind still. The saber returned to its hilt which in turn returned to the belt clip.

The Plagueian walked to the trapdoor and opened it, slipping into the darkness below.  He landed with a soft, wet plop in what felt like a bed of vines that clung to his garb. As his eyes adjusted to the low light, he tried to stand but sank further in and fell back into the thick foliage.  Before he knew it, the clinging turned into pulling and soon started restricting him. He tried to get hold of his saber but his arms were trapped. Tendrils wrapped around his throat and the di Plagia started to panic a little.  His struggles encouraged the binding vines and he began to suffocate. He couldn't get any air and his vision started fading into dark grey. He screamed but nothing came out. Finally he passed out and went limp.

Some time later, the Epicanthix awoke on the hard stone floor with only a dim light at the end of a tunnel for illumination.  As he came to he remembered the vines and quickly grabbed at his throat but there was nothing there. He looked up and found the canopy of pants above him, but for whatever reason, they'd dropped him instead of consuming his flesh slowly or however deadly plants ate people.  Furios got back to his feet and brushed himself off. Determined to find the Vault and not wanting to tangle with the vines again, he started down the tunnel.

Next he reached a tall chamber full of keys that flew around on little mechanical wings with a door at the other end of the room.  They were of all different shapes and sizes, some large and made of cheap metals, others intricate, delicate, and precious. He looked at all the keys and looked at the door.  With a dry huff, the Plagueian walked up to the lock and with an opening hiss, stuck the blade of his lightsaber through it. The lock melted with ease and the door pushed open with equally minimal effort.  On the other side was a life-sized dejarik board along with giant pieces and a droid opponent. The droid beat Furios easily but when he tore that droid’s arm off after his defeat, the robot decided to let him through.

Finally Furios made it to the Vault of Erised.  The round door rolled aside as he held the disembodied droid’s arm up to the Vault.   Once inside the Vault revealed a single pedestal and atop was a sturdy, yet elegant crystal decanter with a cork stopper, topped with a porcelain figure of the di Plagia himself.  On the front of the bottle was the symbol for Clan Plagueis.

A wide grin spread over his face as he took the bottle into his hand.

“Vodka!” he declared triumphantly.  The bottle filled on command and the Epicanthix drank, and drank, and drank.

THE END