



Inquisitorius Datapad

Entry: 3272

Meridian Prime

Public Trading Sector

36 ABY – Pre-mission

They never talk about this part of war-fighting. The silent part that hides in the space between weeks of planning and the actual execution of the operation. These are the moments where your mind travels into the deep dark past or rises to the heights of glorious futures. Unfortunately, my mind was ushered to the past.

It wasn't the Jedi's fault, but nervousness forced him into idle chatter. He talked of his time with Odan Urr, the horrors of New Tython, and his desire to bring those responsible to justice. He spoke of Sith Lords and his confusion as to why anyone would follow them.

I did not have the stomach to correct him.

You see, I have been in the presence of a Sith Lord.

They also never talk about this. There is a pressure, or perhaps a weight, that consumes you during those moments. It is as if the entire galaxy has collapsed upon your shoulders. Inconceivable sound, waves crashing or a buzzing, shatters your mind. The experience is consuming and the Sith Lord knows you are at their disposal.

Their presence compels you to do things that you would never do. Things that will haunt you. You agree to do these things just to escape the devastating experience of standing in their presence. But it is a trick, because the compulsion is not simply an aspect of their presence, it is aspect of their omnipotent will.

Domination.

The things you would never do start to occur. You feel yourself moving, you see your hands wielding blasters and blades, and you see the carnage that has been left behind. Your actions are your own, but they are guided. The invisible pressure and compulsion urge you on and you do the things to make the unbearable pressure stop.

Not war, but slaughter. Not combatants, but children. And then you flee. Not just from the operation, but from the Brotherhood.

But that is a story for another time.

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36 ABY – Post-mission

The *Plague*, my Upsilon-class Command Shuttle, dropped into hyperspace eight hours ago. The operation turned into a total cluster-Tauntaun. Multiple teams, led by disparate elements, occurred simultaneously across Meridian Prime. It was chaos. Chaos that felt intentional.

The fog of war is often a fickle mistress, but the chaos in the Public Trading Sector was an opportunity that I could not ignore. Plans, they never make it past first contact anyways.

I ran, I fired from the hip, and I killed countless Collective operatives who were occupied by the Dark Brotherhood. I saw the Special Forces of the Brotherhood and maneuvered through their ranks with hand signals known only to those of the Legion.

And then I was on my objective. A small container, roughly the size of man, holding a very special set of Mandalorian Armor that the Collective had inadvertently stolen from a non-descript shuttle. A set of armor that the Regent of the Brotherhood was tasked to return to his mentor.

The Jedi, breathless and tattered, followed me to *my* objective. His eyes flashed with betrayal and confusion as he stepped toward the container.

Come and take it.

My Westars fired until both barrels melted. I fired into the Jedi's body on the ground long after he was dead, my mind watching the scene play out as if I was an observer and not a participant.

I didn't have the stomach to correct him.

A Sith Lord's will is a storm and the rest of us can only weather it.