“Hold on. The SHADOW ACADEMY?”

Kalan Amak stared down with incredulity at the holo image in his hand. Raising it to eye level, he cocked his head to one and said again; “ You. Want me. To save. The SHADOW ACADEMY?”

*DUDE. It’s literally the most boring part of the entire DB. Second only to the ACC.*

The image of Telaris Cantor flickered from the palm of Kalan’s hand.

“Yes, Vizslan. I want you to save the Shadow Academy. The knowledge contained in those halls spans the entire history of the Sith…”

“Yeah, yeah. It also has all the articles on all the races that the DB wiped out, some old books about the *kuh-rath*, and a shred box filled with old Lotus stories. I get it. You want all that saved.

The Grand Master was not used to being spoken to with such levity, even from his Praetor.

“Kalan. When I spared you after severing your connection to the Force and you shedding your former name, I did so with the expectation that you would do my bidding willingly. Instead, you ran off to a clan of mercenaries. You have stolen from me. You have made enemies with those I would have as allies. Never forget who you are, and that I own you: Dracaryis.”

Kalan Amak opened and closed his mouth. It had been a very long time since he last heard that name. He knew that the Grand Master would have no more of his cheek, and that it was time to get to work.

“Alright, *my lord*.” Kalan said through gritted teeth. “Send the details. I’ll handle it.”

*OHHHHHHHH Mav just made you his biiiiii-----*

**SHUT UP.**

The platform was overrun before he arrived. Kalan pulled his interceptor into the docking bay. He clambered out of the hatch, jumped the ground, and unshouldered his blaster.

“Time to make the Almond-kwevvu Crisp-munchies!”

*Did you REALLY just wookieepedia star wars pastries and make a “time to make the donuts” joke?!*

**Yep. NO plans on winning this, so realism is out the window. Sorry for whomever is stuck grading this. Hooray for participation!**

Collective forces surrounded him from all sides. Explosions rattled the durasteel walls and floor. Flames spewed from what must have been former classrooms. Papers and holocrons sat strewn about the corridors.

Blaster bolt after blaster bolt issued from his weapon. Collective forces were brought down in a torrent of red light, smoke, and flame.

Slowly, Kalan fought his way to a central chamber. He pulled up a holo map of the station, his destination blinking a few rooms away.

Before saving the station, Kalan was given specific instructions to bring a very specific artifact back from the station: A Sith Holocron that only the sitting Grand Master of the Brotherhood could open. As Kalan had never seen a Holocron up close, he wasn’t sure what he was looking for.

“You’ll know when you see it.” The Grand Master had said.

He wasn’t wrong.

In the target room, a large pyramid shaped artifact sat suspended between two field generators.

The Holocron.

*So. Is this thing like the Palantir? We grab this thing and suddenly Sauron can see us?*

Kalan reached out and grabbed the holocron.

Immediately, the world went black.

(To Be Continued in Phase II…If there is a prompt this works for in phase II…)