

Campfire Stories

Myrkr **39 ABY**

The forest was abuzz with the sound of thousands of insects and tiny nocturnal animals. It provided a background ambiance to the light bustle and movement of the Plagueian camp. House Tyranus had set up in a clearing where a handful of shuttles had landed, dozens of tents and temporary structures erected to house the Clan's personnel and equipment.

Warrior Khryso Mallus, the Aedile of House Tyranus, found himself pacing through the matted moist grass despite the lateness of the hour. As he wove his way through the fabricated mountain range, he kept a careful eye on the Tyrant's work. Scouting parties had been sent out as soon as they landed, but the bulk of their forces were still here in camp, preparing for expeditions once they heard back from the scouts. The Chiss would be sleeping, but his shelter was depressingly primitive and he found no comfort there.

Khryso came across a small campfire, around which sat a small collection of Tyrants. He recognized only a couple of them as recent additions to the House, unproven and untested. Upon Khryso's approach, one of the Tyrants, a Bothan by the name of Gerauk Culan, snapped to attention, saluting. The rest quickly followed. Khryso paused for a moment to bask in the respect they were affording him before dismissing them with a wave. "Shouldn't you be preparing for your missions?" The Chiss inquired.

"We're ready," a Kel Dor responded, "we're just discussing the enemy."

"I've never fought a Jedi," Aggorath, a rare Gungan Sith added hastily, "I hope they are easy prey."

Khryso pressed his lips firmly together, striding into the circle the group had formed around the campfire. "These aren't just Jedi, they're Odanites. I've never met one in battle myself, but don't expect them to roll over easily." Seeing that he had their attention, the Chiss decided to continue. "Their zealots entirely, so solely dedicated to their cause that they respect nothing but their self-serving mission. Do not expect to manipulate them easily or demoralize them. They are entirely brainwashed into their ways."

The silence that followed his statement was so thick that Khryso couldn't help but wonder if he'd taken it too far. From what he knew of the Republic's Jedi Order, they had been so stuck in their ways that they had failed to see their own internal collapse. Odan-Urr, however, was a different beast in many ways and, while he was not as learned on their intricacies, he had a surface level understanding of them. At least, he was pretty sure he did.

"They lack true power, though," the Kel Dor finally said, "and that is why we will win."

Khryso nodded. "They are inflexible and impose limits on themselves. That is what truly gives us the edge. Tyrants recognize that in order to accomplish their goals, they only need to follow their will wherever it leads." He paused again. "Enough, I think I've made my point. Stay true to your will and the will of the Dread Lord and we will easily overpower the enemy."

Turning away, Khryso continued his patrol through the camp. His thoughts turned towards their enemies. Perhaps he would do well to brush up on Clan Odan-Urr. The Sith reached into his cape and pulled out his datapad, his fingers flying across it as he pulled up the relevant information.