

A New Path

The Myrkr Crusade

Myrkr Forest

Odan-Urr Encampment

Command Center of the O.E.F Forces

Alethia Archenksova stood overlooking the temporary holotable showing the moment-by-moment updates on the progress of her forces as they engaged in a series of skirmishes with Plagueis soldiers. The two opposing factions dueled for a foothold to the crumbled ruins of the Jedi temple supposedly containing the relic sought after by both Clans.

The two Clans had arrived frustratingly in time with one another, resulting in both sides engaging in a tug of war for access to the Temple. Initial scouting parties nearly stumbling onto one another resulted in individual small conflicts. Those engagements were growing in size and intensity as both factions received reinforcements and established weapon emplacements as their pilots and navies engaged in similar conflicts above the Myrkr's canopy.

The Quaestor activated the communications network, a slight scowl crossing her face.

"Commander if you don't get Cresh into position and reinforce our front line, I'm going to leave you and every soldier out there in these woods for a month. Push them back, now." Alethia shut down the open comm and looked up at the individual standing waiting.

The elderly Pantoran looked disheveled, covered in dirt, blood, and various substances unidentifiable. Exhaustion was clear on Ojiman's face, but Alethia gave the older man Credit when summoned the Jedi had arrived as requested upon return to their encampment.

"Go ahead Ojiman, give me an update on our efforts to access the temple," Archenksov spoke while offering a seat.

With a pained shuffle, Ira took the chair offered and eased into it.

"I appreciate your willingness to hear me out, but I do believe Mr. Silvon should be the one to provide an update." Ira's voice was calm despite the obvious discomfort he was experiencing.

"Jon is currently being tended to by medical, along with several other members of Tython. I don't have time to wait, now report." Alethia's tone lacked patience, the mounting deaths on both sides for control of the territory would only end when they retrieved the artifact.

"As you wish."

Temple Ruins
Tython Squadron
A Few Hours Prior.

The soldiers of the Odanite Expeditionary Forces swept the interior of the Temple. Leapfrogging positions, clearing every corner, alcove and path. The squad of troopers felt comforted by the reinforcement of Tython Squadron, the battleteam held a reputation among the forces of Odan-Urr for efficiency above all else.

Jon Silvon's usual casual demeanor was nowhere to be found, the Captain of Tython Squadron walked ahead of the three Jedi who followed in his wake. Creon Saldean, Elyon de Neverse, and Ira Ojiman all held lightsabers at the ready, the brilliant glow of the blades pushing back the shadows of the Temple.

The group came to the exit of the exterior corridor, leading into an expansive chamber within the internal network of the ruins. Massive columns rose from the floor to the ceiling supporting the open expanse of darkness around them. Continuing their cautious approach, every member of the Odanite forces drew in a quick breath as explosions rocked the exterior structure, sending a cascade of dust and rubble showering down from above.

"I hope these things hold up, it would be a damn shame to get crushed before we ever got the chance to fire a shot," one of the soldiers remarked.

"Enough of that, we need to get what we came for and get out. The sooner, the better," Silvon remarked as he nodded to the troopers and motioned them ahead.

The three Jedi spread out, each staying to an individual group as the soldiers broke apart to sweep the room clear advancing forward. Shadows began to part as they came to a raised central dais. The dais held what appeared to be a bowl built into the platform. Silvon approached as the company took up a defensive perimeter.

"Ira and Elyon get up here and take a look at this. Creon you're responsible for security. Make sure no one gets in here behind us." Jon ran his hands over an inscription under the bowl clearing the dust and debris aside.

The Pantoran and Human Jedi approached each of them surveying the inscription in turn. The two Jedi held a shared history of having lived during the fall of the old republic, each of them surviving the slaughter of the old Jedi Order only due to extenuating circumstances.

“This portion is Ancient Sith-” Elyon’s voice held a note of concern.

“But you see this symbol is a reference to the Jedi Code-” Ira responded excitedly.

“And here-” they both started in unison as they grew excited.

“Can we skip the history lesson and maybe just focus on what it says before this whole place collapses on us?” Jon interrupted.

“The translation isn’t exact, it conflicts with itself,” Ira remarked with a note of confusion.

“Roughly this portion translates to *Passion, yet Peace.*”

“Yes, but look here,” Ira pointed at a second series of inscriptions “*Desire, Yet Control.*”

“This is not either the code of the Jedi or the Sith.”

“I don’t know, it doesn’t make any sense,” Ira replied.

A sudden burst of light from an accompanying hallway drew their attention and in another heartbeat blaster fire began to echo throughout the chamber. Plagueis forces rushed within to take position as the Odanites returned fire in kind.

The crimson glow of corrupted kyber crystals illuminated the forms of Plagueis' own Force Users entering the fray as the Odanite's reactivated their own accompanying weapons.

“Ira stay here and finish the translation, Elyon on me!” Jon drew his double-bladed Vibroblade moving to shout orders, as Elyon’s purple blade saluted Ojiman smartly before following their battleteam leader.

“We held the enemy as long as we could. Silvon ordered the placement of explosives before we fell back as we began to be overwhelmed,” Ira continued in retelling the events.

“Did you finish the translation?” Alethia asked.

“As best I could. It appears to be a prototype of both the Sith and the Jedi’s code,” Ira’s discomfort was growing. The old Jedi held the code of his Order close and the implications concerning the man.

There is Passion, and Devotion

There is Sacrifice, and Indulgence
There is Desire, yet Control.

“The best I can tell, those who took the artifact were members of both orders, or neither,” Ira finished.

“It worries me that another faction may yet be involved.”