Kah Manet

Odan-Urr

8343

**Rumors Only Grow**

 Black velvet skies draped across Myrkr, the inky darkness caressing everything it touched. Denizens of Odan-Urr sat huddled around various campfires, the blaze of orange and yellow raging against the night as it warmed those that chose to let it. The Clan had found a small clearing within the forests that embraced the planet, using the trees and foliage as cover to mask their presence during the day and to obscure their positions at night despite the light of their fires. Word had reached the camp that Plagueis, fiends of the dark side and enemies to Odan-Urr, had also made their way to the Myrkr and had set up their own base of operations. Scouts of the Odanites had returned from their reconnaissance with word of what the clan could expect, what sights they saw and what the Plagueians had constructed.

 “Plagueis is here?” said Gui, “Didn’t take them long, did it?”

 “I hear wherever they go, the ground itself becomes stained with their corruption.” said a soldier.

 “I heard that they imprison any enemy they don’t kill, using them as slaves to their will to strengthen their Clan.” said another.

 “Mesa heard...that those dat don’t break...wish dey did.” said Kah, prodding the fire with a long stick.

 Those sitting around the fire ceased their banter and looked to the Gungan, the flames of the fire shining bright in his eyes, those eyes that had seen countless atrocities and witnessed even more heartache.

 “Dey say dat dey staht small. Deny food and drink, offerin’ such tings after a time. Hungah and tirst be powerful creatures in da mind, ravaging even da best of oos. If dat don’t work, dey start in wit der madness. Mesa heard dey’ll strip ya down, and press a blade upon ya skin and gently drag down ta make sure ya know what be comin’. Den dey carve in, treating their...slave...like a slain beast. Dey make da incision, and with the grace and care of drunkard, tear down so da flesh tugs downward. Like skinnin’ da hide from a banther, they continue ta do dis until dey has a fair bit of flesh drapin’ down. Dey say dey rub salt in the wounds, and when yousa be screamin’ in pain, dey move away from your flesh and move to ya fingahs. Dey stretch ‘em out straight, examine da nails of der slave, and den dey insert metal spikes underneat’ and beat dem in furder…” explained Kah, his eyes never wavering from the fire.

 A gentle breeze blew by, causing the campfire to dance this way and that. Small expletives came from the mouths of those that listened.

 Kah continued to discuss what happens to those that do not submit. He talked about how they would use bacta and bandages to ensure their fun was not ended too soon, explained how they would break bones and file teeth, slice ears and nostrils, mutilate every inch of their prey as a game. Every inch. As he progressed in what he knew of Plagueis, every jab of his stick got harder and harder, anger seeming to saturate his words like thick grease. His voice quivered with emotion as he spoke of the fates of the women and children, toyed with by the Plagueians in a sick game of terror. “No one...no one be safe from da ilk of slavuhs.”

 As quickly as he started speaking, he had stopped. He removed himself from the circle and disappeared into the darkness of shadows and night, leaving those who still remained around the fire to look at each other. Silence swarmed the group, their thoughts wondering where it was their comrade had gone. One trooper had removed themselves from the group and tried to find the unorthodox Jedi that had departed his company.

 The trooper knew not where his target had gone, only the direction in which he departed, but he did know that Kah had set up a tent near the outskirts of the camp and thought that there was as good a place as any to check. After a stumble through the darkness, only aided by a small beam of light from a tactical flashlight, the trooper came upon that who he sought. The Gungan had set up a target a medium distance away from him, the light of a small fire bathing the surrounding with its light and warmth. The Jedi had been throwing a bone dagger at the target, and after every throw the dagger would hit near the bullseye. The Gungan walked forward a few strides and snapped his tongue out, the sticky appendage grabbing the hilt of the bone dagger and releasing it in time for Kah to catch it only to throw the dagger once more. This ritual, this practice, repeated itself over and over again until finally Kah yelled into the darkness.

 The trooper rushed forward and placed a hand on Kah’s shoulder, the Gungan snapping his gaze to the intruder of his solitude, dagger at the ready to slit a throat. When the Jedi saw who it was that had visited him, he lowered his dagger and looked down, apologizing to the trooper.

 “I just came to make sure you were ok. H-how did you know about the things the Plagueians did?” he asked.

 “Tis a ting all slavuhs do ta dose tey deem beneat dem. Mesa watched wit me own eyes as slavuhs did similar tings to me brudda. Mesa heard ‘im curse and spit at dem, and mesa heard his bones crunch as dey continued ta try an’ break his spirit. Dat was da day mesa joined me brudda’s crusade against da slavuhs dat came for me people. And mesa was good at it, mesa enjoyed hurtin’ dem like dey hurt us. And mesa...mesa paid dearly fa it.”

 “What do you mean?”

 “D-dey took...took...me sistuh. Beautiful, she was. Violet scales and eyes as green as da swamps of Naboo. Huh laugh was sweetuh den any honey or sugah, and her brain shahp as any blade mesa could make. Dey knew she was me sistuh, and...in an effort to draw mesa out, dey took her...and dey started in on her right quick. Dey…” Kah said, tears brimming in his eyes as the old memories dredged to the surface, “Dey peeled pieces of skin from huh...and pulled off huh nails wit pliuhs...mesa still hear huh scream when me eyes close...dey cut off huh ears, slicing dem off bit by bit until dey be nottin’ but stumps. When she passed out from da pain, dey revived huh so der...fun...could continue. And when mesa arrived at da camp, when mesa found dem, she was nottin’ but pieces and bloodied pulp...dat was da last day me sun rose...and so...mesa made sure dey would never see anudda sun again. Mesa worked through the camp, incapacitating dem when mesa could, until der was none left standin’...and den mesa did to dem what dey did to huh.

 “Mesa will not rest til every stinkin’ slavuh is drownin’ in dey own blood. And dose Plagueians? Dey will know the fury of de Scourge of Lianorm.” said Kah, his voice going from sadness to rage.

 “You’re not like any Jedi I have ever heard about…” said the trooper, fear tinging his words as he saw the usually serene Gungan filled with fire and fury.

 “Perhaps mesa no Jedi den.” said Kah, throwing his bone dagger once more before turning into his tent.