

Czarnian knew he didn't have much time. It was Taco day in the dining hall. Which meant that Kamjin was on his way to the cafeteria to beat the rush. He wouldn't be gone long though, Kamjin was known for killing tacos faster than a Wampa on a Tauntaun. Czarnian snuck open the door and made his way to Kamjin's desk.

"Come on! Come on! he's gotta have it in here somewhere" Czarnian said as he opened drawer after drawer.

Czarnian had only been in CSP for a short time. However, it was already known across the whole clan that he was a bit of a trouble maker and he had a thirst that could not be quenched. The shipment of alcohol this week was delayed so as a result the cantina was closed. He had to do something to pass the time when he was not training. He overheard one of his other clanmates mention that Kamjin kept a 20-year-old bottle of Brandy in his desk. So he knew what he had to do.

He popped open another drawer....nothing, just a bunch of paperwork.

"This can't be it." he thought to himself "There's got to be a secret compartment to this damn thing."

He started to feel around on the desk to see if there was a special button or some kind of secret release.

"Of course," Czarnian said, "it's got to be on the front here on Kamjin's helmet logo."

He pushed the visor of the Kamjin helmet down and heard a click and a door open on the other side of the desk.

"Boom! got it" He said with excitement.

He briskly made his way back around the desk to discover a secret door was wide open with a safe inside. His huge smile changed to a scowl when he noticed the safe had a rotating lock.

"Damnit!" Czarnian said loudly. "This will take forever to crack."

He knew time was rapidly running out for him so he just tried to guess. He gave it a try....nope...WRONG... Another try....CLICK..."Oh Crap, That actually worked."

He pulled open the safe, in front was a purple and yellow triangular cube. He grabbed it and threw it on top of Kam's desk. "This isn't it"

Then that's when he saw it, such a beautiful bottle he thought. He grabbed it and stood up. He popped it open, pulled his mask down, and pushed the bottle to his lips, chugging what was left in it.

He didn't even really get the chance to enjoy and savor it before it was all gone.

" Alright time to book it," Czarnian said.

He grabbed the artifact to throw it back in the safe but then it began to glow and he paused." Hmmm... is this the artifact that everyone in the clan has been trying to get, maybe I can trade it for something good" he thought to himself as he tossed it up into the air and back into his palm.

A thick and unpleasant scent made its way through his mask and into his nostrils. It hit him like a slap to the face. The smell of smoke began to fill the room.

" What the hell, where's that smell coming fr..." before he could even finish his question, he realized his pants had caught fire. Completely shaken, he quickly ran to the front of Kamjin's office, waved open the door and immediately was met face to face with Kamjin. A taco in one hand and the most pissed-off look on his face. He couldn't tell if Kamjin was more mad about the empty 20-year-old brandy bottle in his right hand, or the lit up artifact in his left hand. It didn't matter Kamjin was usually an easy going Sith, but the heat filling the air wasn't just coming from the flames on his pants. Kamjin was furious. Czarnian took it too far this time, and he was about to feel the wrath of Kamjin.