

Kamjin had come to this crossroads many times in his life. The moment where action or inaction could make the difference between life and death for millions of sentient beings. The air whipped through his short hair from the broken window high in the Coruscant skyline. The air had an unnatural chill to it as the background buzz of passing sky cars was interrupted by the popping sizzle of electricity dancing along the blade of a lightsaber.

Kamjin knew these people, though he had never met them in person. The imposing figure of the former Jedi Order, with his rare purple blade being pushed back by the sinister Force lightning of, then, Chancellor Palpatine. A lone figure, Anakin Skywalker, looked on pleading for the life of his friend.

Kamjin stood apart, far enough removed not to be noticed yet close enough to smell the flesh fry on the defeated old man fighting for his life against the Jedi oppressor. *How did I get here*, Kamjin thought as his mind struggled to make sense of his situation.

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Kamjin breathed deep, the humid jungle air. There was a sweet tangy fragrance that hung upon the air. It was refreshing in a way Kamjin hadn't been refreshed in some time. While Xathia, Thran, Sykes, Reiden, Raleien, and Rayne packed up from their recent adventures he had decided to take a hike. He needed to clear his head, brush off the dust from the temple, and putting a bit of distance between himself and the murderous Thran were all the reasons he needed to strike out on his own.

While before the jungle had been a quiet and desolate place since their exit of the temple it was as if new life had suddenly sprung forth. The birds chirped happily in the canopy while the insects buzzed from bright blooming flower to flower. Off in the distance, Kamjin spotted a wild boar-type animal. *Hmm, maybe Thran won't stab me in the back on the way back to Caelestis City if he's eating*, he thought.

Kamjin stilled his mind and reaching forth into the cosmic energies of the universe cloaked his presence. As he crept forward, he grabbed his lightsaber, preparing to make a quick, effortless kill. Drawing closure the beast grunted and took off. *Sithspit*. Kamjin bolted after it. The hog definitely sensed him as Kamjin dropped on pretense of stalking and ignited his lightsaber. Squealing the critter darted between the underbrush and trees trying to escape the Sith. Kamjin swiped wildly with his blade, cleaving a path through the jungle, but to little avail. The beast was simply faster in its native environment.

Finally cutting through the last entanglement of vines, Kamjin saw the boarish beast bolt into the hollow opening of a massive tree. *Ah, so that's where you live*, the Sith sneered as he approached. Holding his blade aside, Kamjin looked into the bleak blackness of the tree. It's boughs hung in gnarled knots, invading and clinging into the space of the trees around it, choking the life out of it's companions. Kamjin stepped into the opening and vanished.

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That was it, he had been hunting that beast. Looking around he saw no sign of footprints on the immaculate red carpet. All that surrounded him were the cleaved remains of the other

Jedi Masters who had accompanied Mace Windu in his ill-fated attempt to capture Palpatine. In the distance Kamjin could hear the exchange.

"I can't...I'm too weak. Don't kill me..." Palpatine said, struggling to breathe as his body shivered from the damage that had been inflicted upon it.

"You can't kill him!" Anakin screamed.

"...He's too dangerous to be kept alive," Mace said, as he raised his lightsaber to deliver the killing blow.

This was it, this was the moment it all happened. Mace would strike, Anakin would parry disarming the Jedi Grand Master. Palpatine would strike the killing blow and the pact would be made. Anakin would succumb, whether willingly or by happenstance of fate, to the Dark Side and become Darth Vader and Palpatine's apprentice. Together they would set forth and build the Empire that Kamjin now controlled a piece of; serving along the same path they will embark on right now.

I could kill him now, Kamjin thought. Sithy greed colored his eyes as he stared at the back at the unsuspecting Anakin. His blade hasn't been ignited yet. He's completely focused on the battle in front of him. One strike, then a blast of lightning to end Mace in the same way. It would be mine. I would be Palpatine's right hand man. I would be whole, while Vader was always less than a man. There would be no Rebellion, there would be no attack from Alderaan that led to its destruction.

Kamjin's hand squeezed his hilt tighter. *Do it, claim all that should be yours. Not a remnant of the great Empire but the actual Empire.* Time was running out, Anakin was screaming at Mace. Mace pulled back his weapon to strike.

Kamjin took a step forward preparing to ignite his own lightsaber. The blow came crashing down from Mace, Anakin parried like he always did, while Kamjin froze.

No, this is how it must be. Palpatine would not accept me and I am not foolish enough to try and defeat him. I'd be used and cast aside and that is not my way. Perhaps another time I shall return here to this moment and handle it differently, when I can truly rival Palpatine. Looking around, he noticed an odd artifact that he recognized. Something the Jedi of this time would not have known to be concerned with but that Kamjin had noted as being catalogued as missing in Palpatine's holocron. *Heh, so this is why it was missing, Kamjin thought, as he grabbed the object and disappeared back to his own place and time.*