

Shadows Unveiled: Who are the Children

By Ood Bnar

**Tatooine,
Great Dune Sea,
Midday**

He felt powerful beyond anything he had felt in a long time. He also knew it was halfway done. Why was he here again?

Oh right, the mission...

When you've lived for a few millennia, you learn to retain details differently. Names, places, general locations and such fade away quickly to leave space for truths and widespread facts. The Neti recalled there being a mention of Mortis in relation to Tatooine buried deep in the old Jedi Archives. About 8,000 years ago, a Jedi Master had claimed to have encountered a strange occurrence... not sure if it was a heat stroke induced hallucination or factual, the Order had nevertheless registered it as a "Mortis Event" and promptly classified the entire thing while quietly sending the Jedi Master into secluded "meditation" for the remaining five decades of his life.

Somewhere in this area, there was a place that was completely identical to every other place around it except for a bizarre sensation coursing through the Force. So now the Warlord was walking through the largest expanses of featureless sand in the known galaxy, there were not many planets that had been supposedly glassed far enough into the distant past that the glass had eroded entirely into coarse, rough sand.

**Tatooine,
Great Dune Sea,
Midnight**

A group of Tusken Raiders had set up a temporary camp around a strange feature in the Dune Sea. In the center of their party, a large desiccated tree stood, as if defiantly proving to the Twin Suns that they could try, but life would find a way. Every now or then, a Tusken would wander up to touch the strange thing that had popped up in their territory, before a feeling of unease urged them away.

**Tatooine,
Great Dune Sea,
Sunrise**

As the light of the Twin Suns speared across the horizon, a dead tree began to rapidly revive. The Tusken Raiders were shocked at life returning to the plant. Shock quickly shifted to fear, anger, hate and then fear again as branches began to knit themselves together into limbs, all the while whipping around and ripping Tusken to pieces. Blood flowed over the sand...

The sun would not claim the liquid however, as it began to move towards the reviving being.

“Not exactly a good cup of tea, but it’ll have to do.”

**Tatooine,
Great Dune Sea,
Midday**

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The Arconan began to move again, he had several grids to move through as he cast his senses out once more to find a badly described, heavily encrypted description of an incorporeal sensation spoken millennia ago by a half mad Jedi Master...

Why did he come here again? Oh right, he was the only one really capable of walking this desert without requiring too many resources. The Shadow Lord had been gleeful in his description of said capability as well: “One of our Darkest Sith and he’ll be powered by the Light...of two stars.”

Times like these, Ood recalled fondly how the Jedi Order at least was capable of realising their jokes were in bad taste before someone had to point it out to them.