**Prologue 1**

**TODO : Italics**

**TODO : Spell check SW names**

planet XXXX

In some ways, it was reminiscent of Malachor. Bodies, many missing several parts littered the barren landscape. The placed smelled awful- no, it **felt** awful, in many a way that could not be described.

No, this was not like Malachor; it was worse, far worse than Malachor could ever have been.

For the bodies on malachor were those of fighters, fighting for what they (perhaps mistakenly) believed in. The bodies that lay lifeless on this surface were not of fighters of any sort. A headless corpse once belonged to an Atterran farmer. A torn robe bearing the insignia of the Correlian trade guild covered a charred limb.

This place hadn't witnessed any battle. What it had witnessed was an unforgiving, unrelenting, cold blooded massacre.

The force shall reveal all. The force shall present a complete and unbiased picture. Trust in the force, and the force alone.

Almost effortlessly, the force could be felt "flowing" through his body, rejuvenating his bones, easing the muscular tension, and alerting his mind to the present and what mattered, away from other important issues, which were non-essential for the topic at hand.

As he immersed himself in the force, he could see. He could see the Beta Class Escort Transports leaving the Star Destroyer and heading to the surface, each tidily depositing a heap of bodies in zones that must have been predetermined. As they departed, the heaps became unorderly, and scattered wide, wide enough to fool one into believing their deaths were on the surface.

"Beautifully executed", he thought sourly as he guided his mind back to the present

"BG, you got the sterile box ?" he called out, and was relieved to hear the familiar binary affirmative. With a slight grimace, he casually summoned the box to himself, and began sifting through every piece that felt promising

"Time to collect new items for the gallery"