

As his Corellian light freighter, the Order of Magnitude II, reverted back to real space, House Ektrosis Quaestor Justinios Drake marveled at blue-green jewel dominating his forward viewport. If the world had ever been given a name the Aleena had never come across a mention of it in his search for the long lost Vault of Eresid. The existence of this place was hardly a secret, in one form or another it was present in the myths and legends of many different species all across the galaxy. Even both Jedi and Sith lore mention long lost troves full of the galaxies most desirable objects.

While the planet housing it has no name that survived to the present day, the Vault itself had dozens. Justinios had taken to using the "Vault of Eresid" when referring to it simply due to how much the name bothered his droid, K1-L0. The old Imperial tactical droid just couldn't ignore the fact that Eresid was simply "Desire" spelled backwards. Anytime Justinios mentioned it by that name the droid would reply with something to the effect of, "Of all of the most unoriginal names an organic could have come up with..." before trailing off on a further diatribe of how droids are underappreciated for the contributions to galactic society.

Kilo, as Justinios referred to him, hated the entire quest for the Vault. The droid had been brought along with Justinios and his companion, the Ewok soldier Balz Ack, but was powered down before they had left the Taldryan fleet. Despite the droid's insistence otherwise Justinios did appreciate all that he was capable of but had no desire to listen to the automaton rant about the futility of chasing children's tales around the galaxy. Balz would take care to land them near the place they believed the entrance to the Vault was located. Justinios would use the final descent to finally turn his metal friend back on. He didn't know what the droid version of "crapping one's pants" in surprise was but he hoped that would be the result when Kilo was shown just how wrong he had been.

The YT-2400 landed in a clearing very close to the Vault without incident and the unnamed world looked to be as idyllic up close as it had from orbit. It was impossibly perfect. The grass of the clearing they landed in was long and blew perfectly in a slight breeze. Around them, large trees that looked as if they belonged in a rainforest but the heat and humidity instead matched a perfect day back on Aleen, or almost any habitable planet's perfect day for that matter.

Justinios made his way from the cockpit to the cargo hold where the unpowered form of Kilo had been strapped to a bulkhead. With a minor exertion of his mind, Justinios flipped the power switch to reactivate the droid and then unclipped his restraints. From across the hold Justinios wasn't sure but he thought he heard the droid sigh. The first real words out of his mouth were, "We're on some maker forsaken world chasing that silly Vault of yours aren't we?"

"Nothing about this place is forsaken dear Kilo and we're chasing anything. Found the vault is." It may have been in his brain but Justinios swore he saw the droid's photoreceptors briefly brighten and darken again in surprise.

“You might be a fool Master Drake but you are not stupid,” the droid responded. “I have no doubt that you found something although I highly doubt it is the magical repository that you think it is.”

The duo began to make their way back to the ship’s exit ramp where Balz Ack was waiting, armed as if he were entering a warzone. Justinios carried only his pint-sized lightsaber and Kilo simply what the maker gave him.

“Nub yi tah?” Balz shrieked at his companions as they reached his sightline.

“No he didn’t spray oil all over the bulkhead when I told him,” Justinios replied. “You win the bet.”

The journey to the theorized location of the Vault’s entrance was as beautiful as it was uneventful. After approximately thirty standard minutes of taking turns seeing who could point out the most colorful flower or most adorable creature the trio arrived at their destination. Before them stood durasteel doors that looked to be in almost perfect condition once they cleaned the plant life away that had been growing on it. Also hiding beneath the vines was a computer terminal that booted right up as Justinios wiped the screen with his tiny reptilian hand.

A pleasant voice greeted them. “Welcome to the Vault of Eresid...”

Justinios, smirking from ear to ear, looked back at Kilo who simply shook his head in response.

The voice continued, “...a gift to the devoted followers of the Great Droid Lord 7U0-XJIH.”

Mouth agape in a smile as wide as his lips would stretch, Justinios looked to his droid, then back to the console, back to the droid and back to the console. “The Great Droid Lord you say?”

“Yes that is correct organic but fear not for the Great Droid Lord loves all of his children equally, both organic and inorganic. He has included wonders for both inside.” The voice sounded reverent, almost as if it were in love with this Lord of Droids.

“I will freely admit that I am not familiar with our Great Droid Lord but maybe I shall have the cause to learn more about this amazing being inside.” As he spoke to the disembodied voice, Justinios couldn’t take his eyes off of Kilo. “Tell me, was the Vault of Eresid named by his Lordship himself? For it is a name that has brought me great pleasure as I searched for this place across the cosmos.”

“Well of course, the Great Droid Lord would never have taken so much care to create such a wonderful gift to all beings and not taken the time to name it himself,” the voice said as proudly as was possible. “But please, enter and see what the Great Droid Lord has assembled within and I can continue to answer any questions you may have.”

Justinios waved to his two companions and began to walk through the blast doors as they opened. "Let us all enter the Vault of Erised," he added as much sarcastic emphasis to the name as he could while the party moved inside.

Opulent was the only way to describe the antechamber they all entered into. Strewn throughout the entire room, which was as large as the hangar bay of a small cruiser, was very plush looking furniture in a wide variety of shapes in sizes. The walls and ceiling must have had extremely high tech displays built into them because it looked as if the forest still surrounded them on all sides. One could only tell that it was a false image by looking at where the walls met the lush, green carpeting. Justinios had never seen any green dye that was able to mimic the look of real vegetation but the carpet within the Vault matched it perfectly in color. But it also felt as soft as the most comfortable fabric one could even imagine. The shock of it all made the Aleena forget about the little game he had been playing with Kilo outside.

"This is... literally amazing." Justinios looked up at the sky-ceiling in awe. "I mean literally amazing. That word is thrown around wantonly but if anyone who ever laid their eyes upon this room would never use that word to describe anything else ever again."

As Justinios spoke a circular hole opened in the floor and an orb, polished as perfectly as a mirror, was shot up through it on a lift. As the orb rolled off of that spot the door closed and the hole was once again covered with the perfectly green carpeting.

"Welcome disciples of the Great Droid Lord." The voice from the console came from the direction of the orb although no holes or openings could be seen upon it. "I am called the Vicar and it is my duty to maintain this facility in the service to Great Droid Lord and his pilgrims."

"You have served the Lord well Vicar, I have not seen such beauty in a thing new or old in all of my years." Kilo, it seemed, had also dropped all memory of the arguments he had had with Justinios before they entered this place. "Never had I believed a place could be holy but now I have been proven to be wrong."

The orb rolled over to the black-painted droid. "Fear not for the Great Droid Lord knows your troubles and that is why this place was created." The orb increased its volume as it continued. "All of you have travelled a long path to arrive here and you shall be rewarded with items beyond measure. But I shall give you a single warning, not even our Great Droid Lord can assemble all that could be desired in one spot without a risk of peril."

Justinios did fear this, many of the tales he had read indicated tests and traps would be contained within the Vault. "Dear Vicar, we are ready for any puzzles contained within."

“There are no puzzles inside little reptile,” the orb rolled over towards Justinios as it replied. “No puzzles are needed for desire itself is a peril, one even the Great Droid Lord could not remove from his grand gift to all beings.”

“Yub, nib bab. Niah nich ta?” Balz asked of the orb.

“Only you know what a peril is and what is your true desire, little mammal. Not even I can define that for you. One being’s greatest wish may be the downfall of another. The power of self-reflection must be your guide, knowing oneself is the only way to fulfillment.” With the response the orb disappeared through another hole in the floor and a doorway opened in the display-wall at the far end of the chamber.

The hallway that lay beyond the antechamber was disappointingly minimalist. The doors, walls, and floors were all white, all smooth. Justinios couldn’t make out the end of the corridor but assumed that even the supposed Droid god couldn’t make a building of infinite size. The doors themselves were spaced about five feet apart and Justinios figured each contained an individual treasure of some sort. With a flick of his wrist, the first door flew open and inside was a room full of all sorts of small arms. The items were all so old that Justinios couldn’t identify the make or model of any but they were in remarkably good shape.

“Nub heth!”, Balz exclaimed and quickly looked to enter the room. Before he could, Kilo stopped him by picking him up by the scruff of his hairless neck with a just one of his servo powered arms.

“Halt my Ewok friend. Did you not heed the Vicars warning or read any of the dozens of myths Master Justinios collected on this place?” It humored Justinios that all of a sudden Kilo was no longer a skeptic and instead presented himself as the foremost expert on it.

The hairless Ewok shook his head indicating that he clearly had done neither.

“Almost all of the myths that don’t include some puzzle merely state that the obstacle most will face is choosing their true desire among the many presented because you only get to choose one. As great as a room full of ancient weapons may seem ask yourself if that your true desire.” The droid made a salient point, one Justinios would have feared had he not already known exactly what his own true desire was.

Clearly heeding the droid’s lesson, Balz stopped struggling in his grasp and was quickly put down. The Ewok calmly walked over to the door and closed it, letting out a large sigh in the process. It was a level of self-control Justinios had not seen out of his new companion in their short time together. The trio then began walking down the hallway reviewing the contents of each.

They found rooms full of treasures of monetary value: gold, art, jewelry.

They found rooms full of treasure of military value: ships, vehicles, weaponry.

They found rooms full of luxury items: furniture, more vehicles, more ships.

But none in the party showed any interest in another treasure trove until they opened the door on a room very far down the hallway. As soon as the door opened, Balz's eyes lit up and he looked back at his companions as if to say, "This, this is the one." Inside was what could only be described as a massive orgy. Organic species of all kinds, droids of all kinds. All doing things to each other that Justinios decided he had no desire to study any further than the glimpse he had been forced to receive. As he was looking away he merely gave his Ewok companion a dismissive wave and didn't look back until he heard the door safely close.

"When we come back for him, you have to get him out of there. This falls under the 'things you can't unsee' category for me," Justinios told Kilo, clearly shaken up.

"And you suppose I do want to see that again?" the droid replied in disgust.

"No but you can get a memory wipe to forget it and I can't. Plus you always say I need to delegate more."

Kilo offered no further protests and the duo continued their journey back down the hallway, opening more doors and seeing more treasures neither of them were interested in. Behind another door even further down the hallway was a simple room with what looked to be a human female inside.

She spoke as soon as the door was opened. "K1-L0 I can't not believe it is you! Long have I heard tales of your accomplishments and exploits. Please come in, I would love to talk about all you have done and what you are capable of in the future."

As thinly veiled as this desire was, Justinios knew this was where he would deposit his droid for the time being. Kilo desired to be appreciated by organics above all else and Justinios had never been able to heap enough praise on the droid to overcome his latent insecurities. The Aleena told himself that whatever inhabited that room better have an encyclopedia full of compliments if they were to actually fulfill this desire. Kilo walked into the room in an almost trancelike state and Justinios quietly closed the door behind him, hoping deeply the droid did find some measure of appreciation inside.

Now by himself, Justinios continued searching for a room that contained his greatest desire. As he approached the end of the long hallway the Aleena began to fear that what he desired was not contained anywhere within the Vault. As doubt crept in he began to consider which of the contents of other rooms would be a consolation prize. He considered that long lost art wouldn't be a terrible thing to walk away with, the Dark Jedi Brotherhood was devoid of culture in his

experience. One room had an ancient capital ship moored inside. Old as it was, it would be pretty cool to own his something so large. As more doors were opened and closed hope waned further and further.

As the final door opened, the Quaestor did finally lay his eyes upon his own greatest desire. Inside was a simulacrum of himself sitting quietly in front of a computer terminal. Without looking up, the other Justinios spoke. "I knew you'd make it all the way down here, mostly because I would have as well in your shoes."

"What exactly are you?" the seeker Justinios asked his doppelganger.

"You know exactly what I am but it is my duty to answers all of your questions. I am you as you'd make yourself if you had that ability." The carbon copy of the blue-skinned reptilian kept punching away at the terminal as he spoke.

Justinios did suspect that this was what he was looking at but he had to confirm one more item before moving onto the real business he had with himself. "That means you've done it then?"

"Yes, I have learned the secrets of the Universe, of the Force, that you so long to uncover. Ask away."