

It Belongs in a Museum!

Scudi Ferria gazed upon the temple. It was a rather large building dominating the local area with its impressive size. Scudi was tall for a sentient, but the temple was such a size that it was easily 10 Scudis tall. That might have even been underselling it. It was said that the temple housed the relics and remains of an ancient Sith Lord. It wasn't particularly appealing to Scudi outside being a job she'd undertaken. Knowing she couldn't achieve the mission if she just stayed outside the temple, Scudi slowly walked her way towards the entrance. The Chiss turned her head, first to the left, then to the right. The slicer was watching out for any traps that were designed to stop any intruders, she didn't count on the Sith to play fair.

Upon entering the temple, the level of light drastically decreased, as if to symbolise the darkness of the tomb's contents or just because the Sith were edge lords, Scudi didn't know which. The Chiss could still see as the narrow passage she walked through was lit by torches placed in sconces. Visually, the temple was stunning, though the atmosphere was a tad dark for the Chiss's liking.

Scudi moved her hand towards where she usually kept her saberstaff, but it wasn't there. In its place was a whip. Scudi didn't remember owning a whip, but she'd seen enough movies on the holonet to know that it was at least thematically accurate. And what was that thing on her head? A fedora? She wouldn't be seen dead with one of those. As she attempted to remove the hat, she found she was unable to do so. Puzzled by the whole affair, the Chiss proceeded into the main chamber. It was a sprawling area, looking like it took up most of the area of the temple. In the middle, or close to it, there was a dais with what was presumably some kind of coffin on display. Scudi didn't want to but the Chiss felt an inkling that she would have to go over towards the coffin. She was creeped out by the darkness of the area and there was a faint sense of chanting going on. Whether it was imagined or not, it didn't help the nervousness of the Chiss. The slicer sprinted over to the coffin and inspected the container. It was rather ornately decorated, signifying it was of some importance

After taking a moment to regain her breath, Scudi tried to budge the lid. It proved stubborn but eventually, the Chiss popped the lid off. A figure popped out, with a loud

circus-like melody. Scudi leapt back in shock, only to shake her head when she realised what had happened. Approaching the coffin once more, the mercenary spotted a note inside. Picking up the note, the Chiss read it and couldn't believe her luck.

You will not find what you seek here. It Belongs in a museum.

Signed

IJ

Scudi closed the screen. *That was a weird game* the Chiss thought to herself.