

Voice Acting Script
Alaris Jinn, Nora Olen, Selika Roh

Narrator: Alaris Jinn

Seer: Nora Olen

Harbinger: Selika Roh

Arbiter: Alaris Jinn

The Father: Alaris Jinn & Nora Olen

Avitus Oligard: Selika Roh

Narrator: Upon the back of a crystalline rancor, the Seer cackled jovially. Her pet was one raised from birth, descended from a long line of rancors bred for this war. Bodies had been strewn about in its wake and every roar was a symphony of terror and beauty. The crystals on the young rancors back reverberated a sheen of sound. The smell of blood and urine drew the rancor to another victim and it quickly chomped down, devouring the poor soul in two bites.

Seer: Oh, good boy, J'hon.

Harbinger: Um, thank you, I guess.

Narrator: The Harbinger had just finished obliterating a half dozen soldiers.

Seer: (Sharply and angrily) Not *you*. I named my rancor J'hon.

Harbinger: I absolutely despise you, witch.

Seer: Or do you ADORE me?

Harbinger: Oh, I completely fu—

Arbiter: It begins! Look!

Narrator: Loremi, the Arbiter, fell to his knees, savoring the moment. The Seer, sensing the power of the Chain, cackled again into the night. The Harbinger simply continued his slaughter. The fortress in the distance was all that mattered now. The Chain began to pulse with the energy of the Father. The blood runes had been brushed into the ground meticulously, the crystals definitively weighed and positioned. The Father paced around the circle. His blood pumped quicker and quicker in anticipation. He felt a brief moment of guilt as he looked at Avitus Oligard.

Father: Kneel there.

Avitus: (Weakly) Yes, of course.

Narrator: Avitus didn't even consider doing otherwise. He collapsed on his knees as if in prayer. He sensed the energies of the Force around him, dark and light, and yet not. Corruptions of both. The voices screamed in his mind, like a chorus of the Sith Eternal, but all he could hear was The Father.

Father: I want you to know something, Avitus. Something I should have told you long ago. You have always been like a son to me.

Narrator: Avitus smiled at The Father, a full genuine smile. But inside, his subconscious screamed at him, begged him to listen.

Avitus: It's a trap, you fool. You cannot listen to him!

Father: And I am truly sorry that it has to end like this.

Avitus: End like wha—

Narrator: Avitus Oligard knew in an instant what his subconscious had been screaming at him. His body flew and spun thirty feet in the air. The blood rushed from his nose, ears, and eyes. The very air choked the voice out of him. He could not breathe. He could scarcely think. Violet light swirled through the dust and debris. The Force grabbed at his soul, ripping it, pulling it toward the Chain.

And the Chain began to crack.

Audio sources

<https://soundcloud.com/user-773855460/rancor-roar>

Freesoundeffects.com

Order 66 Theme - by John Williams, Orchestration by Samuel Kim

Emperor Palpatine's Theme - by John Williams, Orchestration by Samuel Kim