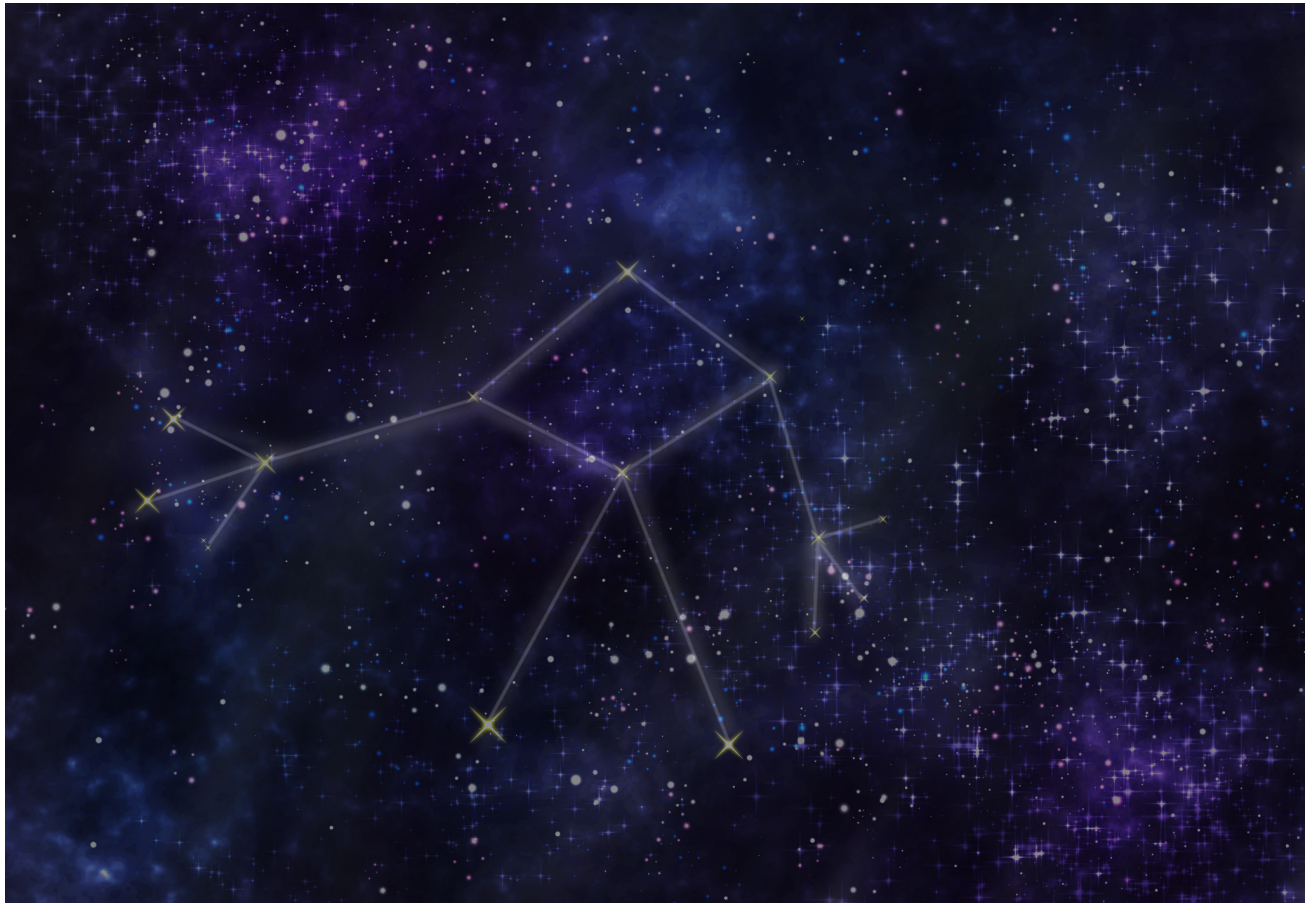


# *Report on newly rediscovered constellation: Ma'dre Skan*

*Report Filed By: Doctor Rhy lance,  
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Location of Discovery: Dathomir, Fourth Planet of the Dathomir System

Represented Imagery: Rancor, the deadly beast native to said planetary body.

The significance of this discovery will be as follows --->

Ma'dre Skan, translated as **Mother of the Sky**, was a Deity of immeasurable importance to the ancients of the Dathomirian peoples, now known to be represented in the night skies. The constellation takes the shape of a fearsome Rancor, a beast native to the planet, the specific variation being a Tyrant Class Alpha Female Rancor.

When Ma'dre Skan was in the skies, it was said that any death that followed was the result of their deity cleansing the tribes of their weakened blood. These deaths were considered noble sacrifices and were not mourned, but celebrated. To be chosen for death by Ma'dre Skan was to put your life aside for the betterment of the people. A most honorable end.

This constellation will be visible during the dryer seasons of the planet, which may help signify the need for thinning out the populace to ensure rations for all.

This ancient tale was rediscovered after an arduous expedition, and preserved on ancient parchment. The script was burnt, and age had taken its toll. The original artifact has been attached to this report below, as well as the deciphered text. Due to its historical significance to the people of Dathomir, it is requested that their history be preserved and protected at all costs. To lose this treasure trove of knowledge would be an utter waste.

*Doctor Rhyllance*

In the ancient years of our Dathamir, tales were told of a Tyrant. A ~~giant~~ antuan rancor, the strong mother of her herd. A beast of such size that it was said that when she walked she blocked out the sun. Our ancient tribes worshipped her as a living deity. She was called Ma'dre Skan as it was said she bore the sky as her babe.

They loved her.

They feared her.

They respected her place beneath her.

This goddess of ours could have eliminated our clans from our home, but she took pity on our kind, and raised us to be warriors of untouched measure.

The hunters of our ancestors' clans would gather every year. They would traverse our planet, following the migration patterns of the Rancor, and seek out Ma'dre Skan. When they found her, they would kneel before her, and if any were too weak of heart, or of body, or of mind, Ma'dre Skan would remove them, and their weakness, from the bloodlines. She kept our people pure and strong.

A great cataclysm was said to have threatened the planet itself. A star fell from the sky, condemning Dathamir to dust. Ma'dre Skan, our mother so large, caught the star in her clutch. This selfless action cost her her life, and all mourned her sacrifice. In honor of our fallen Ma'dre Skan, the Night Mothers embraced their magicks. They raised Ma'dre Skan high into the sky and preserved her for all time in the stars. She watches over us to this day, and when she appears, our hunters kneel before her. Those who die following this are those who she decides to be too weak to continue our clan.

Even now, Ma'dre Skan protects our blood, our families, our future."

*“In the ancient years of our Dathomir, tales were told of a Tyrant. A gargantuan rancor, the strong mother of her herd. A beast of such size that it was said that when she walked she blocked out the sun. Our ancient tribes worshipped her as a living deity. She was called Ma’dre Skan as it was said she bore the sky as her babe.*

*They loved her.*

*They feared her.*

*They respected their place beneath her.*

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