**Art of Propaganda -** *#5580, Aabsdu Dupar, House Plagueis*

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE TO ALL MEMBERS OF HOUSE PLAGUEIS

FROM: Dacien Victae, Sith Warlord, Aedile of House Plagueis

POINT OF ORIGIN: NSD *Ascendency*, in orbit around Athiss, Loro Babis System

*Sent via recorded hologram; transcribed for record*

Members of House Plagueis! We stand on the edge of victory yet stare into the face of defeat. In these troubled times we must band together! Our glorious house, despite our resounding victories during this Dark Crusade, has been shaken by corruption and deceit. But we will adapt!

The face of our great House has changed, but our heart remains the same. That heart is a dark heart filled with hate and anger towards those who would keep us down. We are not loved among the Brotherhood, the Jedi, or these Sith fanatics, but we do not love them! Against all odds, House Plagueis shall ascend!

Our history is one of perseverance traced back to our namesake, Darth Plagueis the Wise. He was patient as he built power within the Republic Senate. He was assiduous in his study of midi-chlorian life. These accomplishments were hard fought with many set backs, but in his wisdom Darth Plagueis shifted tactics when necessary, gradually growing in power until the dream of his Sith lineage would ultimately succeed.

We, perhaps inevitably, have followed in his steps. From the ashes of two clans, Plagueis ascended. When the alien horde known as the Yuuzhan Vong dared to assault our homes, Plagueis ascended from within the Shroud to push them back. When the Plague ravaged our ranks and decimated our home, we were forced to retreat, nomads wandering while our bothers and sisters smiled, thinking us weak. Yet during this Crusade we have again ascended to a level of renown never known before. You took Nfolgai and Khar Delba by storm and wrenched Ch’hodos and Athiss away from our enemies both outside and within. Nomads no longer, these worlds are ours!

Our enemies seek to thwart us. Many remember Clan Arcona coming to our assistance when Kapsina was besieged, though their efforts did not save our home. Do not let past deeds obscure present need. These Sith worlds are ours and Arcona seeks to steal them. Our competition has been fierce and bloody, worthy of our ancestors Sith, Krath, and Obelisk alike. Do not be fooled. There are no alliances here. During these final conquests we stand alone with a single purpose.

Yet the recent disturbance within our ranks was felt to us all. There were those among us who sought to act outside of the needs of this House. The punishment by the Council was swift and unwavering. While these traitors to our cause, unworthy of the faith trusted to them, acted as individuals, their betrayal hurts us all. As before, we find ourselves on unstable ground.

But this is not the end! For we will ascend as we always have to claim these worlds owed us and disarm the clan that seeks to shame us. We will establish our great House as one which does not fall to the whims of fate but seizes the path of the Force and twists it to our will, bending it to our desire, and breaking it upon our knee to rise as the First and greatest House of this Brotherhood.

The tide of energy that your stark and dark resolve embodies can be felt across the void. It has imbued me with a sense of purpose rarely felt. This tide has washed across our enemies’ ranks, striking fear into their hearts. Our new Quaestor, Montresor, has joined us from the very clan we fight, but do not fear. His aim is true. He knows the victors and will help guide us in this final stretch.

This tide has rolled beyond our shrouded realm. Our ranks recently saw the return of Famosus, famed before and prepared to bring fame again to House and home. Even more recently, our former Consul and Headmaster Aabsdu Dupar, Dark Adept of the Brotherhood, returned. Upon requesting acceptance to his first and only home, he admitted to being pulled here by an unknown yet undeniable force. Adept Dupar, unaware of our exile from the Jusadih System and uncertain of entering Antei blindly, knew not how to locate the one place pledged to welcome him. Yet he found us and has pledged to rally beside us.

Together, we stand and fight! We rush into the darkness and *conquer* it. We shall wipe out the last light of hope among our enemies within complete, desolate darkness. For we are Dark Jedi of the Brotherhood, masters of the Force, destroyers of the Jedi. We do not fear Clan Arcona. We do not fear these One Sith. In the face of despair and defeat, we, the dark heart of House Plagueis, shall *adapt, ascend,* and *avail*!

Adapt. Ascend. Avail.

These have been the guiding words of Plagueis since its founding. These words have inspired us, taught us, and warned us through wars, supremacies, games, and more. These words are born of the dark heart we embody and these words will not fail us. We are wise and patient, adapting to the changing tides of the Force as houses feud and Councillors fall. We are resolute and strong, ascending to the challenges before us. Finally, we are confident and united, availing against all who stand in our way,

Darth Plagueis the Wise once labeled himself an "architect of the future." Like the Sith Lords of old, we have waited and watched. We have endured success and defeat, but through each we grew stronger, smarter, and more sure of our eventual success.

That success is here, my brothers. On the eve of this Crusade, we are ready. But where many entered, only one shall emerge. This title is ours. So join us and claim it so House Plagueis may engineer a future of its own!