**Execution!**

**A Dark Jedi Brotherhood Story**

**By Guardian Warden Jason Hunter**

Death had always been something I thought I was ready to accept. I faced it many times in my life, from the countless battles I had been party to, the ultimately worthless street brawls of my youth, as a TIE Fighter pilot, and life as a Dark Jedi in general. One could say I had walked the razor's edge between living and not for the majority of my life. Given the circumstances of most of it, I would have gladly and honorably accepted the end of my existence, taking the warrior's way out and being remembered in song and the hearts and minds of my comrades.

The twist to this tale of life and death, is that my comrades became the ones to take my life. The ones that I had fought alongside, trained new acolytes with, bonded with over many years of common service. They had found me needing of an untimely and honor-less death, at the hands of an executioner.

Out of the darkness, the Dark Jedi of House Tarentum came and snatched me from New Tython, like a gloved hand would quickly grab an unsuspecting piece of fruit from a table.. They had sent my former pupil, Dark Knight Saronyx, to do their bidding. She had been trained since childhood as an assassin, so her infiltration skills were top-notch. She had been able to slink in silently, drug me in my sleep, and then carry my limp body to the outskirts of town where her ship had been waiting.

When I awoke, it was to familiar but no longer friendly faces. My old comrades-in-arms had turned on me, becoming the vile, dark creatures that had always lain in their hearts.

Had such darkness resided in me?

They beat me, belittled me, tried all sorts of twisted tortures in an attempt to break me and come back into their fold. The longer and harder they tried, the more they mutilated my face with their bloody fists, the more it steeled my resolve to not be like them anymore.

At the moment I came to that realization, when my heart and will became as unbreakable as durasteel, a profound calmness washed over me. It flooded me, overflowing my being like a mug with too much ale. In that moment, I knew I was feeling the Force in all its glory. I had become a beacon of light amongst a sea of darkness, and nothing they could do to my corporeal being would extinguish my flame.

When my tormentors felt it, too, they simply stopped. I felt their shock and awe, disapproval and dismay, and finally, decisiveness. It was the Marshall who condemned me, realizing my light was a threat to the House.

What if the Journeymen felt it? Could they be drawn towards the light, like a moth to flame? It would totally debase and destroy Tarentum! We need to put an end to this. Jason Hunter must die!

It was set up rather quickly. The entirety of the House turned out for it; of course, you never turned down an order from the Marshall *and* the Quaestor. I was unceremoniously drug to the center of the grand audience chamber for all to see: shackled, beaten, bloody and on my knees. The Quaestor stepped forward and gave an oration about the how and why I was to be executed. A fair number of the Tarenti were taken aback at the proclamation, and *all* could feel the power of the light beaming through me.

The Marshall stepped up behind me, his lightsaber hilt held at the ready. The Quaestor turned to me, and asked if I had any final words. I simply told him that their actions would speak louder than any words I would speak. I then sat up straight and closed my eyes, centering myself on the euphoric sensation of the Force flowing through me. I hardly heard the *snap-hiss* of the lightsaber behind me, and was on a completely different plane of existence when it ended my physical life.

I had always accepted death, but it had been with a grimness to it. An, “Oh well, nothing to do about it now,” attitude. Being able to meet it head on and be absolutely at peace...now *that's* something worth living for.