## Specifics

With the war now officially over and the winners decided, explain how your character deals with this. Do they celebrate or keep focused and train harder? Anything is viable! A minimum of 500 words is needed to participate.

Grading will be based on the Fiction Grading Rubric, and a hint of personal flavor.

## Platform

Any kind of writing document i can open on my pc!

## Details

Clusters of Ice will be awarded this time, unlike my last comp (sorry). Grading will take awhile if there are many submissions due to me being on holiday in the last week of the comp. Apologies in advance!

Rebirth 12800

The mood was somber.The smell of failure hung thick in the air. The members gathered in the main hall of the underwater chamber. Whispers were rampant and echoed throughout the hall. The news ran throughout the house just as fast as it came in. We failed. We failed as a unit. As a house. We failed together.

Gathering in the Castle Tarentum, The Tarenti and Journeymen alike stood in the dimly lit underwater chamber. Scion addressed all as equals. He showed his leadership by encouraging and giving glimpses into the future. He named the hero’s and ignored the ones who did not compete.

However it was cut short. A Holo Image of Grand Master Muz Ashen appeared, announcing his resignation. Sadness filled the room. His recommendation of Pravus and the council's impending vote to approve. Within minutes the council's vote was announced and Scion was promptly removed as leader. Surprisingly the once small house was an even smaller clan. Shock rippled through the gathered members.

Rumors flew, plots were made. Fingers pointed. Accusations and debate ran heavy. The massive doors to the chamber opened,Raiju followed by [Darth Aeternus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3728) entered. They strode to the center of the room. They were now the new leaders of the newly formed clan.

Grand Master Pravus then addressed the newly formed clan. His holo Image impressively large. The message was thick with sarcasm and hidden meanings. However it was simple, fix the problem or be closed. Some doubted the reasoning, some whispered of rumors. All were wondering who would assume control of Tarentum.

None cried out in rage or lashback. The ideal was to fight. To fight for the survival of Tarentum. To obtain our glory. To take back what is ours.

Raiju addressed the gathered Dark Jedi. He spoke of the history, and the future. He mapped out what we needed to do. We needed to train. We needed to grow. As a team and as a unit this failure could not last. The old ways of Tarentum were dead.

It was in that time that the Elders regrouped. Old faces reappeared. Old ideals rehashed. It was not likely the old ideals would last. Tarentum had to change. Had to last. Tarentum needed to change to survive.

The group shuffled out of the hall and wandered to their respective posts. The mood was now energized and focused. They were making progress, they were going to do the impossible.

The people of the clan were motivated, smart and coming together. The fate of Tarentum was in the hands of the members. They had to come together and work. They had to design the new future, and make it theirs.

The energetic air filled the castle. Spirits were lifted and goals were refined. The Clan members were united in their goal. Victory and honor. They went about their duties and their roles with new found purpose.

The goal was simple, not let Tarentum fade away. They were bound with brotherhood. Bound in honor and blood. Tarentum will survive.