

(Note: My character was a Sith until he joined Soulfire Strike Team; it will look weird, but I'm trying to keep it accurate.)

***Estle City, Selen,
Dajorra System, Outer Rim Territories
32 Years After the Battle of Yavin***

The Onderonian irritably swiped his messy ebony locks out of his eyes, only for it to fall back into place mere moments later. Resisting the urge to sigh, Celevon readjusted the duffel bag slung over his shoulder and ignored the *saya* digging into his back as he continued walking along the path.

In the distance, the Sith could see the massive Citadel that was his destination. Though he was unable to tell due to the glare of the sun, the structure appeared to have been carved into the mountain itself.

“They weren’t kidding when they said the Citadel would be unmistakable,” the Apprentice muttered, grabbing the hilt of the katana over his shoulder. A slight adjustment was made and the Onderonian made a sound of relief as the *saya* stopped digging into his ribs.

All of his belongings were in the duffel he was carrying. Though it was nothing to be ashamed of, there was a lot of empty space within the folds of the material. Beyond his weapons and several articles of clothing, the silver-eyed male had never owned much. Even when he lived at the medical unit on Iziz, the only items that could be called *his* were a pad of flimsi, some clothes and a knife that had been given to him by J’akked.

Celevon continued the rest of the trek in silence, breathing in the air. The closer he walked to the Citadel, the clearer the air smelled.

Finally, the Journeyman entered a courtyard that held several massive trees. Leaning against one of them was an older male with white-blonde hair and an almost emaciated figure. As though he had felt the silver gaze upon him, the man opened his cold blue eyes and stared back. The older Human took in the Onderonian with a single glance and swiftly approached.

“You are Apprentice Edraven?” At Celevon’s nod, the male with amethyst-trimmed robes continued speaking. “I am Timeros Caesus Entar, di Tenebrous Arconae. I am the current Rollmaster. Follow me.”

As they walked from the courtyard through several corridors, the Onderonian couldn't help but try to memorize the path they took. Judging by how many twists and turns the pair took, it would be fairly easy to get lost within the structure.

"As Rollmaster, it is my job to make sure you are settling in well. Friendly rivalries and a sense of competition with your fellows are encouraged. If you are having issues with one of your fellow Journeymen, you are encouraged to take it to the training annex and spar or duel. Once you are of a higher rank, you will begin to learn Banlanth, otherwise known as Form Zero, and be able to practice the very beginnings of lightsaber combat."

They passed a corridor where the Onderonian could hear the sounds of combat, along with a series of hisses and snaps. A glance towards the Rollmaster revealed a small sneer before the man continued speaking.

"Before you ask, you will not be allowed to handle a lightsaber of any kind until you have proven yourself competent with Form Zero and attain several ranks within the Journeyman system. This is so you will not provide a danger to both yourself and others. Once you have proven yourself worthy of the rank of Dark Jedi Knight, you will then be allowed to choose a lightsaber to carry if your Master does not choose one for you. Ah. And this is the general quarters for Journeymen. Do you have any questions, Apprentice?"

"When do we get individual rooming?"

"When you have proven yourself worthy of them."

The Onderonian resisted the urge to begin sarcastically responding to the Krath.

"Any other questions, Apprentice?"

"That's a negative." The Sith decided being polite, if a bit cold, would be the best option.

"Very well. I will take my leave now." Timeros began shutting the door, then paused. "Oh, before I forget. Welcome to House Arcona."