**How Rex Silverthorn arrived at the Shadow Academy many years ago**

Rex tried taking a deep breath to steady his emotions but to tell the truth it was on hyper drive. Placing a hand on the armrests of the seat, he tightened his hand around it to feel the steady, comfortable vibration of the space shuttle taking him and the other Initiates to Lyspair. He was dressed in a black cloak and trousers as and his boots were chosen carefully for heavy trudging. Although it had a hood, he did not want to use it just now within the shuttle. He didn't want to get the hood all tangled up with his Zabrak horns!

The seats were arranged horizontally in a long room which resembled more of a cargo compartment than a transport vessel, which didn't allow them the luxury of glancing out of the window. It was not a luxury trip anyway. He, as well as the others around him, was on their way to the Shadow Academy on Lyspair, the most coveted destination for a Dark Side Initiate. For himself...ever since Rex was brought over to the Dark Side he was look forward to coming here to start learning for about the Dark Side of the force.

"Do you know which path you shall take? I heard that Sith is the best!" quipped a man sitting a few seats on the opposite side. From the looks of it he was a Human, however he could have been a Correliean for all Rex cared. He had far more important things in mind than engaging in mindless small talk. He was thinking back to the days when he was just one of the dregs of the Galaxy, just another speck in the sand who no one gave a second thought. But now he is on a path to power. His strong chest breathed in the thin air in pride at this. Even by Zabrak standards, not many make it this far. In fact, being chosen as a Dark Side initiate put him above most others in the Galaxy! But of course...Rex shall have to prove it from this day on.

Another guy voiced his thought with a low but glutteral voice. ,"You do not choose the Order, it chooses you..." This was spoken by a Transhodan sitting at the end of the line. He was wearing a heavy gray colored armor."

"Yes it surely does..."said the Human dismissively and continued. He was clearly excited, which was causing him to talk fast", but think about it...you have to know about the different Orders right? I've heard that the Obelisk is the best with a lightsaber while the Krath are the best in sorcery. But the Sith are the best of all...at least from what I think." He was talking to no one in particular and yet to everyone at once. His gestures reinforced the belief in many that this man was just too excited...and therefore weak.

," It doesn't matter where you end up. We have to travel 40 kilometers on foot to the Academy when we touch land. I suggest all of you maggots get ready". Almost everyone jumped at this new voice. It was from the Captain of the ship speaking over the speaker.

Sure enough the ship landed softly. The thrusters were believably strong to provide an adequate air cushion for the ship to land. One by one the Initiates got out the ship and crowded together. Rex, the pale skin Zabrak looked around him. It looked like they were in a landing pad built at least 30 feet above the ground, which comprised of an arid landscape with specks of grass. The pad itself was circular in shape. A ring of guards in full military uniform made an inner ring around the ship and the Initiates, some of whom were looking in wonder at this new landscape while others stood defensively. Rex stood blinking in the strong sunlight and shielded his eyes from the breeze which was blowing from the South.

"All right then!”The Captain on the ship growled again." Listen up you maggots! You lot think that just because you were brought here it makes you on the lines of the Sith Lords? You have to prove yourself first. The Shadow Academy is to the North from here. All of you have your compass. Now get moving!"

They did not have to be told twice. Every one of them picked up a rucksack containing their few belongings, food and water. Their journey started quite well as all of them were enthusiastic. However, the atmosphere of the planet started taking a toll on them soon. They air was certainly breathable, but this. He could hear many of the others wheezing when the path turned uphill. Now he understood what the Captain on the ship meant. This was not just a journey…it was a way to eliminate the weak. In any of their home planet this would be easy, but not here. This was a test of strength and resolve. Sure enough, their group thinned before long. They had journeyed some 20 millimeters and half of them had either fallen behind and hopelessly lost, or had died due to fatigue, their water supply run out. The human male was one of them.

When they complete 30 kilometers, there were just 10 of them left. The rest he was certain had died, if not by fatigue then by the wilderness. The Transhodan male Initiate by this time, although heavily built, was coughing by now. Rex himself was finding it hard to breathe, a throbbing pain developing in his chest due to low oxygen. But he knew he had to go on, even if it meant clawing to the destination. No! He will not crawl! He was warrior, heir to the Dark Side. He won’t give up, not now. Slowly, he trudged up the hills, followed by the Transhodan and a few others.

Finally, completely out of breath, they reached the gates of the Shadow Academy. They were ushered inside and given refreshments. Not caring of who was watching, the Zabrak grabbed a glass and started chugging it down. Of the 30 that started out, just 5 made it. The journey of Rex Silverthorn was only beginning…