

Haven
Summit Chambers
37 ABY

Alora was woken by a strange humming sound. She struggled to keep her eyes open, but she sensed that she was needed. She pulled herself out of her cot, her eyes being drawn to the flashing screen of her buzzing datapad. She picked it up, and scanned the message from Liam:

"Alora -

You know what we were talking about the other day - about how to make Odan-Urr stronger - I think I have an idea. Come along to the Summit chambers when you're ready and we can discuss it."

Alora walked through the luxury wooden doors into the wide chamber. Liam sat at the conference table, looking through pages of notes and emitting an aura of contemplation and calm, as well as anticipation. He was so engrossed in his work that he didn't notice Alora approach.

"Liam, what's all this?" she asked, "Couldn't this have waited until later?"

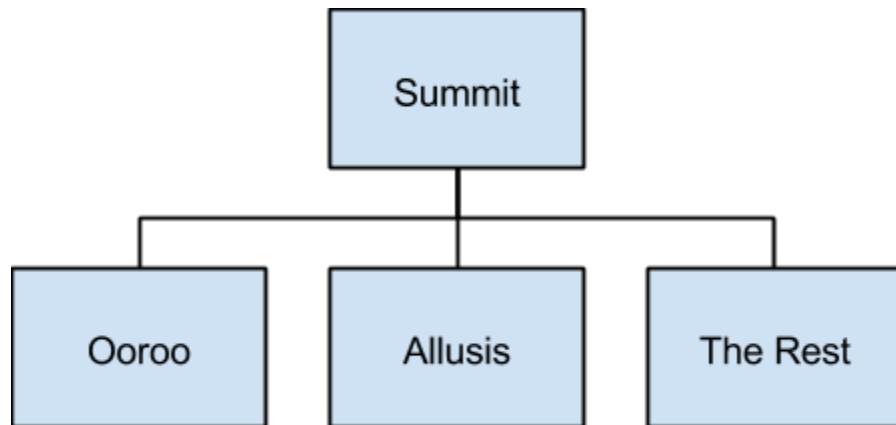
Liam jumped, then turned smoothly, hiding his surprise.

"This, my good friend, is a new chapter in Odan-Urr," he replied, a wide grin filling his face, "I believe that we will have the ability to make Odan-Urr strong, wise and good. When we're able, we can retake our stolen world and forge a powerful new existence."

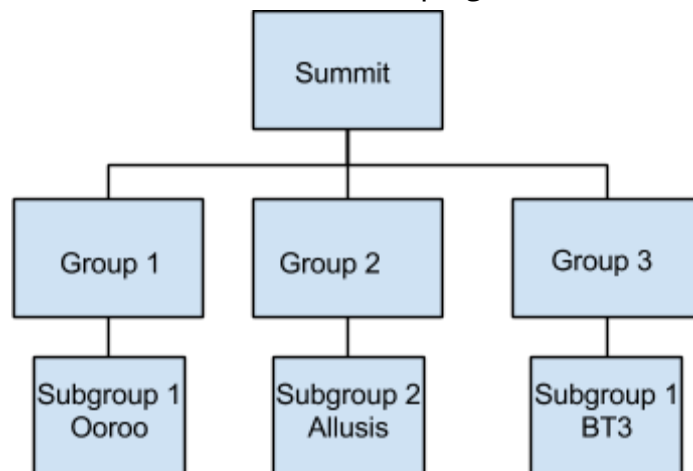
Alora smiled. Liam always did have a knack for romanticising his plans. "That sounds good, but the question is: how?"

"At the moment, we're a large group of Jedi who are banished from their home. We have two elite groups of Jedi, who do the majority of our missions. We have two teams who are basically representing us. Less than 20 Jedi to represent all 50 of us? I know that all of us are capable of fighting for our cause. I know that when the time comes, all of our Jedi will fight to avenge Ji's death and to reclaim our home. But at the moment, only a small number of Jedi are actively tackling evil. The rest are training, studying, negotiating, planning. All useful activities, but its a system that could be improved upon.

"I've simplified it a bit, but here is our current command structure in a nutshell." Liam gave Alora a datapad with a diagram on it.



Alora studied it for a moment, before swiping, to reveal another diagram.



The new diagram had 3 Houses, with 3 battle teams. Alora looked up at the old man. He had a proud smile on his face. This was his project, his baby. Alora thought this through for a second, before asking Liam, "Do you really think we have enough people to make 3 houses with 3 Battle teams? That sounds pretty intense. It would be awesome as hell, but do you think we can actually do it?"

Liam nodded, "Yes, in the future. I think that we can do it. There will be a time when we need to be strong. There will be a time when Odan-Urr will need to work as a collection of subgroups. There will be a time when Odan-Urr will need to be face our enemies with skill, experience, and tactics. These plans give us options, allowing us to adapt and survive. Breaking into smaller groups means that the Jedi learn to work

together with each other, and each Battle team learns the others' strengths, and each House learns their different strengths. These tactics are strong, and will make us an effective force. Please Alora, believe me when I say it. This will make us strong."

Alora considered his words. He did make sense. There would be more leadership which would effectively enhance the skills of the Jedi. There would be more communication; it would be like a well-oiled machine, as efficient as a Corellian Corvette. It would allow the Jedi more options, and give them greater adaptability when in the field.

However, at present, the Jedi weren't powerful enough. There wasn't enough people to be able to run the House effectively, if run in that manner. Plus, these plans would make the House stronger, and Alora knew that this strength would be needed another time.

"I agree, Liam. These plans will make us stronger. They will drive us forward in times of stagnation, make us more efficient and effective. They will heal our wounds and give us power and resolve. But we do not need them now. We can't do it now; we aren't strong enough. There will be a time in the future when we need this strength. I do not believe that time is now. I know you've invested much in this, but leave it be for now, Liam. We need to look at how we're taking back New Tython. That is our aim at the moment."

Liam made eye contact with Alora. Their shine had lost its anticipation and excitement, leaving behind a sad look, and a begrudged acceptance. The worst thing, though, was that Alora knew the old man well enough to tell that under the facade of acceptance, there was disappointment.

"So, I believe we were reviewing the intel on the prison, Purity Rock..." Alora distracted.

New Tython
Menat Ombo
Exactly One Year Later

A blaster bolt bounced off of Liam's emerald lightsaber, the roar of battle going on around him. He twisted his body to dodge a bolt, before ducking another. The Jedi were spread out around him, each with their own horde of blaster-wielding opponents around them. Liam knew that the

Jedi were capable of defeating this foe, so he pushed forward, hoping to end this engagement quickly. He moved as a well-oiled machine, impressively agile for a man of his age.

Two more blaster bolts were redirected back, both hitting their mark at the same instant. Liam ran forward, slashed his lightsaber up, down, then spun it around to bare the other end of the green blade. He ducked a swipe of a vibrodagger, before piercing his attackers heart with his weapon. Liam glanced around, seeing the trail of bodies he had just created. He glanced around to see how his fellows were doing: most of the soldiers were either unconscious or dead. This fight was effectively finished.

Just then, a deep continuous roar erupted from nearby. The source of the sound was moving closer. It rounded the corner, and charged. A small squad of Thuron's Elite Guards ran towards them, wielding cortosis-lined swords and staffs. One or two even had lightsabers, probably looted from the abandoned Temple. As the Jedi saw these menaces and their stolen assets, Liam felt the mood change. The Jedi weren't intimidated by their screams: they were rejuvenated. They were reminded of their mission, and why they'd come back to New Tython.

Liam didn't need to shout, or to call his men into line. They knew what to do. The Jedi got closer together, into what seemed like a big clump. However, it was a planned and practised formation.

The Jedi were split into three groups. Each group divided further into three subgroups, each containing three or four Jedi. Experienced and skilled Jedi were distributed evenly throughout. It was designed so that first and foremost, the safety of your subgroup was most important, and then came the safety of your group, and then the safety of the entire company. In practice, each subgroup constantly moved about each other. To any uneducated observer, there was no pattern to their movements, but the Jedi knew exactly what they were doing.

As the Guards marched toward them, the Jedi weaved around one another, finally settling in a solid shape a few moments before impact. The two forces collided, and intense swordplay started instantly. The Elite Guards were vigorously trained, and their preternatural speed was, well, unnatural. Liam parried, then riposted into a Guard's stomach, before ducking a head slash. He spun his lightsaber, swiping the Guard's face. The Guards faced a more difficult threat than the soldiers, but looking around, Liam saw that the Jedi were doing fine. The younger Jedi fought one on one, whilst a 'veteran' Jedi always stayed fairly close. He saw Seridan block a strike, before attempting an uppercut. The Guard dodged, before feinting downwards, flicking his sword towards the Miralukan's face. Seridan twisted out of the way, whilst Revak spun into range, his purple blade flashing into the Guard's face. Revak and Seridan then merged with Shorurra and Gon Doru. He saw Rangel fighting alongside Mar Sul and Adeodatus. Vyr, Echo-1 and Alora

seemingly danced around the Guards. It was like watching an intricate ballet, the Jedi working together, in sync. The Jedi were powerful, even strong. They were ready to retake the planet.

After the last of the Guards had been defeated, Liam sent the Jedi off with the Colonist militias to retake the city. Liam looked up towards the Temple, now dubbed the 'Imperial Palace'.

As he spirited through the streets, Liam prided himself on the efficiency of his team. They Jedi actually had a chance at winning. They were capable enough to win back a planet. Then, he remembered his plans. He remembered how he had effectively forgot them the same day he made them. He buried them in preparation for Purity Rock. He thought about how after Thuron had fallen, he could re-evaluate them, set them into motion. If they were strong enough to win a planet, then why not make them even stronger?

Plenty of celebration happened that night. Liam allowed himself a few blue milks with his men. He congratulated Mirus, clapped JS on the back. Cheer was everywhere. They had done it! New Tython was theirs again.

Then he caught sight of Alora, her face alight in a wide grin. "Well done, old man!" she joked. Liam suddenly remembered her warning about his plan.

There will be a time in the future when we need this strength. But it is not now.

"Alora, can I ask your advise on something?" Liam asked, thoughtfully.

Alora seemed thrown by the sudden change of mood. "Yeah, sure," she said, instantly sobering up.

"About a year ago, I proposed a plan of action which would make us stronger. You said that there would be an even better time. I think that this time is now. We have just won a massive victory; we are strong. If we become even stronger, we could rival the Great Clans."

"Liam, listen to me," Alora insisted, "the time for strength hasn't yet come. Your plan is a healer, not a stimulant. It should be used to make us stronger when we truly need it. If you use it now, who knows what will happen? Too much power is harmful, and can lead to greed, wrath and impatience. You want my advice? Wait just a bit longer.

"I fear for the House. Tensions between the Houses are growing again, can't you feel it? Ashen's been sending us on wild goose chases, we've been fighting the other Houses and they've been fighting each other. I fear that the worst is yet to come. Any upcoming confrontation is likely to be worse than the Dark Crusade. If anything, we'll need your plan then. I'm sorry to keep

dissuading you. I know you really want this. This will be your legacy, I guess. But just be patient. Its time will come.”

Liam nodded, quiet. After catching Alora’s eye, he turned and left.

A blaster bolt bounced off of Liam’s emerald lightsaber, the roar of battle going on around him. He spun his blade round, reflecting another bolt away from him. The red dust plains of Korriban stretched out around him. Many platoons of soldiers lay before the Jedi. And that was only in the small western corner. Over the entire battlefield, great battalions of soldiers fought alongside many Jedi and Dark Jedi. Many blaster bolts cut across the plain, the three superpowers in full assault of each other.

Liam led the charge, a deep roar emanating from the Jedi. The soldiers held their own, still firing into the crowd. Liam felt a twinge of empathy for them. They’d brought a gun to a sword fight, and they’d probably be dead in the next minute. Then Liam acknowledged the crimes that they’d probably committed, and roared along with his friends. He leapt into the front lines, slashing to the left and right. He ducked a bolt, rolling forward awkwardly. He felt pain on his back, but attributed it to the roll. He dodged another bolt, before reflecting another back to its owner. However, something odd happened. He lined his lightsaber up to bounce the shot back, and he shifted his focus, as he usually did, to the next target. However, his back sparked in pain, and the bolt narrowly missed him, singeing his ear. A loud, dull ringing sound reverberated in his head. It was so shocking that Liam stumbled. As he hit the ground, his back once again started. Liam touched it with his free hand. He winced, and the hand came back bloody. *It must have been some lucky vibrodagger*, Liam thought. Liam pulled himself to his feet, confident that he could still fight.

He ran forward, ignoring the pain. His ear still rang, but he had a new target: a Dark Jedi who seemed ready to do business. Liam charged. The Knight looked nervous to be dueling with the Quaestor of Odan-Urr, as he should be. Liam swung his saber, then when he was parried, he brought up the reverse side of his blade in a counter. The Knight was surprised with the speed of the attack, and only just managed to block it. Liam then span and feinted towards the lower leg. The Knight fell for it, but Liam only managed a glancing blow to the Knight’s left arm. It looked like it was out of service, though. Liam then withdrew a few steps. His back had locked during that last strike - that was why he hadn’t been able to do more damage. The Knight recognised his advantage, and, despite having lost his left arm, he parried Liam’s swing, then riposted. Usually, Liam would have been able to dodge a riposte, but he had slowed down. The Knight’s saber glanced his shoulder. The terrible heat of a saber cut took over. Liam stumbled forward, into the arms of the Dark Knight. However, Liam’s cut seemed to be taking its effect, and the Knight was slow to react. He couldn’t take Liam’s weight, so stumbled backwards. Liam pushed himself to

his feet, his head and body exhausted and hurting. He reached out to the Force and temporarily rejuvenated his body. He saw the Knight stand, and then call behind him. He glanced behind the Knight, and saw another Dark Jedi approaching.

Liam thought through his options. He couldn't fall back. He had to fight. He readied his weapon, and prepared to play defensive. The new challenger leaped, closing the distance between them. Liam parried the blow, before countering, scoring a hit on the calf. The new Jedi staggered, but kept his footing. Glancing around, Liam found that he'd been surrounded, with a Dark Jedi on either side of him. He used the Force to launch one, whilst he spun his blades towards the other. He saw a flash of green, and a familiar presence nearby. He knocked the Jedi to the ground, before knocking him out with a rock. He turned, seeing the reassuring face of Alora standing over the other Jedi. She looked at him, worried. It was a look that said *'Fall back. You can't survive on the front lines, not wounded like you are.'* Then she changed her look, making it a *'If you don't move, I'll make you'* stare. Liam sighed, then withdrew.

Liam had forgotten how quickly something as small as a shallow vibroknife wound can cause something as big as death. That one lucky hit spiralled out of control. It burst his eardrum, it burnt his shoulder. Liam reflected on the recent victories of the Jedi. Their effectiveness and efficiency were great, and Liam started to feel that he had gotten overconfident. This war had changed his Jedi. It was the bloody conclusion of a long fought war. They were tired. They were no longer the well-trained war machine that Liam had seen in Menat Ombo. They were the exhausted veterans, no longer fighting for a cause, but just fighting because they felt obliged to. Liam wasn't only affected by his men. He had come close to death. He wasn't the infallible leader of the Jedi. He was an aging man, who had led the Jedi through the hardest of times. In his long service to the House, Liam had never once considered his resignation. But he did that day. Liam started telling himself that he no longer helped the House. He created dark insecurities that gnawed at him, unseen. These culminated in several sleepless nights, until he once more was reminded of promised strength. He looked over the plans for making new groups. He edited them to include the Disciples of Baas, and reviewed the effectiveness of three groups into two proto-Houses. He stayed up a whole night editing and reviewing the plans. They would be his last gift as Quaestor. Liam had decided to step down, to let new leadership prosper. It was the right thing to do.

New Tython
Menat Ombo
Arca Praxeum

Summit Chambers

One and a half weeks later

Alora got out of bed, well rested. She put on her more ceremonial robes and strode purposefully towards the Summit Chambers. Liam had stayed for a while, helping to integrate the new system. He had left yesterday, on a well-earned holiday. Alora was reassured that he would be back before long. The one thing she needed was the support and help of Odan-Urr. Liam had left, knowing that Alora would be capable of doing it herself. She walked through the intricately carved doors and into the wide Summit Chamber. She had gathered the veterans, the loyal, experienced, and skilled Jedi. The Masters, the Mentors, the unofficial leaders: they were all here. Alora was revealing the plans that Liam and her had first discussed over a year and a half before. She didn't know how they would react. Of course, they had the freedom to do what they wanted, given the recent elevation to Clan status. However, Liam's plans were a good guide on how they should proceed.

As she approached the table, the general chatter died away to respectful silence. Alora took a deep breath, and revealed her and Liam's plan for the Clan. As she explained it, she was filled with the pride of a completed project, and one that had been long running. She just hoped that the alumni in front of her would be grateful.

Ji smiled. Well, he smiled as much as a Gand could smile. Across from him, Solari nodded. "Sounds good," the Shard's mechanical voice box outputted, "I take it you have a plan?"

Ji's grin widened, "Absolutely. We're going to form a House together, like we did in the beginning. We're gonna forge a House so damn sexy that we beat all the other Houses. Sure, we may have lost the War, but we haven't lost spirit. Our Jedi are ready for something bigger. This will give them the drive, and determination to move forward. It will make them formidable Guardians, exquisite Sentinels and top-notch Consulars. We are going to make ourselves great."

Solari manoeuvred his droid mouth into a grin, "But, there's only one way to do that effectively."

Ji's eyes sparkled, "I know. We must become the House of Pizza."

Solari's grin widened, "So that's why you called us Satele Shan - so we'd be called the Satellites. Satellites orbit in circles, and pizza is made in a circle. I understand now."

Ji stifled his amusement; Solari always did have a tendency to over-analyse things. Ji always put it down to that mechanical mindset.

Ji sat down and winked at his old friend, "You and I have a long journey ahead of us. Forging a House is no easy task - you and I should know that better than most.. But we'll start with pizza, and go from there."

Solari didn't sit down next to his friend. Instead, he gestured towards the door, "How about we discuss this further over some grog and blue milk? You always were at your best when drunk."

Ji smirked. Like Solari even had to ask. As the duo exited the Praxeum, Ji wondered whether it was worth trying that new cantina that had just opened in the western quarter, the '*Drunken Horn-Wasp*', or to go all the way out to Vard Mislú and visit the '*Tipsy Tusken*'.

As he walked, Ji felt that old sense of passion reawaken. He was ready to lead again. With Solari by his side, Ji would lead House Satele Shan to greatness!