**The Reckoning**

Personal log.

Sith Warrior, Taranae Rhode

House Karness Muur, Clan Plagueis.

**Entry 45732#1**

War. It had been coming for a while and everyone throughout the Brotherhood knew that sooner or later the call to arms would be made. Once again, we battle brother against brother, sister against sister, and all for what?

As I sit here writing this account, all Brotherhood forces are in orbit around Korriban, the last Sith stronghold. As the fleets of our brethren dropped out of hyperspace one by one, the battle that was sure to happen took place. Grand Master Muz Ashen was leading forces against Jac Cotelin on one hand, and us, Plagueis on the other. Why we had decided to ally with the One Sith and Esoteric I did not know; all I knew is that my loyalty lay with Plagueis and I would do anything my Clan asked of me.

Right now, my group and I are en route to the surface. As we descend I can see flashes of light from explosions and the blaze of lightsabers among the troops below. The fighting is hard, intense and bloody. What our chances are I do not know, but I do know this; either I will succeed in my mission to reach the Sith Academy, or I will die trying. All of the assembled personnel around me know that they too may be headed to their deaths, but none seem perturbed. In fact, all I sense from them is a steely resolve to end this once and for all. Maybe this will be the last time the Brotherhood fight each other, maybe not. But we will all do what we were sent here to do.

It seems we are here. The ship has dropped to the surface and everyone is taking up ready positions. I will grab my weapons and join them. May the Force guide us.

**Entry 43752#2**

This is worse than I expected. Having never fought in a scenario as mind-numbingly catastrophic as this, I have begun to doubt my abilities. Plagueis has suffered many casualties, but fortunately my squad remains intact. Callus, our leader and Quaestor of Karness Muur assures us that we can indeed pull off a miracle. My apprentice, Kul’tak continually shows his prowess on the battlefield and impresses me much. He still has a long way to go in his studies and mastery of the Force, but he fights with a confidence I do not see in many hunters. Octavia ha shown great promise and has helped us out of more than one sticky situation, taking on a member of Jac’s troops with no fear for her own safety. She despatched her foe quite well and with more than a little flair.

We have just encountered a grand battle as we wended our way towards the Valley of the Jedi, and are unsure of how to proceed. Callus is taking the initiative and rallying the One Sith troops that are present to lay down suppressing fire and open a way through for us. After they agreed, we raced through the forced opening in the battle, using our lightsabers to deflect any stray shots back to their point of origin. They help us, we help them. That’s how it works. Reaching the far end of the battlefield, we enter the valley and marvel at its tall, rocky walls as we steadily make our way forward, keeping watch for any enemies or surprises cooked up by the other factions. We find a safe haven in the walls quite a way into the valley and sit to eat and patch up Kul’tak after he missed a stray shot and took a hit in the shoulder. We should soon reach the end. As we sit here and wonder what awaits us inside the academy, I wonder if we really are capable. What does Esoteric want with the place, and who is the stranger that watches us from a rise further along? A male, with very blonde hair and a suit and tie? He seems out of place here. I am making it my mission to find out what he knows and to assess the danger he poses to our mission.

**Entry 43752#3**

As we recuperate. Callus is contacted on his communicator by a man called Synin. He gives no other name, but says he is One Sith and wants the academy for its artefacts. He tells us to take the academy by whatever means necessary and Callus nods his assent.

I approach the man we had seen from our resting place. He smokes and the smell is appalling. He looks rather scruffy considering his attire but he looks tough. We are cautious as we approach and initiate conversation. After a lengthy conversation, we manage to gain his help as he explains to us the academy entrances and exits. It seems he knows quite a lot about the area, and tells us that a force of troopers has taken up positions around the academy. They are being led by a man he only knows of as ‘Tusken’. I immediately presume that he doesn’t mean a Tusken raider, as they are native to Tattooine, so it must be a nickname or callsign. We will proceed cautiously now, knowing about the troops. We will assess the situation as we see fit.

**Entry 43752#4**

We have reached the academy. What Connor, the man in the suit said, is indeed true. What looks like a whole battalion has set up lines around the perimeter of the academy and it seems an impossible task to gain entry. Callus pointed out who he thought was ‘Tusken’, and it seems that he is no beginner in the art of warfare. He looks war-torn, hardy and the set of his shoulders seems to dare anyone to defy him. He’s squinting in our direction and I think he may have seen us. If he has, this battle may be over before it has even begun. Callus orders everyone to be still and cloak if we can.

**Entry 43752#5**

Luckily we haven’t been spotted. It is time to plan our strategy. As we discuss plans of attack, Connor re-appears a short way off and beckons. Callus creeps towards him, always keeping an eye on the other troops for fear of them spotting our movements.

Callus returns minutes later and tells us that if we take Connor along with us so he can retrieve something from the academy, he will show us an alternate entrance. With our only other option being to face down Muz Ashen’s troops, it is decided that we should take Connor’s help.

**Entry 43752#6**

We track a little back along the valley to a small gap we didn’t notice previously and Connor slips through. We all follow with Callus leading and Kul’tak covering the rear. After a very tight squeeze and a short crawl, we emerge into the sunlight to the side of the academy. There are less troops here and we know that we can make it a very short battle if only we can keep the soldiers from signalling for reinforcements. We split up. Callus and Octavia take the left flank and Kul’tak and I take the right. Once in range, we await the agreed signal and attack quickly. We all rush the positions, our lightsabers flaring to life just as we reach the enemy. They only have time for shock to register on their faces before they are cut down mercilessly, their hands not even having time to stray to the safety catch on their blasters. Connor points and we follow his direction into a small shaft outside the building, inlaid into the floor.

**Entry 43752#7**

We are inside. The academy is huge and echoes bounce from every wall. Strangely it seems empty, but we can hear muffled voices from a distance away. It seems we will have a battle to take the place after all. We all creep forward under the cover of cloak and rounding a corner, we find troops belonging to Jac Cotelin. Glancing back, I tell Callus that Connor is gone. He shrugs and tells us to concentrate on the coming struggle, so we head to a corner to plan an attack. As we move, Cotelin’s forces stiffen. We freeze, realising we may have been sensed, and ready ourselves for combat. The assembled forces begin to react, and some stare directly at our hiding place. Immediately we drop cloak and rush the enemy, not caring what happens. All that matters is that these intruders want to keep us from claiming the prize for Esoteric. I gesture at a group of them and smile in grim satisfaction as they fall to the floor, seemingly crushed into it by some unknown force. Kul’tak races into another group, his lightsaber flashing madly and cuts down a couple before turning on the stronger ones of their number. Octavia also runs in, gesturing madly at the forces, whilst Callus holds back, and attacking with tendrils of energy from his fingertips akin to lightning.

The battle is short, with the element of surprise on our side. We look around at the corpses littering the floor of this hall and wonder if it really had to come to this. There are members of the brotherhood I recognise in this pile of dead bodies, members I once classed as friends. All are now enemies, all now dead.

We are here, we are victorious, we are Plagueis and proud! We have won a victory here. I know not how the other units’ missions fare, but we did our part for Plagueis. The academy is ours and we have done what we came here to do. My only regret is that Jac Cotelin isn’t among the dead. I owe him for his actions on Antei, where he burned the image of a medallion into my wrist by making it white-hot with the force and holding it there. Looking at my wrist, I can still see the mark it left, and it will forever be there to remind me that I failed to bring back the medallion. Now we await the reinforcements we were assured would be sent if we took the academy. It will be a long wait with probably a few attacks to try to take it from us again. But we will persevere, we are Plagueis.

**#Log End**