The Dark Depths – “Clan acceptance”

By PRT Itshim (Krath)/ Clan Tarentum [#14229]

*Six days ago*

I’m wandering the Antei System, stumbling upon the organization known throughout the Galaxy as The Dark Jedi Brotherhood.

*Five days ago*

I’m a member of that organization and paired up with an experienced, if not the most experienced, member of The Brotherhood. Sith Battlelord Pel accepted me as his Apprentice.

*Today*

I’ve been undergoing some serious training during the past four days. Master Pel has granted me some of his knowledge, and guided me to the rank of Protector.

Now I’m tired, absconding to my quarters (being Pel’s mop-closet) and falling asleep almost instantly.

\*Darkness\*

A seal appeared and in only one second it was gone again.

\*Darkness\*

A deep voice: “In Darkness we trust...”

The seal flashes before me again. Now I could see it was a sword and trident preventing me from waking up, out of this awkward dream.

That voice kept repeating that same sentence... “In Darkness we trust” “In Darkness we trust” But wait a minute, I recognise that voice.

“Is this you Consul?”

“Well noticed Itshim”.

The seal opens, sword and trident sliding in opposite directions. Two very dark eyes stare at me as a figure smoothly comes closer. The 1.81m Nautolan definitely leaves an impression. Suddenly I can no longer feel the floor under my feet. I’m shoking, gasping for air when lifted high in the sky.

“Are you worthy?”, Raiju Kang asks.

With the little air I’ve got left in my body I ask: “Worthy?”

“Worthy to be a member of Tarentum?”

I can only find the power to nod and by doing so I fall on the ground, catching my breath.

\*Darkness\*

The Consul is nowhere to be seen and the place is covered in silence. I don’t mind as I’m still refilling my lungs. I’m picking up on someone, somewhere, not being able to get the specifics. No, not one individual, there are several lifeforms nearby. The room lights up in a hell white, kind of blinding me. And almost instantly turns black again. I remember the words of the Consul and close my eyes, let’s trust the Darkness. Not bothered by the flashing white light I focus, with my eyes closed and guided by the dark I manage to count thirty-six beings. Focusing upon their presence I notice that not all of them have the same amount of Force within them. Although I don’t feel threatened, I can’t think of any other way than fighting them to get out of this dream. I know many of these individuals are to powerful for me, but it’s a dream and what harm can that do...

I swiftly jump to the right, dealing two powerful punches to two unknown faces, knocking them out. In another flash of light I see three more, standing behind me. A backflip and three high-heel-kicks later leave those strangers lying on the floor. As I make my move towards my next opponent I get knocked back into a wall, a powerful blow but I manage to get up. The instance I’m on my feet, I got thrown to the other side of the room.

“Stop beating up our young journeymen!”

In that voice I hear a great might... And in curiousity I ask: “Who are you?”

“I’m Grand Master Kreeayt Havoc, and in name of Tarentum I welcome you, Itshim.”

\*Darkness\* The darkness within a closed mop-closet. I woke up.