Hell House

DA Timeros Caesus Entar Arconae

*Your Excellency,*

*We have scoured the de’Lovecraft mansion as per your request. Inside, we found no trace of the events described herein, nor any sign of Timeros himself. We did, however, find a primitive recorder that Timeros seems to have used to narrate his travels through the house. It was badly damaged and only some audio parts remain. I have taken the liberty of transcribing the more intelligible parts, as well as some crudely rendered sketches that also made it into the recorder’s memory.*

|-o-|

Right, this thing on? I hope so because Jesus fuck, do I have a lot to tell you. Seriously, I go on vacation for one fucking second and it turns out there’s been a War. Yes, a War, with capital fucking letters and everything. What was it about? I don’t know. Maybe Muz finally revealed that he was the Crusade dude I kinda sorta almost-met? Fucked if I care. Anyway, I’d feel bad for my dead colleagues except that, as far as I can see, no Arconan is actually dead. Also, I was introducing Nar Shaddaa slave girls to The Lightsaber while my Clanmates were fighting for their life, so suck it, brethren. Vacation is over, so your face is my sheath now.

Anyway. Right the instant I get back, I get called into the Consul’s office. I was right there preparing to have Marick chew me out for going AWOL. Turns out *Atty* is Consul now. I mean, what the Hell? Sweet, dependable little Atty is all grown up and Consular and stuff. Which apparently means she has to turn into a manipulative bitch.

Anyway, there she’s sitting wearing some sort of ridiculous blindfold with lime and aubergine stripes. It was hideous. As bad as that time Strat decided to wear his shirts in public. Right as I’m about to have a seizure, out come the words:

“Timmles!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“Uhm, yes?”

“Strat found it!”

“Uhm, what?”

“The haunted house you’ve been looking for!”

“The...haunted house...I was...looking for?”

“Yes, the one you were looking for! It is, after all, the only reason you could possibly not be there for the war, right?”

“Uhm, yes, of course! How could I forget?”

“Great! It’s in Port Ol’val, by the way.”

So here I am, headed on a shuttle to the ass end of the system where I am apparently to retrieve an artifact from the clutches of a lump of rock and quite possibly an evil ghost. Because evil ghosts are now a thing in my life, apparently.

Man, I wonder if there’s a way I can catch the next ship back to Nar Shaddaa.

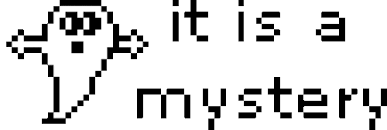
---

So anyway, I suppose I should talk about this haunted house or whatever sick fucking joke it is Atty and Strat are trying to spring on me.

Apparently it belonged to someone with the spectacularly bad sense to call herself Morrigane de’Lovecraft. Seriously, if you’re going to style yourself like something out of a fucking third rate young-adult horror novel that probably involves schoolgirls and tentacles, what the Hell do you expect? Clearly possessed of amazing power and almost no sense of style, she then tried to set up a spooky house **in the middle of a Shadowport.** I mean, what the Hell, bitch? There’s multiple habitable planets here and you choose to set up near the scum of the galaxy in a crowded fucking port that’s crawling with gangs? Maybe she just liked bad boys, or something.

Anyway, she disappeared at some point, which is apparently the universal sign for every asshole and his mom to decide the place is haunted and seal it off forever without trying to steal her shit. Because that clearly works in the midst of gangland Ol’val.

Anyway, I’m right in front of the place now, and someone, for the love of God, get some industrial strength stain remover because surprise-surprise, it looks like someone ejaculated Victorian Mansion all over my goddamn spaceport. How the fuck do we even *get* a full-moon on the inside of a lump of rock?



Why is it that every time I go somewhere, I end up fighting people who are already dead?

--

So yeah, I’m inside now and oh boy, this is starting out *great*. I walk in and two fucking seconds later, suddenly there’s like a glowing magical shield that prevents my exit like I’m back in jail. My lightsaber is useless here, which is really annoying. Apparently I can cut through anything except the things I’d want to cut through. What the fuck is this thing powered on? With my luck, it’s unicorn blood and my hopes and dreams of the Galaxy making sense one day.

--

Some brief notes on this ancient shithole. First, it keeps changing. I turn around and suddenly, exits are different. What the fuck? Did space and time look at this place and decide to take the day off to spend it fucking with me?

Second, portraits anywhere. Creepy looking guys, creeping looking little girls (fuck you, I don’t want your girl scout cookies), creepy looking women, creepy looking landscapes. Basically, everything is creepy. I would mock them, but they raise their eyebrows at me when I do.

Third, flickering lights. Apparently, the place is still wired despite a century of abandonment, but Ms. Morrigane decided to go for the Extra Creepy power plan.

Finally, headache. At first I thought it was spice withdrawal but now I’m not so sure. I don’t think spice withdrawal can make you bleed from your ears.

---

By the by, I suppose I should mention the other unusual thing I saw.

A CRYING FUCKING WOMAN FOLLOWING ME EVERYWHERE.

There, I said it. I took notice of you. You happy now, bitch? Yes, I’m talking to you. Don’t think I didn’t notice you and your whiny fucking sobbing all along. I just know better than to go towards crying women in haunted fucking houses. Sure, at first it’s all “aww poor dear, let’s comfort the poor Casperette” . Then suddenly when you come close OH HEY NO FUCKING FACE and she gets all “Seven Days” and “Give me back my baby” and “look how creepy I can be when I crawl across the floor!”. No, fuck you ~~Samara~~ ~~Alma~~ Morrigane. I am not falling for your cheap tricks. Just fuck off somewhere I don’t have to bother with you while I steal your shit. Man, Lara Croft never had to deal with creepy ghost chicks.

----

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?

So, here I am, trying to ignore crybaby over here - yes, you. You can stop gasping every time I pay attention to you. You’re worse than the wallflower girls in high school.

Then, just as I round another corner in this house (which is apparently big enough for wallflower here to **NEVER FIND LOVE** oops did I say that out loud?) out comes this shadowy fucking thing with too many orifices (none of which I’m interested in remembering in any way) and tries to bite my face off.

I sensibly bolted because fuck you, I am not getting eaten by a gibbering mouther, when suddenly ghost chick appears again, grinning at me like it’s the day before prom and she’s the only girl left without a date, just as I’m about to be devoured.

So naturally, I bolted again. I guess the advantage of endless fucking hallways is that I always have another place to run (and it’s not like I can get anymore lost than I am already).

So, monster **and** ghost chick. I wish it had tentacles so it could spend some time distracting Wallflower.

---

Right, monster appeared again. Tried to saber it, Force hit it, nothing worked. I’m starting to feel like I’m being railroaded by God and I can feel the train coming up behind me, ready to ram straight up my ass.

Starting to get woozy from blood loss, too.

Ugh. Monster, let me be absolutely clear. Eat a dick. With *all* your mouths.

(Just not mine. I’ll need it for whenever I get out and try to forget this ever happened). I, however, am going to talk to Wallflower, pretend to be scared by the revelation of her gruesome face (I’ve been, uh, practicing my girly shrieks whenever I ran from that monster asshole), and then find out the way to get out of this place.

---

No, I don’t fucking care if your soul can only be freed if you gain intimate knowledge of The Lightsaber. Your face looks like you tried to blow a vibroblade. I am *not* spearing you.

//

*Several unintelligible sounds erupted here, including some high-pitched unearthly keening and moaning. And that’s not counting whatever sound the ghosts made.*

//

...I just speared her. Fuck all my life. Still.



---

...What the fuck? Did Wallflower just *ditch* me? I mean, what the Hell? First you whine I treat you like an object of lust (which, for the record, is **not** as easy as you made it sound) and then you ascend into the heavens? You ungrateful bitch. Monster is still lurking, but fuck it. At least she left me a map tracing my movements so far: turns out her ‘mansion’ only has four rooms and I’ve been walking around two of them like a moron. I blame the fact that I have by now lost roughly nine gallons of blood.

Anyway, artifact-finding time. Then, monster, I’m going to come over and fuck ALL Y’ALL.

---

I am Timeros Entar, and I'm here to ask you a question. Is a Dark Jedi not entitled to the sweat of his brow? "No," says the man on the Iron Throne, "it belongs to the Council." "No," says the woman on the Serpentine Throne, "it belongs to the Clan." "No," says the monster in the Haunted House, "it belongs to me." I rejected those answers; instead, I chose something different. I chose the impossible. I chose... Nar Shaddaa. A city where the Jedi would not fear the ghost; where man would not be bound by petty morality; where the Lightsaber would not be constrained by the police! And with the money from this artifact, Nar Shaddaa can become my city, as well.

See you soon, Clan. Just don’t send me after anymore goddamn ghosts.

|-o-|

*As of yet, we have not spotted Timeros. However, we have dispatched agents to Nar Shaddaa and hope to retrieve him soon. It should be noted that the field agents that recovered this data have witnessed none of the phenomena described here, and that the Arconae appears to have suffered severe blood loss and possible brain damage in the course of his mission. We may never know how much of his experiences were hallucinatory in nature.*

*In Darkness,*

*Celevon Edraven,*

*Aedile Qel-Droma.*

(The Tim owns none of the pictures used above and sure as fuck hasn’t created them)