“A dark training day”

By DJK Ranarr Kul (Krath) / Battle Team Inmortuae of Clan Tarentum (#14229)

Often in my dreams I still hear these words from my arrival:

*‘Welcome to the Dark Jedi Brotherhood.’*

I’ve come far from that day, but the memory still lays fresh in mind.

Standing in front of those giant, scary-looking doors made me think for a second to turn back. But I knew if I didn’t enter the Shadow Academy, my journey to ultimate power would already end. Many stood aside me and as a strange bell sounded and the doors started to open with a squeeky sound, many turned and run off as fast as possible. My heart almost knocked out of my chest but I stood my ground and once the door was opened, I stepped forward and entered.

A cloaked figure moved towards those who entered:

‘Welcome brethren, to the Shadow Academy. I am the Headmaster and I’d like you to follow me. On your left you will find a well stocked library, on your right are practice rooms for lightsaber combat.’

We moved through a hallowed hallways to find classrooms and even a hanger and vehicle pool. Walking next to one of the classrooms, the Headmaster pointed me in: ‘Itshim (at that time I didn’t know my real name yet), your stop.’

Entering the classroom, I could see that only one seat wasn’t taken, the one right in front of the Docent. Walking at swift pase towards that chair, I could feel all eyes (including those of the Docent) starting at me, the new guy, the unexperienced Cathar Initiate.

‘Sit down! And answer me this: At what rank can you earn your Lightsabre?’

‘Dark Jedi Knight, sir.’

‘That’s correct.’ The Docent said, without any change to his face.

‘Did you know that aswell?’ the Docent asked after turning towards the human sitting next to me.

‘I do Sir!’ he answered in a haze.

‘You don’t!’, the Docent roared and he send flashing lightning in the human’s direction. The boy got pulverized immediatly at the impact of the lightning bolt. Some dust got blown in my face, but I did not dare to move.

Questions flooded through the room, some replied with the things expected by the Docent... those who failed are no more. I thought it was a miracle that I could give the correct answer each time the Docent adressed me.

After a while, not sure how long we’ve been in this room, the Docent nodded and said: ‘Those remaining have passed my course and you can all move into the room across the hall.’ I looked up and noticed there where only three students, including me, left in here. As we walked through the door, exiting the classroom, two ewoks passed us. They started cleaning the mess as we stepped into the next room.

‘Greetings Journeymen, by passing the course you just took, you may now call yourself Apprentice. You’ve all been elevated to that rank. You’ve all chosen a different path. A Krath, an Obelisk and a Sith are standing before me. You’ll all be placed in different Clans.’

Out of exitement I could not hear where my colleague-students where send to, I didn’t even catch their names. All I heared next was: ‘Itshim, you’re apointed to Clan Tarentum where u will meet your Master, Pel.’

And from there on a beginning was made.