



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO DB COMPETITION: ALL IN A  
DAY'S WORK

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## On the Trail

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*Author:*

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Clan Scholae Palatinae

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# 1 Cryptic Call

FROM: VOICE Evant Taelyan

TO: Dr. Elinicia Rei

SUBJECT: The Inquisitorius

Dr. Rei,

The Dark Council is always watching. Your achievements have not gone unnoticed. You are hereby inducted into the Inquisitorius, however, first you must prove yourself.

Coordinates attached. Tell no-one. Come alone or not at all.

Evant Taelyan,

The Voice of the Brotherhood

It was the first message that ever surprised Elinicia. Previous assignments had placed the secret Krath in awkward, difficult, life threatening situations, but she had expected that when she chose this path. Of course with her accomplishments, more and more difficult tasks would follow, and after her capture of Rhiaen Ust'essi, by use of a berry laced with a powerful sleeping agent, it was only natural that her unique skill set would have attracted the attention of the Dark Council and that more difficult tasks would follow, tasks that would put her ability to hide her true identity to the limit. This, however, was a genuine mystery. Her brow furrowed, painted magenta skin illuminated by the vermilion glow of the setting Judecca sun.

Even in her time as the Daughter of Palpatine she had never heard of this society. Was she not privy to this information before? Was this a new development? Had she really accomplished more as Elinicia than she did as Impetus? The apprehension of Rhiaen was her greatest accomplishment but, by her own design, the name of Elinicia Rei carried little power compared to Impetus M'Nar Palpatine. If this was a new development, then why now? What does the Dark Council suddenly need this? Evant's short and brief message raised far more questions than answers, and was the first time the Dark Council had contacted her without going through Emperor Xen'Mordin first. Did Xen even know?

Elinicia tried to force the questions out of her mind. She was ordered to tell no-one and could not procrastinate on a direct order from the Dark Council. As she passed through the corridors of the Scholae Palatinae headquarters, there was an odd atmosphere in the air. Dark Jedi were untrusting at the best of times, but even more so today. She felt a coldness, an unwillingness to be noticed among many of those she passed. Even Pete from Sales seemed distracted. It worked to her advantage, with the secrets she held, in-

teraction was best kept to a minimum anyway. She left for the given location, a curiously detailed set of coordinates, without saying a word.

## 2 Dust, Darkness and Flames

Darkness had fallen when she arrived in the streets of the Ohmen lower city. Distant lights glittered from the peak of the affluent central mountain, the seats of the nobles, seated high above the poverty of the working class. Elincia's long white labcoat, becoming more gray with each passing day, was the brightest object in the dirty, dusty street. Her lightsaber was missing from her inside pocket. She had no idea what she was going into but could not risk breaking her cover.

Her keen eyes scanned her surroundings. Members of the Ohmen public gave a sideways glance at the strange, out-of-place togruta scientist as they passed. Agents of the Dark Council could be anywhere. She was unable to discern if she was being followed. She walked briskly through the city streets, disguising her nerves and apprehension. There could be no room for any suspicious movements, and no visible use of the Force.

A crashed speeder, outline obscured by smoke, attracted her attention by the side of the road, all that stood out in the unremarkable slum, on the exact location of the given coordinates. Elincia approached cautiously. Something smelled of burning. She drew close enough to make out the pilot's silhouette.

A young human lady lay slumped across the controls, the parts of her face not covered by the flowing, thick dark hair were hidden in the darkness. She was clearly dead. Glancing over her shoulder to make sure no-one was watching, the scientist opened the door to investigate. There were no visible causes of death. Elincia placed her fingers on her cheek. Her body was still warm. Her death was very recent. On her lap lay two items an identification card and a small, suspicious looking plain black datapad that seemed as if it had been planted there.

Elincia cautiously picked up the ID card first. A simple design, the name SARNA MARISEL, a small picture of the woman in front of her, her face much clearer, neat dark hair framed a petite face, blue eyes shining with awareness and intellect. A small logo of a company named Terexe Research occupied the other side, and a 12 digit ID number. She pocketed the card for later, before turning her attention to the datapad. Something

seemed off, through the darkness and the smoke she noticed a small wire protruding from underneath. Elinicia had set enough traps in her time to recognise one.

She pushed the door open as far as she could with her foot, then, in one smooth and swift motion grabbed the datapad and escaped the vehicle. Mere seconds later, the dark streets were bathed in the fiery glow of an explosion that engulfed the speeder, destroying everything inside. Elinicia felt the heat of the fireball on her back as she escaped the blast radius, moving swiftly down an alleyway unnoticed, the datapad and ID card in hand. By the time the sound of sirens converged on the blast zone, Elinicia was long gone, crouching in a dark corner to investigate the message left on the datapad.

IN SHADOW OR LIGHT, THE ORDER DEFINES US  
THE IDENTITY IS IN THE ORDER  
THE ORDER WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY

She read the message over and over again, trying to make sense of it. The comforting thing was this message was clearly the work of the Dark Brotherhood. She had picked up the correct trail. Unfortunately, the cryptic message made very little sense to her. She guessed it was something to do with the Orders of the Sith, Jedi, Dark Jedi, or perhaps relating to the destruction of the Krath and Obelisk orders, that the order one chooses is part of their identity. There was some truth to that, even after abandoning her old name, rank and identity, Elinicia still followed the secretive ways of the extinct Order of the Krath. Regardless of the truth of the statement however, it did not provide her any useful information.

### 3 Terexe

While the back streets of the slums of Ohmen were significantly less an optimal location than her office, her own personal datapad still had access to the holonet. It was time for Elinicia to do what she did best: research. The streets had become empty as everyone in the vicinity had rushed to watch the aftermath of the explosion. She looked back at the identity card. Clearly, whatever the Dark Council were leading her to, the clues lay with the woman in the speeder. Luckily, even in this location she still had access to the holonet.

Opening her own personal datapad, there was only one logical place to start: Terexe Research. She searched the name on the holonet for more information. A public civilian

company, it wasn't difficult to find information about them, their activities, their operations. Their logo, a white ring imposed onto an explosion-like shape with marks at the four compass points, littered their homepage. They appeared to specialise in psychological analysis, a small upstart company by appearances, but none of that mattered to her. All Elinia needed was the physical address at the bottom.

The headquarters were close to her current location. This was not entirely unexpected, Sarna Marisel must have been travelling home from work at the time of her demise. A chill ran down Elinia's spine as the cold night air of Judecca cooled her body in its period of inactivity. After orienting herself with a digital map, Elinia broke into a small jog, attempting to warm herself up as she searched for more information.

Her journey led her back past the explosion site, around which the fire illuminated the silhouette of a major police operation that had begun to unfold to keep the interested citizens away from the investigation. Elinia paid no mind to it as she passed at a distance, checking her location on a map.

By the time she arrived at Terexe, she had located everything from Marisel's office number to her family and friends via the social holonet. She seemed to be quite the socialite. At Terexe, she was responsible for personality research. The same logo appeared on the front of the building. Elinia surveyed the area, she seemed to be in a commercial area, which in the dead of night, was absolutely silent. Her own footsteps were the only sound as she approached the front door. The door was locked by keycard access only. The solution to this problem was obvious.

Elinia casually swiped Marisel's ID card through the reader. A barely audible click from the door's locking mechanism marked the success of the easiest break-in in galactic history. She entered quickly and closed the door behind her. The lights automatically sprung into action, giving Elinia her first clear sight of her surroundings since she left her office. The corridors were white, empty and sterile, as if no-one had decided what to do with them yet. Elinia briefly wondered if this was even a real company, but didn't feel like the question was of major importance as she located the office of Sarna Marisel.

The only thing in the office was Marisel's computer terminal, which had been left on. A password was required. Elinia took a wild guess at the first thing that came to mind, 'TEREXE' but the password was denied. She looked back at the cryptic message on the datapad, but saw nothing that gave her any ideas.

Luckily, Marisel's social media accounts contained a wealth of information to work with. Her family's names, surnames, favourite media... after a frustrating ten minutes that felt like days, finally, the name of her pet gizka proved to be the correct answer.

## 4 The Test of Life

The monitor flashed into life onto the home page of a personality test. 'The Test Of Life' covered the screen with the company logo behind it. Curious, Elincia clicked a button to start the test.

On a scale of 0-9, how much do you agree with the following statement:  
You feel that hurting people is acceptable if you accomplish your goals.

She was briefly taken aback by the choice of 0-9 rather than 1-10, but Elincia answered with an honest 7, genuinely curious about the result. She would prefer not to hurt people if possible, but under her old identity, she built a reputation as a legendary assassin, so she was hardly unfamiliar with causing pain. She continued through the test, answering all twelve questions as honestly as she could.

Your ideal career path is: SCIENTIST

You are a complex individual with complex thought processes. You prefer facts and figures to emotions, and understand that sometimes, people may be upset by your work, but you continue regardless.

She smiled and nodded. The test was accurate, but the answer not useful. She tried the test again, assuming her answers were critical to following the trail further. She had heard stories of Revan in Kashyyyk having to answer questions like a Sith would in order to gain access to a map. She took the test again, answering every question like the typical Sith would.

Your ideal career path is: CANTINA BOUNCER

She growled quietly in frustration at the completely useless answer, striding around the room. She looked back at the datapad's message 'THE ORDER WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY' read the last line, but what order? ten possible answers to twelve questions left 1000000000000 possibilities, Elincia would die of old age before she came close to even covering 1% of them.

She rubbed her temples, trying to think, to remain calm, she put everything she had on the desk in front of her. Marisel's ID, with the picture, logo and ID number, and the mysterious black datapad. She looked over at the card and a thought came to her. She started the quiz again, and was faced with the same first question as always.

Elincia answered four. Then seven, then three. If the identity is in the order, is the order in the identity? The message suddenly made sense. She answered every question in the order in which they appeared on Marisel's ID number. The ID had twelve numbers, there were twelve questions. That explained the 0-9 answer scheme.

Your ideal career path is: INQUISITOR

We've been expecting you, Dr. Rei. You have proven yourself worthy.

Proceed immediately to the roof. A shuttle is on its way.

## 5 The Inquisitorius

Elincia immediately made her way to the roof as ordered, hearing the rush of air from the landing shuttle as she ascended the building's stairwell. It arrived remarkably quickly. They must have been watching her. The Inquisitorius clearly knew all and saw all.

A civilian transport model, the shuttle was plain silver in design, with the Terexe logo emblazoned on both sides. Elincia assumed this was the logo of the Inquisitorius. Terexe had clearly just been a front. After taking a mental note of the shuttle's bearing, she ventured out into the chill of the night air for the brief walk to the shuttle. Elincia quickly boarded to be greeted by the droid pilot, which passed her a keycard containing only the Inquisitorius logo, nothing else. No sooner had she closed the door behind her had the shuttle taken off for a pre-programmed destination.

Elincia peered out of the viewport as the shuttle banked sharply, speeding away from the streets of Ohmen. She knew the geography of Judecca well, as as the shuttle traversed the towering mountain ranges, Elincia's mind was constantly estimating their velocity and location in an attempt to discern where she was being taken.

Quite abruptly, after a few sharp turns, the shuttle banked and dived into a cave barely wider than the shuttle's wingspan. Elincia had a rough idea of the coordinates in her acute mind as the shuttle navigated its way through a long and winding cave, before suddenly the cave opened up into a giant cavern, scattered with an assortment of civilian transports; a hidden underground hangar. The shuttle landed in one of the only spaces

available, near to a large black door, the Inquisitorius logo standing out in pristine white. The whole area was clearly a recent development.

Her keycard opened the door as expected. An expansive entrance hall, minimally decorated in ebon black, dotted with black cloaks, hushed voices filling the air, Elinicia's off-white lab-coat stood out in stark contrast. She assumed the others had all recently passed their own personal test.

On a large pedestal at the front of the hall, a human male prepared to give a speech. It was Lucyeth. Elinicia stuck to herself, shying away from interaction with the high concentration of Dark Jedi present. Lucyeth seemed a little nervous. Recently made Quaestor, he had little leadership experience or knowledge.

"Welcome to the Inquisitorius," Lucyeth's words made the hall fall silent, although Elinicia felt this was more from curiosity than Lucyeth's personality demanding attention. "In the name of the Grand Master and the Voice of the Brotherhood, this society will protect the secrets of the Brotherhood, protecting it from the shadows against inside and outside threats. I am Grand Inquisitor Lucyeth, and this is the local headquarters for the Cocytus sect."

A few whispers spread across the hall at this. Everyone was thinking the same thing as Elinicia. Grand Inquisitor Lucyeth? When, why, and how? Had he been running secret errands for the Dark Council? For Elinicia, the appointment was convenient, Lucyeth was a warrior, a master of the martial arts, not the kind of leader that would put her skills at maintaining her disguise to the test. She was confident she could safely work around him. Elinicia mostly zoned out, along with most others, of the rest of the speech, which largely sounded like recitation of words the Dark Council had written for him, but regardless, Elinicia had made it into the Inquisitorius.