

# **A Society Member**

**By Lexiconus Qor**

**#13380**

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Fiction**

**Shadow Academy,  
Unknown Location,  
Unknown Sector  
34 ABY**

Deep within the bowels of the gigantic capital ship that represented the Shadow Academy, Lexiconus Qor meditated silently in an alcove. Before him was an advanced holocron glowing a bright ruby, floating mid-air while different parts slowly came apart. The Dark Side fuelled his efforts, as he delved his mind's eye deep inside to discover the knowledge. Ancient secrets about Sith lore, the perfection of various lightsaber art forms and key maneuvers for martial art techniques were stored inside and appeared before the Quarren's eyes. He craved this knowledge, in order to better himself and the Empire as a whole. He felt it all from within and some secrets about the origins of the Jedi. But it wasn't what he was looking for, he desired some more macabre and something more, fleshy. It was the Battlemaster's desire to learn the secrets of death and life, but he had many more holocrons to research for that. Closing up the holocron, Qor stood himself up and caught the device in mid-air.

"There must be a Healing wing somewhere. Where's those fweeing Magistrates when you need them." The Battlemaster said to himself. Then a protocol droid suddenly appeared from around the corner and waved at him.

"Battlemaster Qor! Battlemaster Qor! How are you today, my moisturised fine sir! It is so good to see you back in the 'Academy. I knew you would return again." The protocol droid, D-4SR, shouted out in pure happiness and with a bubbly personality. Qor grumbled something in Quarrenese and rubbed his beard-esque tentacles as his eyes rolled.

"Droid, show me where I can find information about Force Healing and it's mysteries." Qor said, as he reluctantly approached the droid.

"Oh! Of course sire! Certainly! I will take you there in a jiffy!"

"Now droid!" The Battlemaster impatiently shouted, as the Dark Side around him pushed and flipped objects around him. The droid jumped in its suit and briskly walked ahead. The Battlemaster followed shortly behind, as his eyes darted around reading the labels of the library categories and the scrolls themselves. He came across a large gate which was known as one of the most restricted areas, and the droid inputted the coding to open the gate.

"This way, sir. I understand you have the Society rank acquirable for this clearance, so I am automatically inputting the coding to access you this level of information. Oh, imagine if this information were to fall into the hands of those pesky Jedi, oh the calamity!" D-4SR said out loud, which became incredibly annoying for Qor.

"Just open the gate and point me in the right direction please? I know I'm a *Maxima Cum Laude*." The Battlemaster groaned, his uneasiness of the location however wasn't down the conversation. It was down to the effects of the Dark Side hidden deep in this area, leaching

and snaring his affiliation with hunger. It wanted Qor inside, but he had to be careful. The Dark Side intimidated even the most powerful of Sith, this ancient information passed down by the most exemplary and successful of scholars, sorcerers and warlords became volatile even by those with equal power. Eventually the droid turned towards a rather tall and rusty cabinet, possessing hundreds of locks, pads and chains. The droid then turned around and walked past the Quarren.

“I am sorry sir, but my database says that only a Sith of equal, er, rank can open this. Good day.”

“Then move, your job is done.” The Battlemaster ordered, giving the droid a soft push with the Dark Side. Closing his eyes and concentrating heavily upon the purity of anger and pleasure deep inside his soul, Qor lifted his hands and began to weave the Dark Side inside the locks and pads. He stood like this for hours on end, exhausting himself lock by complicated lock as they broke free each time. The chains finally falling to the floor with a heavy clank, the cabinet opened and holocrons of all shapes, sizes and colours burst out.

“Now then,” The Battlemaster clapped his hands together and grinned. “Where is the necromancy holocron?” He said with an excited hiss, the search for life after death began.