

## *Donning the Clothe*

He kneeled. He had been kneeling for the better part of the night and most of the early morning. His muscles ached and his mind wandered. Fenn wondered, indeed, how long we would have to remain kneeling.

The chamber was cold and dark; no light penetrated its capriciously decaying façade. There were many hidden and crumbling edifices on Antei, this one was unremarkable as the rest. Except, this one was a gathering point for the higher orders of the Inquisitorius.

It was his first time coming here; the flight from Cocytus had been uneventful in the ramshackle shuttle. His orders came in near dawn, and he had hurried to make the short trek to the capital world of the Star Chamber. The missive was short; *arrive with no fanfare, as humbly as a beggar, and prostrate yourself before your brethren of the shadows.* Fenn replayed these words over and over in his mind. He had little else to do besides consult his memories and his mind to help fend off the cold that was embracing his nearly naked skin. His small clothes draped his waist and covered little else.

Fenn sensed the arrival obliquely in the Force. He could forge no telepathic bond or sense no presence in the Force. He knew instinctually, as the dread slowly began to creep into his psyche and cold sweat began to form on the back of his neck. The Zeltron forced himself to smile and inadvertently released relaxing pheromones. This natural parlor trick would be useless here he knew, against the ones surely to host this event.

The Battlemaster was aware that ceremonies occurred on Antei for the members of the Inquisitorius. He was also aware that assassinations and imprisonment occurred here too. A single golden saber ignited, illuminating the room. Fenn took it in slowly, and let the sense of wonder and foreboding roll off of his shoulders. The cloaked figures appeared as giants despite being yards away near an altar. He made out twelve of them kneeling facing him, with the lone standing figure chanting rapidly an unintelligible tune.

Three more golden sabers flashed on from behind the altar, held aloft by more cloaked figures. The additional light gave Fenn the ability to make out even more details of the chamber. He was wrong, though, as the altar was no altar at all. The glow of the sabers barely glanced off of the metal and clothe but Zagro perceived it. It was a beautiful black matte armor draped in a golden brown leather cloak. A few trinkets and assets adorned the chest plate. His aching knees forgot the pain that had been ravaging them for hours.

Two cloaked members of the order grabbed Fenn by the shoulders and pulled him to his feet, slowly pulling him towards the armor and the assembled Inquisitorius. No words were spoken as the kneeling members of the order took to

their feet and began taking pieces of the armor in hand. Those not dressing Fenn began chanting the same incantation he heard previously. Once the armor was on, all present ignited their sabers at once and raised them in a short salute. The chanting ceased and the sabers' glow were extinguished. He closed his eyes and opened them again. Fenn found himself alone with only a single candle lighting the chamber. The Zeltron smiled and collapsed to his knees once more.