**“Underneath the Thirteenth”**

By Braecen Kaeth (4520)

*A Dark Brotherhood Competition: “What’s Up, Darth?”*

**Bothan Assault Cruiser *Darkest Night***

**Dajorra System**

The Executive Officer had been midway through his report when the emergency beacon sounded throughout the bridge. As the sirens screamed, the Adept heard a distinct ***chirp-chirp*** at the end of the note signifying that it was a transmission from the Iron Throne. Braecen felt his heart freeze and could detect several others whom had similar reactions in close proximity. No news from Darth Pravus had proven to be the *best* news thus far into his tenure. The new Grand Master proved mercurial and prone to rash, destructive decisions that seemingly splintered the Brotherhood.

 Sworn to safeguard the Grand Master, Braecen silently hoped that this was a recap of an event – not orders to carry out on Pravus’ behalf. The Sith Elder turned his ice blue eyes towards the holo-transmission as the image snapped into focus. The white robes accented in gold were a telltale sign of the Grand Master, but something seemed *off.* Further scrutiny was rewarded as he noted that the person on screen was impersonating the Dark Lord of the Sith. *And poorly at that,* he thought.

 Music crashed through the loudspeaker and lightning flashed on the screen as the faux-Pravus sauntered forward. A lightsaber in his hand, he began to mumble under his breath. *“Kill the Undesireables. Kill the Un-deeeeee-sireables! I’m hunting Jed-iiiii. I’m hunting Je-daiiiiiii!”* His lightsaber flared up and he began to stick it in various holes throughout the stage he pranced upon. It looked more akin to hunting womp rants on Tatooine to the Elder. A practice that had become unnervingly popular after Luke Skywalker had become a galaxy-wide sensation.

 The camera panned wide and a young lady with a long white braid of hair appeared. Braecen felt his stomach flip-flop. *It is surely a crude replication of the Shadow Lady,* the words ran over and over in his head. She danced across the stage towards the imposter. Her voice floated through the speakers and into the hearts and minds of everyone present, *“Hunting? Killing? What’s up, Darth?”*

 *“I’m hunting the Lightsiders! With my saber!”* The faux-Pravus flourished his blade before thrusting the tip into the air. Aghast, Braecen continued to watch – enthralled by the gross display of ignorance or courage of some individual whom dared make a powerful enemy.

 *“Just your liiiiiight- saber? Just the liiiiiiiiii-ght-saber?”* Faux-Atyiru gently cooed.

 *“And my magic holocron. This magic holocron!”* The impostor held a broken datapad up high. It had been crudely painted gold to embellish its importance to the naked eye.

 The crude display of Lightside Patriotism continued for a painful five minutes. The Adept could only assume that the transmission was going to every Brotherhood encrypted device across the galaxy. He felt his heart sink. There would be retaliation for this act. And it would come to The Citadel where the *real* Atyiru sat upon her Throne. Arcona had already taken a defiant stance against both The Purge and the Destruction of New Tython. While her Elder advisors had helped her deftly weave an argument against breaking the Dajorra-Yhi Concordant, there would be no protection from the Grand Master and his Dark Council. *If he believes this to be the work of a true Arconan,* the thought instantly popped into the Adept’s mind.

 His first impulse was to raise a transmission to the Grand Master himself. Instead, he bellowed orders for the ship to make an emergency jump to the planet of Selen. From there he could take a landing shuttle and make his way to The Citadel to remove their Consul from danger and place her in a secure, hidden facility known only to the Arconae as the Prison of Elders – the secret prison of Mejas Doto and several other powerful Force Users that had gone mad with power.

**The Citadel**

**Estle City, Selen**

*“That is not going to play well,”* the Proconsul stated flatly. The Shadow Lady, Atyiru Caesura Entar, sat upon the Serpentine Throne. Her meld with Uji Tameike had provided her enough knowledge that the transmission had been not only in bad form, but it baited the Grand Master to come after *her* Clan. She could feel the dismay pouring from the man at her side.

 *“You are such a faithful friend,”* she said as she placed a hand on his arm. Gently, he hooked his arm underneath hers and they began to walk down the halls of The Citadel towards where the others would be congregated. *“Do not worry yourself on my account. I can already feel the Arconae and the Elders through The Force – they are coming.”*

 *“Who?”* Uji breathed. He was trying to tally the headcounts of whom he had deployed and where the Battle Teams were actively engaged in missions on his behalf. He had spread them thing to occupy their minds and keep them distracted from fighting amongst one another. He had *not* anticipated a situation that would require recovering all of their military assets in a moment’s notice.

 Atyiru smiled gently. The corners of her lips tugging her face into a serene show of compassion and grace. *“Who? Why… all of them. Every Arconae. Every Elder. Every ally. I can feel them all racing here. Some of them are filled with purpose. Others are fueled by their loyalty. Whatever their reasons are, Uji, they are coming to Selen.”*