The Kreala Holocron

I am not in the habit of using holocrons, so these entries may be discombobulated. The crystal matrix is not quite tuned properly and it seems the lattice has been somehow 1mp4c43d. Th3r3 15 some time for me to get it correct, though. It has been some time since I have had the time to use my workshop, and with a week before I am due on Dathomir 70 p1(|{ µp m¥ qµ33n...

So, have you forgotten me, my oldest friend

I found this device in the tombs of |{0rr1b4n, M0r1bµnÐ 4$ 7h3¥ 1n 7h3 (0r3 (4££ 17. It is of relatively modern make. I am guessing that it was created by a Ð1$4ƒƒ3(73Ð J3Ð1 ¥0µ7h in the early part of the clone wars. The crystalline structure is interesting, perhaps m0Ð3£3Ð 4ƒ73r 4n 0£Ð3r m0Ð3£ 7h47 7h3¥ w3r3 4££0w3Ð to study. The shape is distinct, neither the classic pyramid formations of the ancient Sith, or the cube or dodecahedrons of the Jedi. In an odd sense of 930m37r¥, 17 h4$ n1n3 sides, the architecture rather awkward in the hand and yet somehow compelling.

Stirring the silenced echoes of those world's end

The only solid information available to my eyes about the creator is the etched word along one of the seams. Kreala is spelled out, in rather awkward handwriting in the aurek besh. It seems that perhaps a different hand signed this work, p3rh4p$ 4ƒ73r 7h3¥ h4Ð 74|{3n 17. I do not think the creator who managed the rest of the holocron, as crude as it may be, was so sloppy.

Oh, the things I knew when the hall was still smoking

Eventually, I will probably create one of my own in this fashion. The Guardian protocols are $3v3r3£¥ £1m173Ð, pr0b4b£¥ due to the lack of skill on the original maker's part. The recording seems to be working, although the retrieval 1$ $71£73Ð 4nÐ 94rb£3Ð.

The chains you put on me were made to be broken

Perhaps aligning the matrix with the lakhgfiog fviabl gvliab fiuhbkjl hbvhb kalhgbkhgbj hh lhgb,lkjahlkuyhwpoiu h;auhk; jah s;fhoauh[o.

And yet eventually, you will come to see

When all burns there's nothing left of you but me

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Responsibility is the recompense of strength.

We all are brought to bear against the things that will challenge us, make us stronger. Without conflict, without struggle, there is no growth. That part of the Sith ideology I feel they got correctly.

Steel sharpens steel, after all.

Yet the Sith carry this to an untenable end, destroying one or even both of the pieces of steel in their ceaseless approach to strength. These are pyrrhic victories, strengthening only one individual yet weakening the whole.

I understand why Bane would have created the Rule of Two. I have seen with my own eyes what happens when you have too many deigning to lead, feebly grasping at power, and losing sight of the ultimate goal. My years on the Council, at the head of the table was evidence enough for me. Grand goals get abandoned in favor of petty pissing matches. £3$$3r $17h $33 7h1$ 4$ $0m3h0w µ$3ƒµ£. B4n3 w0µ£Ð h4v3 b33n Ð1$9µ$73Ð.

And it was working so well, too. Th3 m47r1x 4£19nm3n7 |{33p$ (0m1n9 0µ7 0ƒ p£4(3, 4nÐ 7h3 p£4¥b4(|{ 1$ br34|{1n9 µp. I'm not even sure that it is recording right now.

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Testing, testing. The volume is far too low. I'll need to either remove some resistors on that line or place a minor signal repeater before the magnetics.

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Testing. Testing. Echo? Echo? Signal Signal repeater repeater was was a a bad bad idea. idea. The The timing timing seems seems impossible impossible to to get get right. right. Why Why am am I I even even continuing continuing to to tinker tinker with with this this piece piece of of junk junk when when it it seems seems to to have have been been made made by by a a cross cross eyed eyed jawa jawa with with a a spice spice habit. habit.

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Ththere. Ii ththink Ii ffixed tthe ttiming oon tthe ssignal rrepeater. Ccloser, aanyway. Ii ccan't bbelieve tthat Ii hhave aalready sspent tthis mmuch ttime oon tthis.

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Finally freed from politick and faction

It is good to have time. I have spent much of my life in pursuit of larger goals, that I often forget the simple joys. The heft of a hydrospanner in the hand, the click of well machined parts sliding into place, the sense of accomplishment when something erupts from your mind into the real world, substance wrought with your own hands. These things remind us who we are, what we are.

Your strength returns, and fed on passion

*Then the Universe shifts and the Force beckons us, whispering like a dangerous lover. She brings you to the center of her whirlwind, playing you as a Dejarik piece.*

*That strength is flame that chars your action*

*But I am no mere gamepiece. My mind can wrest control from her slight hands, her subtle ways. I am no Jedi, bowing to the whims of a universe who has no real plan, that has no real aims. The Force is not a God, and I am no priest.*

Soon your fire dims and I am Ashen.

*The projector seems twisted. It is shifting the pitch of my voice up in register, and the colors are all somehow off. It didn't seem too damaged, but I can replace it easily enough. Blackwind has already laid in the course for Dathomir, and it is hard to believe seven days have already passed. Yet a little solitude was not amiss.*

Never alone to the end of your days.

After the sunset, I am with you always.

GM Muz Ashen (Krath)/BTL/Night Hawks of House Marka Ragnos, Clan Naga Sadow.

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