



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT
WORKSHOP 2: PERSONALITY MATRIX COMPETITION:
CDW: PERSONALITY MATRIX IN WRITING

The Girl with a Thousand Eyes

Author:

Elinia REI (5951)

Clan Scholae Palatinae

September 20, 2016

Prologue

Ohmen was perpetually a city at war. It had been for as long as anyone had ever known. The technology level was primitive, but its inhabitants knew little about the galaxy of-fworld. The entire Cocytus System had been deemed hazardous by the New Republic, and Ohmen was the worst, the waxing and waning of warlords by repeated violent uprisings occurred on a regular cycle. In 7 ABY, Warlord Khael had single handedly gathered enough support to overthrow the ruling Amon family, publicly decapitating Warlord Fray Amon. Three years later, his younger cousin, Ter Amon, had secretly gathered together the surviving members of the family.

The room was quiet, dark, musty. The food was stale, the wine was worse, but it was all they could afford without bringing too much attention to themselves. “It has been three years since Khael rose to power”, said the sombre voice of Ter. “It’s time to take back control.” There were murmurs of agreement without passion or conviction around the table, a group of 5 human men, various ages. In the corner stood a small twi’lek girl, an orphan just grateful for the roof over her head, dirty yellow skin dressed in dirty worn out rags, no older than ten years old.

“Fetch me more wine girl!” an elderly voice demanded of the area the servant stood. The child nodded politely, promptly refilling the man’s cup.

“The Nical family support us. So do the Uros,” Ter continued.

Warlord Khael’s tall, imposing figure cast dark shadows across his council room. A battleaxe almost as large as the giant himself hung across his back. A powerful fist rattled the table, sending shockwaves through his castle. “They’re planning something, I know it!” he roared ferociously at his advisers. “NION! Your spies must have heard something!”

“My lord,” the young man stammered. “We have heard nothing of an uprising. Your rule is as secure as ever.”

“Nonsense!” he bellowed at the room, anger showing no sign of waning. “This is OHMEN! There’s always someone looking to take control! No-one has lasted this long without conflict, no-one!”

“No-one had an army as powerful as yours my lord,”

“That’s a lie! Nardash had an army ten-thousand strong!” Khael stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him as he left. In his path was a small twi’lek girl who barely came up to his waist. She inclined her head respectfully upon sight of Khael.

“Ter Amon is plotting against you,” said an innocent ten-year old voice. “The Nical and Uros families support them. They are based in the market quarter, in an old house on Nardash Road.”

1 In Service to Khael

The Amon, Nical and Uros families were never heard from again. The twi’lek, Tonal’la, had taken up residence in Khael’s castle two years earlier after living on the streets at the age of eight. She became a well known figure among the citizens of Ohmen, known for her politeness and innocence. She found that she could earn more money by trying to make friends with rich families.

Khael had learned that she had made powerful friends, and offered her a place in his castle, where she could receive the education she so desperately desired, in exchange for information only she could obtain. She learned the basics of language, mathematics and science alongside specialist training in manipulation and stealth, as well as a reliable place to sleep.

She was the youngest of five siblings born to a family in poverty. Her mother died in childbirth before she was abandoned by her father as he could not afford to feed his existing four children. Now, working for Khael, she had more money than all of them combined. After her work in exposing the rebellion, her place in Khael’s castle became permanent. However, any connection between Tonal’la and Khael was kept secret to the rest of Ohmen. She still begged for money on the street day to day, targeting those the warlord needed to keep an eye on. Through a network of contacts she began to gain more influence in the city than anyone, even Khael, truly understood.

At the age of twelve, she performed her first assassination. A banquet had been discovered in which Khael’s biggest rivals would be present. Under the image of a common street urchin, Tonal’la infiltrated the kitchen, attempting to persuade the chef to part

with a small morsel of food. When he wasn't looking, she poisoned the bread. Tonal'la's power within Ohmen continued to rise, she knew every secret worth knowing, and how to get the rest. However, the events of true significance were taking place far from Judecca, in a world she could not have possibly imagined.

2 The Exodus

The Emperor's Hammer was an alliance that terrified the galaxy. Expansive, affluent, powerful, these adjectives applied to the organisation as much as they did to the individuals in its command. The TIE Corps contained the greatest fighter pilots the galaxy had ever seen, the Hammer's Fist commanded legions of stormtroopers, while the Intelligence Division housed all manner of dubious characters, as many murders and assassins as spies and agents.

However, the Emperor's Hammer faced its biggest threat from within. Discontent began to grow in its Dark Jedi Brotherhood, its followers of the supernatural, the experts of the Dark Side of the Force. A group of powerful Sith known as The Seven, led by Firefox, Dark Lord of the Sith, orchestrated the rebellion. The clans of the Dark Brotherhood bitterly battled the Emperor's Hammer strike fleet, eventually gaining independence before beginning the search for a new home.

Emperor Cuchulain Darkblade Palpatine, leader of Clan Scholae Palatinae, stood at the bow of the flagship, the ISD Excidium, an imposing figure, 2 metres tall with a muscular frame, twin lightsabers at his hip, what his greying hair lacked in colour his eyes made up for with hateful red intensity. In the distance, a green and blue orb grew into focus.

'Planet Judecca, of the Cocytus system, my lord,' said the navigator. 'Temperate climate. Largest city is the city of Ohmen. Tech level minimal, governmental system feudal. We already have one agent planetside.'

'Assemble the fleet and prepare for landing,' Cuchulain demanded. 'Scholae Palatinae has found its new home.'

3 Imperial Affiliation

Agent Dalton was a master of blending in. Having landed secretly on Judecca mere months earlier, he had earned a place in Khael's personal guard. 6 foot tall, muscular build, a thick, heavy spear in hand at all times deterred any attack against the warlord. But his loyalty was not to Khael. Where Dalton went, he watched and listened. Electronic devices far beyond the comprehension of the natives of this planet recorded everything that he saw or heard. His masters needed a new home, and Judecca was top of the list.

He had analysed the threats, of which there were little. Khael's army fought with swords, spears, and bows and arrows. Scholae's army was larger than Khael's and infinitely better equipped. The war, if there was going to be one, would be as bloody as it would be brief. The security flaws were numerous, their anti air defence non existent. The forces of Scholae would occupy the city of Ohmen within minutes.

When Khael slept, Dalton crept away from his post. A girl had gained his attention curious 14 year old twi'lek girl. In his months in Ohmen, he surmised that she was the most powerful person in the city, despite her having no official power. Checking he wasn't being followed, Dalton entered her study.

'Tonal'la?' He asked in a hush voice. She was the only person in Ohmen that scared him. He had watched her manipulate the enemies of Khael, earning the trust of everyone in the city. If she told the wrong person about this conversation...

'Hello,' replied a smooth toned, innocent teenage voice.

'Khael won't rule forever,' Dalton said slowly, checking that no-one could hear.

'I know', Tonal'la responded matter-of-factly. 'No-one lasts forever here.'

'Things are about to change on this world', Dalton continued. 'When it does, you need to hide. There is a place for you in the new world.' He left and immediately sent a report to the Emperor. Her intelligence and understanding of people were equal to the most experienced intelligence operatives of the empire. If anyone was to whisper the right word in the right ear to start or stop a revolution, it would be her. Imperial Intelligence would have need of her.

Epilogue

Khael's forces were slaughtered like animals. Imperial rule was in effect within the day. Emperor Cuchulain had claimed the throne Khael once held. In the following weeks, the rule of Scholae Palatinae was enforced across the whole of Judecca. All able bodies were drafted into the Imperial forces of Scholae Palatinae to replenish the numbers lost in the feud.

Agent Dalton returned to his quarters disappointed. He had been judging new recruits for suitability in the Imperial Intelligence, but the citizens of Judecca lacked any technical expertise or intelligence. Just as he was about to pour himself a strong drink, a familiar figure walked in.

'How did you get in here! This is a restricted area!'

The young twi'lek in front of him shrugged and spoke serenely. 'I overheard your assistants talking about something called the Emperor's Hammer. The Rodian and the Kel Dor. It sounded bad so I told them I'd tell you unless they gave me the list of door codes.'

'How do you even know those names?' Dalton asked, incredulous. 'Their races have never lived here.'

'I spent a few days working in the cafeteria of your new lab. I acquired a few books while I was there.'

'This day just got a lot better,' Dalton said honestly, part of his mind wondering why she didn't just try out for the role and the other part not being surprised. 'You will perform for us the same role you performed for Khael. You will continue to use the name Tonal'la to interact with the people, maintain their trust. But Tonal'la must not be associated with the Empire. As an Imperial Agent, you will go by the code name, Impetus.'