Hunter Kylex sat alone in his room, holding a very special holocron. This holocron had been given to him by Battlemaster Shadow with the express purpose of passing knowledge down to the next generation.

“Now Kylex, this is for preserving knowledge for future assassins, do not screw around with this holocron.” Shadow’s words echoed in his mind as he activated the sacred device. The room lit up as light poured from the holocron as it slowly opened. Focusing the Force, Kylex activated the holocron, placing it on his table as he stared dumbly at it.

“Uuh… Is this thing working?” He said, scratching his white hair, then brushing it out of his face.

“Anyway. Uuh… My name is Kylex, and umm…” The Hunter mumbled, trying to think of something worth the holocron’s memory.

“Ok. My name is Hunter Kylex of Scholae Palatinae’s battle team Tacitus Athanasius. My advice for you assassins watching this is too…” He trailed off, kicking the desk out of frustration. The force of the kick rocked the desk so much the holocron fell off!

“Bad Kylex!” He yelled, scrambling desperately to catch the device. He managed to catch it mere inches from the floor, placing it back on his desk with a thud.

“Ok ok, third time's a charm. My Name is Kylex, and my advice for you is that no matter what, never underestimate a target. Whether it be a insect or a king, treat both with equal caution. A Nexu uses all its strength and skill to hunt even the smallest of prey. Be like the Nexu, I hope this advice will save you from death some time.”

The Hunter grabbed the holocron from the desk, holding it in his hands with admiration.

“Good Kylex.” He said to himself cheerfully, closing the sacred device and slipping it into his pocket.