

The Good, The Bad, and the Completely Insane

The Arconan, known as Rins'zler, didn't always go by that name; it was during the end of the Empire era, that a young Mandalorian was born. So it was that Jandos Phyleus Kalinor, son of a well-known Mandalorian Mercenary Jaga Kalinor, came into the galaxy. Jandos had no home world to speak of. He was born on-board his family's ship, The Deceiver, during a quiet period in the hunting season. He did however soon come to know many worlds as his home, primarily those of his uncle's armaments factories.

The Kalinor family were successful Mercenaries and Bounty Hunters. Their son wanted for nothing as he was growing up. Jandos had the finest education that any Mandalorian could hope for. As soon as he was able to hold a blaster, Jaga began to teach him the family trade.

By the age of 13 Jandos entered the Mandalorian Training Program. His goal was to become a fully-fledged Super Commando like his parents. The training was long and arduous but Jandos excelled at it and revelled at the challenges it offered him. It took him three long years, but he graduated from the academy and was granted his own suit of Mandalorian Armour.

During his time with the Super Commando's, Jandos took the handle of Shadow Stalker, setting up his first alternate persona, what would become a frequent task in the life he would lead. His first set of Mandalorian Armour, the first of many to come, was hand-crafted by himself with pride. He followed the teachings of the master artisans, creating a work of art. It was during those early days that he discovered his interest and talent in armour and weapon smithing.

Jandos entered into the commandos but a child. The experiences that he had during his early years quickly built him into the man he was today. Shadow Stalker settled into the life after two years of fighting. He was engaging in some of the most brutal conflicts he thought he would ever see. It was through war and conflict that Jandos began to discover the joy and excitement of life as a soldier. He was able to explore so many worlds and so many different weapons, tactics and all manner of things. By the age of 18 the young man was gone, replaced by a seasoned veteran of countless wars and conflicts. It was time for a change, being a mercenary was great, but it offered very few challenges to him. It was at this point in his life that he decided to venture into the field of Bounty Hunting.

Shadow Stalker decided he wanted to make a name for himself. Mandalorians had engaged in both mercenary activities and Bounty Hunting for many hundreds of years, his family was no exception. Both his parents were very successfully hunters and had increased the family wealth significantly. It was now time for Jandos to take this mantle and carry on the family tradition.

His time spent as a mercenary had taught him many things. Throughout his years of experience he had developed a very balanced strategy towards combat. He had developed a specific combat style based around his years of experience. He focused on balancing knowledge and

experience in a variety of skills and techniques, this way he could call upon them as required. He followed the same train of thought when it came to weapons and equipment. In the beginning he never settled on a single specific weapon, however as his life and experience evolved he found himself using a specific group of weapons that fit his balanced approach. These skills and choices would serve him well in his role as a bounty hunter. Jandos soon enrolled with the Bounty Hunting guilds that his family had used for generations and it wasn't long before jobs began to come his way.

Jandos spent the next several years floating around the galaxy. He hunted everyone from criminals to high value kill on sight targets. In the spare time between jobs, he fought in several campaigns alongside allied Clans and various other mercenary groups. His downtime was usually spent and with his Uncle, learning the tricks of the arms trade and perfecting his crafting skills further. It was at the age 28 that the darkness began to swallow him and his life began to unravel.

It was around his 28th birthday that disaster struck. His parents were employed to hunt a criminal, but things went wrong. The contract had been false; the person they were hunting was a former Jedi Knight, one who had specifically vowed to rid the galaxy of Mandalorian filth. The Jedi slew Jaga and Meree Kalinor and vanished into the stars. Jandos was distraught, he watched as his life began to unravel around him and his path became blurred.

Anger filled the young man. So much anger that he thought it would kill him. He vowed to have revenge on the Jedi who had murdered his parents, regardless to the cost. Such vengeance would be hard as he was a mess and in no state to fight a womp rat let alone a Jedi.

It was at this point in his life that the mysterious man arrived to see him. A man, cloaked in black and darkness arrived at the facility that he was residing in at the time. Without any opposition he walked passed the guards and directly towards the accommodation block. Within his room Rins'zler sensed something was wrong. He had no idea how, but he felt a presence coming towards him. The door to his room opened and there stood a man garbed in black. The man's face was covered with a hood, his body shrouded in flowing, dark robes.

The man spoke, asking if he was Jandos. The young man nodded. He then asked if he could help him. Without any warning, Kalinor felt his anger rise to the surface, his loss and hatred bubbled up to the surface and Jandos cried out that he wanted to kill a Jedi. He screamed letting his anger burst out, waves of hatred flowed from him. The metal walls began to warp and shelves in his room crumpled and snapped. This surge of power lasted for only a moment and then it dissipated; the hatred and anger returned to where Jandos kept in check and Jandos simply sat on the remains of his bed and cried.

The Mysterious man spoke again and introduced himself as Darth Jarod. He extended an offer to take Jandos with him and give him the chance to exact his revenge against this Jedi. The

decision was an easy one and Jandos took the offer of Darth Jarod, left his past behind him and moved down a different path, The Path of the Dark Jedi.

Many years went by. Jandos had a clear strength in the force from the anger that welled inside him. This internal reserve provided him with an easy way to access to the Darkside of the force, it was however limited, and he soon learned that he required more hatred and anger to keep it there.

He was trained by the mysterious Darth Jarod in the dark arts. The Rogue Jedi put Jandos through many trials. He took the young man to the brink of death on several occasions. Each time death loomed, Darth Jarod reminded him of his parents. The hate flowed through the young apprentice, keeping him alive.

By the age of 33 Jandos Phyleus Kalinor was no more. In his place stood a new Dark Jedi, Rins'zler. His hatred of the Jedi had opened him up to more dark energy than any of Jarod's previous apprentices. Rins'zler flew through the training program laid before him, impressing his mysterious master. He now felt drawn to revenge. The desire to hunt down and eradicate the Jedi who had caused him so much pain and suffering was in the forefront of his mind. With his master's blessing, he left and began the hunt.

The Jedi was a man named Arctrus; he had been expelled from the Jedi order for his actions against the Mandalorians. This however did not stop him from going around the galaxy, attempting to carry out what he saw was his task. It was on Coruscant that he encountered his end. Rins'zler had prepared for this moment. Planning had been done down to the smallest detail; every aspect of it was designed to destroy the Jedi. Rins'zler had paid a significant sum of credits to the owner of the space dock that was frequented by Arctrus; this was to compensate the owner for the significant damage that would happen to it. This was only the first of many steps. The second was to lay the trap. Rins'zler fuelled the Jedi's hatred for Mandalorians. He had sent him an open challenge over the holonet, giving him an opportunity he could not pass up. The Landing bay was however a death trap, Rigged with multiple explosives, ranging from Thermal Detonators to Flechette Mines. If this was not enough to eradicate the Jedi, Rins'zler was prepared with a multitude of small arms and proven anti-Jedi weapons.

The Trap was sprung. Four days post of the message, Arctrus arrived. His small shuttle settled on the landing pad. He appeared to have very little fore-knowledge of what was going to happen. The ramp lowered and he calmly left his vessel. He didn't seem surprised when, before him stood four Mandalorian Mercenaries. Arctrus muttered something beneath his breath and grabbed for his Lightsaber. Rins'zler watched all of this from his chosen position, aloft and well out of sight; he observed events through the scope of a slugthrower rifle. Arctrus engaged the Mandalorian Warriors only to find they were nothing more than fakes, pseudo armour placed over steel frames. The force triggered a warning, but it was too late. Rins'zler watched with glee as Arctrus engaged his fake Mandalorians.

He had positioned the various explosives in such a way that wherever he stood, Arctus would be within the optimum kill zone. Rins'zler smiled with a sense of glee as he depressed the detonator. The resulting explosion was a work of art. First the Flechette mines detonated above and below Arctus, releasing thousands of lethal barbs. Despite his skill with the force, Arctus found himself the victim of hundreds of these lethal barbs. Erected a defensive field with the force stopped many of them, but it was too little too late. Rins'zler watched from his perch. He could see Arctus almost breathing a sigh of relief as his shield absorbed the majority of the flechettes. It was then that the second wave of explosions went off. Rings of anti-personnel mines popped up and sprayed their lethal cargo around the room. Thousands of ball bearings shredding everything not armoured. The field of energy around Arctus began to shatter and crackle. The volume of impacts created an immense strain being placed upon it, draining his strength. It was at this point the final surprise was instigated. The floor beneath Arctus's feet vaporised in superheated energy as fifteen thermal detonators activated their fusion cores. Their energy fields turned everything around him to dust and his shield failed.

Rins'zler walked down into the mass of destruction he had created; at the base of the small crater his explosives had formed lay the broken form of the former Jedi. The broken Jedi watched as the Sith approached him. The Dark Jedi looked upon his form, the mad Jedi, expecting him to lash out with violence. But there was nothing. There, before him, lay a broken man. The faint movements of his chest faded and then, without warning, his body vanished, leaving only his ruined robes. Rins'zler suddenly became aware that he was not alone. Stood beside him was the glowing ethereal ghost of Arctus. The Force ghost turned to Rins'zler and spoke,

"Young man, I am saddened that it had to come to this. But more so I am more saddened that it was I who was the cause. I was wrong, my actions were wrong. I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive. While I suspect you will find it hard, I still sense some good in you. I cannot stay. The Force calls me. I leave you with some final words, I forgive you".

And with that the ghost of the former Jedi faded. Now one with the Force, his insanity addled mind was set free from its mortal prison, and he was once again the Jedi he had been before. Rins'zler examined the chaos he had created; it was a good thing he had effectively paid enough to buy the landing bay. Without a second thought, he left the destruction and headed back to his ship.

Many years had passed since the Emperor had been killed and the Deathstar destroyed. The galaxy was undergoing a great many changes. Rins'zler had hid his presence from the Jedi Hunters by reverting to his heritage. During the Emperor's rule, there had only been two Sith. He had heard tales of how Vader would hunt down and kill other Sith and he did not want this to be his fate. It was during this period he met his first wife, Jen'ika. Together they took on the roles of Mercenary and Bounty Hunter, providing them with a good income and a way to keep the Emperors dogs at bay. They had both come from shattered pasts and found a connection with

each other. It was not long before they fell in love and together they blazed a trail of Glory across the stars. The two were married within two years. They brought several children into the Galaxy. Two of whom were force sensitive and went onto join the mysterious Dark Jedi Brotherhood. The third left to train in the ways of the Mandalorian, as his father had.

The Darkside seemed to revolve around Rins'zler and his family. Passion after all was one of the greatest facets of the Dark Side of the Force, and the pair had plenty of that. However their lives were to about to dramatically change. It would all happen during a battle with the misguided forces of the Republic. Their three children were reported as KIA. Supposedly slain by the Republic while on upon the forest world of Korinus. This act sent ripples through the force, reaching both Rins'zler and Jen'ika. The sensation that their children were lost drove them into a furious rage. A blazing trail of destruction spread out through the galaxy as Rins'zler and Jen'ika sought out those responsible. Along with their allies, they mercilessly slaughtered many of the Republic's followers. The slaughter only stopped when their forces were reluctantly made to retreat from the world under the cover of friendly cruisers. Rins'zler and Jen'ika were distraught by the loss of their children, and began researching into ways of bringing the dead back through the Darkside.

Their research finally struck gold upon the discovery of an ancient Sith artefact. This device was said to have been created centuries ago by a Sith who had an interest in the arcane. Supposedly the device had the ability to bind the Soul of one who was strong in the Darkside into a Force Based Circuitry Device, similar to that used in Holocrons. The Pair gathered their forces, and with assistance from friends and family, they set out to locate this mysterious device. Within weeks it had been located, soon, within their grasp, would be a way to bring their children back. It was not to be, perhaps it was the will of the force, fate or just galactic bad luck, but their plans went sour early on. The New Republic had got wind of the search for the artefact and they had dispatched several infantry companies as well as other support elements. Their goal was to destroy this item of blasphemy and prevent it falling into the hands of the Empire or The First Order.

The world on which the artefact was located was known as Orrund. The planet was a verdant and green world that thrived with life. Hidden on the planet's surface, lying deep within a dark forest there lay an ancient structure. A Dark Foreboding Temple, built in years gone past and forgotten about since. Constructed over two centuries ago by long forgotten group of Sith. It was said to have been a workshop, where they practiced their arts of combining the Darkside with various arcane devices. It was said in myth, that the temple itself was able to focus the power of the Darkside. Within the temple, legends told of many different arcane devices and mysterious technologies. All of them the results of experiments carried out by the ancient Sith, not all of them were successful. It was among these Items that the artefact was hidden.

The Sith and his wife made planet fall, but they were met by multiple New Republic fighter squadrons. The wings of mercenary pilots who had joined Rins'zler began to duel with the Republic, buying time for the Sith to make it to the temple. Rins'zler landed his shuttle as close

to the outside of the temple as he could. Immediately he and his wife sensed that the Republic's troops had beaten them to their prize. To their horror they saw their worst fears come true. Walking proudly from the temple emerged five armoured men along with several Republic troopers and assistants. With them they carried the artefact. It was clear they were getting ready to destroy it. Without a word the Dark Jedi ignited their blades and charged. The battle was brutal, without mercy or hesitation the Sith fought their way to the Artefact. Despite the fact that they were outnumbered two to one, they fought like they were possessed. Alas, despite all their skill, fervour and hatred, it seemed that this battle would not be won. Fearing this, Jen'ika charged. Running headlong towards the Artefact, she was screaming curses at the troopers, murder in her heart. She cut down two of the armoured warriors and a score of their assistants, but was caught by the barrage of blaster fire. Little did the republic troops know, but this was to be their undoing.

Rins'zler not only heard, but physically felt Jen'ika's scream in the force. He could sense her energy dwindling away. He could not bear to have the death of his wife and love on his hands. Despite the consequences to himself, he opened himself fully to the Darkside of the force. The Temple began to glow and vibrate as if it was sensing this action. Atop the edifice sat a giant crystal. The crystal began to glow and thrum with energy, dark energy. Black lightning arced across its surface and wave dark energy enveloped the structure. The skies darkened and black lightning began to fork from the sky. A whirlwind of anger, fury and malevolence began to swirl around the combatants. Standing in the middle, arms stretched to the sky stood Rins'zler. Dark energy visibly flowed into him, bolts of blackness striking him, yet leaving him unharmed.

The Force Storm grew exponentially and quickly began to engulf the planet stripping the world of its very life force and channelling it into the Dark storm of energy. The remaining troopers looked terrified. Foolishly they decided to attack the Dark Jedi. Their attempts were short lived as were their lives, the storm devouring their living essence to fuel its destruction. Rins'zler was engulfed in a cyclone of dark energy. Lightning blasted from all areas incinerating several troopers. The sheer force of the energy dragged the life force from everything around it.

After some considerable time, the force storm Rins'zler had forged abated and dissipated. in its wake it left a scored barren landscape. The storm had devoured all life of the planet bar Rins'zler and his wife's mortally wounded form. Rins'zler dropped to his knees. His body was exhausted and he could no longer stay upright. He looked down to see that even his clothing had been devoured by the storm. His skin was lacerated in several places and he could feel blood coming from his face. The scars of this event both physical and psychological would remain with him for the rest of his life.

After a while, Rins'zler rose to his feet and walked over to the artefact. It glowed with an unnatural life, and he could sense a presence within. He picked up the device and carried it over to where his wife lay, but she was gone. Her physical form remained but her force essence was no longer there. Rins'zler lay the artefact on the ground and as he did so, it came to life. An image began to be projected above the device, akin to that on a holocron. He jumped back in

shock, for the image that resolved was of Jen'ika. Somehow during the force storm he had created, the device had absorbed his wife's energy. She was now entombed within the crystalline matrices of the device. Rins'zler felt joy, and could feel his life force returning, all was not lost.

Orrund was reduced to a barren wasteland. Its life force ended with the end of the Force Storm that had consumed it. Despite the horrific damage, Rins'zler was alive. He had however, not survived the event unscathed. His body bore multiple scars, both internally and externally, damage caused by channelling and interacting with that much dark energy. However it had opened his eyes to the possibilities that could be gained through the Dark Side and he wanted to learn more.

But what of Jen'ika, what lay ahead for her? She remained within the artefact. There she would remain for eternity, safely with her husband. The device along with her energy force was incorporated into Rins'zler's ship. Her life force was now inhabiting its many electronic pathways, becoming more than she could ever have achieved in life.

Rins'zler decided that he required a new home and guidance. He chose the Dark Jedi Brotherhood as the group to join. Utilizing his resources he commissioned a modified Gozanti-class Cruiser to be built. This ship would be unique for it would incorporate force circuitry into its design, allowing Jen'ika the freedom of the ship. Alongside this vessel he had a score of 40 droids custom built. Each would function as a crew member for this ship. The droids assisted in the operation of the ships functions, under the guidance of Jen'ika. Each droid was given a level of intelligence akin to that of an astromech. This would allow them to function with greater efficiency, giving them the freedom to carry out their tasks effectively and with flexibility. It took three long months and many credits but at the end of it The Shadowborn was finally ready and they left for the journey to their new home.

Rins'zler had been aware of the Brotherhood for some time. Two of his children had joined the mysterious order. He entered its ranks and began to progress through his training. However he was still dealing with events surrounding his past. This gave him cause to take an extended leave from the group.

Rins'zler spent several long years wandering the galaxy. With his skills in the force only part trained he focused on honing the skills he had learned through years of warfare and conflict. Sharpening his combat skills until his balanced style was as lethal as it could be. In the force however, he required true guidance. The time had come to return to the Dark Brotherhood and resume his training. Perhaps with their help he would even be able to learn more about what had happened during the Orrund incident. Rins'zler set course once again for the Dark Brotherhood, communicating his intentions ahead of him. He was able to speak to former friends and allies, each of whom sent welcoming responses to his forthcoming return.

Many years had passed and Rins'zler had experienced much conflict since he left. His services to his Mandalorian Clan and various other employers had furnished him with both new skills and plenty of money. But now, more than ever, he was eager to learn and unlock whatever skills the force had to offer him. He could never leave his Mandalorian Heritage behind, but perhaps he could find a way of blending it with his new future. Rins'zler had been through a lot. Turmoil, death and much darkness had been his companions for many years. His eventual return to Arcona and its people slowly opened his eyes to many new concepts. He spent many hours listening to the wise words spoken by Atyiru. She spoke of balance, and how darkness should not be allowed to linger for too long. Rins'zler absorbed these words and found he was changing. He renounced his vows to the ways of the Sith. Instead he decided to follow his gut feeling and his heart. He turned down the Grey Path, seeking a sense of balance. His decision was firmly ratified when he endured an induction process into the Inquisitorius. The ordeal almost broke him, but he vowed to use it to strengthen his resolve