Blackie Just arrived at the facility called The Circle that is located somewhere in the Aliso system. Blackie’s parents had traveled through this are on occasion running supplies back and forth to many of the surrounding systems so, he was aware of approximately where he was. That was not of any concern for him at this moment though. Blackie had been found by one the Dark Jedi Brotherhood and had been asked to become one of their number, but did not have any reason not to say yes. Since his parents’ death Blackie had been in search of something that he could not seem to find. This seemed right and things seemed so familiar to him but, he could not seem to put his finger on why. So here he was stepping off the Calm Sea Transport bearing the logo of the Clan Plagueis.

 Standing within the hanger Blackie was alone except for the Dark Jedi Brotherhood member who found him.

“Man, I am the only one! I hope I have made the right decision” Blackie says to himself.

The DJB member looks to him and says “This way recruit.”

With a nod of his head he walks toward a door that swooshes open at his approach. Blackie picks up his step to keep close to him as he passes through the door and immediately takes a left turn down a half lit hallway.

“Quiet, very quiet” Blackie thinks to himself.

He is lead to a room about 50 yards down the hall to another door that swooshes open to reveal a room filled with equipment.

 He finds out this is where he will be outfitted as the newest Clan Plagueis member. He is given a uniform and a hand blaster along with a blaster rifle but, what catches his eye is the Lightsaber he is handed last. He has had dreams night after night about the red bladed weapon he once had those many years ago, the day his parents meet their end. He takes the weapon in hand and looks it over and over seeing every edge and button. He notes that it looks as though it has been used before it came into his possession. That is alright he says to himself because at least he has one now.

 The Clan member who is escorting him clears his throat to bring Blackie’s attention back to the present and again nods toward the doors. Blackie grabs the bag provided to him for the equipment and places the items within. He then swings the bag strap over his shoulder and quickly follows the Clan member out the door. He stops just outside the doors and looks both ways to see the escort headed down the hallway to his right and he quickly follows. Catching up to his escort he falls in behind him just to the escorts left. He was taught this in the school and at home with his adopted parents that this was proper etiquette when following a superior.

 The walk was short as the escort stops short of another door that whooshes open to reveal a room that was obviously a barracks.

“Pick a bunk recruit. Change into your uniform and equip yourself. Once you’re done come through this door and turn right, follow the hall until you come to a double door. There you will have your first test. We want to know how well you can handle yourself and your gear. It’s training!” He says to Blackie. “Remember recruit this is a test of your knowledge of not only the force but how well you can handle yourself.” He looks deep into Blackie’s eyes. “Do you understand?” he growls with a stern voice.

Blackie looks him in his eyes without fear. He notices that it takes the escort aback a bit by returning his gaze but he says nothing more to Blackie.

 Blackie changes into the uniform and arms himself with the weapons provided. It feels good and feels comfortable to him, he takes a deep breath and walks through the aforementioned door. He makes the first right as directed and follows the hall, passing some doors but no double doors. Finally, he sees the only set of double doors he was told about. He steps close and with the same sound as all the other doors they open. Blackie steps into the room to see a square room about 50 feet by 50 feet. He also sees a droid standing there in the center. It was 6 feet tall and had the humanoid features of two arms and two legs and a single head. His was cylindrical and had two sensors where eyes would be on most humanoid creatures.

 The door closes behind him and that seems to have turned on the droid because as soon as the doors meet one another the head on the droid turns to look at Blackie. Now Blackie notices the blaster that the droid is holding in its hand and that he is turning at the same time bringing the blaster up ahead of him with the intent to aim it in Blackie’s direction. Blackie knows there is no time to falter and focuses the force and brings himself to move into a forward role. The augmented motion saves his butt from a blaster shot that would have probably hit him center chest but pushing his body with the force allowed him to move faster than normal humans can move to bring him closer to the droid.

 This again forces him to focus himself and bring the force to bear in a way that literally hides Blackie from most visual methods. This seemed to work for him in his younger days when he wanted to sneak out of the house. He had initially not been aware that it even worked on electronic devices and he is now hoping it works on the droid. He then roles to the left and comes to a halt in a crouching position. With hand on the lightsaber he watches the droids head turn left and then right and then around to 180 degrees. Now was the time to strike. Blackie again using the force to push his body he moves forward and as he moves he pulls the lightsaber from his belt and strikes the droid dead center of his cylindrical head and with augmented strength that slices the droid from head to sternum.

 The droid showers Blackie with sparks from the lightsaber slicing into him and the droids body begins to shake as the power in its body blinks out.

“Ha I won!” Blackie says outload and he turns off the lightsaber and places it back upon his belt. Seconds later the doors open and there stands the Dark Jedi Brotherhood escort and two others.

“I told you it was training only!!” the escort yells. “That droid was not cheap and you destroyed it!” he says as he walks forward and holds out his hand and requests the lightsaber at Blackie’s belt. “Are you able to follow directions?” he says as he is handed the lightsaber.

Blackie looks at the Clan member and without blinking says “Yes I can but if this was a test then I have shown you what I am capable of.”

 Blackie is then asked to follow the three Clan members and they are moving like they are not happy. They lead Blackie to an area that is well lit and there he sees some other Clan members but they must be of some rank because when the three enter and lead me toward them they peel off until it is just Blackie standing before them. Each dressed uniquely different than one another they turn toward Blackie and they look him up and down. One of them steps forward and it is then that Blackie can see the table behind them has a holo-video playing of the event within the training room with the droid. The Clan member steps within two feet of Blackie and asks if the Clan’s man who escorted him to the room instructed him that is was only a training test? Blackie acknowledged that fact but it seemed to not matter because they had watched the holo-video.

 “Well you’re not making a great start here Blackie.” He states matter of fact. “We can see potential within you Blackie but we cannot have recruits not following directions.”

“Do you understand where we are coming from?” The one standing off to the right near the table says.

“I do understand completely but if one is to survive you have to eliminate the opposition fast. You cannot completely predict what they will bring to bear if you allow them the time to think.” Blackie says with a slit bow. “I apologize for my actions.”

“You need to follow Clan rules and in that you have destroyed a valued asset. You will until further notice help the maintenance team along with your normal training until you can work off some of the cost of the droid.” The Clan member to the left of the table states.

“As you direct.” Blackie says with a slight nod of his head.

“Blackie you miss the point of the training. It was too see what you can do in combat.” One of the three say.

The Clan’s man standing just near him waves him off. Blackie turns and walks out of the room and heads back to his bunk. This day the first on within the clan will be a memorable one. But Blackie’s resolve isn’t faltered by the punishment. He will use the punishment only to make himself better.