

Tarentum Endgame

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/13183>

By Peacekeep Dael Provect, [#14717](#)

Formerly Mystic Xolarin

Mystic, Equite, Unaffiliated

Gray Path, Order of the Gray Jedi

Arcanist, Human Male, Right Handed

Height: 1.78 m / 5'10" - Weight: 75.0 kg / 165 lbs - Age: 38 years

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14717/character_sheet/1

Prompt: Tarentum is a clan that is beloved by its members. No one wants to see it reduced to the history books. As the last of the Tarenti it is up to you to write about how this all ends for you. You may write about the clan as a whole or just yourself. How does this story end? All Tarenti past and present are encouraged to participate.

Eden City, Yridian System

35 ABY

The Dark Jedi rested. He had just arrived back in [Eden City](#) after the war, being in many other locations for celebrations, debriefings, award ceremonies, remembrances and funeral processions... even political and public displays were required from some of the leadership. It was tiring, and only delayed his return home - Adrestia and he had much work waiting for them back here.

Of course it was during their journey back that the announcement came from Grand Master Pravus. The clan was being disbanded. It was a strange feeling for Xolarin, who had just returned from exile and taken a leadership role in Tarentum. He loved his new home and his new masters, even if a few of them were a bit... strange. Xolarin was no goody-two-shoes, but he maintained his sanity, at least in his mind.

Xolarin would stay in Eden City, although he knew others would depart. Much of the assets of the clan were being frozen or moved to the Dark Council, and Xolarin's main financial and military support structures would disappear. But he would stay, and try to continue his work in building himself as a proper businessman and goods dealer in the massive city. He cared not for descriptors such as "mafia" or "family" or "gang" - those were for the thugs he overthrew or

destroyed or consumed into his own group. He had formed a business, a club, something that would keep the money flowing and his need for controlling his own destiny growing.

The fallen Knight had thought about it very seldom, his origins in the Force and the Brotherhood. Back on Kiasit with his old master Turel and his old friends Corvus and Dael, his old stomping grounds in the Village in the Zirael team. Those things were not that long ago, but they seemed like another life prior. The search for his past, the lies and truth strone about in Odan-Urr and Plagueis... those meant nothing to him anymore. He was a dark shell of true power, not consumed fully by the Dark Side of the Force, but controlling it just enough to get his way, again forging his own destiny.

One day he would stride again, in the name of the Force, in the name of the Brotherhood. But for now, Xolarin would rest, continue to build, and grow. It was his way now, and yet again his peers would be surprised by his revival when it happened. The war was rough, the closing of his new family tougher, but he would use that bad energy and become more powerful than ever. "One day," he said as he stared out his great room window, looking over the city. "One day I will become the master of more than I can see and feel." He felt it, knew it, and would live for it.

The Village, Kiasit **35 ABY, Two Weeks Later**

Time had lingered on for quite a while, with a long-gone friend having disappeared. Dael Provect, the Battle Team second in command, remained in the welcome area of The Village for the Clan's new Jedi arrivals. He worked hard and yet focused more inward. He was becoming quite the technophile, and an expert in slicing and working in the shadows. A true *Sentinel* path was laid before him, and he followed it well.

The Village and the work in Zirael had begun to wane and the Clan Odan-Urr summit had begun to transition new arrivals to the [Jedi Praxeum](#), which was a beautiful presence on Kiasit. And he would continue to gladly work with newcomers and share what he could.

But along with this news was that of his former friend's triumphs in the war. Mystic Xolarin had done well in Clan Tarentum, even if the clan was closed by Pravus and his cronies. The more troubling fact here was that Xolarin had continued to slip down the dark path, which affected Dael quite a bit.

Dael did what he knew best though: continuing to forge his path in the Light and with technology. He began to lead more training groups as the Praxeum began to grow into fruition, becoming one of the lead teachers there. He came out of his shell and took the reigns of his future. The Force would guide him, but he would take advantage of every opportunity to help the clan, and perhaps one day meet his old friend Xolarin. This would not consume Dael, but fuel him.

“Master Provect,” came a voice from outside his workroom. “It’s time.” The next group of pupils had just arrived on Kiast.

Dael turned his head a bit and nodded. “I’m on my way.” He was indeed on his way, to new and better things, and a bright future.