

Crypto-Sarix

Part 1 - Encounter in the Corridors

Jinius strode calmly down the corridor to his chambers. Like usual he walked with most of his attention on a datapad scrolling past pages of algorithms recovered from the memory banks of droids that were suspected of having originated in the early Sith Empire. Page after page of code shot by, reflecting off Jinius' face as he skimmed each line.

Droids were interesting; especially old ones. If a person bothered you, you had to learn how to deal with them. Or, for some individuals, kill them. Jinius took the "ignore them" approach. However, if a droid bothered you, you could simply wipe its memory, reprogram it, and make it behave the way you wanted. Droids, in conclusion, were far more controllable and reliable. Because of that, they were also equally untrustworthy. How could you trust something programmed to blindly follow the rules of someone else?

Shouts echoed off the smooth dark stone of the hall as several guards appeared at the end of the corridor. They were hurrying along, black boots clanking hard against the floors as they jogged. Several had their blasters out and all had expressions of determination on their face. They surrounded what appeared to be one skinny individual indiscernible to Jinius beneath a thick, black shroud. As the guards passed by other students, they slammed other them against the wall or pushed them down trying to make a way and ensure no one got too close to whoever was beneath the sheet.

Interesting. Jinius thought. He'd never seen anything like this before.

Jinius made a quick move with his hand pooling the air beneath his fingers in to a small pocket of rushing wind. As the guards got close, he dropped his book letting the little windstorm loose. It was, of course, a ruse. The guards slammed into him pressing him into the wall. He felt his cheek press against the cool wall and felt a bur on the old stone dig into his cheek. He opened one eye as the guard passed. The puff of air Jinius had caused rose to flip up the fringes of black shroud being escorted by the guards. As the dark fabric billowed up a tiny bit, Jinius noticed violet robes and an emerald ring. The robe was nice; tailored and of high quality fabric. The emerald ring, however, was more than just a fancy piece of costume jewelry. It was the real deal. The setting was pristine. Such things weren't uncommon, necessarily on their own – though their value did limit them to a few more wealthy individuals. Together though, they were part of the attire worn by the Proconsul.

Interesting, Samuel thought again. People of that level often don't try to hide their identities. *Why would the Proconsul be escorted on cloak and guard through her own compound?*

Jinius continued passing the whole thing off as the kind of shenanigans the upper crust of the Clan pulled from time to time. Probably something political. After a few minutes Jinius found himself in his room where he was working his report based on his findings after examining that datapad. It was a lengthy analysis (his often were) about how the author assumed that subroutines that originated during the early Sith Empire were indicative of a droid that had been constructed in or around that time. The

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

fools. When would they learn that lame slicers often reuse code to sell droid parts as “antiques”. As he was about to submit his analysis, he heard several bangs outside in the corridor followed by the sounds of shuffling feet.

Outside in the room several guards rushed by again concealing another person under another black shroud. Now things were really getting interesting. As Jinius started to move his hand upward to form his little windball a stiff slap reverberated up his arm as a guard stepped up to stand in his doorway, a baton in hand. The man glared at him.

“Nice try, Neophyte. Go back to your work. Nothing to interest you here,” the guard said gruffly. His voice did not give much room to question. He was a tall man, just a few centimeters taller than Jinius and built like a rancor with thick sheets of muscle pressing against his armorweave. Jinius was certain this guy would kick his ass if the opportunity presented itself.

Jinius, not defiant by nature but curious, raised an eyebrow at the guard and nodded calmly, “Afternoon, sir. I meant no harm. This is the second time I’ve have been witness to guards escorting someone, presumably someone of some caliber and authority, under a veil through these corridors.” Jinius’ tone was relaxed, calm, and had that twinge of curiosity sprinkled throughout his words.

“Neophyte,” the guard answered back with a growl. Apparently the man only knew how to growl. “You would be wise to forget what you have seen this evening. Keep poking your nose where it doesn’t belong may get you an appointment with the Justicar.”

Jinius took a step back raising his arms in a submissive gesture, “Forgive me, I meant no harm by it, Captain. I was only asking out of curiosity.

“It also seems like you are headed in the direction of the med bay. Is everyone okay? I have some medical training.” Jinius asked after a moment of pause. His curiosity was insatiable – this would probably get him into trouble someday. Nonetheless, two high profile secret escorts were at least something more interesting than the same ancient Sith manuscripts he had read 100 times already.

“Not. Of. Your. Concern!” the guard answered back punching each word as if it had called his mother a dirty name. He glared furiously at Jinius before glancing back down the hall to see that the remaining guards had rounded the corner. He glanced back at Jinius giving him a final, pointed glare, “Stay!”

Part 2 – Confusion

A couple of days passed since Jinius’ encounter with the guard and the secret late afternoon escorts of unknown persons. He had done a little poking around but nothing too engaging had come to light. Again, he assumed, just some political garbage where the powers that be want to keep their little secrets.

Fleet planning or some administrative bore, Jinius thought quietly to himself.

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

It was a lull in his lectures for the day and Jinius had headed towards one of the research labs to complete his final report on the droid artifacts he had been working on. Several other students were in the room and a couple of instructor droids. No professors.

Most of the other Journeymen in the room were heads down with their faces in books, a few were mingling and making far too much noise for the lab, and others were in between stacks of old scrolls learning firsthand about their changing bodies. A young girl, likely another Journeyman, whose name Samuel did not know, walked up and sat down at the station one over from him. She looked over at him and smiled. It was a cute smile. She was a pretty girl. Human, even. Something becoming increasingly uncommon. It's not to say that Jinius was xenophobic by any means. He just had a subtle fear that with all the alien rights stuff running around humans would kind of fall off things. The girl had long blonde hair and a delicate, milky skin. In what seemed like minutes, but was a split second, Jinius had taken in the entirety of her form. She wore the standard Journeymen's robes with a brown shirt and green leggings beneath. The shirt fit her well with all her curves pushing against the fabric in a way that any young man with a pulse would find distracting, even someone like Jinius who was more interested in his research and studies than making friends. Jinius did not return the smile.

They worked quietly for several minutes. Jinius proofing his reports and adding in his bibliography notes when the young girl walked up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Neophyte?" the girl asked. She had a pretty voice. She did sound a little too young for him though.

Jinius rolled his eyes and turned to look at her.

Seeing her caused Jinius to stumble back out of his chair pushing the stool away from and between he and her in that split second. The sight that stood before him was indescribable. Gone was the girl with a sexy form and cute features. Gone was her youthful glow. Instead her once beautiful features were replaced by sunken cheeks potted with what seemed like black bruises line with oily, green lines that grew expanding outward from the bruise as he stared at her. The only visage of who had sat down next to him that remained was the girl's main of blonde hair, which somehow seem dirty and matted. She smiled, at least it seemed like a smile as her skin didn't move the same way a normal person's skin moved and instead sloughed a little revealing her still white teeth; she gurgled then passed out. Immediately she began seizing with her legs and arms thrashing uncontrollably. Instinctively Jinius slid back away from her more letting out a yelp that drew the attention of the rest of the class. He scampered back avoiding the greenish-yellow drool that seeped from her mouth in a puddle that stretched out towards him.

Across the room, another scream echoed and another student fell to the ground with a meaty thud, this time a boy. Jinius could hear the boy's leg tapping against the stool where he'd been sitting as the boy seized. Screams and shouts began to echo around the room as more students fell to the ground. The room descended into chaos as students rushed the door. Jinius stood and stared down at the girls twitching form. He turned to grab the med kit off the wall when the light from the hallway dimmed.

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

The hulking form of Aedile Takagari KogaRyu darkened the doorway to the classroom. His black armor gleamed in the overhead lights and his fierce expression suggested he was ready for a fight. Taking in the room the seasoned Battlemaster inhaled sharply.

“Everyone out!” his voice boomed over the class room. He strode in pushing past the students who’d already made their way to the door.

Part 3 – The Tables Have Turned

The next couple of hours were a rush as the students who had succumbed were shuffled off to different private rooms, many to the clinic or med bay, most receiving little, if any, instruction as more and more Knights and even a few Equites rushed in to help clear the classrooms. Jinius found himself escorted by a Knight who seemed to ignore any request, even one for his name, to a dark interrogation room. He’d been the closest to someone who’d seized so he was going to be questioned.

Jinius had spent some time in interrogation rooms as a youth, as a boy running weapons and whatever his uncle gave hi, and later as an Intelligence Officer. Intelligence Officers often spent many hours in these rooms asking questions, trying to pry answers out of people who often didn’t have answers. It was disorienting for Jinius to be on the other side of the conversation.

The interrogation room was a room barely five meters from wall to wall width wise and just slightly longer lengthwise. The walls were a black stone like what the halls were made from, probably some variety of basalt, and seemed to press in the longer Jinius sat. A small recessed light sat into the wall overhead casting a dim light over the small metal table and chairs in the center of the room.

Jinius looked down at the chair. Patches of rust had begun to overtake the old steel. He could see a metal ring set into steel for shackles. Those involuntarily being interrogated would find themselves shackled to the chair, which could be grav-bolted to the floor, for the duration of their “conversation”. He knew those chairs. In his days before the Order, he’d been the one ordering spies be shackled and chained. He’d been the one with the bucket of water and a towel. Fortunately, he wasn’t counted in their number anymore.

The door slammed open, the handle seeming to drive itself into the stone revealing the hulking form of the Aedile once again. The man’s black armor and dark tatoos were intimidating to say the least. Nothing was more intimidating than his focused gaze on Jinius. Jinius was convinced this man could tear him in half with as much trouble as it took to open the door. On top of all of that, it was unusual to see the Aedile outside of his office, he was a bit of a loner.

Battlemaster KogaRyu, Aedile of House Shar Dakhan, took his seat and looked at Jinius for a moment. He cracked his knuckles. Clearly, he was going for the intimidation factor. It was working. The man seemed more animal to Jinius than man.

“What were you doing in the lab, Neophyte?” The Battlemaster asked.

“Working on an article regarding ancient droid subroutines and how they should be assessed in archeological research,” Jinius answered back being a bit too descriptive. His experience reminded him

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

that less information was more information when being interrogated. The more you give the more it seems like you are trying to hide. He was, however, a little excited to talk about his research.

“Did you know Acolyte? The blond girl, Acolyte Alerson?” The Aedile asked rolling past Jinius’ lengthy response to the first question.

“No. First time I had met her. I don’t even know her name,” he answered. “Is she alright?”

“Why do you care?” Aedile KogaRyu asked sharply seeming suddenly very interested. “If you don’t know her, why do you care what happened to her?”

Biting back a sharp response of his own Jinius informed the Aedile that his interest was purely human. He’d watched a young woman, who seemed to him like she was in good health, go from being beautiful and vibrant to seizing in a matter of moments. It was fair to him that anyone would be concerned by that.

“You describe her as beautiful. Had you and she had any sort of relationship with the Acolyte?” the Aedile asked. His questions seemed to be punctuated with more and more vitriol with each passing second.

“Battlemaster, I want to be clear about the nature of my relationship with her: I did not know her.” Jinius informed. His voice quaked a little under the Aedile’s accusations. “This is literally the first I’ve ever heard her name.”

“So you’re telling me that you wouldn’t have taken her back to your barracks given the chance?” the Battlemaster asked.

His line of questioning seemed odd to Samuel. The girl had a sudden and abrupt skin disease appear followed by a seizure. What, possibly, could Jinius have to do with that?

Lying would be pointless. The griseled ape of a man would certainly know if Jinius held back anything. “I’m not going to say that I wouldn’t, but I swear I did not know her and had no intention to get to know her.”

“Bullshit!” the Aedile KogaRyu shouted slamming his bear-sized fist on the metal table causing the steel to dent in under the blow. “You knew her and some lovers quarrel is what drove you to poison her!”

“Poison her?!” Samuel barely had the chance to think before the denial sprung from his lips. Of course he hadn’t poisoned her.

“I did not know her, Battlemaster. I swear on my parent’s souls that I have no idea who she is and even less of an idea as to what happened to her.”

The Aedile stood and in a swift motion backhanded Jinius. The blow was intense and it shook Jinius to his bones. He felt his face snap sideways from the blow whirling his long hair sending his cheek into the wall, his mind fuzzing from the shock. A split second later he felt his forehead follow his cheek as it was thrown with enough force to cause Jinius’ vision to black for an instant while echoing a dull thud. His vision faded to the point where he nearly passed out. Barely hanging onto consciousness, his instincts

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

brought him home as his mind reached out to the Force and held on to consciousness. He felt himself rush back into reality still dazed.

Across the table the furious glare of Battlemaster KogaRyu pushed on Jinius like a weight. Jinius' ears were ringing and stars danced in his vision as he reached up and felt the wet knot that was forming on his head. It was wet. Likely with blood. His body stiffened waiting for the next blow.

The expression on the Battlemaster's face softened for a second to shock and he quickly turned and opened the door of the interrogation room.

"Guards!" the Aedile shouted. "Take me to the hall with the others. I think I'm infected. Take this Neophyte to medical. Get him checked out." With that the Aedile disappeared around the corner.

Jinius passed out.

Part 4 – Tell me your secrets

Jinius awoke to find himself laying on a cot in the med bay. Several medical droids stood over him. One was scanning him and another had just finished drawing a vial of his blood.

"Please do not move. You have suffered a minor concussion. We are preparing a bacta injection which will help with the pain and healing. Is there anything you need, Neophyte Griffin?" the med droid asked in the usual metallic tones of a droid.

"No bacta," Jinius answered, barely lucid. "Allergic."

The droid seemed to pause. If it had a proper face, it'd be staring at him with a confused expression. "Allergy to bacta is rare. Less than 1 out of 100,000,000 humans are known to exhibit bacta allergies. I doubt you are truly allergic."

"Whatever," Jinius muttered rubbing the bandage on his forehead, still trying to come out of the haze he was in from the head trauma. "I'm not going to let you give me bacta."

The last thing he remembered was Aedile KogaRyu smashing his head into the wall with a backhand that was anything but fun.

The droid again seemed to pause. It's programming probably lacked any subroutine to deal with someone refusing a simple bacta treatment without any other good cause. An allergy was a good cause, of course, but one so uncommon medical protocol tossed it out as unlikely. However, the droid seemed to relent, "Very well. In that case, I will prescribe you some mild pain killers and order bedrest. Return in two days for another brain scan concussions are dangerous, even mild ones. I recommend you take it easy. Are you sure you don't want bacta? Allergies are highly uncommon."

"I'm sure. Thank you for the meds," Jinius answered back trying to fully sit up on the cot.

"Should you experience any fainting or other neurological signs, please contact the med bay staff immediately. It could indicate a brain bleed," the droid said urgently.

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

The droid gave Jinius an injection of some clear liquid and immediately the foginess faded and the room seemed to stop spinning. He looked around. It was a standard med bay with white vaulted ceilings and fluorescent lights with tall off-green walls. Several droids attended a few patients, most with cuts and scrapes from duels or training exercises, but a few with more serious injuries. Across the room was a large black, duraplastic curtain with biohazard symbols etched into the plastic.

Jinius pointed in the direction of the plastic, "What's going on over there?"

"You are not authorized." The droid simply answered before moving off towards another patient.

Jinius rose from his bed onto wobbly legs before shuffling over to the droid. He had to catch himself a couple of times as he got closer. His legs were still recovering from the blackout. "Can you at least tell me if it is dangerous or not?"

"You are not authorized."

Jinius looked over the droid. He was familiar with the model. He was also familiar with some security holes in the authentication protocols and encryption algorithms. Had the Aedile mentioned he was infected? Could the quarantine area have something to do with that?

Jinius had an idea.

"Excuse me, but I'm noticing some loose wiring on your back side. Mind if I put it behind your panel? I'd hate for you to short out during a rush," Jinius asked. The droid didn't have exposed wires. However, it didn't know that.

The droid spun around a couple of times trying to see its own back. Droids could be so humanoid at times. It then looked towards Jinius, "I am not detecting any abnormalities with my structure."

"Of course not. Most of the time cosmetic issues aren't detected by sensors." Jinius answered.

The droid stood there for a moment. Jinius could hear fans whirring inside of his chassis as the CPU made sense of the request. Finally, it stopped and made a resigned sound. "Please be quick about it. I have other patient..." the droid started. Before it could finish Jinius had powered it down.

Jinius immediately began work. He had to be quick, he wasn't alone and the argument that the droid had exposed wires would only last as long as no one realized he was extracting its CPU. Pulling out his datapad he uploaded some test subroutines he'd been working on to the droid's memory banks. Senior staff weren't stupid, at least not around here, and they would likely put controls in place to prevent someone from completely overriding security controls, particularly a low-level Journeyman. However, not all information would be classified as sensitive and Jinius may be able to weasel his way around the security subsystem and find some information on what was going on. Getting past the droids basic security was a snap.

Sure, enough he found something. In the medical droid's banks were some reports of an infection spreading throughout the clan barracks. It wasn't specific as to where the disease originated or what members may be infected. It did mention a medical report from a team of Shadow Academy researchers sent to look into an outbreak from some time back. The reports were flagged as related and "redacted".

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

The name of the report wasn't specified but enough information about symptoms was available. The report had been written by Dr. Clara Chandin. That was enough to work with.

Jinius quickly wrapped up his quick work and shut the back on the droid. He quickly powered it on.

"...s to attend to." The droid said finishing its last statement. It looked over at Jinius. "My CPU shows I powered off and I'm showing subroutine corruption in my central cortex. Explain."

Jinius nodded, "One of the wires connected directly into your CPU. When I moved it, it disconnected. It is possible that caused some corruption. You should get that checked by maintenance."

"Negative..." the droid started but Jinius quickly headed out.

Part 5 – If it is not in the records, it does not exist

The Shadow Academy records were expansive and depending on who you asked, exhaustive and exhausting. Thousands upon millions of records spanning from agricultural reports on mid-rim farming planets to troop movements during the ancient Sith Empire. Not much was secret once you were admitted to the Shadow Academy and what was secret, would probably kill you if you knew in the first place.

Jinius combed through page after page of report until he found something interesting. A few documents from an undocumented settlement in the Wild Space region had some mention of peculiar symptoms. It had also been flagged as high as the Headmaster for investigation. The whole search had only taken Jinius a few hours and sure enough he found several symptom reports, at least a couple of autopsy reports and, sure enough, the report the droid's database had reported. A report by a Dr. Clara Chandin.

The report had been cleaned up. Only symptoms and some general medical information was listed. Nothing about where the research or cases had been discovered. Names of the patients had been redacted. Very little to work off with. They intentionally tried to hide it from anyone who wasn't specifically looking for the symptoms or the Doctor's name.

Habits are what make people. If a man drinks coffee every morning for twenty years, he will probably continue drinking coffee every morning for the next twenty years, unless something stops him. When your past life drives you to dive into secret archives and databases of information that people don't want you to know, you develop certain habits. For Jinius the habit was hooking in his datapad and uploading a program that monitored traffic in and out of his terminal.

The moment he found the document about the outbreaks in Wild Space. A transmission was sent to an encrypted mailbox and the transmission clearly included the user id and the search terms used to find the report. Someone was watching the report. Too late to stop now. He was already on their radar.

The reports were mostly of a medical nature with little useful information until a few days into the mission. There was a report of an outbreak which had a near 100% infection rate and strange symptoms. Most notably 70% of the individuals died after strange physical signs and seizures. The remaining "survivors" began showing even stranger signs that eventually developed into powerful hallucinations

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

that went on and on about shadows and darkness. An even smaller percentage began manifesting Force powers. One specific doctor's note stood out: "None of the infected are known force users."

Great, Jinius thought. I've uncovered a force virus and there is a good chance it's on our doorstep.

Putting the pieces together started to make sense. At the very least the Proconsul and the Aedile of the clan are both likely infected. Beyond them any number of Journeymen or even senior order, or clan,, staff could be infected.

What the report lacked was any description of what happened to Force users who became infected with the disease.

Part 6 – Hello, Consul.

Jinius hurried from the archives hall and to his master's quarters. He pushed past several other students and even some Knights and Equites who clearly outranked him. Accusing the leadership of his clan, and perhaps the entire order, was a huge accusation and one that he could not do alone, despite how solid and reliable the evidence was.

The door Marcus Kiriyu's quarters opened to reveal the man. His dark hair was held up in its usual bun and he glared at Jinius, "Do you realize what time it is?"

"0330 hours, Master. I apologize for the interruption at this hour but I think I have found something that we need to alert leadership about." Jinius half rambled and half panted. He had ran across the compound.

"I'm listening," Master Kiriyu answered with a growl. "It had better be damned important."

Jinius stood in the corridor and in a flurry recounted everything that happened in the last few days from the seeing the shrouded Proconsul in the hall, to the encounter with the guard, to Battlemaster KogaRyu striking him, to what he had found on the droid and in the archives. He had to repeat at least one or two parts as his rambling degraded and became incoherent.

"I have reason to believe the Proconsul Keibatsu and Aedile KogaRyu have both been infected by whatever disease killed all those people. I think a clan-wide quarantine is in order."

Master Kiriyu raised an eyebrow seeming impressed with the amount of information provided to him by Jinius. He calmly turned and faced inside the room, "What did you think of that, Battlelord?"

Jinius glanced inside the room. Sitting against the far wall in a tall, leather chair sat Bentre Kairn'tel Stahoes, Consul of Clan Naga Sadow. A chair over sat Proconsul Ashia Kagan Keibatsu. Other members of the Clan's upper ranks stood around the room staring at the door way, even the Aedile.

Several of them had sunken faces with black and green lines going everywhich direction on their faces. The Consul didn't have the same decay apparent in the others: his face looked normal. Except for his eyes. The Consul's eyes were like black opals glimmering in the dim light of the room.

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

"I'm afraid, young Neophyte, your accusations are true." A smile crept across the Consul's face revealing teeth that seemed to glow with a soft ultraviolet glow. "I'm also afraid, it's too late."

Master Kiriyu grabbed Jinius by the collar and pulled him into the room slamming the door behind him.

Epilogue

35 ABY, Month 1, Day 13 - Dr. Clara Chandrin, MD, Ph.D. - Chief Virologist Report #1

Mr. Alblin and I arrived on site three days ago, and are still trying to understand the true mechanism behind the deaths. Thus far, we have found roughly 70% (203 persons: 106 males, 88 females dead, 9 children) of the settlement deceased. The remaining 30% are behaving abnormally and muttering incoherently about "shadows". I have sent transcripts of the portions we could decipher along with recordings to the Shadow Academy. The near 100% infection rate and high mortality rate certain are cause for concern.

Based on the reports from the onsite physicians, all of whom have either succumbed to the disease or are currently being held in confinement with the remaining "survivors". The first infected arrived approximately eight days ago. They contacted us within two days being completely overwhelmed at the clinic. None of the physicians were available when we arrived. They seem to all be infected.

We intend to perform autopsies in the next few hours.

Excerpt from Autopsy of Dr. Killian M'ulk, Age 52, Male, Human

"... MRI of patient 124 shows severe swelling of both hemispheres and increased density of cerebrospinal fluid. Tap of the fluid shows it to be a brownish-yellow color, liked to green tea, with an oily viscosity. Samples have been sent for analysis. ... Encephalectomy reveals gross pathological changes to the brain and surrounding tissues with the brain itself weighing in at nearly 1.477 kilograms. This is an unusually large brain considering the diameter of the patient's skull. Visual examination reveals that the exterior folds and ridges of the gray matter have degraded and the outside appears to be an almost smooth surface. In addition, several black veins have appeared along the surface of the of the cerebellum and appear to continue down along the medulla and into the spinal column. Samples have been sent for analysis."

35 ABY, Month 1, Day 15 - Dr. Clara Chandrin, MD, Ph.D. - Chief Virologist Report #3

Analysis is back on the cerebrospinal fluid and the black lesions/veins running along the neural tissues. Virons have been detected in all the analyzed fluids. Chemical analysis if the virons indicates proteins we haven't seen in some time. We currently do not have a classification for the disease and currently are dubbing "Cyrpto-Sarix" after the settlement. Proteins in and around the meninges show an abnormal structure that appears related to the PrP-like protiens.

Crypto-Sarix

By: Neophyte Jinius Griffin (Sith) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: III]

ID: 10545

Epidemiology reports indicate that the early infected had recently been treated for minor cuts and abrasions from a failed compressor. The compressor exploded causing minor to moderate wounds to approximately twenty individuals. All were treated with bacta that was recently delivered. I have a strong suspicion that bacta. All who were treated with the bacta are among the survivors but appear to be spreading a disease to those who haven't been exposed to the bacta.

It is my belief that the bacta is compromised. I am sending a sample for further analysis.

[35 ABY, Month 1, Day 17 - Dr. Clara Chandrin, MD, Ph.D. - Chief Virologist Report #5](#)

Mr. Albin reporting on behalf of Dr. Chandrin. This is to be the final report. Ships have arrived in system and began bombarding settlements on the planet's surface. We've been told this is to prevent further spread. A shuttle landed an hour ago, and we have been told we are no longer needed and our findings and reports have been confiscated. We are being asked to return to the Shadow Academy and await further instructions.

Prior to the arrival of the ships we began noticing odd behaviors of the "survivors". They all began manifesting what can only be described as force powers. All of their personnel records indicate they are not known force sensitives.

As a final note, Dr. Chandrin admits that she isn't feeling well. I tried explaining this to the group evacuating us but no one seems to listen. Hopefully she can be treated back at the Shadow Academy. We expect to back within a couple of weeks. She insisted I bring the bacta.