

# Alternative History

A Submission to the Competition:  
Pro Bowl III Week 2 Fiction – Infinites



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*Imagine, if you will, a world where the Collective never attacked; where the Brotherhood never went to attack Nancora in retaliation. This is a world where the clans of the Brotherhood never united against their newfound enemy. The year is 35 ABY, and this is the story of what could have happened in just such a world.*

The Dark Jedi Brotherhood was on the verge of conflict once again. Having been subjected to the whims of a cruel, even maniacal, Grand Master, the clans of the Brotherhood had had enough. Grand Master Pravus, in his desire to assert his dominance over the clans and shape his corner of the galaxy according to his will, had decided to use the Inquisitorius to wipe out those species that he deemed unworthy. However, he took this a step further than that: he did not discriminate in his selection. There was no escape from his wrath — both friend and foe alike were hunted down and killed. But this was not the only thing that Pravus had done.

The Iron Fleet, the naval might of the Brotherhood, had also been wielded by the Grand Master. In trying to keep the clans in line and remind them of who was truly in power and that they were his subordinates, Grand Master Pravus had his forces attack the home systems of the clans. Entire planets were glassed in the process. Many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of lives were lost — some even civilians, innocent bystanders with no knowledge of the goings-on of the Brotherhood.

The clans of the Brotherhood being at odds with the Grand Master, and the Dark Council as well, is nothing new. However, at some point, one must say that enough is enough; stand up and say no more. The seemingly unwarranted attack on the home systems of the clans was the final straw. The clans all decided to make a move on the Dark Council in a bid to do whatever they could to show that they would no longer just sit back and take such abuse. Overthrowing the Grand Master may not have been a likely outcome, but he still needed to be stopped. And so, the clans of the Brotherhood gathered with their amassed forces and journeyed to Arx, the new seat of power for the Grand Master and the Dark Council. Unfortunately, things did not go as planned.

The Grand Master had received word of the growing discontent of the clans, and even that they may attack. When the clans came knocking on his proverbial door, he was ready. The Iron Fleet was waiting for the combined forces of clans. Additionally, the clans' various long-held grievances between themselves still festered beneath the surface. Rather than presenting a truly unified front, infighting began to spread — slowly but surely. That which had initially been a coordinated attack against the enemy, eventually turned to warring amongst the constituent clans. While the clans became increasingly distracted by each other, the Grand Master seized the opportunity and ordered his ships to launch a full scale assault. Their efforts focused on one clan at a time, slowly picking them off while the rest fought internally. By the time the clans realized what was happening, it was already too late.

Having suffered heavy losses and with their flagships crippled, the clans surrendered to Grand Master Pravus. The clans each went their separate ways, licking

their wounds. Despite their surrender, they would not soon forget what had happened during the battle, nor would they forget the reason behind why the battle had begun in the first place. They each vowed to get their vengeance one day in the future — not just against the Grand Master and the Dark Council, but against their fellow clans as well.