

Dramatic Irony Workshop

Scudi: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/9188

Archenksov: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/9171

Scudi looked down at her datapad as it was streaming her favourite show. It was a drama called The Clone Wars. Scudi really enjoyed that the soldiers of the bad guys were droids, some of them had familiar designs but Scudi assumed that was to have something the audience could relate to. It was the story of a conflict between a corrupt Republic and a Separatist movement backed by big corporations.

“Miss Scudi, you have received new correspondence.” Andi declared to her close friend.

“What is it Andi? I’m a little busy right now.” Scudi responded to the droid, taking her eyes off the screen to talk to Andi.

“It appears someone is very interested in meeting with you to discuss the possibility of acquiring your services for a job.”

“Well, see where it came from, make sure it hasn’t been intercepted on its way here, run a risk assessment, provide an effort to fee ratio in credits and then report back to me.”

“Very well.”

After Andi’s acceptance of the tasks given to her, Scudi returned her attention to the datapad. A somewhat handsome Human male with flowing brown hair and adorned in black robes entered the rather luxurious looking office of the Republic’s Supreme Chancellor. Scudi liked this character, he was good with technology and saw the right thing to do, even if his colleagues often disagreed with him. He was called Annakin Skywalker or something, it was a weird name but he seemed to not be a particularly unrealistically powerful individual. He was kinda cute, at least Scudi imagined he would be if he wasn’t animated.

“Annakin, did you ever hear the Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise?” The elderly Chancellor turned to Annakin as he spoke to the Jedi.

“No.” Annakin’s reply was short and to the point, as he similarly turned to face the Chancellor.

“I thought not, it’s not a story the Jedi would tell you.” The calculating Chancellor informed the prodigal Knight. “It’s a Sith legend.” Chancellor Palpymemes continued, pausing after each utterance to allow the words to sink into Annakin, plant the seeds in his mind. “Darth Plagueis, was a Dark Lord of the Sith, so powerful and so wise, he could use the Force to influence the midichlorians to create life. He had such a knowledge of the Dark side, he could even keep the ones he cared about, from dying.” The Chancellor focused on Annakin, sensing that his words were having the desired effect.

“He could actually save people from death?” Skywaltzer asked with a mixture of doubt,curiosity and desperation.

“The Dark side of the Force is a pathway to many abilities some consider to be unnatural.” The Republic’s top official responded, trusting in the bond he had cultivated with the Jedi to cover up the odd fact that a member of the Republic’s elite would know such a dark story.

“What happened to him?” The Jedi asked of the man who had been like a father to him since his first visit to Coruscant.

“He became so powerful... the only thing he was afraid of was... losing his power, which eventually of course, he did. Unfortunately, he taught his apprentice everything he knew. Then his apprentice killed him in his sleep. Ironic. He could save others from death but not himself.

“Is it possible to learn this power?” Skywaltzer would do anything to save his wife Pamde Adimala.

“Not from a Jedi.” Palps responded, knowing he was pushing an already volatile Jedi towards the Dark side, which suited him perfectly. Scudi was engrossed in the scene and was slightly dismayed when the credits rolled following its conclusion.

“Did you find out who was behind that communication Andi?” Scudi asked after bringing her out of the world of her favourite drama, *if only history could be so interesting* she thought to herself.

“It was someone calling themselves Archenksov, requesting your presence at the Combat Centre.” Andi reported to Scudi.

“Very well, I guess I can watch some more of this series on my way over.” Scudi stood up to get her stuff ready for the long journey.