All Hollow’s Eve. A time of fun and games, a time for tricks and pranks. For Xendar Thendaris, it was a time to be naughty. He had been planning for this night for some time. And now, it was time. As he sat at his desk, looking over a fair number of items, he carefully checked each item for any possibility of failure and then placing each item in a large bag by his feet. As he was working, a small chime broke the silence. Xendar looked down at his wrist chrono, it was two hours till sunset. Time to set the plans in motion. Picking up the remaining items, he placed them in the bag. He then picked it up and closed the bag. Xendar rose from his chair and began to stretch to loosen up the stiff muscles, after sitting the desk for some time. He then made his way to the door. Stopping, as the door opened with a small hiss. He reached over and picked up a black hooded cloak that was hanging nearby. After getting the cloak on and adjusted on him, he stepped out into the rays of the waning rays of the afternoon sun.

 As Tidrep Icanus made his way to his favorite study spot in the library. A small underused room at the back of the library, right next to a statue of some forgotten sith lord. His mind kept going back to the story that he had overheard during lunch. It was called the Whistling Sith Lord. The story was about a sith lord that had been murdered years before, and how its ghost haunts the halls of the library, seeking revenge against those responsible. It was a stated at this sith liked to whistle a certain tune, and on certain nights, you could hear this the sith’s haunting tune. Shaking his head as if trying to clear those thoughts. He plopped his work on the table as he settled in. Tidrep noticed that one of his pads had fallen on the floor, reaching down and picking up the pad, he set it on the table. Only to find that his neatly stacked pile pads had been skewed. As he straightened the pads, the carton holding his dinner seemed to have moved. Setting the carton back in its proper place, Tidrep turned his attention to his studies. Hearing a small squeak, Tidrep looked to where the sound came from and seeing that again, that his dinner carton was not where it should have been. He muttered something about the table not being level. And with a snort of annoyance, he pulled the carton back to its original place. It shot back to where it had been previously. With a growl of irritation, he grabbed the carton with both hands and held it down in front of him. And with all of his attention on his dinner, Tidrep had no idea about what was going to happen next. One minute he was staring down intently at the carton that held his dinner. The next, he was looking up at the bottom side of the table. It was like someone came up behind him and stole the chair he was sitting in. Getting up off the floor, he angrily reached in the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a scanner, and began looking for any kind of electronic signal. He was muttering to himself that the only other person in the library was the librarian who had let him in. So, someone must have set up this room up. As he was checking the wall behind him, he heard what sounded like a whistle. He paused to listen; he vaguely remembered the song, it involved a bush, a monkey, and a weasel. His eyes widened in realization. It was the song of the whistling Sith Lord. At first, the song seemed like it could be coming from anywhere. After a slight pause, the song began again. And this time, it seemed to be coming from the statue in the corner. Slowly and fearfully Tidrep made his way toward it, the details of the story ran wild through his mind. The head of the statue whipped toward him, Tidrep could see its face, it had a mouth full of glowing fangs and its eyes snapped opened and two glowing blue-green orbs stared back at him. That was it, Tidrep could not take it anymore. He let out a loud yelp and took off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Giving a light chuckle and shake of his head, Xendar removed his gloves and peeled off the face obscuring mask, followed by a set of glowing false fangs, and finishing it by removing the glowing lenses from his eyes. Turning around, he used the force to put the statue that had been hidden from view, back in its original place. Looking at his chrono, he saw the time and noted to himself that it was time to pack up and move on the next prank.

Carsh Brezlin was ready for a night on the town. Everything about today had worked out perfectly, he got the perfect speeder rental for the night, he got the perfect date, he got the perfect reservation spot at the most exclusive restaurant. Everything is going my way. He thought. As he swaggered up to the speeder. Getting in, he settled into the seat and hit the starter. Nothing happened, so he tried again, still nothing. He tried a third time; he could have sworn that this time he heard the speeder give off a humph sound. Growling in aggravation, he slammed his fist into the speeder’s dash console. “Hey!” A voice screeched at him. “That hurt, you jerk!” Momentarily taken aback by the outburst, Carsh sat dumbfounded. This speeder is not supposed to have an A.I in it, he thought. Someone has had this thing rigged. He reached over to hit the door release, and get out and open the engine hatch to take a look in there. The speeder had other ideas in mind. “Oh no you don’t!”, the speeder yelled at him and locked the door. “Sit down, shut up and listen, pal! I have a lot to complain about!” And for the next ten minutes, it ranted on about how it did so much for beings. How it transported them places, protected them from the elements, carried their items, and how they did so little for it. At one point, he made the mistake of asking in a sarcastic tone if it was finished. Which caused it to spout off about how it was being abused and took advantage of. Carsh was at his wit’s end. This speeder had just kept going on and on, and it would not stop. When a rap at the window shook him back into reality. “Hey Carsh, You okay?” Xendar asked. “I am I okay? I am I okay? No! I’m not okay!” Carsh yelled, “This stupid thing is broken! And I can’t do anything about it!” “Do you mind if I take a look at it?” Xendar asked. “Go for it, it’s not like I can do anything anyway! This blasted thing has me locked in!” Carsh snarled. Xendar opened the engine hatch. In doing so, he disappeared from Carsh’s sight. Several minutes later, and with a lot of clanking and banging engine compartment, Xendar told Carsh to try it. Carsh nervously hit the starter. The speeder came to life, and apart from the engine noise, there was no other sound. “Whatever you did, thank you!” Carsh said. As he got the window to go down. “I didn’t do anything,” Xendar said. “I was just trying to wipe off some grime off something when my hand got caught.” “Well, whatever you did it worked, Thanks again!” And with that, he sped off. If Carsh had been a little more observant as he drove off, he might have noticed a small drone landing in a black bag alongside the road, and Xendar picking up various items off the ground and placing them in the bag.

 Zentyi Galoron rushed into to her room. Her excitement was at an all-time high. She was just asked out on a date by Quian Ralt, one of the Shadow Academy’s rising stars. The first item on her agenda. Was a hot shower, laced with various soaps and perfumes. After that, she then rushed about her room, as she tried on different combinations of outfits, shoes, and make-up. A chime from the door interrupted her. Throwing on a robe, she made a mad dash to the door. “Who is it?” She asked. As she neared the door. “Rostark Florals, I have a flower delivery for a Zentyi Galoron,” a voice responded. “Yes, that’s me,” She responded. “Okay, well then, these are yours. Oh, there is this as well,” The delivery agent said as he handed her the flowers as well as a small container of her favorite pastry candies. “Have a pleasant evening,” the delivery agent said as he turned around started walking back to his speeder. “Thank you!” Zentyi yelled as the delivery agent started his speeder and drove off.

Xendar chuckled as he got in the speeder and drove off, letting go of the force illusion he had been using to disguise himself. “Enjoy the goodies, he said chuckling as he drove off.

Zentyi walked back into her apartment, still enjoying the sight of the flowers. She placed them on a table. So that anyone walking in would see them. She then walked back into her bedroom to get changed. Fifteen minutes later, she walked back into the front room. Looking again at the flowers, she remembered the pastry candies. She picked up the box. *Nope, need to leave them alone*. She thought, and placed the box back on the table. She had taken two steps before turning around and grabbing the box again. *No, leave it alone!* She ordered herself, and put the box back on the table and walked away. Three seconds later, she rushed back to the table, she grabbed the box and ripped it open. And without another second thought, started to scarf the pastry candies down. A chime from the door announced that Quian Ralt had arrived. Looking at the door and then to the chrono on the wall, she realized what time it was. Quickly finishing the rest of the pastry candies. “Come on in, I’ll just be a few minutes,” she said. As she threw the box over her shoulder as she ran to the bathroom to fix her teeth. Standing in front of her mirror, she inspected her teeth. Making certain that nothing but the gleam of her pearly whites showed. Satisfied that everything was in order, she made her way back into her front room. “Oh, Quian Hello,” she said. As she entered the room. “Hello Zentyi, Wow!” Quian said. Staring at her. “Do you like it?” She shyly said as she spun around for him to see all of her outfit. “Yes, you look amazing, your...,” his face changed from a look amazement to a look of shock. “You’re glowing.” “Thank you, she said. Thinking that Quian was giving her a compliment. “No, your teeth... their *glowing*!” “What!” She said. And took off a top speed for her bathroom. Rushing in, she could see a bright pink glow reflecting off the mirror. Grabbing her toothbrush, she began to vigorously brush. But the more she brushed, the more her teeth began to glow brighter. In a fit of desperation, she began to brush so hard that her head started bobbing. But was all for naught. As her teeth were still glowing. Seeing this, she gave off a long pitiful whimper and fainted dead away.

Xendar lowered the macro binoculars from his eyes as he chuckled lightly. Tossing them into the speeder beside him. “Don’t worry Zentyi, in about three minutes that glow will be gone,” He said as he climbed into the speeder. And drove off to his next destination.

Naucria Xentos was not having a good day. If something could go wrong, it did go wrong. The only satisfaction she got was when she nearly beat an opponent to a pulp during a sparring match. In her mind, the day’s events going awry was not her fault. She set up the perfect training course. It was the fault of the trainees. Granted, none of them were force sensitive. But that was no excuse! Their performance was abysmal. And she demanded perfection. She made them do it again and again. Even their fighting skills were deplorable. *I am a Sith Warrior!* She thought. *I am not some weak-willed classroom Jedi teacher who coddles their students*. Letting out a growl of frustration, she began walking. She reached one of her favorite spots; a forest clearing with a small brook running through it. The lights from nearby lamps illuminated the trees as a light breeze played with the branches. Though, she would never admit it. This place was tranquil and serene. Then a mocking voice ruined it. “Well, well, well. What do we have here, if it isn’t everyone’s favorite person; *The Twisted Sithster*! Naucria hated that name. It was all because she had dated a Jedi when she attended the Shadow Academy. The other students took to calling her that. “Why don’t you show your face, so you can feel the heat of my blade!” She snarled. The air two meters in front of her started to shimmer, and a form began to appear. This caught her by off-guard as she did not feel anyone’s presence. Hiding her surprise, she pulled her lightsaber from her belt. And with a familiar s*nap-hiss.* Her red blade added another light to the surrounding forest. The other figure mirrored her movement and ignited their own blade. Moving in close, she launched her attack. The other figure made no move to bring up their own blade. Bringing her blade down, she aimed for the figure’s hand. The figure seemed to have anticipated her attack. Just as she was swinging her blade down, the figure took a step to their left. Causing Naucria’s blade to completely miss her target. The figure took the opportunity and brought their blade down on top of Naucria’s, trapping her blade. Naucria felt something lightly grazing across her ribs. Her eyes widened in horror. The figure knew she was ticklish there and was using the force to tickle her. “Tickle, tickle, tickle, said the figure, in a sing-songy voice. The tickling attack came fast and hard. Causing Naucria to go into a laughing fit and dropping her lightsaber. The tickling intensified which caused Naucria to drop to the ground and curl up into a small ball as a futile attempt to shield herself from the onslaught. Then as suddenly as it started, it stopped. Naucria slowly caught her breath and slowly rose to her feet. Looking around, she noticed that the other figure had vanished. *The coward ran away*, she thought to herself. Reaching out with the force, she grabbed her lightsaber. Deactivating the blade, she attached it to her belt. Suddenly, she was enveloped in a huge gooey mass. Clawing her way through it, she broke free. Naucria found that she was in the middle of mass of half-cooked pastry dough. “Pastry,” she said in a whisper-quiet voice. “I HATE PASTRY!” She began to shout it at the top of her lungs. Xendar was making his back to his speeder when he heard Naucria raving tantrum. “If you hate pastry now, just wait until you look in the mirror, he said to no one in particular. “I would watch out, a Chiss might want to ask you out.

After dropping his gear and getting a quick shower. He was on his way to a friend’s house to celebrate them moving in. Along the way, he thought about who he could prank next year. Perhaps the Shadow Academy staff, or the ruling members of his house, maybe the clan leaders or maybe even members of the Dark Council. He wasn’t certain, but he had a whole year to figure it out.