

Old Tongue  
Alaris Jinn  
9426

*From the diary of Kahlora Teka, apprentice to Alaris Jinn:*

I came across something while scouring through the Shadow Academy's old archives. It's funny how nobody cares about children during battles; I was able to slip through the Plagueis lines and abscond with quite a few neat little trinkets. Mostly junk, except for this one tube:

It is an apparent durasteel cylinder with blackened caps on either end. It must be made from some other material though as it has been blistered by a likely history of Force Lightning and other Sith magicks whose intent must have been to open it, as well as mundane attempts that were clearly met with failure. It smells of death and feces, a scent that I attempted to cleanse, but seems inherent in its design. I've been able to clear most of the grime and dirt.

I used a small piece of wood to pick out the indented inscription. It was inscribed in ancient Sith, something I've started to study, with a pick and hammer. The imperfections indicate that it was done either hastily or by someone with very little skill, I would wager the former because of power that seems to emanate from it. I am going to attempt to decipher the Sith language. No need to report this to Alaris until there is something to report.

*Thy will hath brought thou herest to mine chamber  
In which thine eyes can see naught; and yet still  
Thou hast the foresight and the bogan power  
That hath been granted only to those with skill.*

*In great times we scoured the galaxy and,  
With naught but our wits to bring the knowledge thus,  
Provide only ones who deserveth our great hand  
With reliquary talent; life shall live with us.*

*Extend thy will, thy strength, thy breadth of pow'r  
And give unto thy master all thy hast  
Learnt from those came ere thy naive heart  
Lest ye be stricken to quietus fast.*

*To give thy blackened heart to us, you'll see  
The greatest gift to exeunt and set us free.*

(Author's notes: This poem follows the standard pattern of a Shakespearean Sonnet. It is in iambic pentameter. True to Shakespeare, the meter isn't strict, so as to allow flavour into the flow of the words. Quietus is pronounced and emphasized like "hiatus." The poem alludes to everlasting life, but in fact contains the memories and thoughts of an ancient Sith Lord who uses the unsuspecting finder as a vessel. Power in the Dark Side is preferable in a host.)