

# Shadow Academy

## Artifact Requisitions Team

**Subject: “Soul Stealer” Artifact**

**Location Acquired: Nesolat Station, Arx System**

Upon entering the station, the team was able to locate many of the artifacts that had been thought to have been taken by the Collective occupation. One such artifact, known unofficially as the “Soul Stealer,” was found on the body of a Collective soldier who could only be described as being “badly dehydrated and drained of all life.” The ART was able to recover the artifact, safely, and secure it in the SA Vault on Arx.

The seemingly odd condition of the soldier’s body called for an investigation as to the power of this artifact. The following is my initial report on the findings.

During an archaeological dig on the planet Arx a purple crystal set in the middle of a weathered ebony wood was discovered. The setting is in the shape of an oval measuring 8 cm high and 7 cm wide. An intricate design, resembling woven rope, is etched into the border. It was originally found clenched in the hand of an adult human female skeleton that appeared to be centuries old buried under a layer of volcanic ash. However, scans of samples taken of the bone reveal the woman had only died 100 standard years prior. Further samples of the surrounding ash reveal the preserving properties of the ash are highly irregular: a body left buried under the ash would have been preserved much better than the body that was found. This leads me to believe that another factor was involved. Along with the artifact, a piece of parchment was found underneath the remains. On it, written in a Sith dialect which was later translated by my team, is what appears to be a poem written by the woman of her discovery of the artifact. The translated poem, written in a Limerick poetic style, is included on the following page.



(Rough sketch of artifact)

*Casting back light like a lake  
I swore this rock was a fake  
It tried to blind me  
And barely could I see  
As I uncovered the dirt with a rake*

*But once I discovered this glimmer  
This artifact sent such a shimmer  
It radiates dark  
Cast in its bark  
It made me feel like such a winner*

*So now as I sit here and hold it  
I feel I am trapped in a tar pit  
I become so enveloped  
With scenes it developed  
Of fear and the pain it had commit*

*Its like my life force is draining  
My head is split and is paining  
My body is weak  
Screams barely a squeak  
The glory of this gem is feigning*

*How could they control this much power?  
Their enemies must stay froze and cower  
I ask to be slain  
To stop all the pain  
As this will be my final hour*