

Kamjin's First Steps into a Larger World

Submission for the fiction competition: "[CSP] Journey's Beginning"

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They say in space, no one can hear you scream. Those people weren't currently in the cockpit of Kamjin's TIE Praetor. His radar screen was nearly solid red with rebel contacts. He slammed his control yoke hard to port to dodge another barrage of missiles released by a squadron of B-wings. His mouth was dry and strained as he screamed in rage. As the missiles spun into each other and detonated he leveled his controls to stop his spin. Pulling up hard to avoid colliding with the hull of the Mon Calamari cruiser, he wove between the blister pods. He slammed the throttle forward, pulling ahead of the rain of blaster bolts racing to catch up to him.

"Sithspit, you blasted Rebels won't get me!" Kamjin screamed as he pulled back on the controls banking up before rolling and diving towards the ventral side of the ship. Squeezing his triggers emerald laser blasts rotated outside the ruby cockpit screen. The TIE Praetor destroyed the launching wave of A-wings exiting the hangar of the ship. Bursting through the debris field from the exploding ships, Kamjin pulled up to skim beneath the bottom hull of the ship.

"Haha! That got'em!" Kamjin hooted as he evened out his shields. Mentally he started marking his position between the fleet of capital ships and where the rebel squadrons were positioned. Switching over to his ion cannons he prepared to create a flak screen by disabling the nearby squadron. That would give him enough cover to survive swinging around for a run at the command pod.

Taking a deep breath, he reached the edge of the ship and began firing his ion cannons. But there was nothing there. He checked his radar and saw that the fighters had rotated and were now coming at him from below. As his brain registered what had occurred sparks began to fly in the cockpit as the barrage of laser fire struck home. Despite the heavy shields on his fighter they were rapidly depleted. Kamjin tried to spin and rotate back into the cover of the Mon Calamari to no avail. The hull indicator flashed angrily as it moved from green, to yellow, and finally to red. Kamjin slammed his left foot on the rubber, bringing the nose of the fighter whipping around. As his eyes adjusted he was face to face with an X-wing fighter and then, darkness.

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"Congratulations, Maverick. You're dead," the voice came over his helmet comm. Kamjin pushed up on the cockpit hatch release and pulled himself out of the simulation pod.

"That's not fair! Those rebel ships shouldn't have been able to rotate down to that position for an attack," Kamjin scrambled down the access ladder to the simulation chamber floor. Around him several other simulation pods were up on the gimbals rotating through their own simulated battles. Rushing up to the instructor, Kamjin jabbed his finger on the datapad at the test results, "This is a complete fabrication of my performance!"

"Stand at attention, Commander!" the instructor snapped. Kamjin's military training kicked in as he stood ramrod straight. His hands immediately snapping to his side as he raised

his head directly forward. "Do you really expect the Rebels to fight fair?" Kamjin turned to respond and the instructor closed the gap between them. Spittal flying from his mouth, "Did I ask you to respond, Commander?" Kamjin snapped back to attention.

"The Rebels are going to fight underhanded in every battle. That is their way. You have to be better than them. If you can't cut it then maybe you don't belong on this ship. You may have gotten here because of your performance as Delta Squadron's Commander but here you're just another wanna be hot shot pilot."

"Excuse me," a voice called out from the entryway to the simulator room. The instructor swung to see who had dared to interrupt his favorite pastime; chewing out the new pilots.

A scowl crossed his face, "How may I assist you, sir?"

"Major Wrath has requested Maverick to join him in his office. Oh, he finished his simulator run. I can take that to Wrath as well." The newcomer crossed the floor and grabbed the datapad from the instructor's hands. "Come with me, Mav."

Kamjin looked at the newcomer before looking back at the Instructor. Giving a sly smile he snapped a salute and fell in behind the officer who had come to relieve him. As they made their way out of the room, Kamjin finally let his breath out, "Hey, thanks for that...umm."

"Gibbs, Captain Gibbs, and you're welcome. He always does that to applicants for Praetorian Squadron." As they continued to walk Gibbs glanced through the readout of Kamjin's recent flight performance. "Did you really skim the surface of the Mon Calamari cruiser?"

"Of course," as Kamjin launched into a detailed retelling of how he had performed in the simulator, Gibbs took the time to get the measure of this young pilot. Kamjin was in his early twenties and stood taller than his 1.8 meter build. Even under the bulk of the TIE Pilot pressure suit a muscular body could be seen. His coppery brown hair was kept short in the usual military style but his eyes twinkled with a spirit of adventure still. Gibbs figured he was maybe half a decade older in comparison.

As they came to a stop outside the Squadron Commander's office Kamjin worked up the courage to ask. "So...did I pass the simulation?"

Gibbs looked at the datapad. His face didn't betray his thoughts one way or the other. "You'll have to ask Wrath." With that curt response he keyed the door open and gestured for Kamjin to go inside.

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Major Wrath kept his office dark. A result of being photosensitive following a close quarters detention on an earlier mission. Though he wasn't prone to sharing that information publicly, he preferred to have people think it was just meant to intimate the pilots. Throughout the office numerous tactical and intelligence updates were displayed. As soon as the door was keyed the displayed blanked themselves and a soft reddish glow filled the room from the idling screens.

The newest applicant for Praetorian Squadron strolled into the room. He definitely had the build of an elite Imperial pilot. He stopped in front of his desk and came to attention. "Commander Lap'lamiz reporting as ordered."

Wrath looked down at his datapad, "Your callsign is Maverick, right?"

"Yes, sir."

“Fitting, I heard about your little ‘discussion’ with the Flight Instructor.”

Kamjin opened his mouth to reply but Wrath beat him to the chase, “I know you were a highly successful Squadron Commander of Delta Squadron; so clearly, you recognize you weren’t supposed to survive the simulation.” Wrath loved how Kamjin tried to cover the surprised look on his face.

“Of course, sir.” Kamjin finally responded.

“No you didn’t. But that doesn’t matter. What does matter is your performance. Before you bought it you had taken out several corvettes, a frigate, and a few dozen starfighters. What was your impression of the TIE Praetor?” Wrath asked.

“She’s a beautiful machine,” Kamjin paused for a moment before adding. “It seemed that a lot of the features weren’t enabled.”

Wrath smiled, that was quicker than many candidates. “You’re correct, quite a bit of the intelligence package was disabled. You figured that out quicker than most of the other applicants.”

“I like to know what my ship can do,” Kamjin said.

“As do I. I also like to know what my pilots can do,” Wrath said standing and walking around to face Kamjin. “You’ve lied to me once right now. Now the question is; will you do it again?” Wrath let the silence hang for a moment before continuing. “Why did you dig into my Flight Instructor?”

Kamjin swallowed hard and considered his options. “Sir, the simulation was modified to prevent me from completing the exercise. If given a fair chance I would have completed the mission.”

“And you don’t think a Jedi wouldn’t do the same? Mind Trick you into forgetting he’s there? Pull your weapon out of your hand when you have him centered in your scope? The galaxy is not fair Maverick and no one cares about playing fair.” Wrath said. Walking back around to his desk he picked up one of the numerous datapads. Keying in a series of orders he looked back up at Kamjin. “You’ve been assigned to Charon flight, you’ll be Praetorian Seven starting today. Gibbs will be flying your wing so it’s good you already met him. Go find the quartermaster and requisition a new squadron patch.”

“Yes, sir.” Kamjin smiled broadly as he saluted his new Commander. As he turned to leave Wrath gave one parting piece of advice. “Mav, you’re an Elite pilot now. Your behavior will always be watched. Not just by your superior officers but by all the officers in the fleet. I get that you’re cocky and you’re a damn fine pilot. But damn fine pilots don’t last long without the support of everyone around them.”

Kamjin tilted his head absorbing the advice. “I understand, sir.” Wrath watched him leave and knew he had been lied to again. As the door slid shut Wrath activated the security lock from his desk. The room’s displays again sprang to life as Wrath activated a holocommunicator. Within moments the form of Branch Leader Weicksel shimmered in the darkened office.

“How did the new applicant turn out?” Weicksel asked.

Wrath scrolled through his datapad, “Better than average. He definitely lasted longer than the other applicants but he has room to improve. His piloting is creative and shows promise but when he’s frustrated he goes head-to-head which will eventually get him into trouble.” Wrath scrolled through the various reports. “He comes well recommended by his previous Wing

Commander and Commodore. Heck, he even somehow got a personal recommendation from the Grand Admiral so he's clearly connected with the brass."

"All of this will make him a fine pilot," Weicksel concluded. "Will this make him a viable candidate for our initiative?"

Wrath keyed in the authorization code and the datapad scanned his eye. His eye swelled in pain by the bright scanning light and he blinked back a tear. On the screen the Intelligence Division secret dossier came up showing Kamjin's family history. A flashing warning label covered the face of Kamjin's father. In bolded script it read 'Tenjin Lap'lamiz - Suspected Jedi Traitor' and below it 'Order 66 - Final Status Missing'. "Weicksel, I intend to find out."

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6 Months Later

A cool mist permeated the air. Most people when they think of a jungle assume it's tropical and sweltered with heat. They never think about the nights when the steam from the day hangs low, sapping any heat away from your body. Kamjin and Gibbs were up in the canopy of one of the larger trees. There was enough room on the entangled branches for both to sprawl out on their bellies. Their camouflage ponchos helped them to blend into the foliage.

Gibbs, staring through his macrobinoculars, reached out and tapped Kamjin on the shoulder. Kamjin turned as Gibbs gestured towards the right. Kamjin adjusted the position of his sniper rifle. Resituating behind the scope, Kamjin adjusted the focus. He could make out the Intelligence officer they were providing cover for. In the months since he had joined Praetorian he had learned that so much of the job existed outside of the cockpit. All the classroom exercises in espionage, intelligence gathering, counter-intelligence operations, covert ops, interrogation, networks, and more still swum around in his head.

Then there were the field ops, such as this jaunt to a horrendous jungle planet with no name. Provide cover for an Intelligence officer collecting materials from an undercover agent. Most of them were dull affairs. At first it had been fun. Pitch a camp and enjoy a few days under the stars. Live off the land and be completely cut off from the rest of the galaxy. But, inevitably the mission would pull them back to reality. Whether it was grabbing intel, assassination, mission cover, they'd get an adrenaline rush and then start it all over again.

As he watched the officer wind his way through the crowded open air market by the stream a klick or so away his mind started to wander to a warm shower and hot meal. Even the military meals aboard the Lichtor V were more appealing than what they had eaten off the land for this assignment. Kamjin adjusted the scope as the officer moved through a large gathering near a food stall.

Gibbs intoned to his throat mic, "Contact sighted." An insect nearby wouldn't have heard him yet it came through clearly in Kamjin's earpiece. Kamjin didn't respond except to shift his scope over to pick-up the nervous looking Trandoshan. Kamjin furled his brow as the hairs on his neck prickled in the misty air. *Something isn't right*, he thought. *When has a Trandoshan ever looked nervous?*

Kamjin vibrated his throat, "Tell our agent to not engage."

"I see nothing," Gibbs responded in kind.

It's too late, Kamjin thought. He repositioned his rifle as Gibbs dialed in the comm to reach the agent. Kamjin looked through the scope, closing his eyes for a moment as his hand made the most minor of adjustments to the rifle's position. As he opened them and the world came back into focus he saw a small female Quarren. Gibbs picked her up on his macrobinoculars as well. As Gibbs started to speak, Kamjin pulled the trigger. At their distance it would take nearly a minute before the shot reached its target.

"What did you do?" Gibbs spoke up and the cacophony startled a flock of avians, sending them screeching into the sky.

"We've got to move," Kamjin said breaking down the sniper rifle so they could relocate. Gibbs put the macrobinoculars back to his eyes and watched as the Quarren pulled a vibroknife and began to lunge at their operative. When she came within striking distance of their operative the sniper bolt bore through her skull, dropping her to the ground. The operative, to his credit, continued on as if nothing happened having received Gibbs' message in time.

Gibbs let out a low whistle, "How did he..." Then a thought crossed his mind and his eyes narrowed on Kamjin as he started to descend from the tree. Gibbs keyed in a private frequency on his comm. As he sent a short burst transmission he packed up his gear and followed Kamjin towards their evacuation point.

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Wrath rubbed his eyes, the strain of staring at the numerous displays today was giving him a headache. *No*, he thought. *It's not just the screens*. The pile of datapads had grown steadily over the last few months and with them the threats to the Fleet. Now he had to deal with the recent failed operation but, perhaps, there was still a way for this to be profitable.

The chime sounded and the displays idled. As Wrath keyed open the door, Kamjin entered. "Have a seat, Maverick," Wrath said as he gestured to a chair in front of his desk. Kamjin saluted and took a seat.

"I'll get straight to the point. How did you know that Quarren was going to attack our operative?" Wrath asked.

Kamjin pursed his lips before responding. "Just a hunch, sir."

Wrath stared at Kamjin before slowly shaking his head, "That's a hell of a hunch, Mav."

"Yes, sir" Kamjin responded.

Wrath raised an eyebrow, "That's all? Yes, sir? Over the last six months I've never known you to be so succinct in your responses."

Kamjin's eyes fluttered for a moment, "Just acting upon your feedback, sir."

"Uh-huh," Wrath narrowed his eyes. "Do you recall what I told you when you first joined the squadron?"

"Yes, sir."

"So, are you going to tell me the truth now? Because I assure you Maverick; I already know the truth."

Kamjin began to sweat. "Sir, as I told you. It was a lucky hunch."

"Luck had nothing to do with it, son. But you already know that don't you?" Wrath reached onto the desk and pulled out a datapad from a pile. Keying in for the information he wanted, Wrath began scrolling Kamjin's life story throughout the room. Kamjin's head was on a

swivel. Pictures from his childhood home on Alderaan. His parents, the Duke and Duchess of Juranno. Pages scrolled by of his school work, his application and acceptance into the Imperial Academy. An unredacted copy of the order from the Inquisitorius Program reassigning him to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. There were even pictures of him with his first girlfriend.

"Let's begin." Wrath leaned back in his chair. "Kamjin Lap'lamiz, often called 'Maverick' by his friends, was born to Tenjin and Sayuri Lap'lamiz in Juranno, Alderaan. One sibling, a sister presumed deceased in the Rebellion's attack on Alderaan which led to its destruction which also saw the death of your parents. By all accounts a beautiful childhood with a loving family. What follows is a rather impressive string of accomplishments within the Imperial Academy; encouraged by your father. You were marked for special assignment and were transferred to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet where you were posted to Delta Squadron assigned to recon duty. You served with distinction being recognized with an Imperial Security Medal and were promoted to Squadron Commander before applying for and being accepted into Praetorian Squadron."

Kamjin continued to sweat. He could see where this was going. Wrath continued on. "But, that's not really the interesting part of this story is it." Wrath's fingers flourished over the datapad. The displays blurred as they shuffled to present a series of pictures from the Clone Wars. Focusing on a young Padawan with an emerald blade. Judging by his age he looked to be near the age of Knighthood if not for the traditional Padawan braid still slung over his shoulder.

Wrath zoomed in on the Padawan's face. "Looks awfully familiar doesn't he?" Kamjin locked his eyes on Wrath and glared.

"Don't all Jedi look the same, sir?" Kamjin asked.

Wrath pressed another button and the last known picture of Tenjin pulled up next to the youth. As the picture rotated it overlaid itself to the Padawan while a call out message popped up displaying '96.89% match'. Wrath continued on, "Tenjin Lap'lamiz, which apparently was an alias assumed after the end of the Clone Wars and the execution of Order 66. Originally known as Anzen. Born on Alderaan to unknown parents. Heh, isn't that impressive, the Jedi kept track of so much but never bothered to keep track of their parents. I wonder how many of those parents ended up missing their children or in need of their help."

Wrath pulled up pictures of Tenjin on Alderaan marrying Sayuri. "Somehow Tenjin escaped Order 66 and found his way to Alderaan. Having been taken in by the Lap'lamiz family he eventually took their surname when he married their only daughter, Sayuri. Thus ensuring the royal family name would continue on when you were born."

Kamjin swallowed hard. "You've presented quite a story, sir. I..."

Wrath cut him off, "Kamjin, now is not the time for lying. You're good at it and you will get better under my tutelage. Now, get up and follow me." Wrath stood and began walking out of the room. Kamjin, having no other choice, stood to follow him. As they left the office Wrath turned to head down the corridor. Kamjin took note immediately that Gibbs and his other wingmate Morgoth were positioned at either end of the corridor. While they were acting casually, Gibbs talking with a service tech and Morgoth interfacing with a computer terminal, the message was clear: do not attempt to run.

Wrath led Kamjin through the ship to a massive training arena. Kamjin had come in here a few times to keep current with his Imperial Martial Arts but had otherwise kept to the gym

equipment room. As the door sealed behind them Wrath approached a counter along the edge of the room. Two objects rested upon it. Turning, Wrath tossed one of the objects towards Kamjin. As Kamjin caught it he instantly recognized it.

"I know that's a special case keyed only to be opened by its owner. You may go ahead and open it now." Wrath said.

Kamjin resigned himself to what was about to happen. He had feared this day for quite a while and had still taken the risk of bringing this with him. The Imperial Navy had always been quite strict on contraband, especially forbidden trinkets from a bygone era. Sighing, he brought the case up to eye and allowed it to scan him. The case whirled and opened a slot for Kamjin to depress his thumb. A small needle withdrew a small sample of blood while scanning his lifesigns. It really was an ingenious device. You had to prove you were alive in addition to supplying the required DNA to verify it was you. The case beeped in acceptance before sliding back a panel revealing a number pad for Kamjin to enter the final authorization code.

From across the room Wrath nodded his approval for Kamjin to complete the sequence and open the case. The sequence was long, far longer than was strictly necessary but Kamjin had been cautious when storing this item. As he keyed the last sequence the case hissed and cracked up. Opening the case, Kamjin withdrew the black and chrome shrouded shaft.

Kamjin grasped it in his red hand feeling the weight of the handle. It was a solid build, with rubber ribbon grips at its base, a flat panel activator switch towards the middle, while the upper section had a variety of nobes before the half moon shroud encasing the emitter. Kamjin had not looked upon this artifact for many years yet he had never let it leave his possession.

Kamjin reacted at the same time he heard a snap-hiss and a ruby blur come slashing at him. Instinctively he thumbed the activation panel and the emerald blade sprang forth. Angry yellow sparks flew out from where it made contact with the ruby blade that was in Wrath's hand.

"I assume that's Tenjin's lightsaber?" Wrath asked as he pressed into Kamjin's blade.

Kamjin held his footing, all pretense dropped from his voice, "Yes."

"No sir this time?" Wrath asked as he broke their blades apart. He slashed low at Kamjin's legs. Kamjin awkwardly pushed his blade down to block. When Wrath's blade connected the force knocked Kamjin aside as he fought to hold onto the handle.

"Sloppy," Wrath circled around and slashed again at Kamjin's side. Kamjin recovered quickly enough to bring the blade up to block. However, his one handed grip didn't provide enough strength to prevent it from being knocked back and Kamjin had to roll with the force of Wrath's strike. As he rolled the emerald blade scarred the training floor leaving an orange welt in the ground.

"Mav, you hold that lightsaber like it's a club. Perhaps your father wasn't a Jedi after all. Perhaps all you are is another spoiled royal holding onto a fantasy of an ancient order. Playing with their weapons like a toddler plays with a toy." Wrath shuffled his feet forward, keeping his feet planted on the ground as he took high swinging strikes at Kamjin. Kamjin scooted back waving his blade in a near panic to block Wrath's attacks. His usually spiky hair had become matted with sweat and lay limp against his forehead. His eyes were large with fear at this formidable warrior.

As Wrath gripped his saber's handle with both hands he raised it above his head, preparing for a finishing stroke. As Kamjin looked up into the face of his Squadron Commander and soon to be killer his fear turned to anger. A soul rending scream exploded from him. Wrath

was hurled across the room. The ruby blade extinguished as his saber was ripped from his hands. Kamjin leapt to his feet. His eyes were bloodshot. He advanced slowly on Wrath. His saber held out by his side. "My Father was a Jedi and he trained me in their foolish ways." As Kamjin started to speak the words flowed from him as a great secret was finally released from its confines. "You're right, he did survive Order 66 because he fled from that decrepit religion. He had found their teachings stagnant and constricting. He felt the chains of their creed thrust upon him and worse of all; he was forbidden from attachments."

Kamjin raised his blade to point towards Wrath as he came to stand above his prone form. "He had met my mother on some consular mission and they had fallen in love. When he mentioned this to his Master the old fool preached about how attachments led to the Dark Side." Kamjin laughed, "What little she knew. My Father never turned to the Dark Side. He held onto those lofty ideals of peace and justice throughout his life while the galaxy rebelled and he stayed on the sidelines. When he sensed the Force in me he trained me as a Jedi but I saw the hurt in his eyes. He had wanted to remain a Jedi and be with my mom. He made a choice he didn't want to make and he lived in regret because of it and that regret slowly ate away at him."

Kamjin pointed the tip of the emerald blade into Wrath's face. Wrath turned his head, closing his eyes as the light seared his eyes. "Now you know and now I have to decide whether I have to go on the run like those traitorous Jedi of old or kill you and test how well I can put your teachings to practice."

"I have," Wrath started as he squeezed his eyes tighter together. "...another option."

Kamjin was taken aback. His momentary pause was the opening Wrath needed. Throwing out his arms, Wrath shoved Kamjin across the room. Kamjin was not prepared for the attack and was defenseless as he struck the far wall of the room. His blade skittered across the floor and his vision began to collapse in on itself. Before he blacked out he could have sworn he heard Wrath speaking to someone saying 'It's confirmed' and then darkness.

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Wrath handed Kamjin an ice pack back in his office. Kamjin muttered, "Thank you." Taking the pack and pressing it gingerly on the knot forming on the back of his head. His father's lightsaber sat on Wrath's desk just out of reach. Which wouldn't have done him any good as Wrath was leaning on the front of the desk blocking his path.

"My head must still be ringing. You want me to join...what?" Kamjin asked.

"I'll start again," Wrath said. "You weren't randomly assigned to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. During your Imperial Academy days the Inquisitorius suspected you were Force sensitive. If their numbers hadn't been depleted by the Rebels and Vader's impatiences they probably would have confirmed far sooner that you were the child of a Jedi. Instead they aligned you with our Task Force and left it up to us to assess you."

Wrath picked up a cup of caf and took a swig, wetting his throat before continuing. "What you probably don't know is that within the Fleet a contingent of Sith adherents are building a Dark Brotherhood. With the Emperor dead and the Rule of Two broken our chains have been unleashed to counter the Jedi's brotherhood of light with our own shadow." Wrath reached behind him and keyed the displays. The room began to project numerous warehouses and hyperspace lanes that Kamjin, in all his training, had never seen before.

"I am a member of the Scholae Palatinae. A secret order created by the Emperor in his final days to guard his greatest secrets and treasures. Stretching back generations the Sith had acquired artifacts, treasures, weapons, and secrets that the Jedi and Republic sought to banish from memory. The first of our order were personally trained by the Emperor himself. Selected from the finest officers from the Royal Guard and Intelligence Divisions. Secrecy and loyalty were to be our pillars. Following the destruction of the second Death Star not many of us remained. In the months that followed more fell defending the Emperor's secret locations as greedy advisors sought their own fiefdom. Less than a half dozen of us remained, scattered across the galaxy. By happenstance Weicksel and I found ourselves in service to the Emperor's Hammer Intelligence Division. Weicksel has tempted the Ubiquitorate with the promise of having Dark Jedi loyal to the Intelligence Division and gained their approval to reform Scholae Palatinae. They know nothing of our true objectives."

"And what would those be?" Kamjin asked.

Wrath smiled, sensing he had him. "Those are secrets only for those worthy to join our ranks. You, Kamjin, could be one of us. You have more than just a raw talent for the Force and your piloting skills are worthy of Praetorian Squadron's elite requirements."

"You've indicated I'm qualified but why me specifically?" Kamjin probed.

"Technically, we need thirty-three members to gain the approval of the Dark Throne to openly operate and utilize resources from the Dark Brotherhood," Wrath could see Kamjin's reaction. "But that isn't the reason we sought you out. You saw that the Jedi Order did to your father. How it ate at him and poisoned him. Imagine a galaxy where the lies and constraints of that shortsighted religion are gone forever. How glorious the Empire reborn will be with strength and unity are restored to the galaxy. How the shameful destruction of Alderaan, Jedha, and countless other worlds by the Rebellion is finally stopped."

Wrath extended his hand to Kamjin, "You could be one of great Palatinaeans in time."

Kamjin lowered the ice pack. For the briefest of moments he saw his future. The joys and triumphs. The blistering defeats and setbacks. It was too much for him to take in as he shook his head. Looking up at Wrath's hand, taking a long pause to weigh what he had just seen, he reached out and clasped it.

"I accept," he said.

Wrath smiled, "You've just taken your first step into a larger world."