“Saikar… Saikar… Awaken!”  
  
The acolyte’s eyes opened to a realm of space. He was no longer stripped and frozen in carbonite but dressed in simple white robes. Beneath his feet was the galaxy he had called home under a veil of the dark waters. He looked around his environment until he saw a figure across from him along a separate spiral in the galaxy.   
  
“Who are you? Where am I?” the Fateweaver asked.  
  
“A shade of the ancient Krath, and your guide” the masked wraith echoed. “You are in Mortis, the realm the Unifying Force accessed through sleep. Your consciousness projected itself out and aligned with the cosmic membranes surrounding your home galaxy.”  
  
“How do I know you are not another interrogator! I will not reveal our secrets! The time will come when we make ourselves known, and it will be very soon.”  
  
The phantom gathered the surrounding dark mist. The ghost’s floating mask grew closer and was much bigger than the surrounding galaxies.“Do not mistaken me for your captors,” it said at a seemingly ear deafening volume.

“I am of no alliegance to those in your life,” it then said softly. “Detach from your old life when you shed the mortal coil.”  
  
“Forgive me, my life brings me toil. I have been captured by an Empire that transcends all I have come to know and understand.”  
  
“I know of the Empire of which you speak, and understand how you feel that way. If it will help you detach and let go then tell me of your plight. I have an avatar by the name of Areticus that dwells within your galaxy’s mortal plane, perhaps I can assist you.”

**Eos City**

**Arx**

**40ABY**“Enter,” Idris called.

Areticus walked in under a black robe that covered him from head to toe, leaving only the shade of his mouth. From the looks of his skin he was pale in complexion and without wrinkles. “Greetings my Lord, I bear good news and a plan. The prisoner is open to trusting me. If granted the ruse of a rescue, the first place he will run to is back home. The plan is to follow him and learn more of the cult as a unit.”

Idris scanned the body posture, height, and relative weight from the sleeves. From his guess this Sith was small and frail. His mind was useful but he could be easily killed and the prisoner would have been freed in vain, “You were granted a chance to speak to the prisoner, to see if you could gain information we could not. He is not to be released.”

“Risk is necessary. Interrogation through fear and pain will not give us the answers we seek. I have him convinced and this is the only chance we have of gaining trust. Once trust is granted, all of the information they have will be open to us. His trust and respect will lead me to them, I have foreseen this.”  
  
“Foreseen?”

“The Force allows one to see what transpires through our actions. Those of us who commit to searching these futures can take control of our fate. Our prisoner understands this as do I. If you give him to me, I will give you the answers you seek.”  
  
Idris considered his words in silence for a brief moment, “Fail me and it will be your head. I will notify the prison ward. You have three days to report something good. Begone.”  
  
Areticus bowed and departed the Voice’s chamber.

**Two Days Later**

A report had been sent by the Inquisitorius to the Voice’s inbox:

My Lord,

I have seen the Children of Mortis in gathered numbers. Many were shrouded in cloaks but a few signatures of the Force were familiar to me. Their seer prepared the altar to make way for the Father’s return. This Seer was highly advanced in the ways of divination and krath ritual. Displays before my very eyes twisted the fundamental elements with the Force in ways I have never witnessed before. Different channels of the Force were brought together by kyber conduits and amplified their presence. Eventually the energy in the conduits were affected by each other and made the energy of the Force within the ritual area more dense and unstable. This field of fluxuation weakened the boundaries of our space fabric, revealing a new layer of spacetime from behind its dimensional borders. No Shadow Academy class, no holocron, nor teaching of the Sith had ever eluded to magic this advanced or powerful. The light around the area bent as if unfolding itself outward, and in the center came a bright beacon of light. This light would be blinding to those who looked upon it with the naked eye, those with ability akin to the Miraluka were worthy to bear witness behind the shroud of their hoods. Through my Force Sight I saw an armored figure with robes that flowed like smoke in the wind. The actual wind itself howled and pushed many of us back with a vicious vortex as the light unfolding from the ritual gate had widened. Forgive me, my senses could not comprehend the magnitude of this figure’s power within the Force. His very presence was too overwhelming for my ability to channel and take measure. Though I can claim with confidence that he stands in power equal if not greater than the Grand Masters of old.

The great light, a godlike figure, and with a wave of energy and wind was not all that was met in his stride. A surge of information flooded our minds with visions. Like a psychic wave that crashed into the minds. The Father wishes to reform the Jedi and Sith into a new era of prosperity. A renaissance and golden age for Force Users under his principles and culture. To follow the ways of the Father would be invited to his realm, the realm of Mortis. Images of Mortis and its beauty coursed through my mind, and I learned that it was the intermediary to many other places beyond the galaxy. Soon after the conduits ran out of energy, and the portal shut the light away, with the Father in it. The winds were calm, and our minds were clear.  
  
Forgive my Lord Voice, for having seen the ways of the children of mortis, I will not be returning to the inquisitorius anytime soon. I must stay and learn.

Areticus