

The Dark Voice

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Editor-in-Chief

Sith Battlemaster Derev Niroth

Dark Voice Tribune

The Dark Voice

The New Direction of the Dark Voice

Dark Voice Editor-in-Chief, Derev Niroth

Address from the Editor-in-Chief, Derev Niroth

[OOO] Since my appointment as Tribune of the Dark Voice, there has been frankly a ton of stuff going on. At times, I've wondered if I bit off a little more than I could handle, perhaps I'd made one too many commitments to better the Dark Voice. Now, however, seeing my first issue of the Dark Voice complete, I do not think that is so.

As many of you no doubt noticed, the Dark Voice doesn't resemble what the last issue you may have saw looked like. Next month, I hope to present a truly different layout for the Dark Voice. This month, what I've presented to you is strictly a "transitional" issue. Within this transition, however, you will see many things that are here to stay. Nearly every article has been presented to you in-character (and in fact, every article henceforth from this issue will be in-character). You don't see random graphics and stories that fail to tie into the Dark Voice in anyway.

You've no doubt noticed this might resemble a "magazine" or a "newspaper". In fact, that is the direction we are going towards. The final product when it is delivered may not "look" like a newspaper, but the way we present the content, the stories, and the articles, is.

Right now, volunteers from several Clans of the Brotherhood, as well as the dedicated members of the Dark Voice staff are participating in a "Think Tank", that is shaping the future direction of the Dark Voice. Many good ideas have come from this, and many more are still to come as the pressure of this issue is off of us, and we can direct our energy on that which we are discussing.

That being said, I hope all of you enjoy this issue of the Dark Voice. It may not be quite what you are used too, but you may find some things here that you haven't known yet about the Brotherhood. Maybe you'll actually learn something, maybe you won't. If anyone reading this issue feels they have some comment, concern, or an idea to better the Dark Voice, I would welcome your comments. You can find my email address on my dossier. A great many people poured a great many hours into this edition of the Dark Voice, and once again, I hope you all enjoy it.

See you in the next issue!

Sith Battlemaster Derev Niroth
Dark Voice Tribune

The Dark Voice

The Nature of a Holocron

Alchemist's Notes, Project 231: The Nature of a Holocron Part II

In a previous version of the Dark Voice, this researcher examined the topic of the Sith Holocron in an article on Sith Crystallography. In this issue, the Jedi and progenitor Rakatan holocron technologies will be discussed.

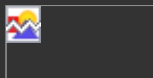
The Jedi Holocron

The hated Jedi also have a version of holocron technology. These devices usually hold information on lightsaber construction, unless they pre-date lightsabers. They also contain knowledge of the disciplines, histories, and weapons of the Jedi. They are activated in the conventional way by a Force-user.

Jedi holocrons do have a wider variety of appearance than their Sith counterparts. They usually appear as platonic solids such as cubes, hexagonal prisms, dodecahedrons, and other crystalline polyhedral forms. The cube seems to be the most common mode. Jedi holocrons usually show multiple layers within of twinned crystalline material or fine wires and lamina. Most Jedi holocrons are blue, yellow, purple, or green in color. One red cube has been reported, but this is extremely rare.

Historically, it would seem the Jedi learned the skills to construct these devices after the Sith. However, this is unclear given the extreme age of the technology. The method of Jedi holocron construction is unknown, having been lost to the mists of time. Clues garnered from an example by the investigator mentioned the use of natural Adegan crystals. It is possible some sort of synthetic forge was also used, given the extreme rarity of Adegan crystals of the needed size.

The pernicious Gatekeeper personalities are slow to disseminate the knowledge within the devices, preferring to tell boring stories or ask annoying questions to test the operator. The cubical green Jedi holocron of Anavus Svag examined by the researcher was loaded with useless trash, although some interesting lightsaber information was gleaned. In particular, interesting information regarding Adegan crystals, lightsaber attunement, and novae were uncovered.



The attached image shows a mosaic of differing holocrons. The one believed to be a Rakatan example is the green one with an alien face in the far right bottom corner. This frame also contains smaller images of a Sith holocron of unknown origin and a red cubical Jedi holocron. From this frame, proceeding counter-clockwise to the left they are: a dodecahedral bronzium-clad holocron reputed to be the Great Jedi Holocron, The activated Sith holocron of Lord Andeddu, The Holocron of King Adas, The opened holocron of Lord Andeddu with a Sith synthetic crystal, The holocron of Freedon Nadd, an assortment of Jedi holocrons, the activated holocron of Naga Sadow, and the center piece is the Jedi holocron of Vodo Siosk-Baas.

The Infinite Empire

The Rakatans play an important role in the ancient history of the holocron. During the reign of King Adas some three thousand years before the rise of the Galactic Republic, the Infinite Empire was in contact with the Sith species. The Rakatans taught the secrets of holocron construction to King Adas. Sith'Ari Adas subsequently encoded his own personality into a holocron. This was most likely the first Sith Holocron.

Although they later invaded Korriban, the Rakatans were eventually repulsed. King

Adas gave his life to save his planet, but his holocron remained safe. When the Jen'Jidai Exiles eventually arrived, they took possession of the device. The holocron wound up in the hands of Lord Garu millennia later during the time of the Great Hyperspace War. Freedom Nadd later possessed the object, as well as Lady Lumiya who is reputed to be the current possessor.

Presumably the Rakatans had their own holocrons, although no known complete examples exist today. Perhaps their devices failed as the mysterious disease that disconnected them from the Force ravaged their bodies. As well, they may simply have lost the ability to use them when their Force power waned and destroyed them out of spite. An ancient image depicting many holocrons of both Sith and Jedi holocrons does show one image that may be a *Rakatan holocron. The face on the device resembles a stylized Rakatan.

In summary, the Holocron is a useful technology possessed by many Force-using traditions including the Sith and Jedi. Given the Rakatan influence on ancient civilizations within our Galaxy and the fact that they had holocron construction knowledge that pre-dates the Republic, the Infinite Empire may be the originators of this powerful technology.

The Dark Voice

Hand to Hand Combat Tome, another precious guideline revealed to the Dark Jedi

Dark Voice Correspondant Odin Vaaj Bruth'Kothae

A small transport shuttle with a Dark Voice identification on its body flew on its route to a Dragon class skirmisher, "The Fallen Spear" that orbiting smoothly at Antei's space. The only passenger there, DJK Odin Vaaj Bruth'Kothae, a DV staff had received an order from his Tribune to meet the Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood directly in the skirmisher. Dark Side Adept Muz Keibatsu Sadow generally used the Fallen Spear as his primary mode of transportation, on his official duties for the Brotherhood, to run quietly on diplomatic assignments and inter-clan transport of brotherhood materials, as for this time, the meeting would occur.

After receiving the pass permit, the small shuttle landed safely on the hangar. The Knight exited from his transport, welcomed by an officer to ally him on his way. After a while, Odin finally arrived at the Deputy Grand Master's board office. He bowed low, his heart pounding in wonder about the thing they would like to discuss in the meeting. He had not received any tagged topic yet, and it seemed Muz was alone in his office.

The Knight gathered his courage to speak and greeted, "Greetings Your Excellency, I have received an order to meet you in my duty as the DV staff. What can I do at your service?"

The Dark Side Adept noticed his minion, and offered a seat.

"Yes, it is about the tome of hand to hand combat," Muz said calmly, "I think you have already heard about that before, since I've mentioned a little of it in our last meeting."

The Knight nodded, taking a recorder from its place inside his robe and placing it on the table," Do you mind for this tool, sir?"

"Not at all"

"Thank you...and well," Odin cleared his throat before continuing , "You've made a name for yourself in the Antei Combat Centre and the Brotherhood before with the Lightsaber Holocron. Recent reports have told us that a Hand to Hand combat Guide has been completed as well."

Muz leaned back in his chair, smiling faintly. "Yes, the hand to hand guide was recently completed. It took quite a bit longer than expected, to be sure. Xanos and I had plans on working on it ever since the saber guide was released. It took a good long time to assemble the team I needed to get a good understanding of these arts into a format Shin'ichi, Macron, Erinyes and I could use."

"All the same, I'm sure it will have proven worth the wait." Odin continued, eyeing the recorder on the table, making sure that the battery still had enough charge. "What sort of arts can we expect to learn about in the guide?"

"There's martial forms from every corner of the universe, and we wanted to cover as many as we could, naturally." Muz leaned forward, a vicious edge flavoring his tone as he spoke. "But there's a lot of martial arts which frankly, are worthless. So we focused on the most effective schools, from Dulon and the Jedi's Broken Gate form to the Bothan Jeswandi, the all-too-popular Teras Kasi, and even the Noghri Stava and Gungan Paonga."

Odin twitched momentarily. "The Gungans, sir?"

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to deal with the Gungans when you have to fight them hand to hand. They're quite flexible and strong, and Paonga plays to that." The Keibatsu watched the reporter try to assimilate that idea despite years of stereotypes. "At any rate, having more information about more martial arts, and specifically the arts that our opponents may use, will help the Brotherhood in giving us a distinct advantage in training."

"How will our members learn these arts? Will it be through the Holocron and tomes only?"

"Well, at this time, the guide helps people learn the basics of the art. This helps people figure out what arts that would suit them the best. They still would have to seek out training on their own, for the time being."

Odin leaned forward, scratching his chin. "Only for the time being?"

Muz smiled. "The Seneschal's office has been working to find trainers for the various arts in the hopes of hiring them on to teach people these arts, so that they don't have to go gallivanting around the universe to learn how to fight."

"And are there already plans as to where these teachers would set up shop?"

"There's already plans to house several of them in one of the campuses on Lyspair, and there's talk as to opening a small academy on Antei, near the Combat Centre." The Adept nodded.

Odin paused for a moment, his mind racing as he thought things through, trying to think what other questions the readers might have. "Do you think that these academies will be in place so that the members will be able to use this knowledge to their advantage over the next vendetta?"

"I don't know." Muz rested his elbows on the table, the tips of his fingers touching in a pyramid shape. "Seeking masters is a difficult process. And while I have faith in the Seneschal's office to comb the universe and find some to come with us, I'm not so sure that they will have the facilities up and running quite so quickly."

"Well, I'm sure that once everything is in place, it will prove a great asset to the Brotherhood." Odin stood slowly, lifting the recorder off of the table. "I am sure that you have more pressing matters to attend to, and I thank you for your time."

"Any time."

The DV staff bowed at the Deputy Grand Master before turning on his heels to be back to his shuttle. He was glad for accomplishing his task, and in his recorder there was a valuable information for the entire Brotherhood to improve their skills in combat. Smiling to himself, he headed his shuttle back to Antei, in order to report to the Dark Voice Tribune as soon as possible.

The Dark Voice

State of the Clans

Submitted by Clan Correspondants, Compiled and authored by Dark Voice Correspondant Dismal

CLAN NAGA SADOW - After the recent Rite of Supremacy, Clan Naga Sadow sought to regroup. A new generation of members had joined the clan, and the summit worked tirelessly to support them in their endeavor to become the Dark Jedi they were destined to become. In addition, several veteran members had returned to support their clan in the upcoming Great Jedi War.

In different news, several members of the clan had been dispatched to the distant Jaginos system after they discovered a rogue set of Kaminoans who had been developing cloning technology. The clan wished to gain this technology and launched an attack on the planet. The success of this ongoing mission has yet to be determined.

CLAN SCHOLAE PALATINAE - With the Rite of Supremacy complete, the Second Clan withdrew from Antei to the borders of the Cocytus system.. When the Scholaeans had returned to their home, Consul Braecen Kunar declared a period rest. Such a period was necessary before the Clan would declare its might and glory.

During this time of lowered activity, a celebration was held in the Clan Summit's home, the Royal Palace. Many awards were given to many worthy recipients. Three of the Clan were elevated to Knighthood: Gavan, Laurus, and Malaki. Two took their first step into Equitehood: Cethgus & Michael. Four even more worthy were granted the second level of the Equite ranks: Rasilvenaira, Impetus, Selene & Xen'Mordin. The final promotion was awarded to RevengeX Palpatine: Krath Epis. However, the

ceremony's zenith came as the long serving Proconsul - Phoenix Olkyssagh d'Tana Palpatine - was given a Sapphire Blade. With this final honor, everyone in the palace cheered. Once the party came to an end, the Clan morphed in the form of leadership changes. Clan Envoy Selene d'Tana left the Clan for unbeknownst regions.

Longstanding Envoy Zeron accepted an invitation to fill the empty post. In his place, the newly placed Clan Envoy appointed Fion dan Locut'Hal as Caliburnus Envoy. The Emperor's Advisors saw new Senators: Exodius, Daniel Stephens, Lucius d'Tana, and Karva Dronaal. In addition, the Summits elected a Dark Paladin (role model of Clan values) - in the form of Archpriestess Impetus. All paled in comparison to the honor bestowed upon Vally Tamalar and Nathaniel and their induction as Sons of Palpatine, the highest Scholaeen honor.

To honor their feats, many prominent members orchestrated a Summer Festival to entertain the System's denizens and determine who among them was supreme. The event was called the Cocytus Olympiads and it brought great gain and activity to the Royal Clan as they competed against one another in a myriad of events that tested every corner of their mind as well as body. The highly successful event does more than celebrate past accomplishments, though... it speaks of the Clan's continued growth and the camaraderie they share.

CLAN PLAGUEIS - Clan Plagueis is currently undergoing several major infrastructure projects to build up and become a stronger clan. Many of these are currently on hold, however, while the clan turns most of its time and resources towards preparing for a war that seers have predicted will be very destructible. While Consul Aabsdu has not revealed everything that the seers said, he did mention they spoke of a great war in the near future, and that Clan Plagueis should watch not only their backs, but the things around them. The seers predicted Clan Plagueis would lose something very dear in the war, should it happen, but they were unclear as to what exactly that thing may be. Either way, Clan Plagueis is preparing just in case something does break out.

Meanwhile, leadership within the clan has started to stable out. With the placement of Aabsdu as Consul, it seems like the current leaders will be set for many future months, ready to help Clan Plagueis along its way.

CLAN TALDRYAN - Since defeating the other clans in the recent Rite of Supremacy, Taldryan has been in a stage of restructuring. The most notable change was the departure of Dark Adept Shadow from his position of Proconsul. Shadow had helped lead Taldryan to victory in the last Vendetta, but the toil of victory left him with little left to give. With a new Ruby Scepter in hand as an award for his stellar leadership, the Taldrya departed for the time being. Taking his place as the second in command of Taldryan is the well-known Obelisk Prelate, Chaosrain Taldrya. Chaos ascends to the position of Proconsul after a long and successful term as the Quaestor of Ektrosis. Consul Duga has full confidence in his abilities; Chaos will continue in Taldryan's grand tradition of capable leaders.

The Clan has enjoyed the spoils of war: the Grand Master awarded control of the Rybanloth System to Taldryan after the Rite of Supremacy. Since receiving the secret coordinates to the system, the Taldryan forces have been busy subjugating the masses and expanding operations. Plans are under way to have a full pull on the planetary resources by this time next year. The new system is a great addition to the Taldryan Dominion.

The leadership of Taldryan remains in steady hands as the clan prepares for any future contingencies. The summit is planning for the worst of all situations: the many

of the clan's strongest members like Jac Cotelin, Xu Long, and Shadow Taldrya are not available for any upcoming conflicts. As such, the clan is preparing for the possibility that it may fight a war without many of its heroes. Conscious of the fact that the other clans, having no ability to beat Taldryan one on one, are planning to ally against the First Clan, the summit is prepping the members for many hard battles ahead.

CLAN TARENTUM – No representative of Clan Tarentum could be reached by this publication as of our publishing deadline.

CLAN ARCONA – The Shadow Clan, at the conclusion of the Rite of Supremacy, turned their attention inwards. Deciding it was high time to consolidate their power base, the Arcona Clan Summit instead worked day and night to repair the fractures and rifts that had formed in the clan and not been allowed to repair, starting with schisms caused by a miniature exodus just after the Feud with Clan Scholae Palatinae (where Arcona secured a resounding victory). Their efforts paid off. The newly appointed Proconsul was an instant success with the members and moved quickly to gather support with the membership by 'leading from the front' personally overseeing projects such as quashing local uprisings among the Dajorra System's native population. Unfortunately, his overzealous protection of his members resulted in a temporary removal; however, the Grand Master saw fit to reinstate Timeros when his sterling work continued.

Hose Oriens Obscurum continued on as it always had, working hard on keeping its journeymen being trained with an efficiency and care that they were renowned for, and Galeres, after a routine Summit change managed to open a new Battleteam in anticipation of conflicts to come. A fair number of both Houses have also advanced in their personal studies – Knights have been made of many of the journeymen that have proven themselves; a testament to Arcona's growing number of loyal Dark Jedi.

A period of growth and prosperity has blessed the Shadow Clan – one which their members can feel and will fight to defend.

Give a Break!

Dark Voice Correspondants XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Change is not exactly a viable constant. It can mean a great deal of things. From redirecting socio-political routes to change the way you look at your system to a neat looking desk, (of course we shall not come to the drawers... that, is quite a touchy topic.) of a very shabby co-worker, which makes you look shabbier.

Yes, the Dark Voice staff has come to terms with the word "change". This one happens wonderfully to celebrate the new Dark Voice Tribune, Derev Niroth. He starts to reorganize the dimensions of the department, and these include the new look of his staffs working desks. Unique identification of every spirit. Some have welcomed this transformation with open arms, considering the generous offer of the new Tribune to stack up their "ins" and "outs" in any way possible. Although, in their zeal to 'comply' with their Editor in Chief, many (nay, all) have changed their desks to suit their own original style.

For example, Jedi Hunter Kazarelth Talismarr, who has the cleanest table in these parts (bearing in mind the fact that he has nothing to do, mostly because Editors live a quaint life... especially assistant Editors) has modified it immensely to proudly show

off his Omwati lineage and his passion – he has a model star-system sitting right between him and the person who is talking to him, which is made of cloth stuffed with feathers. He remains secretive when asked about the material used to stuff the 'planets', which many speculate to be his own hair-feathers.

This movable distraction, though is nothing compared to what awaits at Dark Jedi Knight Odin Vaaj Bruth'Kothae's writing desk. The layperson visiting a Dark Jedi would expect to find the usual lightsaber and the "I hate the Light Side" cards or posters. However one does not know how to react when one sees a Dark Jedi, affiliated to the Sith Order, to have red balloons floating from every available point of the work-station's Display Unit. These red balloons, he believes, give him strength to toil through the hardest work-days. Still, it is no minor irritant to find a Dark Jedi toying with red balloons (and occasionally bursting a few, to the utmost annoyance of his friend, Kazarelth and to his own greatest glee) with the Force while appearing to be deeply immersed in thought about the next line of his article.

The other staff finally also show their unique interest in decorating their work space, just to give a pleasant glance of their superior. Jedi Hunter Mayda Ferium gives a touch of flowers, reminding everyone that she might need a garden to comfy them all. DJK Ood mistifies his desk with many puzzles, even just for looking for the place, someone will need to sense through the Force where the puzzleman sits. However, along with the creativities of the old staffs will like to present for their novel leader, the scent of delight within the dread (should be matched with Dark Jedi lifestyle) will go through the pens (or the keyboards of the datapads) for every piece they create.

Welcome Tribune!

The Dark Voice

Dark Jedi Philosophy 101: On War

Dark Voice Serial Writer Timeros

There is no glory in war.

The truth of this statement seems self-evident. After all, who could possibly wish upon themselves the horrors and destruction of warfare? Gazing once upon the desecration of Caamas or the annihilation of Alderaan would make these things patently obvious to any prospective warlord. And yet, time and time again, we see men and women throw caution to the wind to move down a path best not traveled at all.

The young and gullible think themselves ready for the battlefield, only to die amidst the muck and the grime of warfare, a living Hell that defies the imagination of all who have not personally experienced it. Vast armies march to the field to return decimated and broken. What once seemed glorious then turns to horrifying as appalling wounds render once-brave soldiers into something less than men, cripples that never again contribute to society. War, from the point of any rational man, is amongst the greatest evils the Galaxy has to contend with...something to be avoided except on the direst of occasions, when the threat is imminent and the need is absolute.

Not so for those who walk with the Dark Side. For a Dark Jedi, war is never a

transient thing but a constant, a defining factor of their lives. Conflict is the only absolute within the Dark Side. Whether it is intriguing among one's peers, struggling to control one's powers, or one Clan fighting another, clashes are commonplace within the Brotherhood.

We, after all, reject the false choice between good and evil, but instead recognize that in the end, all things are built upon power and the courage to use it. We reject the hedonist imperative, that foul principle of those who would defend the weak, and revel in suffering. After all, are we not better than the weaklings whom we crush beneath our heels? Does not the very fact that it is them suffering rather than us show their unworthiness? Weakness is to be punished, not rewarded. And those who would defend the weak are weakest of all.

The Galaxy only seems cruel to the weak and undeserving...those who cannot touch the Force. It is our prerogative to cull those who cannot understand this basic truth, and to force those who do into our service. Their desires are meaningless, their decisions worthless without the threat of force to back them up. Coercion is, in the end, the true currency of the Galaxy, the foundation upon which all of society rests.

To the Dark Jedi, one should always recall, there is another objective of war beyond the culling of weakness: power. For power, all those who ever experienced it know, rests upon a zero-sum foundation. One cannot grow in political might without taking it from others. One Clan cannot expect their holdings within taking those holdings from the rest of the Brotherhood, the Republic, or some other group. This is a pure and simple truth even the Jedi do not deny. After all, the old Jedi Order kept the numbers on their Council strictly limited, and Republic had only so many seats to protect the power of its members. Even the former Grand Masters of the austere Star Chamber find themselves losing in influence as members are added, each vote meaning less and less in the greater whole, for as the roar of the mob grows, each voice in the crowd means less and less.

And so, to protect one's own station a Dark Jedi may –nay, must- do anything that is within their power to do so. Anything less is an affront to their position, one that the one ousting them is certain not to repeat.

And thus, conflicts abound within the Brotherhood. Even daily life is full of violence... one need only check the Antei Combat Center, always filled with those eager to prove their worth, to realize that.

Those of a more tender mindset abhor this, considering it an affront or an unnecessary waste of potential resources...these are fools. We thrive on conflict. It sustains us, nurtures, us, feeds us. And indeed, counted among us are no less than six-hundred Clanned Dark Jedi, many possessed of a terrible power. Although details are hard to come by it is quite possible that we are far stronger than Skywalker's so-called 'New Jedi Order', despite the fact that we remain hidden, while his disciples can move freely and openly through much of the Galaxy! In this lies the ultimate proof of the superiority of our ways. And so, we must be prepared for war, for one is looming in the distance.

War, to the Dark Jedi, always is.

And always will be.

The Dark Voice

Restless Undead Stalk Yridia III

Freelance Correspondant Welshman Corsair

Yridia System, Yridia III - The ring of armour and rifles around the capital city of Yridia III was lifted last night after the latest incident to occur in Tarenti space involving the walking undead.

For many nights and many days the denizens of Y3 Prime have stayed locked away in their domiciles as the forces of Tarentum work their way through the dark, foreboding streets cleansing the area of the undead. For many, the long dark nights of far off blaster fires and the screaming of neighbours devoured by the creatures was too much and queues have formed by the emergency landing pad, queues of desperate citizens craving to be allowed back home to Yridia II or IX.

Working through the crowd and into the city proper the scenes of destruction become apparent. Corpses of humans, aliens and bizarre Frankenstein creatures litter the causeways with pitted, carbonised walls from the running fire fights that have occurred over the last 48 hours. Unfortunately, holocams have not been permitted into the city proper so as such no pictorial evidence exists that can convey the desperation evident in this newly built city that once must have radiated such hope and promise for the new settlers.

On a journey from the suburbs to the central constabulary station onboard a heavily armed convoy, a moment of panic ensued as one of the unaccounted for lesser undead, no doubt summoned by a Tarenti to serve him in the battle, ambled into the road. A brief, but intense, barrage of blasterfire from our escorts later saw the relief convoy enter the centre of the city and into further carnage.

The police station, where Tarenti forces had rendezvoused at to stock up on armaments and consumables was a guttered wreck, plassteel girders lay melted, twisted into obscene monuments to the death that had so recently been wreaked here. Mem-plas boards, that had until a few hours ago, lay broken and crumpled on the floors blaster craters, sabre scoring and streaked blood testifying to combat.

Corpses have been laid outside the station inside a water feature which should be full of crystal clear water but instead is drowning under slowly congealing blood. The smell of iron and rotting flesh is overpowering.

Directing the clean up operation was one Captain Dyl'Jo'Ban (29) from Bakura and long time leader of a section of Tarentum's spec forces and a member of the team who retook the capital from the creatures.

"A small sample of various creatures were brought down on-planet from the labs on Yridia IX as part of a Clan Summit authorised training regimen. Unfortunately due to either sabotage or unfortunate accident the creatures escaped and began running amok. Thankfully almost half of clan Tarentum was already committed to the training exercise and were in the city and as such House Gladius were able to call in reinforcements and begin containment. After the alarm was raised, the commander in chief of Tarenti forces authorised the decent of my commando force onto the world to shore up defences until Tridens had arrived, our extraction was successful and along with Tridens we were able to carve a salient towards the Gladius troops and

facilitate their retreat to this point whereupon both houses acted in conjunction to drive the creatures from the city. Considering the forces arrayed against us, military and civilian casualties have been relatively light. Damage to the city's infrastructure has been estimated to be in the several billions, however the Barons who sponsored the construction of this city have been quick to reassure the population that funds will soon be available. Thank you for your time."

A hefting of a battle scarred A-280 rifle ended the ad hoc interview however questions are still to be raised about the handling of this crisis involving the undead in Tarentum. The third outbreak in half a dozen years and yet still the experimentation into the forces of death continues. The only ranking Tarenti involved with the projects willing to be interviewed was Warlord Welshman Corsair Erinos Tarentae, the Dean of Necrozoology at the Yridia IX labs:

"Our powers of Necromancy give us a great scope to further our understanding of the Dark Side, we'd be fool to not attempt to delve into its dark depths. So what if a few of them escape? What we learn to create we must learn to destroy. Whilst the deaths of a few Yridians or Tarenti is regrettable the sheer wealth of information gained by each sacrifice is mind blowing... Take the B'alams I created... I barely knew of their true capacity for destruction until I had to fight hand to claw with one of them... beautiful animals... it saddened me to kill it."

Asked whether he believed Tarentum had any ulterior motives for designing these creatures, the Tarentae merely fixed me in the sights of his optics.

"Of course we do, why else would we go out of our way to create armies of undead? It's all well and good sending our Sith Warriors and Obelisk troopers down to fight the rival Clans or the odd pirate nest but why should we risk our investments? Soon we will have a controllable, invincible warrior-creature in our grasp and then Tarentum will truly be powerful."

Interview concluded and escorted out of the camp by two crafted servants, similar no doubt to those who had earlier ran amok, Tarentum's mastery of her art is obvious. Whilst the odd aberration will occur, the benefit for the Brotherhood due to their research is enormous.

The Dark Voice

New Dark Maven Guidelines

Freelance Coorespondant Anshar

After numerous questions about how to earn the degrees, the Headmaster has decided that the Dark Maven degrees will be offered to the general membership, rather than be restricted to the Shadow Academy staff. The degrees were originally part of the extensive role playing system that did not make it off the ground. Only the Dark Maven degree will be opened to the entire Brotherhood; the other Dark Side Degrees (Savant, Sage, and Master of Dark Lore) will remain restricted under the original guidelines, as laid out by former Headmaster Spears. "Setting some basic guidelines for the Dark Maven is easy," commented the Headmaster. "When you start getting to the other degrees, though, it gets very complicated, and far less concrete."

There will now be three methods by which a member may earn a Dark Maven degree. First, as in the past, the degree will be awarded to an Eclectic Pedagogue in good standing who has served the Shadow Academy for a decent amount of time. Secondly, the degree may be used by the Headmaster as an award in special Shadow Academy competitions. These first two methods are entirely at the discretion of the Headmaster.

The third method is a nomination process by which each clan will be allowed to award the degree to one person every six months, much in the same manner as Seals of Loyalty. However, the nominee must have been in the Brotherhood for at least six months, have passed at least ten Shadow Academy courses, and they must have been active in their house and clan. "Ultimately," said the Headmaster, "Clan Summits will have to decide what criteria they want to use to determine a person's activity. And if the Clan Summit doesn't want to award the degree, then that is their prerogative."

The Headmaster has also decided that the degrees may be revoked if the recipient ever does anything to warrant revocation of the degree. "Cheating or doing anything to harm the Shadow Academy is a guaranteed revocation," said the Headmaster. "In fact, any Chamber of Justice conviction will result in a revocation of a degree. Beyond that, I'll handle things on a case by case basis."

For the time being, the only benefit from the degree will be honorific. However, other uses for the degree, such as under the Clan and Order Powers System, will be explored. "I promise nothing," said the Headmaster, "but, I will ask around and see if the degrees can be used in other aspects of the Brotherhood."

The first nominations from the clans will be taken in June.

The Dark Voice

20 Things Yoda Say Not

Freelance Correspondant Zontron

What expect you from someone 900 years old? English perfect???

Size matters not...hey, what are you laughing at?

Lift THAT ship?! You must be out of your mind

I cannot teach him. IQ of 30 has he. Hangs upside down in ice caves.

Duct Tape...the Force it is like. Both a light side and a dark side it has. Binds the universe together it does!

Remember all that stuff Obi-Wan taught you? Forget it.

Yeah, well oneness with the universe doesn't put food on the plate, junior.

No... there is another. Let's hope as stupid, she is not.

Never underestimate the powers of the dark side. Or is that Regis Philbin?

I cannot teach him. Land an X-wing, he cannot even.

Never underestimate the power of the dark side... or duct tape.

Yeah yeah. Force this!

Anger, fear, merchandising...the Dark Side are they!

I didn't want this job! I wanted Marlon Brando's role in 'Apocalypse Now!'

No Force? Take this, impudent non-believer! MUHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

So how did you like the funhouse in the cave, Luke?

Quite frankly, Mr. Skywalker, if Obi-Wan wasn't dead, I'd have him expelled.

Oh, yes, well if you're going could you take this robe to the cleaners for me? I've been wearing it for over 800 years on this stink hole and it doesn't...

Oh, judge me on my smell, will you?

Well it may be spooky, but it saves cost on burial plots and it beats cremation.

Luke, don't ask what the Force can do for you. But what you can do for the Force.

The Dark Voice

Yuuzhan Vong Invasion A Foregone Conclusion?

Unknown

Antei - Military officials have declined to publically comment on these reports, however our sources close to the Iron Throne indicate that these are in fact real and accurate reports that were recently obtained by the Brotherhood on the Yuuzhan Vong. Sources further indicate that great efforts were made to obtain these reports, leading many to believe a confrontation with the Vong may now be only a matter of time.

Reports have begun drifting in from many parts of the galaxy that surely indicate a new threat to the Brotherhood. While little to no independent verification has been done as of yet, all news seems to indicate that the Yuuzhan Vong have begun a complete invasion of our Galaxy. The Iron Throne remains tight-lipped on the issue thus far, however, there do appear to be larger numbers of military exercises than usual, and the buzz around the Dark Hall can not be denied.

This publication has obtained through its sources three Brotherhood Intelligence files on the Yuuzhan Vong, which we have decided to present to you in their original, unedited or uncensored condition.

The Structure of a Race

The Yuuzhan Vong Caste System

A Pantheon of Gods
The Religion of the Yuuzhan Vong

Vonduun Skerr Kyrric
The Living Armor of the Yuuzhan Vong

The Dark Voice

The Structure of a Race

unknown

The Supreme Overlord

The Supreme Overlord can be considered a one-person caste, and is the highest caste commanding all others. Information on the current Supreme Overlord still widely varies from source to source, but it is known he has commanded the invasion since the very beginning.

The Warrior Caste

The caste most seen in this galaxy has been the Warrior Caste. As the name suggests, they are the most aggressive of all the Vong we have met. They serve as the army and have been trained from an early age to excel in combat. Notable ranks within this caste include Warmaster, Supreme Commander, Commander, Subaltern and Warrior.

The Priest Caste

As the Vong have a highly rigid theocratic system in place as well, the Priest Caste would then wield considerable power with the Vong. There are numerous sects within this caste, each one worshipping a different Yuuzhan Vong deity. Ranks include Most-High Priest(ess), High Priest(ess), Priest(ess), Seer, and Novice.

The Shaper Caste

The Shaper Caste is an oddity within a traditional caste system. The Vong technology is completely organic-based, nothing mechanical about anything they use. As such, shapers are the scientists who supervise the biotechnology of the Vong and concentrate on the creation and development of organic technology. They work together with priests in this development. Shapers themselves are ranked very high within the Vong society, with ranks including Master Shaper, Shaper Adept, and Shaper Initiate. Shapers can also be distinguished more readily than other castes as they are typically shorter and wear intricate tendril headdresses as well as having multi-fingered hands they use as tools.

The Intendant Caste

The Intendant Caste works to keep the society of the Yuuzhan Vong functioning as well as being responsible for its economy. It has been charged with matters of commerce, bureaucracy, trade and they are the manager of the slave work the Vong currently employ. Members of this caste come from the Shaper and Warrior castes and ranking consists of High Prefect, Prefect, Consul, Executor and Attendant.

The Worker Caste

Believed to be the largest caste, the Worker Caste serves mainly as servants, slaves and labourers. This caste also includes those deemed "Shamed Ones", Vong whose bodies have rejected organic implants and modifications. Any Vong not able to fit into the above castes becomes a Worker, along with any other races that have been forced into slavery.

The Dark Voice

The Religion of the Yuuzhan Vong

unknown

Throughout history, various societies and cultures have developed religious myths. The sheer variety of ideas and reasons are far too numerous to list, though other works on those concepts may be found elsewhere. This brief focuses on the religion of the Yuuzhan Vong, an extragalactic race. The Yuuzhan Vong's history plays an important part of their religion. Because of their subjugation by an unknown technologically advanced race, whom they subsequently overthrew, the Yuuzhan Vong view mechanical technology as blasphemy. Another unique feature about the Yuuzhan Vong is that they are cut off from the Force. They cannot be perceived by the Force, nor are they able to touch the Force. Because of this, they perceive Force users to be the greatest of infidels. This article will seek to explain, as much as possible, the Yuuzhan Vong religion, including its origin, their perceptions of the universe, the concept of pain, how they conformed their society to fit within their religion, and the pantheon of gods worshipped by the Yuuzhan Vong.

The Origin

The Yuuzhan Vong appear to have always believe in deities. This is reflected by the fact that they come from a living planet, whose name, Yuuzhan'tar, can be translated into "Crèche of the Gods." At the time existing within the Force, the Yuuzhan Vong appear to have interpreted the voice of the living planet as the voice (or voices) of their numerous gods. Deities appear to have existed for thousands of years (the Yuuzhan Vong are even uncertain about their origin), though the current pantheon is a far newer construction.

Sometime ago, the Yuuzhan Vong were invaded by two droid races who were engaged in their own war. Calling upon their gods, the Yuuzhan Vong eventually drove the invaders from their world. Having always used organic technology, the invasion of the two droid races ingrained in the minds of the Yuuzhan Vong that mechanical technology was blasphemous. Inspired by their success against the invaders, and with religious zeal, the now warlike Yuuzhan Vong set out to destroy all mechanical technology and the infidels who used it.

However, the modern interpretation of the deities came about when the Yuuzhan Vong were cut off from their living planet. After conquering much of their home galaxy, the Yuuzhan Vong fell into what is best described as a civil war, ultimately destroying their galaxy, and their homeworld. The living planet cut the Yuuzhan Vong off from the Force. This caused the Yuuzhan Vong a great deal of pain, so the Yuuzhan Vong adopted the idea that the only way to restore their connection was to experience pain.

Pain

As previously noted, the Yuuzhan Vong experienced a great deal of pain when their once living planet, in a final act, cut them off from the Force. It is hard for Force users to understand this, though history has several examples of Force users being stripped of their connection to the Force. The Jedi Exile comes to the mind of many. Because of the pain they suffered, the Yuuzhan Vong made pain a central part of their religious dogma. The word "masochist" is perhaps the best description of the race.

The cutting off from the Force was certainly the psychological factor that made pain a part of the Yuuzhan Vong way of life. However, physiologically, the Yuuzhan Vong possess very sensitive nervous systems, which means that they feel external stimuli of any kind much more so than most other sentient races. Psychology and physiology were thus melded together by the Yuuzhan Vong, resulting in their lust for pain.

The Yuuzhan Vong engage in organ grafting as a major part of their religious experience of pain. Not only do they believe that feeling the physical pain will bring them closer to reestablishing their connection, but they use the organ grafts to augment and improve their physical bodies. Thus, they are capable of dealing greater pain to their enemies.

Perceptions of the Universe

It is common practice for societies and cultures to take their beliefs and apply them to the universe at large. The Yuuzhan Vong are no exception and they carry their message through the sword. They believe that they are on a holy crusade to rid the universe of mechanical technology and those infidels who use and create it. Those beings that can feel and wield the Force are seen as the most blasphemous of all infidels. This undoubted results from the fact that the Yuuzhan Vong are cut off from the Force.

The Pantheon

The Yuuzhan Vong have several deities, to which they are highly devoted. As with many polytheistic religions, each god has his or her own role to play in making society whole. They are as follows:

- Yun-Yuuzhan: the Creator; only the Supreme Overlord has direct contact
- Yun-Harla: the Trickster; the Cloaked Goddess; the Goddess of deception and aggression, she represents the political caste.
- Yun-Yammka: the Slayer; the God of War, he is worshipped by the warrior caste. He was created by the priest caste as the Yuuzhan Vong became warlike.
- Yun-Ne'Shel: the Modeler; she oversees natural life cycles and is worshipped by the Shaper caste.
- Yun-Txiin and Yun-Q'aah: The Lovers and twins; these two ensure that relationships remain within one's own caste. Twins are also revered in Yuuzhan Vong society, as they are born rarely.
- Yun-Shuno: With 1000 eyes, this deity watches over and speaks for the Shamed Ones, as no other deity will.

Conclusion

The Yuuzhan Vong are a very religious race, driven by a unique combination of history, psychology, and even physiology. They are, in every definition of the word, zealous religious fundamentalists. Their entire society is predicated upon the precepts of their religion. While this in and of itself is not necessarily a bad thing, their exporting of this religion is the main concern to those outside Yuuzhan Vong society.

The Great Doctrine of the Yuuzhan Vong states that they are superior to the other races. They seek to eliminate mechanical technology, and those who use it. They make no distinction between those who use mechanical technology "a lot" versus "a little."

The Yuuzhan Vong are warlike, fanatical, and willing to withstand a great deal of physical pain, or inflict that pain on others.

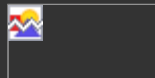
The Dark Voice

Vonduun Skerr Kyrric

unknown

At the very heart of the Yuuzhan Vong personal defenses is not the ability of the warrior, but the passive ability of a creature; the Vonduun Crab. The crab is the juvenile amphistaff's only natural enemy, thus, originally bred to assist the shaper caste in managing the amphistaff population. In the wild, the curved shell of the vonduun crab can withstand an amphistaff's attack, making it a splendid choice for engineering into personal armor; commonly known as Vonduun Crab Armor.

The vonduun crabs are grown in nutrient-rich bogs. As the crab matures, shapers direct its growth to ensure a specific body shape, forcing its structure into chest plates, gauntlets, greaves (shin armor), boots, and other components of an armored suit. Often, during this engineered breeding, a crab's shell will sprout sharp appendages, resulting in long spikes or razors to adorn varying sections of the armor, which are often used as weapons themselves. Each crab is bred for a specific warrior, to fit them to the minutest detail, requiring fitting and refitting of the crab and warrior until the armor is ready for battle. As with most of their bio-engineered arsenal, the vonduun crab armor has a symbiotic relationship with its wearer, but is not necessarily sentient, acting more on instinct or command. During battle, the armor will subtly shift to protect its wearer, often without the slightest suggestion. Due to this union however, should an individual other than the intended wearer attempt to adorn themselves in the armor, they will have a perilous threat to face. The vonduun crab will make repeated, instinctive attempts to kill the wearer and are usually successful. The armor will also bond with the varying facets of Vong biotechnology, allowing communications devices, life support, and even concealed weapons to be joined with it.



Capabilities

From its placement, wrapped around the Yuuzhan Vong warrior, the vonduun crab armor is extremely formidable. By nature, it is quite resilient to conventional melee weapons, its impact resistant properties seeming to tip the scales of density. In addition, the crab armor possesses an innate crystalline structure, which catapults its effectiveness far beyond resilience only to conventional melee weapons. While not impervious to them, the vonduun crab armor will resist blasterfire and projectile, hand-held weapons. This resistance comes by way of the shattering of projectiles, rendering almost no effect other than impact, to dissipation of energy from blasters.

The most impressive trait is the armor's ability to deflect the weapon of the Jedi; the famed, lightsabre. Even the most prudent duelists and warriors will often see their ancient weapons glancing from the surface of the vonduun armor with nary a scratch.

As an accoutrement of the vonduun crab armor, many high-ranking members of each caste and, on occasion, ambassadors of the Yuuzhan Vong, will be outfitted with a cloak made of a substance called Glistaweb. Its likeness resembles that of a shimmering cloth due to a charge-neutralizing field generated along it. While it possesses no ability to protect from physical attacks, it is imbued with energy-dampening capabilities that make it almost as effective against blaster bolts as vonduun crab armor.

Weaknesses

Despite its formidable nature, the vonduun crab armor is not without its disadvantages. The vonduun crab itself, being privy to the laws of nature merely by its existence, is allergic to the pollen of the intelligent, crystalline Bafforr trees found on the planet Ithor. Exposure to the pollen will see a violent surge in the size of the crab; swelling, as it were, from within. This causes immediate physiological distress to the crab that results in death, without question. Suffice it to say, the effect on its wearer is no different where death is concerned. With the virtually instantaneous growth in the size of the crab's stature, the 'perfect fit' of the Vong warrior is immediately negated, causing death to the warrior by suffocation.

The crab is also vulnerable to the incendiary reaction of a controlled substance of the Yuuzhan Vong called Sparkbee Honey, a drink that is popular among them. The beverage is extremely flammable and its enzyme-activated combustion is especially harmful to the crystalline structure of the vonduun crab.

Beyond reactionary weaknesses of the crab's genetics exists its structural integrity. While it possesses a shell that is the cornerstone of its employment as armor, its underbelly is soft and pliable, a stark contrast to its exoskeleton. This soft underbelly allows access to a portion of the creature called the field-nerve cables, the veritable 'spine' of the creature that is a conduit for neural activity. Most often found within the mid-section or torso of a Vong warrior's armor set, this 'cluster' possesses none of the resilience of the rest of its composition and is easily severed if the chance arises to do so.

Address from the Iron Throne

Grand Master Sarin

Antei -

Adherents of the Final Way,

Enough! The Dark Brotherhood has lived the long drawn out lie long enough. The Galaxy is in a war that threatens our very existence; however, this threat is secondary to the internal conflict raging within the Dark Brotherhood.

This threat that we now face is the reckless abandon of a small population of our members who believe their individual rights grant them carte blanche in their behavior.

These members have been given free reign for years. Their destructive impact has gone unchecked and it has harmed the Brotherhood. This stops today.

Many of us believe in an ideal that is the Brotherhood and as Grand Master, I will preserve it.

Know this, if you are an unproductive member and seek pleasure through harming others, your days are numbered. The equality that is found in the Covenant is the equality that all members will be treated equal regarding their conduct. For those of you who behave in a destructive manner, you will now learn that this equality is not a shield to designed to protect your idiocy. This equality is designed to protect our members from you.

Stop! Those of you who seek to harm and humiliate, know that that path of power is no longer available to you. The doors to promotion, awards, and position are closed to you. You will now reap what you have sown.

Dark Times are upon us and the greatest lesson we fail to learn is that we truly are a Brotherhood. If we cannot achieve unity we will fail.

The Dark Voice

Epic of Ducant, Prolouge: A Prophecy Denied

Epic of Ducant

By KAP Timeros Caesus Entar

Prologue:

A Prophecy Denied:

And they think the righteous path is hard to walk.

Aurelio was only vaguely aware of his amusement as he stood on the landing pad, watching dark clouds gather above him. Already, he could hear the clap of thunder in the distance, and from his vantage point on top of the Storm House, he could see a torrent of rain disturb Terushin Lake some miles off, dark shores rippling under the unleashed fury of the elements. Soon, the House would once again be ravaged by its namesake, a thunderstorm let loose to form its voltage-laden crown.

As much as any being filled with darkness could be, Aurelio felt...in touch with the world around him. He felt as though he were the unchained force of the elements itself, the powerful gale blowing his way, the heavy clouds reflecting themselves in his soul. He made no secret of his admiration for the world once named Ruch but now named more aptly after its owner...Ducant.

A ripple of amusement traveled over the weathered man's face. *Of course I admire this planet. I chose it as my share of the conquest, after all.*

He grimaced at the memories...sporadic saber-flashes and fallen foes cascading through his mind in an infinitely repeated series of battles as his thoughts wandered towards that glorious time...the last Great Jedi War, or -as the Commonwealth called it- the fifth Pan-Galactic War. They were memories he

cherished, memories of younger days. For despite now being in his sixties, Aurelio Ducant had once stood among the greatest warriors of the Brotherhood, a master of many saber forms and recipient of the Order of Dinistr. His exploits had earned him this planet...and had allowed him to start his own house...Ducant.

Those days, of course, were past. The Quaestor stared at his lightsaber absentmindedly, finger on the activation switch. He had changed...once a warrior, Aurelio was now nearing his sixties and had chosen a more cerebral path. Powerful with the Force and agile in mind, a ruler of his world, a general...and a bureaucrat. And along with that his saber had changed function, turning from a weapon to a badge of office. While the aging man still practiced with it almost daily, it had been over fifteen years since he had last activated the weapon in anger.

Today, however, that would change. Within the Storm House, a woman was giving birth to a child. Promises had been made following Lyra's pregnancy...and they would have to be broken if House Ducant was to survive unscathed.

The wavefront of irritation hit the fore of Aurelio's mind at the same instant as the first drops of rain, both swelling rapidly. With an annoyed, almost subconscious motion of his hand, the Adept called upon the Force, bending aside the droplets and thus remaining dry and untouched within the heart of the storm. It was a waste of energy, perhaps...but with the man he was about to face, the Queastor preferred not to be slowed by rain-soaked clothes. And yet while he could stop the tide of rain, he could not stop from feeling...old.

The man stared down as the water pooled into a miniature lake at his feet, reflection staring back at him. While far from a withered man, his face was already wrinkling, and his wiry, angular appearance seemed suddenly weak, wavy black hair now tainted by streaks of gray. A respectable image, perhaps, but also a continuous reminder of the youth he had lost.

Get a hold of yourself, Aurelio, the Adept reminded himself sternly. This was not a time for introspection.

A flash of recognition, an unmistakable footprint above the world's atmosphere, Aurelio's Force-enhanced senses...it all came together within moments. Jedi Master Luran Norrik had just arrived on Ducant.

Minutes ticked idly by as the ship parked itself carefully, unchallenged by the planet's defensive systems, approaching the Storm House at a pace that seemed leisurely but was, in fact, merely careful.

Had Aurelio been so inclined, he could have ordered the orbital defenses, the defensive fighter groups, and the ground-based turrets to swivel their guns towards the Kuati fightercraft and shower it with a rain of blaster bolts. But that would only drive away the Jedi Master to try again later, rather than lure him in. And besides, it was unlikely that *any* number of defenses could stop the Jedi Master. One in league with the Force, the Adept had reasoned, was better challenged by a more personal touch.

The craft swooped from the clouds, its sharp colors illuminated by flashes of thunder, giving a sharp outline of blaster cannons and proton torpedo launchers, unchanging weapons of war that had persisted for thousands of years, and likely would for thousands more. The design had not varied much from the original X-Wing, differing only in being slightly larger and having its wings spread out somewhat more, so as to better shoot targets at longer ranges.

For all the fury of the storm, the ship touched down almost gently, repulsors gliding smoothly across the landing pad and causing ripples on the rapidly accumulating body of water, disturbing its starry reflection of the lights that illuminated the Storm House's roof.

The fighter's cabin opened, revealing the truth behind Aurelio's feelings... Norrik, Jedi Master and member of the Council. The Adept watched him, felt the apprehension dawn within the Jedi Master as he climbed out of his fighter and turned to face the waiting Quaestor.

Norrik's powerful build, sporting broad shoulders and bulging muscles, was almost Aurelio's antithesis. While actually slightly older than Aurelio, the Jedi Councilor had never truly settled down, continuing his quest to right wrongs.

Or, Aurelio thought in amusement, whatever it is they think they're doing.

"Aurelio, this place is even more misery-tainted than before," The Master's voice was cool and considerate, undisturbed by the hostility the other knew he was radiating. Aurelio had not offered to shield him from the rain, and the Luran had not requested it, showing that he too was aware of the hostility that permeated the air like so much poison.

"Luran," Aurelio nodded calmly. He noticed that the Jedi Master held one hand discreetly inside his robes. So, Norrik *had* come prepared.

"The child is being born right now." It was a statement, not a question...a subtle hint that Norrik, too, could feel the child's mental screams as the echoed across the Storm House.

"Yes," Aurelio nodded. "Within the next half hour or so, Ducant will have a new son. Wyatt will be pleased."

The Master nodded at the words, knowing of Aurelio's pride in his family...and his relief. For while Adamer, the Quaestor's oldest son, had fathered no less than seven children, his younger son had none. None, at least, until now.

"Good. Let us go inside, then." Norrik moved step towards the turbolift that could take him to inside the Storm House...only to be stopped by a solid wall of hardened air, crafted by the Force.

"No."

To his credit, the Councilor did not seem at all surprised when he turned towards Aurelio, who had now let go of his telekinetic hold of the rain, letting it almost instantly soak both men. "You know the prophecy as well as I do, Aurelio. The eldest child of Ducant's youngest son, to be born in darkness and raised in the light. The child *must* come with me."

"The prophecy be damned!" Aurelio spat, eyes blazing with sudden fury. "I will not give away my grandson to be raised by a bunch of bleeding hearts at the Order!"

Norrik cocked an eyebrow. "Why not? Someone as...pragmatic as you should surely appreciate the mutual benefits of the deal. You get your advantage against Clan Tedronai...and we, the certainty that the Brotherhood will not expand into our space. Why pass for such an opportunity?"

Rather than answer, Aurelio just smiled in cruel amusement. "Listen to yourself talk...how can you possibly pretend to still be on the Light Side? You should have joined us long ago, with that attitude."

"My conscience is clean," the Master replied sternly. "I will do whatever I must to safeguard the Commonwealth, as you do with your House." *Even, rang the unspoken context, deal with each other.*

"Well," the Quaestor shrugged, "the deal is off."

"I cannot let you do this," Norrik warned, extending his arm and revealing his lightsaber, blade not yet extended but the threat implicit. "You cannot stop fate."

"Well..." Aurelio mentally loosened his robes, shedding the soaked fabric to reveal loose combat attire, saber dangling from his belt. "If the prophecy really is as powerful as you think it is, you should have no problem going through me."

Not three feet apart, the men faced off, the taller Jedi Master watching the Adept, both flexing their muscles both mental and physical in anticipation of the conflict.

Perhaps to both men's surprise, it was Norrik who struck first, indigo saber flashing to life and moving in a wild, counterclockwise swing that would bring its tip squarely across Aurelio's throat.

Rather than activate his own saber to deflect the blow, Aurelio summoned the

Dark Side, channeling its energies into a sharp jab at the Master's arm and slamming his saber back out again, to careen wildly in Norrik's outstretched arm. A surge of strength brought the saber back on its course, yet before that, the Quaestor had already stepped within the Councilor's circle of defense, his own weapon flying telekinetically into his hand, thumbing the activation switch to turn the empty hilt into a blade of incandescent fury...

Too late. Even as the crimson gout of flame burst forth, the Jedi Master's prescient mind had sensed the danger and his free hand shot out, grabbing Aurelio's saber arm and twisting it sideways, so that the glistening weapon cut no deeper than the edge of his robes.

Even as Aurelio twisted in his grip, the Jedi reversed his grip on the blade and swung it without letting go of his adversary, turning his body and making a blind, reverse lunge at the Adept.

In desperation, the Quaestor summoned upon the Dark Side again, feeling its slick, oily touch taint his mind as he hardened air to create a telekinetic barrier as solid as duracrete, then set it moving with all the speed he could muster.

The wall slammed into the Master, and he was forced to let go of the Dark Jedi as he was catapulted into the air and off the landing pad, lightsaber spinning uncontrollably as it was released from its owner's grip.

Aurelio did not even attempt to follow up, relieved to have some distance between them. Luran, after all, would have to finish this quickly. A protracted battle would tire him too much to face the other Dark Jedi living within the Storm House, not to mention that the battle waged on the rooftops could motivate them to help their patriarch. Aurelio, on the other hand, had no such pressure, nor would he have to keep any of his strength in reserve for other comers.

The Master, too, seemed to realize this as he focused his own strength with the Force, lifting up the downpour on the angled rooftop while he was still airborne and concentrating it beneath him to soften his fall. Before he had even landed, his lightsaber was already firmly within his hand, reflecting across the torrent of rain like an indigo halo.

Before Norrik could gain his bearings, however, the Quaestor's malevolent energy had had concentrated themselves around him, rearranging molecules, breaking bonds and inducing energy...

And suddenly the Councilor was trapped within a blazing cloud of steam, heat threatening to literally cook him alive.

This time, it was Luran who drew deeply from the Force, letting the scorching heat enter him and redirecting it, not struggling but accepting the energies that raged through him, taking them in fully, while finding his footing on the tilted rooftop. Only seconds later he released the energies and took to the air, a human missile shooting out and back upon the landing pad.

A telekinetic wave shot out to meet the Jedi Master, but this time Norrik had come prepared, mind briefly interrupting Aurelio's command of the Dark Side. The barrier dissipated, and the Councilor's feet again touched the pad. He wasted further time in disrupting the other's strength and immediately charged saber poised for the kill. Across the pad, Aurelio too raised his saber, one hand outstretched in a classic dueling position while the other shot forth a deadly arc of Force lightning, attempting to slow the Master's advance.

Norrik caught the electric storm on his saber, dissipating it harmlessly, but grinding his movement almost to a halt...and that was something he could not allow to happen. With another Force-charged movement, he leapt forward, finally bringing their weapons to contact.

Indigo clashed with crimson, sight distorted by the ever-present screen of rain as sparks shot off their blades. Neither combatant spoke, too engrossed in the to and fro of their struggle.

Once again, the Jedi Master seized the initiative, striking hard and fast to keep

Aurelio on the defensive, pressing as hard as he could without overly exerting himself. The Adept, too, fought with all the vigor and power he could muster, each blow backed by the Force and his own tremendous skill to create a glowing barrier through which no saber, not even Norrik's, could penetrate.

And that was, ironically, the one weakness in his defense. He had been too absorbed with defense, too preoccupied by halting blow after blow to feel the Councilor's sudden attack loom in the distance...and so when Luran struck a high, overhead blow, his weapon went up to defend himself...and he could do nothing to stop the Master from kicking him in the face.

Pain erupted from the Dark Jedi's face, sharp and clear, as if Norrik had lodged a dagger in his skull, blood flowing freely from his broken nose. Aurelio tumbled back and onto the angled rooftop, sliding down rapidly towards the edge with the Jedi Master following eagerly, saber outstretched and poised to strike down the groaning Adept.

Aurelio hit the drainage pipe at the building's side with a metallic clang, struggling with the Dark Side to keep conscious. Yet there was no way he could possibly bring his lightsaber to bear in time to stop a lethal blow.

And so, he forewent his weapon in favor of a more crude method, mind forming a solid, telekinetic blow...and striking down hard at the rooftop that separated them.

The effects were immediate. A circular section of the roof, almost twenty feet in diameter, gave way, splintered to pieces under the force of the Quaestor's attack. Aurelio, 'downstream' from the hole, was safe, needing only to brace himself against the shaking remains of the roof.

Norrik was not as lucky. The Jedi Master skidded directly into the hole, crashing into the wall below, and then tumbling further down, his lightsaber seeming curl into itself all the thirty feet of the fall before finally disappearing.

The Councilor hit the ground with a dull 'thud'.

For a moment, Luran's life essence seemed to dull and Aurelio's heart leapt in victory. The next, however, he again jumped to his feet, saber activating as he bolted for one of the doors...ready to look for the child.

The Adept hurled himself across the edge as rain, having finally found a way in, seeped into the building. His eyes scanned the floor plan of the lower building...a conference room, meant to receive visitors, lit by jutting lights from the sides and with a conference table in its center. It offered a magnificent view of the surrounding landscape, and it was easy to reach from the landing pad by a single turbolift...but most importantly, it had only a single access door to the rest of the Storm House. A blast door with an easily defensible corridor behind it, the perfect defense should negotiations turn awry.

As such, when the Jedi reached the door and pressed the datapad to open it, there was no reaction at all save an angry mechanical tone.

And at that moment, a plan dawned to the Adept's mind.

Nearing the azimuth of his descent, he grabbed onto one of the lights adorning the wall, legs struggling to maintain some form of footing while his one free hand pocketed his lightsaber. And, as Norrik stabbed the door with his saber in an attempt to melt through six inches of durasteel, Aurelio focused, drawing the Force around him inward.

Deeper and deeper he drew, waves of the Force cascading within his being until his very soul felt as if on fire, the pain of his broken nose only adding to the fury he needed to achieve the pinnacle of his power, skin crackling from the blasphemous energies roiling through him. Even Luran paused at the unimaginable energies surging through the Adept and turned to face him, ready for any attack the Aurelio might bring to bear on him...

But when the Quaestor finally released the attack, it was not focused upon the Jedi.

At least, he grimaced, inwardly wincing from the exertion, not directly.

Luran felt...surprise, more than anything, at the sudden gust of wind picking up, wind that the roof should protect him from...and it was only when his danger sense started flaring instants later that he realized the roof was no longer there. Instead, rushing towards him was a blanket of water, its matter rearranged by the Adept's command of the Dark Side.

With a growl, the Master took to the air, launching himself through the watery curtain perhaps half a second before it hit the floor...and a good thing, too, for an instant later lightning erupted from Aurelio's hand, electrifying the miniature lake that now lay at his feet.

Desperate to find his footing, the Jedi Master reached out...and grabbed, telekinetically, his fightercraft, moving himself on top of it and keeping it aloft, succeeding only through prescience and the Force at keeping it hovering above the floor, water now almost a foot deep and rapidly swelling. The sudden expansion of matter had first thrown it into the air and as such would have crashed slightly later. It proved to be the Jedi Master's salvation...at least for a time.

Time, Aurelio smiled fiercely, to finish this.

He pushed off from the wall, saber flying to his hand as his trajectory brought him towards the fighter.

There were three steps separating Norrik from the edge.

Snap-hiss! The saber flashed to life once more, its hum a Doppler scream of many tones. The Jedi Master blocked the strike but stepped back to allow himself some space, too distracted by the effort of keeping the fighter airborne to properly concentrate on the battle.

One.

Without pausing, Aurelio followed through, retracting the weapon and stabbing low, forcing the Jedi Master to backstep once again at the expense of opening himself to a lethal blow. Luran took the opportunity readily, saber moving in a tight arc, ready to behead the careless Adept.

Two.

Aurelio dropped, flat, onto the fighter's metal cabin, letting go of his saber as he did. And, as the Jedi's weapon missed him by inches, the crimson-hued blade went up with a wild, telekinetic stab at the Master, who had no choice but to jump back and away from the fightercraft, into the water.

Three.

Aurelio's lightning flew forth from his hands and hit the watery surface even before Norrik did, electrifying the water as triumph surged through the Dark Adept.

And, when Luran finally fell into the water, his screams, too, sent a wave of pleasure through the Quaestor's mind. While he managed to remain standing, the closed circuit of his flesh with the water was all the Dark Jedi needed. Smoke crackled and swirled upwards from the Councilor's mauled body and burnt robes as Aurelio continued, keeping the fighter aloft to shield himself from the effects.

He kept it going for several more seconds...and then released both the fighter and his electric assault, watching Luran topple sideways to crash into the water, floating almost gently across the improvised lake, its peaceful visage disturbed only by the horrible burns across the Master's body. This time, he did not get up.

At last the blast door opened, draining the water away as two figures stepped forward, moving rapidly towards the Quaestor...Adamer and Wyatt Ducant, his sons.

"My children," Aurelio nodded at Adamer but raised an eyebrow at Wyatt, for while Adamer had been requested to remain within the corridor, ready to defend the house should Luran emerge victorious, he had not expected Wyatt to join him...not during such a pivotal time for his nascent child.

"Father," Wyatt responded without reacting to the raised eyebrow, and taking a careful step. Something crunched underneath his feet...the Jedi Master's lightsaber. "He still lives."

"Indeed," Adamer nodded. "He is not dead...not yet." Without another word, Ducant's eldest child activated his lightsaber...and then paused in utter horror.

But it was nothing compared to the sudden dread that befell Aurelius. When he reached for the Force...it was suddenly not there, interdicted by a screen of light seemingly miles wide and bright, so agonizingly bright...

"Opposites," the Jedi Master's voice was slurred; his face a horrible tableau of lightning-wrought scorchs and wrinkles. "Opposites...attract."

He got up slowly. "They attract...and then...they mutually annihilate." To the cue, the gleaming wall of light moved closer to Aurelio's mind, causing a searing pain within the Adept's very soul. "Right now, I cannot feel the Force...and neither can you, Ducant. If I touch you, you will never be able to use the Force again."

"Bastard," Aurelio snarled. "This is a ploy of desperation, born from weakness...a pathetic trick."

"Hand over the child," the Master replied coolly, unimpressed by the insult.

"Fool," the Quaestor snarled. "Even if I did say yes...do you think Wyatt would give up his only child for me? You might annihilate my ability to use the Force. You might even be able to kill me without your weapon. But you will *never* leave this room alive if you do."

"Go home," the Adept continued his taunt, seeing Adamer stare straight ahead at the starfighter...and concentrating in the telltale way that implied use of the Force. "The prophecy is over."

"It cannot be over," Norrik said softly, still full of determination as he stepped back, climbing into the fighter. "The prophecy *will* come about one way or the other...even you cannot stop fate."

"That's what you said before we started fighting." Aurelio's tone was now openly scornful. "You lost...destiny is not set in stone by Oracles. It is set by the strong!"

"Of course," the Jedi Master admitted, as the cabin closed itself. "And fate is stronger than you. Also, a warning...I can activate this...ploy, as you called it, from orbit, now that we have made connection. You would be wise to not send any fighters after me if you wish to continue enjoying the perks of your power. And..."

Luran smiled, just before the cabin closed completely. When the Adept heard his voice again, it came through a speaker on the fighter's side. "I wonder what the Iron Throne will say once they see the evidence recorded in this starfighter's sensors...evidence showing you consort with Jedi."

With a roar, Wyatt activated his lightsaber, jumping forward as if to bore through the fighter's plasteel window, but he was already too late. With a titanic roar of engines, the fighter blasted from the ruined room, leaving the three Dark Jedi far behind in its rapid ascent to orbit.

And, as Aurelio felt the screen of light thin about him, he turned towards eldest son. "Did it work?"

"Perfectly," Adamer nodded, turning towards the sky and watching it flash with lightning, roaring like some great beast that yearned to be fed.

"What worked?" Wyatt inquired impatiently as he, too, turned along with Aurelio. "I felt you reach towards his ship...but what did you do?"

Adamer bared his teeth in something less than a smile. "While our Jedi Master spent his time blocking father's access to the Force, I changed a few things within his ship...specifically within the drive."

"As you know, every starship needs an inertial dampener to withstand the accelerations of modern space combat. After all, if we did not have it we would soon be turned into the closest possible human approximation of strawberry jam. Even," now, Adamer *did* smile. It was not a pleasant sight. "a Jedi Master."

"So...you destroyed his inertial dampener?" Wyatt, too, seemed suddenly

amused.

“Oh, no...” Adamer’s smile was quietly satisfied. “I only tinkered with it a little. It works sufficiently to protect him –and his ship- for most realspace maneuvers. But the moment he enters hyperspace...”

He did not need to finish his explanations for suddenly, the sky lit up in a particularly bright flash of lightning, followed moments later by an explosive sound wave that seemed to rock the very foundations of the Storm House.

Aurelio smiled in satisfaction.

And, deep within the bowels of the Storm House, a child was born.

The Dark Voice

Clean Interface: An Assertion of The Seneschal

Dark Voice Correspondant Odin Vaaj Bruth'Kothae

As the backbone of the mundane data processing and presentation in the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, The Seneschal Office has the big role in keeping the integrity of system, especially in the purpose of preparing the upcoming biggest event of the society, the upcoming vendetta. Here is the interview coverage that was performed in the Seneschal's office, directly with the Seneschal, Krath Epis Xia Long.

Greetings, Seneschal. Thank you for the chance of this interview. As you've been mentioned in the latest Seneschal report, there are several things which still in on going projects, as the main goal is to make the website, database and interfaces better. Regarding the upcoming schedule of the next vendetta, what kind of immense things to do to prepare that great event?

(Leaning back to her chair, The Epis briefly brushed through her hair)

Ahh yes. The Next Utmost Vendetta. Currently we are working on cleaning up the webpage. Removing any possibility to hack into the page. This is an important step to prepare the webpage for the event. Implementing new features in a system that is not cleaned up usually causes a lot of problems. Unfortunately cleaning up the Dark Jedi brotherhood webpage is not an easy task. We do plan to implement some rather more personalized features. They are similar to the more or less custom robes and sabers, though I am very careful with giving away too much or to rise to high hopes. We have a lot of great ideas; one of them is a project that definitely is also tied to the Herald's office. It requires a good working team up of those both offices.

It means some new options on the personal administration?

Yes. Though we still have to see how deep such things can be personalized. It will probably be related - like the robes and sabers - to the rank each member has. Although I am very aware that many of the lower ranked people will now look a bit disappointed as their options aren't those of an Elder... but that is the point here: To make people strive to gain higher ranks. Such ideas are haunting in our heads. Though I am a very conservative programmer, I don't want to promise a whole kingdom and to disappoint people if it doesn't work out. But we hope to implement such personalization step by step and I am pretty sure that many people in the Dark Jedi Brotherhood would love to have such a feature, to develop their characters and

"show off" what they have, what they are. Something that freshens out the character they represent here in the DJB. Currently this is not the only project.

I see, well every project has its own time schedules and we recognize the hard time in coding maintenance and creating the new ones. About the next vendetta itself, the coding preparation, is there any new interface about the system on how to report and see the current events, any particular or special remarks?

Particularly, it has something different, chances are the format that will not be close to the old ones (As Praetor Jac informed me). We're just going to use a basic match reporting (probably the tournament scoring) and then a basic event submission upload.

Well, next thing that we would like to know, what kind of changes, the changes in the DB website/database that might be performed in the future, you would like to make?

I am looking for a more modular web page. That can be easily modified on the surface without having to dig too deeply into the code itself. Additionally the web page has to be brought to the standards of this new era. Not of the 90s / 80s. It's like separating the design from the programming more clearly so you simply exchange one or two files and suddenly have a completely different design. Additional several functions should be more multi functional and not for only 1 or 2 situations. It prevents to have a mass of functions where new programmers only get confused and buried under a pile of functions. This is also the point where we have to make a new Coder Guide It is not easy for someone new to the DJB web page to jump into action. I also struggle with a lot of things. And I am very thankful to have Jac. I guess not everyone can say that he / she has a former Grandmaster and now a champion as their Praetor. Sometimes .. scary.

Are there only three of you to run the abundant sophisticated coding project in the DB so far?

We are still looking for more new coders. We currently have one or two who wish to step into action. We have some offers from people, but some don't do more than to code a few web pages without real programming experiences, which are necessary. Praetor Jac is someone very specialized in coding and databases. He knows everything inside and around the webpage. Magistrate Orv is a super expert in dynamic content on the surface of the web page. He is also an expert in things as JQuery. I don't really want to go too deep into this technique. But it is the future and present of standards in web programming. I am rather an all-rounder with a lot of knowledge about the surface of web pages and especially programming CSS and barrier free programming.

Is there any expectation to the overall members from the Seneschal office?

Back to the priorities. We have the highest priority in a few renovations - special parts of the DJB web page. From dossiers to MAA and ACC and to the competitions. As soon as the planning of the the vendetta projects is freshened out they will be pushed up. All the time the cleanup of the code is also important. I am pretty sure the KCB also has several ideas how to improve his work and to raise more statistics that will help him how to improve things around the Envoy system. He already raised a few ideas and asked for some implementations.

Maybe one small expectation. That people realize that we are only humans. And we

have our lives and jobs. So this webpage is not a cute little web page that can easily be hauled, it is a huge baby we have to take care of.

It is a wonderful work, Seneschal. It would be much appreciated by all members. Maybe it would be like a call to the hidden coders if they can give their hands as well. Thank you very much for your time and courtesy.

The Dark Voice

Grand Master stands by promises; Ensures member rights

Freelance Correspondant Braecen Kaeth Kunar

Antei - The Iron Throne has seen great changes since Grand Master Sarin's ascension to the Brotherhood's seat of power; as Lord of the Antei System and Ruler of the Brotherhood. At the forefront of these new changes was the ideology of the Grand Master concerning the responsibility of members in leadership positions.

From the onset of his elevation he preached five things he would do: manage information and expectations, use the appropriate level of force, learn and adapt, empower members at the lowest level and support the Clans. Yet, before he detailed his promises, Sarin gave his mission statement:

"Your mission above all as a leader in the Dark Brotherhood is to motivate and inspire goodwill, fun and companionship. These are the very core assets that keep our organization alive and thriving."

Unfortunately, not every member of the Brotherhood embraced the new leader's words, electing to deviate from the chosen path. In place of the core values, corruption and cruelty were placed and the integrity of the organization left unstable in the move's wake. These actions were deemed as Intellectual Arrogance - a trait previously exhibited in the Emperor's Hammer Dark Brotherhood (EHDB) - and the Grand Master spoke out against the initial manifestation of these traits in his Exodus Address:

"Recently, I have noticed that we have a bit of intellectual arrogance happening here. I think this time of year (Exodus Day) is as good as any for us to remember that being an asshole is not being a leader. Speaking down to people, insulting people, and bullying people is exactly the reason many of us moved on from the EHDB. Yet, now, those very attitudes can be seen in Clan mIRC channels and DB News comments."

Yet, one should never underestimate the actions of Dark Jedi. Recently a 'cruel and despicable' action had been perpetuated against Deputy Grand Master Halcyon Rokir, forcing his resignation and withdrawal from Brotherhood space. More importantly, however, it left the Grand Master at a fulcrum point that would define his stance on member rights.

Sarin's actions were sure and swift. Quickly, he removed the malicious Dark Jedi in question from his leadership position and denounced the attitude and actions exhibited, "The [Dark Brotherhood] as we have seen it in the last two days is not a place that we should be proud of. Members attacking one another to get their kicks is

a sickening display of what internet clubs should never become."

While some may scrutinize the decision of the Grand Master, we should all applaud his dedication - and ability to stand by his values - in upholding his five-fold promise and mission statement. And the word should be spread... members, especially leaders, will be held accountable for their actions and words. Do not be misled, the intent does not seek to stifle the clubs creativity... it is the portal in which we - as a club - must pass through to ensure future generations of growth and comradery.

The Dark Voice

Brotherhood Data Modernization Underway

Dark Voice Correspondant Mononoke Keibatsu-Goura

DJB Holonet - No more searching late at night through boring old smelly tomes for that bit of arcane information you need! Need to know how to align your hydrospanner, boil an Ewok, or summon an old Dark Spirit to destroy your soul? If you have the access, just click!

The Current Dark Summit under the leadership of Grandmaster Sarin has initiated a wide-sweeping project. Designed to modernize and update our reference system and data, the project will revolutionize the Brotherhood and our storehouse of Dark lore. All scrolls, holocrons, books, old data chips and tomes are being copied into a modern data retrieval and storage system. Old computers are being copied to modern systems, and even spoken lore is being collected.

One worker who refused to give their name out of fear had this to say: "Yes, the project is coming along nicely. Sarin has found new ways to... motivate the archivists. "
< insert background screams >

Rumor has it that deadlines are being met, with punishment appropriate for Dark Jedi being meted out to slackers. As well, the Seneschal has designed an intense security system for this enormous database. Given the skills possessed by Xia Long, undoubtedly the system will be secure. This strengthens our stance for the difficult times ahead.

It has been insinuated that the Grand and Deputy Grand Master may have discovered the means to produce synthetic holocrons of our own, but this has yet to be proven. It is known that certain persons have been performing a great deal of classified research in this area at their behest. Only time will tell.

Editor's Note: Our sources close to the Dark Council have given us reason to believe this project has been code named "WIKI", however, as of the time of publication, we have yet to ascertain what this name or abbreviation could possibly mean.

Communications Grid Overhaul Continues

Dark Voice Correspondant Jac Cotelin

Antei - If there was any Brotherhood officer who was pleased with the departure of Grand Master Jac Cotelin from the Iron Throne, it was the Seneschal, Xia Long.

Cotelin's retirement from the head of our organization leaves him with time to devote to the ailing Brotherhood Communications Grid. With the help of the Grand Master and a new Magistrate, Orv Dessrx d'Tana of Arcona, Xia Long will be able to complete the grid overhauls sooner than expected.

Recent meetings between Lords Sarin and Cotelin and the Seneschal have given the new Grand Master notice as to the progress of many Seneschal projects. The Communications Grid is still at the highest priority of the office with some essential Combat Centre changes also in the wings. The Dark Voice has learned that the new data structures used to store and transfer information between the clans and Dark Council Offices have been completed and are awaiting full implementation. Cotelin is working tirelessly on the implementation while Xia Long focuses on keeping the old grid in working order. Estimates of the project status put it at 80% completion.

As always, the backlog of projects for the Seneschal office is overwhelming. Each day brings new concerns that do take time from the implementation of new structures and equipment. Lord Cotelin assures the Dark Voice, however, that once the new data structures are implemented fully, rapid change to the Brotherhood systems will be possible. "My design is flexible and extensible," remarked Cotelin in passing. "I look forward to the advancements and opportunities it will bring."

The Dark Voice

WIKI Article Mania!

Freelance Correspondant Aabsdu di Plagia

DJB Holocron - What's been happening around the DJBWiki lately? Well, quite a lot to tell the truth. To speak of the entire staff, one of the major projects currently being worked on is the Wiki Basics Shadow Academy course. Former Tribune/Herald Kaine is currently working on revamping the notes and exam, so that project is still in the works, but don't expect it to be too much longer before it pops up again. The Staff is also looking into appointing Clan Representatives for the Wiki, who will make sure their clan's articles are up to date and legal. Usually, this representative will be a current staff member from each clan, but in some cases, it may not. Right now this idea is on hold until the Wiki Tribune is appointed, though.

There have also been several ongoing article projects that were recently completed. The first of these, as many of you probably saw in the news post, is the Time Periods project. In order to cut down on the number of useless year articles, we created a series of time period articles. Recently these articles were finished with the appropriate events and births. This will make things a bit more time consuming, since now we will have to manually insert births in the pages. As such, we ask that whenever you create a character article, you go to the corresponding period article and put your birth there, along with the planet. In your character article itself, you can put the period article like so: [[11 ABY to 19 ABY|14 ABY]] as an example. You can find the list of period articles in Category: Time (listed off the Main Page), then Category: Time Periods. If you have any questions, feel free to ask someone on the Staff (Aabs is the main one who keeps up with the period articles).

Another project that was finished was shortening the timeline in the Dark Jedi Brotherhood Era. We made it considerably shorter, to involve only events that directly

affected the Brotherhood. We also externally linked the Timeline of Galactic History. While this page is useful and needed, the timeline is too damn long and is updated and added too far too often to have it on our Wiki, so by just going to the Wookieepedia one you'll get a much more accurate and up to date version.

Next is the Weapons Category. Recently we took all of the standard and special weapons from the Antei Combat Centre and put them on the Wiki. The blasters and explosives are all listed in the pages Blaster and Explosives. The blades on the other hand each got their own article, and are listed in the Blades category. The award weapons also got their own article, listed in the ACC Armory category. All of these can be found in the Weapons category, listed off the Main Page.

The Staff is also currently working on finishing the articles on Clan Exar Kun, Clan Satal Keto, and their houses. For the CSK articles we have summit leaders, although not for CEK's houses. Information is hard to come by, however, especially for CSK's history. As such, we ask that if you have any information on the history of Clan Satal Keto, or anything related to these two old clans, you contact Aabsdu. We are also currently working on improving our articles in Category: Events, specifically the articles over the first few Great Jedi Wars. If you have any information on these, specifically websites, results, or plot lines, please email Staff Member Aabsdu.