

# *Silosian Fables*

VIDYUS SILUS

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## DARTH CEIVE AND THE CITY OF MASSU

*T*here once was a Sith apprentice by the name of Darth Ceive, and, in response to having recently been born by society, he returned unto part of it in a small city in the desert by the name of Massu. He observed his fellow brethren, and, upon growing in disgust of the ways of those who were once so complex and noble in his thoughts, he stretched out his hand unto them, and proclaimed, "Beholden, it is I, the one who holds all of you within me, yet I am in none of you. Believe in me, and you shall live on in me." He than struck a young boy down with his mind for all to see, and the people saw the boy as dead after they had deluded themselves in sufficient time, Ceive all the while standing behind the body facing the crowd. Upon seeing the boy twitch, he cried, "The child is still with me, and now I make him with you!" The lad gave a moan, came to, and than carried on with his labors. The crowd gasped, and murmured, than began to exalt the Sith apprentice.

Just than, a man with a furrowed brow arose from the rabble, gained order, and said, "Thou fools, do you so willingly delude yourselves! Can you not see that you are being preyed upon! Clearly did this stranger from afar simply knock the boy from his sense, and when seeing him take back his motion, did allude that he had raised him from the dead. Nay, send this brigand from Massu, and back unto the wastes!"

Darth Ceive than smiled, and spoke, "Though you speak truth, you do so for selfish reasons, for you normally extort the people, caring for only yourself, and speak against me not because of a lie, but a threat to your sovereignty. Behold now your reward, thou animal!"

Upon that, the crowd defended their bringer of perceived eternal life, by from what started as a small shove, which turned into an execution by a rabble's beating, tearing him to peaces. Many were hurt in this execution, and two others died as well.

Darth Ceive left Massu during this confusion, and spoke unto himself, "Surely truth is of convenience to society... and so they ultimately must beat every part—and no part—of themselves."

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## THE OLD MAN AND THE DEAD MAN

*A*man, a wizened, careful, yet very young preacher of a medium sized city, took pride in his calm and thoughtful advice and spirituality that he both sold and shared.

From his very youth he was revered as touched by the spirits, for as a child he bore a terrible aversion to mirrors (and labor.) When he was old enough, for his family was pore, they sent him to toil in the gardens of the wealthier. The wealthy patrons of his

services immediately fell under the child's spell and charisma. It was this time when a famine seized the city, and so the boy joined the multitudes of those who had no job to occupy their hands with. It was then that the famine ceased, and so Aman went to work again, only for another famine to seize the land. Once more he was without job, then the famine ended, and those that knew him grew suspicious. They pleaded against it, but the boy's parents were poor, and so they sent him to toil once more, only this time as a courier. Once more the famine returned, and it stayed so until finally a wealthy woman took in the boy for her own, and forbid him to work. The famine ended, and, in fact, prosperity came unto the land. The now superstitious community then, in response to Aman's horror of mirrors, vowed to hide them, and they gave him for raising at the local religious institute, to hide him from toil, suffering, and ugliness.

"Love thyself!" Aman preached, rather loudly for his small crowd of three, as citizens walked by them along the busy street. "Toil not lest your soul be toiled," he said. Many had now grown to resent his arrogance, for they knew in their hearts that his sermons were little more than gloating. "What must we do to be like you, so that we must not be required to toil?" asked the students. "Have faith, is all. Yet seeing you incapable, I shall show you the way to faith. You must give unto me all excess of the rewards of your toils, so that you may see it without prejudice."

It was then that a cloaked man did approach him, then turned to the wide street, and gathered a crowd by crying, "Who here would receive a thousand silver pieces to butcher my donkey and prepare it for me?" The crowd rumbled with questions and distinct yells of "I shall!" He silenced them, and then turned to Aman, and said, "Shall you, O man of god?" Aman was stirred, for his heart was lustful, yet his eyes bobbed and peered at the crowd, for he knew he could not. The crowd was silent. "Well, what say you?" said the man, "can you not do one task to feed yourself the rest of your days?" The crowd began to question itself, and a voice from it said, "He must not toil, for he is too pure, and god punishes us for not heeding him." "Ha! The one who brought the famine was I, not god!" laughed the cloaked man, "but if he is so humble as to explain to me your claim, then I shall reassert my offer."

The crowd itself eager for an explanation, they and the man turned to Aman. He quickly replied, "Let us go for a walk, and in the wilderness I shall speak to you."

So they went from the city, and three times Aman tried to run and hide, but all three times he was apprehended as if the man could see through rock and plant. The man then ceased their silent march at the burial grounds, looked to him, and said, "Rise above yourself, thou parasite." Aman flustered, trying to find some way to lie, began by saying, "My good sir, as you yourself look for odd deeds done for yourself, so do we all, and so I say, do not question what needs not be questioned." The man replied, "Rise above yourself, thou liar." Aman choked, confused, and went on, "And it is my wise motto, gathered from years of my life and created in my most honored position granted to me, to sit by the other honored, that thou should 'love thyself'. So there is no need for questioning, really." "Rise above thyself, thou portrayer of an old man," said the robed man. "Really, alls I wanted was a bit of fun! I..." but Aman stopped speaking, for the man had dropped his hood to reveal a dead man's face, and, from the soil of the graveyard, he pulled a mirror. In horror, Aman's gaze was locked on the living corpse's. The corpse held the mirror, and said, "Rise above thyself, by toiling for thine own profit, by taking with one's own hands that which he desires. Seize the day, for that which you

love passes away if unclaimed!” And with that the corpse heaved the mirror up, and the old man and the dead man cried out in unison, as Aman saw that his face, which he had not seen since his childhood, was the same as his antagonist’s. “Love thyself,” was written on the mirror, and the face in it died, so it was as if glass looking upon the dead Aman holding it from behind. Then the mirror dropped alone, and a single Aman lay dead beside it. The city never fell victim to famine again.

Seize the day, for that which you love passes away.

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## THE HERMIT AND THE SERPENT

*T*here was once a hermit who lived in the jungle, and though wise, he was very lonely. He longed for his past, and remembered the sweet and aquiline face of the woman who once loved him, though he could not return that love due to his solemn oath to remain chaste for wisdom, for she was to be his only lover.

One day, the Hermit was walking in his domain, and speaking unto his flowers, which grew and bloomed as his wisdom did. A serpent made her way before the Hermit, and did observe him with her piercing eyes, and did taste his scent, and, for she was unfulfilled herself, determined that she would speak to him.

“Who do thou speak to, pray?” asked the serpent. Taken aback at first, the serpent thought that the Hermit was to strike her down, and she prepared to try and smite him back. But, the Hermit quickly smiled unto the snake, and gave a nervous chortle.

“Why,” said he, “I speak to my flowers, as all life blooms, and so they are my brothers and sisters.” The serpent looked into the man’s eyes, and said, “My good sir, look thee, I pray, unto the flowers. Do they answer you? Have you sat and been reconciled by their council? Do they profess their commitment unto you? Nay, they speak not, and they wilt in due time, only to leave your care for them without thanks. Would thou not rather bless another human with your presence?”

The man looked unto the serpent, and with no blink or aversion in his eye, said, “Alas what you say is true, my lady dragon, for flowers are of trivial and transitory company. And, alas, crawling on thine belly close to the rich earth must have steeped you with wisdom, for I do indeed long for human companionship, yet I am a hermit—a holy man married to the pursuit of knowledge. I am forbidden to love another human.”

And for that the serpent really was wise, and it detected no lie in the man’s eye, she was inwardly gleeful, and responded so, “Good Hermit sir, surely this destiny is noble, but surely you have loved another, for it is creation’s nature to desire others.” The man did not respond, and looked awkward. “Sir, I ask not for prying business, and as we both must endure in this place, and I see that you are of noble makings, I consider you mine friend. Nay, I ask not for curiosity, but of friendship, for my kin live in every corner of the world, and so as a friend, I may know her through mine brethren and I may tell you her fate, or reconcile her.”

The man knelt before the serpent, looked either way, and whispered, “I would like that much, but such a labor I would never ask of thee, at what price do thou speak?”

The serpent feigned indignant composure, and said, “Would thou be so wise, and yet so unlearned in compassion and etiquette, that thou should insult me as some marauding thief, as some brigand, as some contentious seeker of creating debt unto

myself? I give you my friendship, and you give insults back? I would do this for you for no fee, but I see now that I would be deluding myself, and your gratefulness would be selfish in nature.”

The Hermit, begged for pardon, saying, “Forgive me, noble beast, but my heart is dry, and my wisdom is limited to speaking with flowers. Any offense was meant to mine self, as flowers ask rather not of much—if anything—and my master, the one who initiated me and readied me for my solitude, taught me suspicion of life, so as it would protect me and guide my inquisition of existence.” The serpent smiled unto herself, “I too, am suspicious, my sir. Let us bridge this flaw of nature—for such, if I am right, is friendship. Would thou we travel the same; we would than talk as friends. Come, let me coil upon thou arm, and we shall commune and speak of your lost love, and with warm hearts we should inquire of existence.” The man hesitated, but the serpent knew he dared not risk a second insult, for she perceived him as naïve.

So the serpent coiled upon his arm, and he told her the name of the past longing of his heart. She said unto him, “Thou poor and wretched Hermit, sir, I know the woman of whom you speak, for she was a dear friend to me. She was truly worthy of thine’s love, and so how can I reveal her nature or fate to thee accurately? Nay, speech doth not approach such levels—rather, thine heart’s desire lives on in me, and in act I shall reveal her to you by becoming her.”

The Hermit than gazed upon the snake, and became red, “I must apologize, friend, for I have not been honest with you, yet I see you have not been with me either. For I have seen her just the other day, and she is quite well. Friend, I did not tell you for it is a sinful thing that I did by partaking in her presence, and should you forgive me I would be relieved. But, thou deceitful beast, why didst thou lie and say she was dead?” Yet the Hermit had lied about seeing her, for he was allowed no human companion by his own soul, and the serpent, not detecting the lie, tried to gain the upper hand again, to get the man to serve and be a willing, loving slave of hers. Yet the Hermit knew of her plot all along, and did not change his stance at all, yet retained quiet and skeptic composure. It was so that the serpent was bound to the Hermit, trying vainly for the rest of their lives to regain her perceived upper hand, and it was so that the Hermit gained his companionship.

Loneliness is taken advantage of, or is ended.

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## THE TRAVELER AND THE MUMMY

One day, a man traveling from afar, touring the desert came across a tomb of an ancient Sith Lord. Captured by its hideous beauty and intimidating presence, he entered the tomb, which none had done since the Dark Lord’s burial there, and upon passing by a very important looking guardian symbol on the way into the tomb’s heart, he took it upon unto himself, and into his robe’s folds.

Determined to take something of great value—the greatest value possible—from the tomb, he boldly walked on. After all, he was living and quick, and the tomb was of slumber and death.

The traveler came into the main cavern, and came just a ways away from the sarcophagus. The dead lord spoke thusly to him, “Thou comes before me—what is thine name, and thy purpose? Who disturbs my solitude?”

The traveler smugly replied, "I am from afar, and living, mind you, and that shall be my name to thee. As for my intentions, they are simply the desire for acquisition, and those desires are those of the living." He thought unto himself than, "Surely I shall be rich, for no doubt this dead king doth desire my body for his own—to replace his decaying one and start life anew."

The dead lord growled—which, because he was dead, ended being more of lethargic and horrifying howl of pain, like it was merely the wind rushing through the tomb. The dead Sith than spoke thus, "You are very prideful, and very small.... Behold, the torches burn bright, and the eyes are not hindered. Yet this sarcophagus hinders us from looking upon each other.... Come. Expose my corpse and we will have communion, and understand—and even help—one another."

Yet the traveler kept his distance, for he knew the dead dark lord would possess his body. The traveler than said, "Nay, my lord, I should not open your sarcophagus, for I am weak. Yet should you desire a body to come near ye, and expose thine dry and leathery body, I should call a servant. However, he should need compensation, for that is a servant's nature." There was a long pause, and hatred seeped and twisted through the tomb's walls. The Sith Lord than did utter, "Than take coinage from the mantle, and bring it unto thine servant," the dead one than raised his voice, "yet then let us have communion, for I have been lonely for longer then ye can fathom."

But the traveler than whined, "Yet, my Lord... why should I go unto the servant? Rather I should be compensated, than I will be so your servant unto mine."

A cold cackle emanated from the sarcophagus, which appeared even more looming for a second. "You genuinely amuse me... long has it been since I laughed. Come friend, I shall whisper secrets of the Sith to ye, and when you are content with mine company, you will see I care not if your appearance is that of a dog, and no shame is needed. Whence you shall dine in my company—for I have stored much food—and than thou shalt go unto thine servant, and we will commune with our eyes also."

The traveler grew aggravated and annoyed with this patient corpse. "Look you here," said he, "the guardian symbol of the tomb in mine. Would thou buy it back? Or should you lay unprotected, and the robbers pick your bones to peaces and sell them to women as to guard against childbirth, and they take thine legacy to the market and sell it peace by peace!"

"Thou fool! I offer you wealth beyond the material, and even that which for what you will soon no longer need, and thou talks to me as a thief does to a woman?! What mighty force gives you such arrogant right?"

The traveler was not stirred by the Sith's words, and explained as an angry parent does to a child, to the dead Sith Lord, "My good Lord of the crumbling tomb, my right is given to me by that I have life, and since thou art dead, your hands shall but crumble if ye attempts to grasp away anything from me."

"Search for whatever you want—you shall not find it. I urge you, my friend," calmly and coldly explained the dead lord, the tomb growing chill, "to rather sit in my shadow, that thou might gain wisdom, and ease my loneliness, so that I am enthused to guide thee. Than you will be able to find any treasure you want—and it shall be greater than what lies in this elaborate home of mine."

The traveler scoffed the dead lord, "My dear festering worm food, I do not want wisdom—especially from you—nor guidance—especially from you—nor another friend,

and certainly not a dead one. Not if I were a sage, hungry, and friendless would I befriend you, thou heap of bones and hide. Should you never forgive me, than I would rejoice, I swear. Not in all of time, or of any persuasion would I befriend thee!"

There was no charm in the dead lord's voice anymore, and he did utter, seemingly from every wall, "Than so be it," said he, "...the way is shut." The traveler smiled, thinking he had soundly defeated this corpse's desire for friendship—which was true—and he was now free to gather his prize—which was true... yet he than thought of the exit from the tomb, and, indeed, the way was shut.

It was so that he than had to live the rest of his life, and than all eternity in death, without any leverage or superiority, with a hurt and vengeful dead Dark Lord of the Sith.

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## THE SWAN AND THE DUCK

*T*here was once a swan that was very vain, and thought itself the most beautiful creature in the lake. It would swim illustriously, and would stretch its wings gracefully, but it than thought unto itself, "I should see the type of my beauty, and so I shall ask another."

Yet no other swans would even be near him, for they hated him and avoided his lake. It was so that the swan came to a lady duck, and he arched his cloud-white feathers, and said to the duck, "My dear lady, is there no beauty here? It is indeed an ugly place, with nothing but ugliness."

The duck looked around her, below her, and above her, and saw pieces of beauty in everything, and she did remark about this in response.

Yet the swan could not understand her awkward voice, and he was intensely curious as to what she had said. However he did not want to appear stupid, or hard of hearing as with age, and so the brawny young swan spoke, "Madam, you have beauty about, for your eyes are very lovely—yet eyes do not hold light to such ugliness in everything else."

The duck was flattered, and she looked away. But than she thought how her brethren also had lovely eyes, and how the males that did quart with her had lovely coloring, and she did remark about this in response.

Once more the swan could not understand her queer and ugly voice, and so he carried on searching for flattery and appraisal, and articulated, "I suppose the ugliness of this lake is born by us all."

The duck grew insulted, for she knew that her kind were not terribly attractive, but she knew that this swan was not engaging in the necessary lies to say that it was quite otherwise. She held herself high, and observed that all things had, have, or will have a set level of beauty, and she did remark about this in response.

The swan was horrified, for although he could not understand her, he knew her reaction was not the desired humble and meek one he wanted—quite the opposite. "Well I am not ugly, am I!?" he desperately asked.

The duck saw him as sadistic and cruel, and she did remark about this in response. She did so in such a loud series of quacks, and she even splashed water with her wings as the narcissistic animal.

The swan grew indignant, and said, “Though foul mess of scrappy feathers! One as you would not know beauty as it sits here before you, but would rather foul the air with your contentious and hideous cries!” And with that the swan flew away in anger, to hide in seclusion.

Vanity buds doubt and denial at the mere sound of quietness.

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## THE CAT AND THE SCARAB

A hive of scarabs once lived in the desert, and among them was one particular scarab that had a sharp wit, and was very focused on transcending beyond his fated life.

One day a scarab was attacked and consumed by a villainous scorpion, and the strange scarab’s fellow beetles were quite upset and remorseful. “Come, friends,” said the scarab, “and be silent, for you cry for thine own sake. If ye had overcome your love of each other, and had released your tendency towards the desire of power not to be consumed by predators, you all would be quite happy now.”

Indeed the scarab disavowed all forms of power, and had a distaste for attachments of any kind, for they, in his mind, were what attached life to their roles of suffering and pain. He accepted everything, claimed nothing, and sought to seek nothing but nothingness.

Than, a cat—which are very wise creatures indeed, and admired by the Sith—came unto this reputable beetle, and asked if he was the scarab so fond of wisdom.

“Why yes,” responded the scarab, “I am he, and I also am not; for all life holds within them my wisdom, and I am of no significance.”

The cat was quite, of course, wise, and so it took no offense to this, and recognized that this was indeed the beetle. “Well,” quoth the cat, “I shall help you achieve your wisdom, for us cats are soul-searches too. Come, scarab, and we shall sit aback, and watch your colony.”

And for cats are also mischievous and rigid creatures, a clan of scorpions which were instructed by the cat where the scarabs were, came and began to consume the hive. The cat offered to halt the attack, yet the beetle showed no attachment, and soon the whole hive was consumed.

“Surely,” quoth that cat, “they were to tempt you towards attachment. Accept their fate and do not mourn them, and thou wilt be wiser and freer, dear scarab.” Yet the scarab did not flinch.

So than birds came and consumed the scorpions, and while they were feeding, a small elephant did trample them to pieces, after which a pair of lionesses killed the elephant, and ran off to leave the beast to rot, all as per instructions of the cat. Yet the beetle remained quiet, and never interrupted to ask the cat to cease the attack.

So than the cat turned the scarab on its back, and placed its paw with sharp claws extended onto the beetle’s bare belly. “Now scarab,” quoth the cat, “I shall destroy you. Come now, poor beetle, you are now completely and totally without power. Yet I shall give thee some—ask me not to, and I will not destroy you. But, come now, I know you shall ask me to retract that offer, as you wish to ascend beyond the role of suffering. However, I urge you to save your life, for there is no need for death, is there?”

The scarab than said, "For you are wise, and I have come so far already today in freedom, friend cat, I shall accept your council; spare my life, pray."

The cat was than satisfied, for its experiment had produced the result it knew it would. And so, in payment of the scarab's hypocrisy and foolish intellect, it immediately smote the beetle where it lay, and than left on its merry way, quite satisfied.

All seek power.

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## THE LORD, THE LADY, AND THE PRINCE

In a distant land in the North, there was a modern kingdom which was very grand, cleanly, and sophisticated. Though, despite its delicate tastes, it had quite the same attitudinal, moral, and daily problems that may be seen unto they very own, today. For this phenomenon, the kingdom attracted many a Sith, and one particular Sith Master, by the name of Darth Amplectus took a specially keen notice of the kingdom—especially its capitol city.

One day, Lord Amplectus determined to go out unto the capitol, and discover the mysteries and inherent detrimental mindsets of love. His vision was clear, for, when he arrived there, a royal ball was just beginning, and so he drew his cloak around himself, and did slip amongst the throngs of those attending completely unnoticed. He than hid himself in a box overlooking the ballroom and its wonderfully clad dancers, and did set upon peoples' minds not to enter his place of inspection there.

It was than when Prince Insons did make his entrance and came about to the ballroom. He wore clothing not to of his liking, but unassuming and to the likes of his reason, which was a wary mind. Thusly did he enter—he gave a bow or two, brushed of some very fond enemies, and stood before his companions along the sidelines, quite leisurely... yet with the occasional dart of the eyes.

Upon this moment the orchestra swiftly fell into their first piece, which was the fast sort in which the party-goers did frolic—not dance—unto. And Amplectus did observe Insons' heart, and there was a stout heaviness upon it than.

Some ladies of the court stood about each other, and the Prince and his advisors did behave in unison across from them. Lord Amplectus gazed upon the two groups. He than looked into the hearts of the waiting ladies, and he observed heaviness progressively rest its bosom on them, as well as confusion in their minds. Though may it be a trivial beginning. So Darth Amplectus set a spell on them, so that they would join with the men in unison, and so they would draw notice of the young Insons.

The women fell upon the men, and as feathers spring from a birds nest, so soon did couples spring from the group and onto the dance floor, gaily swaying to and fro.

And Lord Amplectus did gaze upon them, and spoke thus unto his soul, "Verily do these individuals draw near thanks to contact—yet what was the spark that fused their hands together in love and merriment?"

Prince Insons, meanwhile, was speaking to a lady of the court, and Amplectus saw quivering in his soul. He observed their conversation and heard this—

"Thou art a gentile soul, my good man," said the lady, "yet thouest look too humble, care, should there be a shadow across thee, pray?" The Prince's eyes fell upon the floor before the maiden's feet, and he quoth, "Indeed, and shadow doth lie upon me in



such hours. Comfort for some, milady, is aggravation of the nerves for others, and, pray, the latter is the truer oftener for mine self. Of your intentions, I see only the highest and noblest, and so if thou were troubled by my troubles much more tonight, it would cause me shame. Please, this night is for thee.”

“Yet it is also for thee, pray. Why art thou reluctant? Take tonight by storm, for that is the birthright of a prince, to take what is given!”

“Pray, it is not,” replied Prince Insons. With that the lady’s soul was bent from these words, and she departed with the words, “And so you slap me, sir!”

Lord Amplectus did observe, and notice the group his spell had forged was breaking apart from those who had already left to the dance floor.

With this, the first song ended, and silence fell the Sith Master’s ears, and he contemplated. Upon this moment the orchestra swiftly fell into their second piece, which was the sort that was very beautiful, and the dancers were seduced into moving in dance rather than by merriment alone. And Amplectus did observe Insons’ heart, and there was a heaviness upon it than.

Lady Matrona—the finest lady in the land—did than enter, and he set a spell upon her to draw her eyes upon the awkward Insons. Amplectus than set a spell upon the Prince, so that his awkwardness and guilt mushroomed, and for fear of another offense, he resolved to be sociable with the beautiful Matrona. Prince Insons made his way to the Lady, and courteously made himself known to her.

Lord Amplectus did gaze upon the two, and felt sure perhaps that now contact was made between the two, they would be bound.

“My good sire,” quoth the Lady, “you are most amiable to me, and flatter me with your presence.” Amplectus smiled. Prince Insons replied, “Such fairness demands no less, milady. So, if thou art willing perhaps thou will grace me with your company with me and my companions, or would thou care for a dance?” Lady Matrona flushed, and Amplectus sensed a cold flame come upon her soul, and she did reply, “Pray, sir, forgive me, for perhaps my words were deceitful without my intention. I am mated in dance tonight with the King—such a fair, noble, and wise man is he.” And with amends she departed. The orchestra than ended their second song, and Amplectus than thought deeply over what he had seen.

Upon this moment the orchestra swiftly fell into their third piece, which was the sort that is very enrapturing and with a well mood. And Amplectus did observe Insons’ heart, and there was a heaviness upon it than.

Amplectus’ disposition grew well, and with a theory in mind, he set a spell upon the land, and with that a messenger ran into the ballroom, and did proclaim, “The King hath been kidnapped, and none have seen him. The Queen requests the services of the one closest to him most recently—Lady Matrona and his stepson, Prince Insons!”

With that the two departed upon an exclusive adventure that would not end soon, and the Sith Master Darth Amplectus did look into the future, and was contented. There would be tension, yes, they would find the king, yes, there would be many beautiful women and men along the way, yes, yet the Prince and the Lady would, in the end, dance, and dance most beautifully.

Lord Amplectus than did speak unto his heat thusly—Man makes himself available, woman selects, and this all takes place within community, of which there are multiple—increasingly smaller, and therefore more intense and immediate communities.

The closer the community—the more available the man, and the more deeply the woman knows him, and so the more likely they will dance together the dance of love to the tunes of Naturalis and Silosian Machinations.

And with that Lord Amplectus did leave merrily as well, and went back to his lair quite contented and unseen.

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## THE SITH LORD AND THE PARASITE

*Sith* Lord Gregarius was walking amongst his people one day, when he came unto a parasite, and he heralded it so, “My good creature, what a fine day it is, no? Are not the Sun’s rays divine and worthy of worship?”

The Parasite than moaned, and whimpered, “Pray, the sun is fine, and the company is finer. I am a son of the Sun,” jested the parasite, “yet...” and than he grumbled off in a fashion not holding comprehension.

“Yes! Parasite, the day is fine, and we are all sons of the Sun, our most warm and enlightened Father! How do you fare today?”

“Perhaps,” said the parasite, “my dearest friend, you should tell me of your well-being first?”

“As you wish, good Parasite—my day is fairing quite well, as I am with my people, and I love them, and I learn as often as I can from them, for all are teachers if you listen.”

The Parasite looked miserable, and said, “Lord friend, should thou be many another a person, I would not tell thee, but you are mine brother—my day is going poorly as usual, for I am often helpless, and I suffer from a desire to draw blood from good people. I am poor and wretched without care and guidance from the true sons of the Sun.”

With that the Sith Lord became enraged, and spoke thusly, “Thou cantankerous sore that doth beg for compassion and help! Would thou care for yourself, you would have masters that did not control and inhibit thee. Thou masochist! Apathy is thy true name, thou weak Parasite!” And with that Lord Gregarius smote the Parasite painfully, cleansing him from the Sun’s sight.

Power taken for oneself is life taken for oneself. Apathy is death.

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## THE DARK LORD AND THE FALSE APOSTLES

*When* the Moon crossed the Sun, seven false apostles made their way unto the Dark Lord of the Sith’s black cathedral to seek a personal audience with him.

The Dark Lord—Darth Silus the Just—did observe the entrance of the travelers, and made his majesty’s way to the Imperial Throne. Seven knocks sounded on the great door, and Silus remarked unto his servants, “The kine verily come thither from some caddish shadow. Mote they be led hither they should have such shadow to them no intentions of mine could bear them. Nay! Bring them unto me one by one, and we shall see if they go prosperously, limitedly, or deadly.”

And so the Dark Lord's servant went verily to the great door, and it heaved eerily open. The noble Sun silhouetted a throng of robed travelers, and some fell dead immediately from the power of the Dark Lord's shadowed effigy. Seven remained and stood yet before the great hall.

The first was led before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

"I am often wrong, and sometimes mistaken," replied the first. "Thine own transit here was folly, than." "Pray, it was not, for the rules demanded it, and to fall short of those is to fall short of myself," replied the first. The Dark Lord Silus then cackled and stated "Renounce the rules or you renounce thyself." And, as she could not, and her babbling was easily seen through by Silus, she died—her foulness decaying into the Dark Side.

The second was led before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

"Of this I am sure! Please milord, correct me in all ways, and verily I am yours," remarked the second. "Forsooth!" replied Silus, "show great power or I shall show thee death!" The second false apostle grew indignant, and he replied, "Thou art cruel, why do you bear such cruel intentions, pray?" And so he died and made the Dark Side stronger.

The third was brought before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

The third began quaking, and spoke so, "Gods, it is as I knew... but what at, pray? Forgive me, and I shall leave." "Wrong." The third then turned his back to Silus to flee from his pain, and Silus let a bellow to freeze him in his tracks. "Verily ye were correct, yet verily you made yourself quake, and so thou shew me thine back—so now I show you mine." And the Dark Side was made stronger yet again.

The fourth was led before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

"No I am not," replied the fourth, "and so also, as reward, you are wrong." Silus cruelly leered at this arrogant false apostle. The fourth smiled back, and he proclaimed, "I see that you have seen my companions, and than me, and thus appraise me correctly... especially now that you know yourself to be wrong." "Since I respect thee," said Silus, "I will send you to them to gloat." And so the Dark Side was furthered again, feeding Lord Silus' power.

The fifth was led before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

So the fifth then began to cry. Silus ignored her for some time, until she finally stopped. "So how am I wrong?" the fifth asked. Silus ignored her. The fifth then through into a fit of rage, and in her temper, verily she slashed her hand against Silus' robes. "Oh!" cried the fifth, "forgive my lowly disservice! I am very good at fixing such things though!" So the fifth began to straighten his robes, and said, "Rather good, am I not, milord? Would you ask how I learned the art?" "Tell the others," replied the Dark Lord, and the fifth's smile from the attention she received was short, for she dissolved into more power for Silus.

The sixth was led before Darth Silus the Just.

"Verily thee be wrong and mistaken," quoth Silus.

“What do ye speak of, pray?” solicited the sixth. “That is the most intelligent question I hath heard bequeathed unto mine ears in some six visits,” replied Silus the Just. The sixth than burst forth in a manic manner, going on for a bit about person problems and the goals hoped to be achieved by coming before his Excellency. Yet Silus merely wore an antagonistic smirk, saying naught a word. The sixth quickly became upset, now bitter and attacking, “Tell me, milord, why do you not support me with thine words of grace? Verily you are of a terrible attitude and selfish wit!” “Perhaps,” muttered Silus under a neutral smile. “Thusly my dear lord hath returned to his stable self... thou art good at admitting, and hope to call thee friend.” Than Silus spoke, “I hope that thou art good at dying, friend.” So she became Silus’ power.

The seventh was led before Darth Silus the Just.

“Verily thee be wrong and mistaken,” quoth Silus.

Yet the seventh simply crossed her arms and gave Silus an endearing and playfully scolding smirk. Finally she said, “Lord Silus, you’ve come hither recently too, I hear?” “Yes,” replied Darth Silus, “my predecessor spent much time hither, yet this is mine first visit to this refuge as well—and these lands.” “Well, we have something in common, than, milord... than and I know very well of thine’s predecessor—Silus the Learner.” “Indeed?” inquired the Dark Lord of the Sith. “Verily,” replied the seventh in an endearing and magnetic manner. “And how didst thou know of him, the esteemed Darth Silus the Learner?” She smiled, glancing at the floor, “Sire, it is of a lengthy proportion, and so, before I forget or out talk takes of afar from here, I must ask what you meant by ‘verily thee be wrong and mistaken’?” So Silus the Just almost answered, for a moment no longer than that short moment when a scorpion decides to kill. Yet he was not deceived, and so said, “Ask the previous six.” And with a growl of discontent the seventh met her demise, falling to and into Lord Silus’ power.

Than Silus decreed unto his servants, “And so I grow weary of absence from sanity, send forth my apprentice from whither, and with haste.” So Silus told his apprentice to learn what flaws of personality do exist so that he may subjugate their power unto his own, and to pass the lesson on to his apprentice when he became a Master. Thus Darth Silus the Just, Dark Lord of the Sith, set free the seven burdens of power, and they were taken in by his apprentice, so that the false apostles were defeated again... than again, for forever.

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## THE APPRENTICE AND THE TYRANT

Long distances away, there was a small and pathetic empire skirting the wastes. In command of this empire was a tyrant, aptly named Despot the Awful, who ruled his domain, and everything that bore his name as master, with an iron, imperious hand. Yet his greatest weapon was the appearance of compromise, sanity, fairness, and security.

So, one day an apprentice to an especially lax Master, named Darth Insurrectus, appeared from a sandstorm from the wastes unto the capital city of Depot the Awful’s empire.

At first he forbade anyone’s eyes from falling upon him, and played the part of a good citizen of the empire. To Insurrectus’ surprise, though, this brought upon much attention, and his acting made him a desirable subject for an imperial official to Despot.

The tyrant's personal police came upon Darth Insurrectus and brought him before the imperial throne to be knighted into Despot's service.

The tyrant observed Insurrectus, and questioned him so, "Citizen, what be your name?" The Sith apprentice bowed and replied thusly, "The truth of me is known as Darth Insurrectus, good king, but, verily, this is not my abode—I am not a citizen, but a traveler in these parts." Despot looked at him, mulling for a moment, than proclaimed, "Well then, no more! Welcome to the tyrant's service, and make yourself at home, for it truly is, now, thine's home."

So Insurrectus looked with his third eye, and saw that to step against the tyrant from his position was impossible, for the Dark Side propelling him was far weaker than that of Despot's. An antagonistic approach would put him on the destructive end of events. So, he bowed once more, and replied, "I have no choice but to serve you, but my Master serves none but the Dark Lord of the Sith—and only for that he is the embodiment and the will of the Dark Side. You shall be bound by fear of his coming."

And so Insurrectus entered into the service of the tyrant-king Despot the Awful. Yet Despot was terrified of the coming of his new subject's Master, and was terrified of having to fear someone—but he would never admit submission, inadequacy, and defeat, so he refused to free Insurrectus on the grounds of "principle" and "law."

So, when Darth Insurrectus grew tired of observing the tyrant's pitiful empire, he went unto Despot, and he lied, "Lord Despot, my Master now comes, as I am sure you can see in your heart as truth." Than he told the truth, "And so I will now leave you to go unto him." Despot flew into rage, but Insurrectus ignored him and left the capital, than the country, through the main routes, as the true emperor of the tyrant's kingdom, and the master of Despot the Awful.

Thus Darth Insurrectus reported to his Master a new truth he had observed, "Those who must have control must also, by nature, be controlled."

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## THE JOURNEYER AND OLD MAN DEATH

*Untold* time ago, there was a journeyer in quest for the Golden Truth, like many others akin to him. He was far from his fatherland, and in a strange territory without even any knowledge as to what he was looking for.

For days he wandered in a salt flat, barren of all life save for other journeyers like himself, and with all the mirages it was as a hellish maze. Hallucinations haunted him until he awoke to find himself in a red deep canyon, the end overlooking a far sandy country strewn with pagan-like statues. Tombs lined the canyon walls—the resting places of Sith and pagan lords of long aged and forgotten importance.

The place whispered with secrets and the wisdom a place gathers only with great age and distant violence. Muscular statues held on high the great entryways of the entryways of the dark tombs, and so also the very canyon walls. The place was basked in the blood of the gods.

The Sun was setting.

It was than that the Master and Keeper was glimpsed by the traveler on the stone balcony at the end of the valley overlooking the far country below. The traveler thought him a mirage at first, than the silhouette of a man... than, rather, a hole in—or navel to—

reality. The rays of the dying sun streamed past the figure as if showing the way, and so he let them draw him unto the Keeper. He was drawn by the dusty light and the seething shadows in it, and his soul became heavy.

The Keeper turned to face him, and at first the traveler thought he had not turned at all, for he was dark in all aspects... yet then he grew light, wearing now white robes, which the traveler attributed to an trick of the light in initially disturbing his colors.

“Strange sir,” quoth the traveler, “pray you shall spare me but come of your time, but I have traveled countless mile from a land far hither. Shall you reveal to me where I might now reside and the secrets of this strange land so that I might navigate it, I would be in your deepest debt.”

Sand and dust swirled around them for a moment, and the place suddenly seemed very occupied around them. “Foolish traveler,” said the Master and Keeper, “thouest knows not the great spans thou art from thine home... ages away. You now travel the kingdom of the ancient primal Sith, and this is the Valley of the Lifeless Lords,” then he paused, drawing in a sucking breath, and continued, “But afore I answer thouest’s second question you must answer mine. What is thy intent here, why dost thou disturb the lands I care for and watch over?”

Amidst the heat and ageless weariness, the traveler set off into reverie, and replies, “Verily, dear gardener, I come from a place where there is sweet grass, with dew upon it every morning, where waters fall from the sky, and don’t hide in the ground. I have come seeking the Golden Truth, like hundreds before me and thousands to come after me, all in hopes to find enlightenment and peace in our age.”

“And what is this ‘Golden Truth’?”

“Pray, I know not, and nor do I wish to dwell upon it, sir Keeper, for my soul bears weariness greater than that on it which sent me here.”

“Than I will answer this question in addition to the second, though only as I can best see it, as I do not know what thouest searches in particular. Come, look across my garden, impenetrable to all but those divined to find it,” commanded the Keeper. And so the traveler rested his hands on the balcony wall and looked out towards the hellishly and frighteningly beautiful landscape. “All that thou seest is painted in the blood of ages upon ages, as thou can notice when the sun shines so on it. This is the land of death.”

It was at this point that the traveler interrupted the Keeper, and said, “Keeper, it would be of great avail to me is thou did not speaketh of death, for my life is perhaps wasted and my death will be but another unfairness, sent to the unknown to suffer.”

The Master and Keeper smiled at this, and he proclaimed, “Verily, lone traveler, there is naught to be afraid of, for what is there in death that there isn’t in life? Nothing.” “This is my grail,” realized the traveler, “this is the Golden Truth—the truth to conquer the fear of death. Reveal to me this divine and sacred knowledge, milord Keeper. What is death, pray? What is it like?”

So the Keeper replied thusly, “Look afore you across my far sandy country; it is also of dreams. Thine owns dream vision—your third eye—usually reserved for dreams take lordship, and beholden! the pail flatness of this life becomes clear like air, and you beholden it.” “Observe what, pray?” “The afterlife—the one you create, just as you see truth through what means you choose in dreams, that is the afterlife. Yet beware, only the pure of heart may create a good afterlife—only those on the high path—for only the sane may see what is truly good.”

“Yet what of the Earth?” asked the traveler. The winds blew across the dusty valley floor, revealing—or creating into—shapes rather like hieroglyphics, and a volcano went off along the horizon. “Reality may still easily be seen, similarly like how death may be tasted in bed, but it is obscure, now, like dreams were. Some travel to it, while others attach themselves to it, for you are one with the Tao when dead.”

The traveler was ecstatic, and in a passionate intellectual mood, but then he posed this question, “Verily, how might thou know this to be true, how may I prove what I know in my heart to be true to my countrymen?” The Master and Keeper then turned back to shadow and the traveler perished. The Keeper then brought the deceased traveler to his resting place—the womb that is the tomb.

Agas later the dead traveler asked Old Man Death, or the Keeper as he was also called, “What is life like? I fear the next transition, so tell me the Common Truth.” Old Man Death replied, “Divus, my good traveler, thou need not fear a thing, for there is nothing in life that there isn’t in death.”

And so Divus looked from the stone balcony at the end of the Valley of the Lifeless Lords out across the far and eternal country, and viewed the blood-red rising Sun....

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## THE CRAZED VAMPIRE

*Mulare* Praetum, a Sith Master from the Empire, was in the city called Origin one night when he happened across the creature known as Atrox. Atrox was a rogue vampire with no ties to any of the Families or even any of the newer Covenants, and he had little reputation or ability of his own save for a devouring and selfish appetite.

Immediately the Sith lord was attacked by the vampire, and so Darth Praetum struck the vampire defenseless. “Why didst thou attack me?” inquired the Sith. Atrox hissed and replied as is so, “Thou art nothing but the blood I crave.” Darth *Mulare* Praetum was overcome with the urge to spill this vampire’s blood, yet something stayed his hand. After a long pause he quoth, “Thou art nothing but the death I crave... yet you are still anew at this stage. Beholden, I shall deliver thou fate unto thine own hands, and in ten years I shall see thee again. At that time we shall see what distortions thou have wrought on thy potter’s wheel, and whether I shall smash it or drink from it.” And so Atrox fled into the night with a great temper upon his dead heart.

So the years fled smoothly by like the illusion they are, and change was brought upon the land like it has been for all the ages. The change marked as “ten” had come about, and the now Dark Lord of the Sith, *Mulare* Silus—the former Darth Praetum—did maketh his way unto the city of Origin again. He let forth a cry, or rather a howl, to pierce into the night, and it delivered the vampire Atrox unto him.

“I have come for inspection, Master. I am not entirely symmetrical, mind you, nor am I colored grandly, as I am glazed with blood... but I have worked hard on it that it might please thee, milord,” spoke Atrox. “You cower not, nor do you attacketh. Thou hast served the vampire clan known as the Covenant of Blood with toil and exertion, and hath held on high the Family of Cusat. These things are not under dispute... yet the pot may only be finished after being fired... fight me.”

And so Atrox and the Dark Lord Mulare Silus clashed mightily, and at last Atrox yielded, and so the two bowed. "Thou have fought well, kindred searcher." The vampire responded, "It is only as I endeavor, for good clay pots are practical." It was than that Mulare did not strike the pot Atrox, but he drank of him, and decreed, "Thou art now a friend of mine, having battled not for your life, but for you new title as Darth Atrox, master of the Dark Side."

And it was as such that the creature Atrox earned himself as all must do to come of age and sanity.

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## THE FOOLISH PREDATOR

*Hawk*, a fierce hunter and intelligent bird, came once to a nest full of newly hatched buzzards. Looking about she said unto herself, "These foul creatures would make an awful meal, and yet their parents are not about to protect them, defenseless as they are." So she made up her mind to toss them out of the nest and to their demise.

Yet as she was about to pluck the first from the nest, in squealed prostrate to Hawk, and quoth, "Forsooth! So it has progressed unto this, that just as life hath begun for me it must, verily, be ended. Pray, spare us, that we may never forget your blessing and grow to repay it!" So Hawk had sympathy on them and left on her way.

Some time later there was a famine, and the lands were lying bare. Hawk tracked the great country as she always did in such times, quite unaffected thanks to her grand prowess. When she came to her old grounds, her favorite in such times, she found it very barren. So she flew on, deeper and deeper into the wastes. She was deeply distraught, yet than saw some form of life on the ground.

Hawk swooped down upon the movement only to find the buzzards she had spared as mere chicks. She was outraged as she saw them eating upon the dead animal that should have been hers, and she realized that it was these Hawks that had stripped her lands. "Thou ungrateful birds!" she cried, "you have ruined my lands!" The buzzards than turned upon her and ate her up, and it was so that Hawk was repaid.

Suffer not others justice and ye will suffer.