

Kalwarr

Male Wookiee from Kashyyyk 100 years old (as of 15 ABL)



Kalwarr is a large, imposing, and rare white wookiee, standing at over 2m tall (7'+) and weighing in at 136 kg (just shy of 300 pounds). Though a large wook, he is very intelligent. Kal is a dangerous foe and a valuable ally. As a very rare white wookiee, he stands out instantly among any crowd. He is extremely loyal to those he considers worthy of his friendship. He abhors slavers of all kinds and considers himself to have a personal vendetta against them. He has a knack for mechanics and computers and has been known to tweak weapons, armor, and vehicles to be more effective. Though very intelligent, he is still a wookiee and more than one uncooperative hydrospanner and monitor have suffered his wrath.

Kalwarr, or white hunter as his name loosely translates, was born in 4,041. Kal grew up as most wookiees do, climbing the native wroshyr trees and running around their woodland habitat. He was always slightly different, however. Foremost, his fur is white. He is not an albino, he just happens to be one of the 1% of the population born with either black or white fur. He always stood out among other wookiees. He was also uncharacteristically cautious for a wookiee. Some felt that he was timid due to appearing so different from his fellows and this is certainly a possibility.

He became an acquaintance of a wookiee named Gorwooken upon reaching adulthood. They were friends, though wookiees usually shared a stronger bond with one another

even if they had never met anyway. By this time, there were humans and other species with bases on Kashyyyk supplying the populace with various bits of technology. Kal and Gorwooken would spend quite a bit of time among the other races. Kal was fascinated by the different ships that came in and all of the gadgets that accompanied them.

It was soon after the appearance of humans and other species en masse that a coup occurred within the ruling family of Rwookrrorro, the capital. The chief, Freyyr, was cast into the Shadowlands and his eldest son, Zaalbar, was branded a madclaw and exiled. The other son, Chuundar, assumed the title of chief. Secretly, the new chief made a deal with the aliens of the Czerka Corporation and began selling his fellow wookiees into slavery. As time went on, this activity became less and less subtle.

Since he spent time around the other species on the planet, Kalwarr became aware of this situation. He approached his closest fiend, Gorwooken, with this information. Unbeknownst to Kal, Gorwooken had already been involved in Chuundar's slaving scheme. Somehow, he had managed to keep it hidden from Kalwarr. Truthfully, it wasn't difficult. Gorwooken's business among the offworlders turned into business representing Chuundar and Kalwarr was oblivious to this as he was tinkering with whatever junk had piled up at the spaceport.

Gorwooken knew that the time had come for him to accept one of the offers he had received for the white wookiee. He had refused to sell his friend Kal into slavery, but he knew that he would never see Chuundar's wisdom and as he stood out so easily, could make things very difficult for the new chief, and for Gorwooken's chances at status and privilege. Setting up a ruse to meet Kal at the spaceport that night, Gorwooken laid a trap and the white wookiee was taken off planet by Czerka slavers. He never saw Gorwooken there, but knew that his friend had betrayed him.

Years, then decades went by as Kalwarr was a slave to a handful of masters. He was sold whenever his novelty factor wore off or faded away. Most of his masters made good money charging others to see the rare specimen. He was fortunate. Since his appearance was his attraction, he was never physically harmed by his captors. Many of his fellow captives were beaten, overworked, or otherwise abused.

His last master was a wealthy young socialite whose older husband, a former Czerka big-wig who retired to Yaga Minor to live like a king, had purchased him as a gift for his new trophy wife. The man had passed away since and no one paid to see the white wookiee anymore. Sometimes, he wasn't even fed for a few days. She also kept other slaves in the house as servants and laborers. The lady and her new beau (who had actually poisoned her older husband) had run this kind of scam many times before. They had become ridiculously wealthy and he had turned to running arms in between the scams. Feigning grief, the lady had sealed up the secluded home, but they secretly manufactured weapons and arms inside for the highest bidder.

He was regarded as a primitive, unintelligent savage, and he used this to his advantage. He was given manual labor to perform, but kept his eyes open and his ears peeled. Most workers didn't think he could even understand basic. He watched them assemble, repair, and test various weapons and devices. No one could have guessed that he was watching everything carefully, taking in all of his surroundings. He plotted, schemed, and planned.

Finally, the time came. On a night in the first few weeks of the year 3,945, someone had gotten lax in their duties and did not properly charge up the force cages. None of the other captives noticed. They were either passed out from exhaustion or too weak or tired to notice. Knowing that the locks were far easier to open without the cages charged, Kalwarr revealed a few smaller tools and parts he had managed to hide in his fur. Not a difficult thing to accomplish, really. He quickly assembled a small blaster pistol and then deftly picked the lock and opened his cage. He could already smell the blood in the air that he was planning to unleash.

Quickly and as quietly as possible, he released the other captives. He knew the closest place the weapons were stored and led those that could follow there. The first two guards were easy enough to dispatch. They were so in shock, they did not even radio for help, let alone set off an alarm. Kal deactivated the security devices for the storage room. No one in the complex would know they were in there.

The captives set a trap for their masters. Removing the guards' bodies and setting off the alarm, they waited. It was not long before more guards arrived and opened the door. They were greeted by a hail of blaster fire. A dozen guards were cut down in an instant.

Kalwarr then led his fellow captives to other areas populated by guards and dispatched them with violent ease. They ended up near the newly constructed hangar area and Kalwarr led the charge into the hangar itself. There were only a handful of guards stationed there. They were no match for the enraged wookiee and his fellows. Four were shot before they could stand up. One managed to fire a shot before being blasted and the last one was beaten down by Kalwarr with the butt of his blaster rifle.

Still fully enraged, Kalwarr sent some of his fellow captives to fetch those that did not come with them. He left a few with the ship. Fortunately, among the captives were two Duros who were merchant pilots before being abducted. The two left, a green-skinned former dancing girl twi'lek and a one-eyed sullustan, he commanded to follow him. There were no other wookiees present, but the twi'lek and a human both knew shyriiwook could help to translate.

Kalwarr led the two slaves up to the living quarters. With all but the last couple of guards dead, the three slaves made it to their master with relative ease. The guards put up almost no resistance. One actually begged for his life, but Kalwarr looked into his eyes and saw his life without honor and let the sullustan shoot him. Their master cowered in the corner of her room, weeping, frantically begging for her own life. Without flinching or hesitating, Kalwarr lifted her into the air eye to eye with him by her throat using one arm. He locked eyes with her and for the first time in her life, she really knew what fear was. He squeezed his massive hand until the woman ceased twitching and let her corpse thump to the floor.

The other slaves looted the place for what they could find. The ship they were absconding with was a larger light freighter. Almost all of the space had been converted into cargo holds. As such, there was room for all of them, including those in make shift litters. While the others filled the empty spaces with various items to trade or sell, at Kalwarr's behest, one of the escapees rigged a series of detonators in the building. The ship of slaves would leave only rubble behind them.

When all were ready, Kal stood alone on the loading ramp. With the bay open, the ship was ready to leave. Pushing the button on the remote detonator, Kal said goodbye to his life as a slave. The first detonation rumbled through the building. The ramp began to lift him up into the ship as it began its own lift off. As the loading ramp closed completely, the second explosion rocked the complex. There were two more explosions before the hangar bay collapsed, and the ship of slaves was in position to watch it from a safe distance by then.

The ship headed to what the Duros considered a friendly port, that of Dantooine. They had been imprisoned for only a few years and knew that the Jedi had returned to the galaxy and that the Jedi Enclave on Dantooine was rebuilt and renovated. Sure enough, when the escaped slaves arrived on Dantooine, they were soon being aided by the Jedi as well as the citizens of Khoonda, the capital city near the Jedi Enclave.

While the other slaves called him a hero, Kalwarr regretted the cold-blooded nature with which he had killed. Sure, his captors lacked honor and they certainly deserved their fate, but he felt the irresistible urge to repent. To do that, he would need to go home, to Kashyyyk. He knew that the Jedi Revan had helped free his people from the Czerka slavers and the traitorous Chuundar. He knew that Freyyr was now chieftain again. He wondered if Gorwooken had survived the purge.

The Jedi arranged a flight to take him home. He was very grateful for their hospitality and aid. He did not swear a life debt to them, but promised them he would return their kindness if ever possible.

Arriving on Kashyyyk, he learned of Gorwooken's death at the hands of the Jedi Revan. He re-acclimated to life on Kashyyyk well enough. He still stood out, but he had an undeniable knack for machinery and computers. He was also part of a group that had been off world long enough to realize the value of not being ostracized from the galaxy.

His group petitioned Freyyr to reopen Kashyyyk, but to no avail. Not necessarily xenophobic, but extremely wary of outsiders, Freyyr would not budge. He even acknowledged their compelling arguments, but refused to reopen the planet. After a few years, he made a suggestion, though. In his wisdom, Freyyr told Kalwarr's group of wookiees to "...be the vanguard of the new Kashyyyk. Spread yourself among the stars and be our eyes and ears, returning when you wish to. Bring honor to the clans and when Kashyyyk is ready, it will embrace the galaxy once more."

Kalwarr and the others saw the wisdom in Freyyr's words. This group would continue to ruffle the fur of others while on planet. They had some wanderlust to them. They could not simply hide amongst the wroshyr trees anymore. They would have their freedom and Freyyr would have his peace.

A ship was reconditioned and repaired for them. They named their ship the Jowovan, meaning 'star-seeker'. A wookiee twice Kalwarr's age led the group. They planned to disperse themselves at various larger space ports. Kalwarr requested to be dropped off on Dantooine. He had made a promise and now was the time to fulfill it.

In the year 3,940, some two dozen wookiees left Kashyyyk. They were sent off as heroes, not the boat-rockers that they were. This mission was given to them from their chief, and with it carried clout and honor, to themselves and wookiees everywhere.

Kalwarr arrived on Dantooine and was recognized fairly quickly. The Jedi quickly accepted his aid. He began work as a tech immediately as there were far too few Jedi to attend to mechanical and computer matters, mundane or otherwise.

Zeven “Zev” Thanas

Human Male from Commenor (28 as of 15 ABL) 4th degree droid (male)



Zeven (or Zev, as most acquaintances call him) is a handsome man with a very physical presence. He stands at 1.8m (6'1") and weighs 95kg (210 lbs). His left arm is a cybernetic replacement from the shoulder all the way to and including the hand. Having never been lithe or graceful, he dons armor instead of robes. He is relaxed, but focused and is quick to smile and laugh at a joke. He chides his droid's combative nature but is otherwise tolerant of it. He treats the droid's more violent tendencies more like comic relief than any actual dangerous behavior.

Hank is a droid who has been reassembled and rebuilt piece by piece from different droids. He has the Chassis of a Republic Wardroid, but the processor, vocabulator and therefore, personality and speech mannerisms of an HK series assassin droid. He obeys his master and serves as a protocol droid and tech aid. His true value is that of a combat droid, however. He is aggressive and prefers combat to anything else.

Zeven Thanas was born on Commenor in 3969 BBY to a city administrator and his young wife. As is common with Force Sensitive children in the Core Worlds, he was taken to the Jedi Academy on Coruscant at an early age for his Jedi training.

He could feel the force, yes, but he had trouble controlling it. He was also not as in tune with it as others. He was far better with a lightsaber and was somewhat of a brute, as he was simply bigger than the other younglings. When the other students grew and began

to show more prowess with the force, thus aiding their fighting skills, Zev fell behind. Try as he might, the force just did not flow through him as easily.

The Mandalorian Wars broke out as did the Jedi Civil War. Then came the annihilation of Katarr and the Jedi amassed their. Zev was stationed at the temple for all of this time, master-less as younger pupils showing more promise in the force took up the few padawan spots available. When the Sith came to destroy the temple on Coruscant and the remaining Jedi, Zev was one of the few old enough to stand against them. He lost his left arm at the shoulder defending the temple, but not his life. Likely thought to be dead, he survived the massacre.

He awoke in a republic military hospital on Coruscant two days later. Only moments after he awoke he was handed a sealed, hand-written message. It informed him of the purge of the Jedi throughout the galaxy. He was told his belongings could be found in a security locker in the hospital. He was fitted for a cybernetic replacement arm and hand and requested an older, cheaper, and decidedly more cumbersome model. He decided it was best to look as if he didn't have money or Jedi access to the best of care and equipment. The model he chose was common for injured soldiers who needed little more than to hold the barrel of a blaster rifle with it.

After his surgery, he retrieved his belongings along with enough credits to last him awhile and get him off planet. He quickly decided against trying to find his family, fearing he would only put them in danger. He booked passage away from Coruscant and wandered a bit before landing a job as a laborer on a freighter based on Sluis Van. He maintained an apartment there near one of the many, many shipyards in orbit around the planet even though his freighter traveled regularly. He told all who asked that he lost his arm in republic army training incident and was discharged.

While part of the freighter crew, he discovered that he had some mechanical aptitude and proved his worth as more than an imposing figure with a strong back. He tinkered on his arm using his other hand to further develop his skills. He developed them enough to install a hidden compartment in his arm's bicep area to hide his lightsaber in. The arm was so large and bulky, that he was able to fit the section in without making the bicep noticeably larger. He was able to reroute the circuitry around the compartment to disguise it from scanners as well.

The Jedi training instilled in him so early in life made him resist forming close attachments. He had friends in the crew and enjoyed the company of a few ladies here and there, but he never let anyone get too close. That is, until the ship's first-mate, a slightly older, vulgar, yet sultry Corellian named Amira Niedra, took a fancy to him. It started as a drunken partnering, but developed into a relatively normal relationship when she wasn't giving him orders on the ship. They spent a good deal of time together, and it was obvious to all others that they were a couple.

During this time, Zev began assembling a droid out of salvaged or discarded parts he came across. After a handful of years and lots of sweating and cussing, not to mention a good deal of credits, he managed to gather the last of what he needed within his budget. He came across a shady Aqualish droid dealer on Nar Shaddaa and purchased an unusual processor and an accompanying vocabulator. They presented a challenge in cracking their encryption for installation, but he was able to do it. Once assembled

and finally turned on, the droid announced its function as an HK series protocol droid. The HK series was unknown to him, and despite his best efforts, he was never able to find any additional information on them. He decided to name the droid "Hank" after the series letters.

At the time, Hank was housed in a chassis made from various droids, mostly protocol units. The droid had a strange manner of speaking and even stranger behaviors for a protocol droid. It prefaced most verbal communications with a description of the type of remark it was about to make. It was certainly unique and Zev rather liked it. Though funny looking, the droid definitely retained some other quirks from its mysterious processor. From day one, it had a sense of being, of self-worth. It was subservient to Zev, but took no orders from anyone else. It could be said that the droid even disdained others.

The droid's appearance would have to wait, because Zev was saving his money for something else. He bought a ring and proposed to Amira, who happily accepted. Before they were married, Zev felt the need to tell her about his past. She didn't believe him and he produced his lightsaber as proof.

A week before the wedding, he was to meet Amira at their apartment on Coruscant. Upon entering, he was attacked by two men. He was able to dodge one shot but the second one landed. He staggered, but remained upright. Instinct took over and he released his lightsaber from its longtime home and ignited it. The next blaster shots barely missed their target and he was able to fell one of his assailants with a thrust of his energy blade.

The other attacker fired again. The shot passed by Zev, but connected squarely with Hank, who was slowly making his way into the room from the adjoining bedroom. The attacker deftly dodged a lightsaber slash. He shouted at Zev "Amira wished you had more, but The Exchange's bounty will have to suffice!" His tactic worked as Zev hesitated for an instant. That was all it took for his last shot to find its mark. Zev's lightsaber extinguished as he felt it slide from his grip. He was on floor looking up. Another blaster shot sounded. He closed his eyes and expected death, but it did not come. Instead, he heard the distinct sound of a body collapsing on the floor. Another blaster shot rang out. Zev looked at the direction the blasts came from. Holding the blaster pistol dropped by the other attacker was none other than Hank. He stepped a little closer still and fired another shot into the already dead second gunman.

Zev awoke hours later in his own bed later. His head was swimming and his body was in pain. Regaining his memory, he found Hank in the room, still holding one of the blaster pistols. "Have you recovered, Master?" the droid asked. After telling the droid that he was indeed not recovered and needed medical attention, the droid replied "You should consider replacing more parts, Master. You could just repair yourself. Flesh is so fragile." Fortunately, one of his attackers had a medpac and Zev was able to heal himself quite well with that.

Hank played back a recording from earlier that day. In it, his fiancé's voice instructed the men as to when he would return home and reviewed the details of payments. His bride-to-be, the only person he had allowed himself to love, had betrayed him. She had given him up to The Exchange.

Coming briefly to his senses, he remarked to HanK “How did you record that? I didn’t know you could do that.”

“Neither did I Master” replied the droid. “Nor did I know that I could use one of these” it stated, raising the blaster still in its hand. “Or that I would enjoy it”.

Zev dismissed the droid’s use of the word “enjoy” as a result of his tinkering with its processor and decided to save pondering of its abilities for another time. As his next immediate course of action, Zev sought out his employer. The authorities had questioned him about the first-mate, Amira. She had been found shot to death an hour before, but had likely been dead since before Zev himself was attacked. The Exchange thugs had gotten their information and eliminated her as a precaution and to keep her share of the bounty as well.

Zev told the old captain what had happened and why. The old salt had served as a Republic naval officer in his younger days. He saw many battles won due to the Jedi and their abilities. The older man told Zev to go. “I never saw you today lad. I don’t know where you are. I don’t know anything about your past.”

As Zev turned to leave, the captain said “Kid...” and Zev turned to face him. “May the Force be with you” he finished.

Zev and HanK laid low. Thanks to the credits the thugs had on them and the credits he got for selling their other equipment and some of his own belongings, he was able to afford not to get another job for months. Eventually though, he had to seek employment and found a job working security in a relatively nice establishment that featured dancing girls.

He worked there for a year before arriving home and having HanK announce “A lady to see you, master”. It was Mira, a robed, red-headed Jedi searching for former Jedi and force sensitive beings. She told him of the new Jedi Order and of Vima Sunrider, whom Zev had actually met in passing once before the massacre on Katarr and ensuing purge. She told him that the Room of a Thousand Fountains flowed once more. He immediately resigned his job and left Sluis Van with Mira to rejoin the Jedi. As with all other split career Jedi, he was sent to Telos to continue his training. He was soon assigned to train under Bao-Dur as his padawan since their abilities were very much in common.

Bao-Dur installed a new, properly fitted and lighter arm on his padawan and professed to even know about the HK series of protocol droids and after examining HanK’s still damaged processor, he told Zev that the droid merely had a heuristic processor (the truth), but made no mention of the HK series actually being assassin droids. The original owner of the parts found on Nar Shaddaa may have even been destroyed by Bao-Dur himself during his time there with the Exile. During his training, Zev was able to replace HanK’s chassis with that of a republic wardroid to vastly improve his appearance.

Zev was hungry to use the Force again. It flowed more easily now than it had when he was younger. Why, he did not know. Though it flowed freely, due to his cybernetics he

still had a slightly muted connection to it. His eagerness and former training allowed him to advance faster than the most of the other students, even with his slightly diminished Force connection. There was no doubt that his prowess would be in the use of the lightsaber, and he could not have asked for a better teacher than Battlemaster Bao-Dur.

He has progressed far enough to be sent off-world on a mission and it is a welcome task. He longs to prove his worth to the Jedi, though within him still smolders the embers of hate for the Sith and what he was witness to and victim of in his youth. The betrayal of his fiancé still lingers within him as well. His feelings are not entirely hidden and the masters know that there is conflict within him. He must overcome his feelings if he is to become a true Jedi hero. Such is the path of the Jedi.

Arlyn Varss

Human Female from Ord Mantell

19 years old (as of 15 ABL)



Arlyn is a beautiful young woman. She has slightly longer than shoulder length blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. She is small, standing at only 1.52m (5') and weighing but 36 kg (79 pounds). Do not judge her by her size, as the Force is her ally. She is energetic but introverted; strong-willed yet still impressionable; charismatic yet shy. She forgoes the traditional Jedi robe in favor of form fitting clothing that accentuates her lean frame. She still retains her goofy awkwardness unless she is actively focusing on the force, in which case she becomes supremely confident and smooth.

Arlyn was born on Ord Mantell to a cantina owner and his wife. She was special, even as a child. Her latent force abilities allowed her to react quicker, think faster, and have a better understanding of her surroundings. While she barely scratched the surface of her true Force talent, it was enough for people to talk about. With the flux of Jedi and Sith combat and the Exchange bounty, her parents scolded the child when it was obvious she was tapping into the force a little.

She subdued her instincts and became a clumsy, skittish, shy girl. She was still cute and smart, so most folks just assumed it was the awkwardness of the human teenager presenting itself a little early. She managed to suppress her connection to the force until one day when she and some friends were at a local zoo. One of the large off-world predators managed to escape from its enclosure.

Visitors ran in fear from the beast while zoo personnel tried in vain to stop it. Arlyn got lost in the confusion that ensued and ended up directly in the beast's path. As she rose to her feet, it towered above her. Panicked, but seemingly oblivious, the slight girl stood firm in the creature's path. As it lunged at her, her instincts took over and she unconsciously used the force to lift the creature off its feet and fling it a little more than a meter away from here. Dazed, the beast was then able to be subdued by zoo security.

It was only a few days later that a former bounty hunter turned Jedi approached the girl and her parents in their cantina. The Jedi Knight Mira had sensed the disturbance and raced to beat the Sith to the girl. Her parents knew that their daughter was destined for greater things and allowed Mira to take her to Telos to begin her Jedi training.

It was easy for Master Atris to see that the girl was strong in the force. Atris is very knowledgeable of the differences between saber-wielding and true force-users. Therefore, the girl's training was closely monitored by Atris to ensure that she had control of her abilities.

She became Master Brianna's first padawan. The Echani Jedi instilled in the girl physical discipline as well as teaching her forms of the force that were least likely to tempt her to the Dark Side. Brianna saw that when tapping into the force, Arlyn was different. She cast off her awkward mannerisms and was more Jedi than most students. When not actively focusing or using the force, however, she reverted to her still awkward and shy persona that had masked her abilities for so long. Brianna tried her best to instill more confidence in the girl, but she soon decided to concentrate on her force personality and hope that it would eventually override the other one once she grew stronger and more experienced.

Satisfied with her progress, Atris spoke personally to the young padawan, saying "Your lightsaber will not be your weapon of choice. The force flows through you like the water over the falls. Be ever aware of your heart. Search your feelings and make sure you are calm, at peace. A Jedi uses the force for knowledge and defense, never for attack."

Arlyn hopes to be able to heed Atris' words and become the great Jedi many think she will.

Koth Drii

Kel Dor Male from Dorin

22 years old (as of 15 ABL)



Koth is regarded as a typical Kel Dor among other species. He shares his race's most common shade of flesh (peach) and humanoid size (1.8m, 70 kg). Like most Kel Dor, he is naturally more agile and wise. Away from his home planet, he must wear his protective goggles and breath mask. He is calm, but quick to spring into action. He is very much in touch with his own feelings and the Force flows through him freely. Among his fellow Kel Dor, he is regarded as average, but also as a sort of a pioneer for volunteering to join the Jedi Order.

Koth is the third child of Taan and Sha Drii. The family has served Dorin largely as Baran Do Sages for generations upon generations. Koth's older brothers were already beginning the later stages of their Baran Do training when Vima Sunrider announced the return of the Jedi to galaxy at large in 6 ABL. Koth, 13 at the time, was still within the middle stages of his own Baran Do growth.

The Kel Dor in general paid little attention to the Master Sunrider's announcement. The teachings of the Baran Do did not lend itself to the dark side as easily and therefore, Dorin's force-user's largely stayed away from the galactic scene, though there had been a few Kel Dor Jedi in the order for quite some time.

A few years later, a Miraluka Jedi named Visas Marr arrived on Dorin as an ambassador of the Jedi Order. The order was in desperate need of force sensitive candidates to rebuild their numbers. Knowing the Baran Do tradition and having had a few Kel Dor counted amongst their number in years past, the Jedi had to tap into the resource on Dorin.

Visas Marr's calls for those to join the order fell largely upon deaf ears. For generations, the Baran Do Sages watched the Jedi and Sith clash and wanted no part of their galactic battles. However, the Kel Dor are a wise people and as a member of the Galactic Republic, the governing body decided that since the Jedi Order was rebuilding itself, there was no better time to align with it and help mold its recreation.

The ruling council passed a measure that, for now, would send only children from families with multiple children to the Jedi and only after the Baran Do had instilled within them their core teachings. This meant that only those force sensitive children who had older siblings and were approaching their teen years would be sent to the Jedi.

Though he would soon begin the later stages of his training, Koth volunteered to accompany the Miraluka to Coruscant, and later to Telos. His older brothers were too old to abandon the Baran Do way and join the Jedi. His parents would have requested that he join the Jedi, but his youthful wisdom served him well. He could see, as they did, that a Kel Dor Jedi Master would only aid his people and set the stage for their rise to more prominence in the galaxy.

Koth also realized that he had been instilled with a different teaching than any Jedi would have and he could use the basic Baran Do teachings to offer a different understanding of the Force. He would blend both teachings, and believed that if he could do so and survive the trials ahead, that he would one day sit on the Jedi Council itself.

Visas knew the latent ability the youth possessed and could feel the control already present in him. It would take some time to instill the Jedi teachings within him, but once he adopted their ways, he would be a tremendous ally and an ambassador for his people as well.

As the oldest of the roughly dozen Kel Dor children sent to become Jedi, Koth was at Visas's side for the entirety of his decision and her departure from Coursant. She was as calm as any Baran Do Sage he had ever encountered and her soothing demeanor was crucial to the transition for the young Kel Dor leaving their homeworld.

In time, more force sensitive children would leave Kel Dor before receiving any Baran Do teachings. Before the passing of three more centuries, the future Dorin Jedi would become younglings like all other Jedi species and the Baran Do would fade away and eventually become extinct. Since they had developed the ability to peer into the future before joining the republic, it is entirely possible that the Sages themselves realized this at the time and took it upon themselves to set the future in motion rather than try to change it. It is also likely that the Sages knew there would be a rebuilding of the Jedi Order and waited until such a time to align with them fully.

Koth was a quick learner and an excellent student. He embraced the Jedi teachings, but never let go of his Baran Do roots. The two philosophies were not very different, really. The largest difference was the Jedi's reliance on the lightsaber as much as the Force itself. This is the area Koth struggled with the most and why he is slightly older than most of the padawans of his class. He knew the day would come when he was comfortable enough with the weapon to be allowed to join the other padawans as they traveled the galaxy on Jedi business and it did.

As he grows stronger as a Jedi, he has become far more adept at the use of the lightsaber and will only continue to get better. His natural agility aids his combat skills and his natural wisdom gives him a greater command over the force than the average padawan. His aim is still to be named a Master and to sit on the council. None among the current masters doubt he will achieve his goal.