Sith Acolyte Gauntlet

A Gauntlet by SpazzWave. Version 1.2

Welcome, prospective master of the dark. You stand upon the crimson sands of **Korriban**, the ancestral cradle of the Sith. Towering statues of long-dead Dark Lords cast jagged shadows across the Valley of the Dark Lords, and the air itself hums with malice, ancient sorcery, and the scent of ozone and copper.



You are an **Acolyte**. That means you are nothing. You are clay to be molded, meat for the Tuk'ata, or fodder for an ancient tomb's traps. Overseers will torment you, peers will smile as they slide a vibroblade between your ribs, and ancient spirits will demand your sanity.

Survive the trials, claim a lightsaber, and you may become an Apprentice. Survive long enough, and you might tear the galaxy apart.

Starting Era

Before you step off the transport shuttle and breathe in the sulfurous air of Korriban, you must decide when your trials begin. The state of the Sith Academy (and your odds of surviving it) changes drastically depending on the millennium.



The Brotherhood of Darkness

You arrive during the years of the New Sith Wars. Under the leadership of Lord Kaan, the Sith have temporarily abandoned the title of Darth and claim to rule as a brotherhood of equals. Here on Korriban, Lord Qordis runs a rigid, almost aristocratic Academy where acolytes are forbidden from murdering one another (unless, of course, they are powerful enough to earn the instructors' favor, in which case the rules suddenly become a lot more flexible). You might be sharing the halls with legends-in-the-making, including the undefeated prodigy Sirak, the former Jedi seductress Githany, and a brutal, towering ex-miner named Bane.

Be warned: by this point in history, Korriban is an exhausted graveyard. Thousands of years of grave-robbing, Jedi purges, and archaeological strip-mining have picked the Valley of the Dark Lords completely clean. There are no ancient relics left in the tombs, and the Sith spirits have long since faded into nothingness. Venturing into the ruins here is a fool’s errand that will yield only dust and madness. If you want power and forbidden lore, you will have to steal it from the Academy’s locked archives or rip it from the hands of your instructors before Lord Kaan drags the entire Order into the meatgrinder of Ruusan.



The Time of Revan

You enter the Academy at the height of the Jedi Civil War, under the shadow of Darth Malak and the legacy of Darth Revan. The Sith Order of this era is a volatile melting pot of broken Republic veterans, opportunistic mercenaries, and fallen Jedi Knights whose beliefs were shattered at Malachor V. Under the watchful, calculating eye of Academy Headmaster Uthar Wynn and his treacherous second-in-command, Yuthura Ban, acolytes compete in a game of ‘’Prestige’’. Only the single acolyte who earns the most favor (through ruthlessness, cunning, and completing deadly tasks) is allowed to enter the Tomb of Naga Sadow and become Sith.

Unlike later eras, the tombs here are still very much alive. Ancient Rakatan droids still patrol the sub-levels, Terentateks lurk in the shadows, and the remorseful spirit of Ajunta Pall still guards his cursed swords in the dark. However, the true danger of this era lies in the rotting foundation of the Empire itself. Built upon Malak’s betrayal of his own Master, paranoia and treason infect every level of the hierarchy. Headmaster Uthar and Yuthura Ban are actively plotting to assassinate one another, and both will attempt to use you as their covert blade - meaning that choosing the wrong patron is a death sentence.

The Old Republic / SWTOR Era

You arrive during the Cold War following the sacking of Coruscant. This is the absolute peak of the Sith Era, and it is infinitely more dangerous than any other period in galactic history. The resurgent Sith Empire controls half the galaxy, ruled from the shadows by the immortal Sith Emperor Vitiate and his twelve Dark Councilors. The Academy on Korriban is not a secluded school; it is a sprawling, industrial slaughterhouse designed to cull the weak on a massive scale.



In other eras, a clever acolyte might survive by keeping their head down. Here, keeping your head down gets it cut off. To replace the heavy losses of the recent war, the Empire has begun forcing thousands of desperate slaves and untrained hopefuls into the trials alongside traditionalist Sith nobility, turning the Academy into a vicious pressure-cooker with an attrition rate upwards of ninety-five percent. Sadistic Overseers routinely execute entire cohorts just for failing a single objective, while countless full-fledged Sith Lords and Inquisitors stalk the upper levels looking for expendable pawns to sacrifice in their cutthroat political schemes. Furthermore, the Valley of the Dark Lords is at its most lethal: Imperial excavations have cracked open the deepest, deadliest sub-levels of the tombs, unleashing swarms of ravenous K'lor'slugs, bloodthirsty Tuk'ata packs, heavily armed bands of desperate tomb-robbers, and ancient alchemical war-beasts that butcher dozens of students every single day. You are entering the Empire at the zenith of its cruelty and power, and you are going to need every advantage if you hope to survive enough for graduation.

Difficulty

While each era has its own reputation, the actual lethality of your trials depends entirely on the political climate and local conditions of your specific class cycle. You may pair any Starting Era above with any Difficulty below; the circumstances of the Academy will naturally bend to justify your choice.

The Rigid Crucible [Grants +0 CP]

(Default for The Brotherhood of Darkness)
Your Academy is currently run as a disciplined military school rather than a mindless meatgrinder. Acolytes are strictly forbidden from murdering one another in the halls (unless, of course, they become powerful enough to earn the instructors' favor, in which case the rules suddenly become a lot more flexible). Furthermore, tomb trials are largely restricted to already-cleared surface ruins, turning them into tests of endurance rather than suicide missions. A clever acolyte can survive here simply by keeping their head down and respecting the chain of command.

In other eras: If you take this in the Revan or SWTOR eras, circumstances have forced the Overseers to go easy on your specific cohort. Perhaps the pampered heir of a powerful Dark Councilor is in your class and nobody is allowed to cause ‘’collateral damage’’ near them, or perhaps the Ministry of War just chewed out your Overseer (‘’Did you forget your job is to produce LIVE bodies for the front lines, you psycho?! Quit burning ants in your ant farm and get us some recruits!’’), forcing the instructors to ban student murder and keep you out of the lethal tomb zones for a cycle or two.

The Game of Prestige [Grants +200 CP]

(Default for The Time of Revan)
Your cohort competes in a cutthroat game of "Prestige." Only the single acolyte in your trial group who earns the most favor (through ruthlessness, cunning, and completing deadly tasks) is allowed to pass the final trial and become Sith. Overseers actively encourage you to poison or betray your peers so long as you aren't sloppy about it, and your trials will send you into active, unlooted tombs crawling with Rakatan droids, Terentateks, and lingering spirits. Worse, your two highest-ranking superiors are actively plotting to assassinate one another, and both will attempt to use you as their covert blade - meaning that choosing the wrong patron is a death sentence.

In other eras: If you take this in the Brotherhood era, Lord Kaan has ordered a ruthless "quality over quantity" experiment on your specific class where only one initiate is permitted to ascend, while mining crews have just broken into a sealed, untouched sub-tomb full of ancient traps and monsters (and guess who the expendable bodies being sent in to clear it are?) In the SWTOR era, you are placed in a specialized, small-batch cohort caught directly in a shadow war between an ambitious Overseer and their treacherous apprentice.

The Industrial Slaughterhouse [Grants +400 CP]

(Default for The SWTOR Era)
The Academy is not a secluded school; it is a sprawling, industrial slaughterhouse designed to cull the weak on a massive scale. In other difficulties, a clever acolyte might survive by keeping their head down. Here, keeping your head down gets it cut off. Flooded with thousands of desperate conscripts and vicious nobles alike, your class is a pressure-cooker with an attrition rate upwards of ninety-five percent. Sadistic Overseers routinely execute entire cohorts just for failing a single objective, while visiting Sith Lords constantly poach initiates as expendable pawns for suicidal political schemes. Furthermore, the Valley of the Dark Lords is at its most lethal: recent excavations have cracked open the deepest, deadliest sub-levels of the tombs, unleashing swarms of ravenous K'lor'slugs, bloodthirsty Tuk'ata packs, heavily armed bands of desperate tomb-robbers, and ancient alchemical war-beasts that butcher dozens of students every single day. You will need every single point of that **+400 CP** bonus just to see your graduation day.

In other eras: If you take this in the Brotherhood or Revan eras, a desperate wartime mobilization has flooded Korriban with thousands of forced conscripts, and the instructors have been ordered to butcher everyone except the strongest five percent. Worse, a massive canyon earthquake has just cracked open the deepest, primordial abysses beneath the Valley - flooding the surface ruins with starving swarms of K'lor'slugs, ancient Sithspawn, and frenzied scavengers right as your trials begin.

Details and Race

Because this is a Gauntlet, you are stripped of all your Out-of-Jump powers, perks, items, and access to your Warehouse. You enter the Sith Academy with **0 CP**, and apart from your Starting Era stipend, you may only gain additional Choice Points by taking on Drawbacks. Alternatively, you may opt to run this document as a standard Jump rather than a Gauntlet. If you choose this option, you receive a standard budget of 1000 CP (in addition to any Starting Era stipend). However, the Gauntlet's safety net is revoked: if you die, it results in a Chain failure. Furthermore, choosing this option strictly bars you from taking any Scenarios.

Identity: You may freely choose your gender and your starting age (though choosing an age too young or too decrepit to hold a training blade will make your trials significantly harder).
Duration: Unlike a standard ten-year Jump, your tenure in this crucible lasts until you either graduate from the Academy and establish yourself as a full Sith, or become a stain on a tomb floor.
Death is Not the End: The attrition rate of the Sith Academy is infamously lethal, and dying here does not end your Jumpchain. Should you be slain during your time here, time will rewind to the moment you stepped off the shuttle, allowing you to repeat the Gauntlet as many times as it takes to succeed, unless you decide to forfeit your purchases and move on to your next Jump. Additionally, your companions will remember you through the loops.

Species

Standard Humanoid [Free]
By default, you may choose to be a baseline Human, a Near-Human, or any standard Humanoid alien species native to the galaxy (such as a Zabrak, Twi'lek, Mirialan, Rattataki, or Togruta). While some of these species possess minor biological quirks (like a Zabrak's second heart or a Twi'lek's lekku), none of them grant overwhelming supernatural advantages.

Gifted Species [200]
If you wish to belong to a humanoid or near-human species that possesses potent, innate biological or psychic abilities, you must pay **200 CP**. This tier includes species like **Zeltrons** (who exude intoxicating pheromones and possess natural telepathic empathy) or Iktotchi (who possess innate precognition and telepathy).
Restrictions: Your racial options are strictly capped at this level. No species stronger than a Zeltron or an Iktotchi may be chosen. You may not enter the Academy as a Gen'Dai, an Anzati, or a Shi'do. And don't even think about a Celestial, you little smartass.

Drawbacks

Scent of Prey [+100]

To the twisted, Dark Side-mutated fauna of Korriban, your presence in the Force is strangely agitating (or perhaps just appetizing). You naturally draw the unwanted attention of the planet's wildlife. Whenever you step out into the Valley of the Dark Lords or delve into the tombs, you are noticeably more likely to cross paths with hungry predators than the average acolyte. Lurking K'lor'slugs are easily drawn to the vibrations of your footsteps, and territorial Tuk'ata will catch your scent on the wind much faster than usual - often choosing to lunge at you first if you are traveling with a group. Even within the Academy, you will need to check your boots and bedding, as venomous Pelko bugs have a nasty habit of creeping into your quarters. You can still mask your presence or scare these beasts off with enough skill and effort, but venturing into the wastes means you will have to contend with far more teeth and claws than your peers.

Haunted by the First Kill [+100]

Before you ever set foot on Korriban, you eliminated someone in your past using the Dark Side (perhaps in a blind fit of rage, terror, or desperation), and the memory of that act refuses to fade. Because of this, you are relentlessly plagued by vivid, cold-sweat nightmares of taking their life, and eliminating other people during your trials at the Academy only adds fresh faces to the horrors waiting for you whenever you close your eyes. Every time you try to sleep, the dead claw at your dreams, robbing you of peaceful rest. These nightmares will continue to haunt you every night until you finally learn how to psychologically deal with what you have done, or until you harden your heart enough to gather strength from those dark memories as a true Master of the Dark Side.

Improperly Paranoid [+100]

Constant vigilance might be a survival trait among the Sith, but there is such a thing as overdoing it. Your awareness of just how treacherous Sith society can be has left you with a bone-deep fear of betrayal that is almost crippling. You find it very difficult to make even temporary pragmatic alliances, strongly prefer to risk the dangers of exploring or fighting alone rather than allow for even the possibility that you might get backstabbed, and simply do not ever entirely relax. And while this set of habits might help you survive longer, it's still an exhausting and lonely way to live.

Nature of the Scorpion [+100]

Treachery is the way of the Sith, yet you take this creed to a self-destructive extreme. You suffer from a chronic, overwhelming compulsion to betray anyone who shows you their back, completely divorced from logic or self-preservation. Whenever an opportunity arises to double-cross a temporary ally, hoard a shared reward, or strike a superior while they are vulnerable, your impulse control practically evaporates. It does not matter if you still need that partner alive to disarm the tomb's lethal traps, or if you are both currently surrounded by starving Tuk'ata: the itch to slip a blade between their ribs is agonizingly difficult to resist. You are the embodiment of short-sighted malice, constantly burning vital bridges, ruining your own reputation, and sabotaging your long-term survival for the fleeting, petty thrill of twisting the knife.

Disfavored [+200]

For one reason or another, the instructors of the Academy have decided that you are persona non grata. Regardless of how powerful, charismatic, or potentially useful you might be, the word has gone out that you are to be left by the wayside. Perhaps you have fallen on the wrong side of an Overseer's prejudice, perhaps your jump-identity is related to someone who is currently on the outs in Sith politics, or there could be some other cause. In any event, the results are the same; outside of the minimum instruction that every student is owed just for showing up, none of the Academy staff are going to help you with anything. If you need expert knowledge, then you're going to have to find a way to sneak into the library or somehow persuade one of your fellow students to tutor you. You aren't *quite* disfavored enough for the staff to be actively out to get you, but knowing in advance that the Overseer is entirely indifferent to your fate will make you a more attractive target to fellow students looking for someone to bully.

The Hollow Flame [+200]

''Peace is a lie, there is only passion.'' The very first line of the Sith Code dictates where your power comes from - yet even the fiercest fire can be smothered into cold ash. At a pivotal moment during your time here, you will suffer a profound trauma: perhaps a devastating betrayal, a crushing defeat, or a psychological break within the tombs. Instead of fueling your rage, this event will dull your spirit, plunging you into a state of hollow depression and apathy. With your passions muted, your grasp on the Force will falter, leaving you spiritually exhausted and noticeably weaker. In a viper's nest like Korriban, this slump is lethal; rival acolytes and Overseers will quickly smell blood in the water, making you easy prey. You can break free of this numbness, but the usual, shallow methods (like stoking petty anger or inflicting physical pain) will fail to spark your cold heart. To survive, you must endure the circling sharks while discovering a truly profound purpose or revelation capable of rekindling your dying flame.

Slave to Passion [+200]

The Sith Code teaches that passion brings strength, but for you, that passion lacks a leash. You are easily controlled by your own emotions, and the Dark Side constantly rolls and churns around you like a volatile storm waiting to break. Because of this raw, unfiltered connection, you will find that it is noticeably easier to gather strength and call upon the Dark Side in the heat of the moment - yet it is just as easy for you to completely lose control of yourself. Every slight, flash of fear, or surge of anger threatens to hijack your common sense. A rival's taunt might goad you into starting a lethal brawl right in front of the Overseers, a sudden ambush in the tombs could send you into a blind, reckless frenzy, and once you start drawing heavily on your anger in a fight, you will struggle to stop yourself from abandoning all tactics and defense just to tear your enemy apart. Until you learn to cage the storm inside you, your emotions will rule you far more than you rule them.

Unbroken Chains [+200]

You do not begin your journey stepping off a shuttle as a freshly recruited initiate; you start at the very bottom of the galaxy's food chain. Whether worked to the bone in a Czerka excavation camp, or crushed under an impossible corporate debt in the toxic cortosis mines of the Outer Rim, your life belongs to cruel masters. Before you ever set foot in the Sith Academy, you must endure a grueling stretch of backbreaking, gruesome labor for one year until a desperate outburst of raw Force potential finally draws the eye of a Sith recruiter. While fate guarantees you will not die in the mines (or become maimed) before your recruitment, this ordeal will not pass without a high cost. By the time you are finally dragged into the Academy halls, the brutal work will leave you malnourished and covered in a tapestry of lingering scars and poorly healed injuries - forcing you to begin your lethal trials physically battered and dangerously behind your well-rested peers.

Scrap-Iron Graft [+200/+400/+600/+800]

You did not arrive in Korriban in one piece. Choose one of your limbs: an arm or a leg. Prior to your arrival at the Academy, that limb was severed, crushed, or amputated, and replaced not with high-end military cybernetics, but with cheap, clunky, black-market junk cobbled together from scrap metal and discarded droid parts. The neural interface is wretchedly calibrated, shooting chronic phantom pain into your nervous system whenever the weather shifts or the motors strain. The synthetic joints are stiff and heavy, noticeably dulling your reaction time, footwork, or weapon precision on that side of your body. Under heavy, sustained physical exertion, the internal servomotors have a nasty habit of grinding, overheating, or temporarily seizing up for critical seconds mid-combat. Worse still, shoddy wiring is a fatal liability in the Sith Order: exposure to ion blasts, high-voltage energy, or stray arcs of Force Lightning will cause your prosthetic to violently short out, shocking your flesh and leaving the limb completely limp and useless until you can manually repair it. You may take this drawback up to four times.

No Handouts [+400]

The Dark Side does not grant power for free; it demands you bleed to seize it. Upon arriving on Korriban, all the pre-packaged training, muscle memory, and knowledge granted by your purchased perks vanish. You do not lose the perks themselves, only their instant mastery. Mighty Force abilities are reduced to raw, untamed potential. Lethal combat mastery becomes mere reflexes and natural talent. Social cunning, sorcerous lore, and technical skills are stripped down to sharp intuition and baseline aptitude. While inherent traits like a towering physique or striking beauty remain largely unaffected, anything that can be learned or honed must be forged from the ground up. You still possess all the unnatural talent and high ceilings you paid for, acolyte, but until you survive the crucible of the Academy to actually train them, you are merely a gifted amateur.

Bleeding Heart [+400]

To the Sith, mercy is a fatal disease - and you are heavily infected. Beneath whatever dark exterior you try to project, you possess a stubbornly empathetic soul paired with a painfully naive trust in others. In a viper’s nest built on treachery, you are the ultimate mark. You are easily fooled by crocodile tears, fabricated sob stories, and warm smiles. When a cunning peer offers a ‘’sincere’’ hand of friendship to help you survive the tombs, your natural instinct is to trust them without question. When a defeated rival grovels in the dirt, weeping and swearing they have learned their lesson, your empathy flares up - making you hesitate to deliver the killing blow and tempting you to spare their life. You chronically want to believe the best in the worst people in the galaxy. Unless you constantly fight against your own gentle nature, you will repeatedly walk into obvious ambushes, take the fall for ‘’friends’’ who are using you as bait, and spare downed enemies only to feel their vibroblade slip into your back a moment later.

Stygian Residue [+400]

Prior to setting foot on Korriban, you survived a brush with a volatile alchemical poison or a lingering Dark Side curse - yet the corruption was never properly purged from your veins. That foul residue still clings to your biology like black rot, leaving your constitution and immune system dangerously fragile. You are twice as vulnerable to biological toxins, meaning a rival's poisoned blade or a Pelko bug sting that would merely sicken a peer could easily prove fatal to you. Even your flesh struggles to mend itself; despite the use of kolto or medpacs, severe burns from blasters, Force Lightning, or lightsaber grazes fester and take weeks longer to heal than normal. Worse, whenever you push your physical endurance to its limit during a grueling duel or a desperate sprint through the tombs, your lungs violently rebel: wracking your frame with sudden, painful bouts of coughing up black phlegm that leave you gasping and wide open to attack. Mundane medicine cannot touch this taint; only the application of high-level Sith Alchemy is capable of finally purging the corruption from your cells.

Easy Target [+400]

In a crucible like the Sith Academy, predators instinctively hunt the perceived runt of the litter - and through bad luck, unfortunate rumors, or sheer social malice, everyone has collectively decided that runt is you. To your fellow acolytes, you practically radiate vulnerability. Even if you hold your own in combat, your peers view you as soft, fragile, and prime material to exploit. Rivalries between other students will be temporarily put on hold just so they can form pacts of convenience to gang up on you. In the sparring rings, practice sessions conveniently devolve into brutal, coordinated beatdowns under the guise of ''rigorous instruction'', with onlookers laughing rather than stepping in. Worse, you are the class's designated scapegoat. Whenever an Overseer is furious over a botched trial, a missing relic, or damaged equipment, a dozen accusing fingers will immediately point in your direction. Your peers will actively conspire to set you up: sabotaging your training blades, planting contraband or forbidden texts in your footlocker, and orchestrating lethal ''accidents'' in the catacombs. If an expedition goes wrong or ancient tomb defenses are triggered, count on being shoved into the line of fire so the rest can make their escape. Surviving Korriban is difficult enough on its own; surviving it while serving as the collective lightning rod for your entire cohort's cruelty and cowardice will push you to your absolute limits. You can eventually shed this reputation of weakness, but it will take significant effort and more than one horrific example made out of a would-be challenger.

Hunted from Beyond [+400/+800]

Surviving your treacherous peers and sadistic Overseers is hard enough, yet your deadliest threat comes from beyond the red dust of Korriban. You have drawn the lethal fixation of a powerful outside faction determined to erase you from the galaxy before your rise truly begins.

Perhaps a cabal of Jedi Seers foresaw the catastrophic darkness you might one day unleash, prompting them to dispatch ruthless Jedi Shadows to infiltrate the planet and sever your thread in the dark. Or perhaps an astronomical blood-price hangs over your head from a past crime, drawing packs of battle-hardened Mandalorian mercenaries or elite underworld assassins to stalk you through the Valley of the Dark Lords and the wretched streets of Dreshdae.

For a mere acolyte, these hunters are overwhelmingly dangerous. Worse, do not expect the Academy to shield you. If the Overseers even notice foreign killers skulking in the tombs, they will gladly stand back and treat the ambush as another trial of your worth. Slaying the first operative will only buy you a brief respite; they will keep sending people to kill you until you finally die. This can be taken up to two times.

Flickering Spark [+400]

By all biological metrics, you should not even be here. Your midi-chlorian count is abysmally low, hovering at the baseline of an ordinary, Force-blind civilian. Through some stubborn fluke of nature, you are still capable of touching the Dark Side, yet your connection is a straining trickle where others command a flood. In terms of raw power, stamina reserves, and overall output, you are a full fifty percent weaker than even the most mediocre, average acolyte in the Academy. Basic telekinetic feats that your peers perform effortlessly require visible strain on your part, and calling upon the Force in combat will exhaust your shallow reserves with terrifying speed. In a direct clash of Force barriers or telekinetic pushes, an average initiate will easily shatter your defenses. In a brutal Order that worships strength and ruthlessly culls the pathetic, this biological crippling makes your stay infinitely more dangerous - forcing you to rely on desperate cunning, martial perfection, and dirty tricks just to survive peers who can effortlessly overpower you in the Force.

The Equal in the Pit [+400]

You are not the only exceptional hopeful who stepped off the transport shuttle this morning. Among your cohort is a rival acolyte who serves as your dark mirror: someone who possesses the exact same level of raw Force potential, cunning, and unnatural advantages that you do.

For every Perk you have purchased in this Gauntlet, your rival possesses an equally lethal counterpart, and no matter how much you grow stronger in the Dark Side, they will match your pace of growth step for step. Worse still, the Overseers have noticed this symmetry and decided to make a blood-sport out of it: they have made it clear that there is only room for one of you to graduate. Your rival views you as the sole obstacle standing between them and their destiny as a Sith, and they will spend every waking hour trying to outshine, sabotage, and ultimately butcher you before the final trial is over.

The Red Sand Curse [+400]

The Sith Code preaches that passion brings strength, but an ancient, insidious curse has severed your body and mind from the very concept of satisfaction. Your nervous system has been fundamentally cut off from all joy, comfort, and relief, leaving you trapped in a perpetual, hollow purgatory. Every physical sensation that makes life bearable has withered into numbness or disgust. Food has lost all flavor and texture, tasting uniformly like dry, gray ash and sour bile - making every meal a nauseating chore of pure survival. Clean water no longer quenches your thirst, sliding down your throat while leaving your mouth feeling parched, dry, and coated in grit. Warm bedding and sleep offer no restorative peace; you wake feeling physically cold, stiff, and spiritually drained. Physical intimacy and sexual pleasure are completely dead to you, registering as nothing more than clinical friction and irritating contact. Even the thrill of triumph is gone: slaying a bitter rival or conquering an impossible tomb provides no rush of dopamine or pride, only a flat, joyless void. With every positive sensation and comfort stripped away, your inner life has been violently narrowed. The only emotions your scarred psyche can still process are the burning fires of the Dark Side: searing pain, bitter resentment, paranoid dread, and suffocating hatred. Beyond these toxic embers, the only thing keeping you putting one foot in front of the other is your own raw, stubborn willpower. You are an engine running purely on malice and grit, navigating the horrors of Korriban with nothing to warm you except your agony and your refusal to die.

Groomed for Supper [+600]

You have caught the hungry eye of a powerful Sith Lord within the Academy, and to them, you are not an initiate - you are livestock being prepped for the butcher's block. Whether they intend to shatter your mind and steal your flesh via Essence Transfer, devour your Force essence like a starving wound in the Force, or spill your blood as the final catalyst for a dark ritual, your gruesome end is already scheduled. Worse, this predator actively uses their high station to ensure you cannot resist when the harvest comes. They will use their influence to isolate you from potential allies, subtly lace your rations with alchemical toxins to make your spirit more malleable, and orchestrate trials specifically designed to erode your mental defenses. You are trapped in a lethal bind: under their suffocating surveillance, fleeing their authority is impossible, yet holding back your strength to remain ''unripe'' means the Academy's ruthless environment will quickly kill you. You are forced to grow stronger just to survive the day, knowing every ounce of power you gain brings the butcher's knife closer to your throat. Your only hope of survival is to somehow outmaneuver and slay a vastly superior Sith Master on their own home turf before the dinner bell rings.

Trial of the Blunt Blade [+600]

For reasons known only to their own twisted malice, a visiting Darth has singled you out from the herd and bound your survival to an ultimatum borderline suicidal in its cruelty. Before you are permitted to graduate from the Academy, you must prove your supremacy by completing one of two monumental tasks, using no weapon other than a standard-issue, non-lethal Academy training saber. Your first option is to venture deep into the dark and beat a full-grown, Force-resistant Terentatek to death using a blunt rod that cannot even pierce its armored hide without immense Force augmentation. Your second option is to challenge and murder a fully anointed Sith Lord in single combat, matching your glorified stun-baton against their searing lightsaber and decades of mastery. There is no cheating this decree. The Darth's probe droids and Force senses are watching your attempt; using explosives, companions, or concealed weapons will result in your immediate execution. You must somehow bridge an overwhelming gap in lethality through sheer martial perfection and raw Dark Side fury, or die trying.

Perks

Spark of the Crucible [Free/200/400/600/800]

You possess the midichlorian count and Force affinity of a solidly average Force-sensitive in this galaxy. Make no mistake: you are no chosen prodigy, and you have no innate, effortless talent for advanced or esoteric techniques. However, you are far from the pathetic, weak-blooded cannon fodder sent into the tombs just to feed the Tuk'ata. Your connection to the Force is stable, reliable, and strong enough that the Overseers view you as a legitimate contender rather than a waste of air. You start with a grasp of the fundamentals - basic telekinetic pushes, minor physical augmentation, and danger sense - giving you a respectable foundation to legitimately earn the title of Sith through grit and training. Finally, this competence extends to your hands, granting you a textbook, reliable proficiency with both a standard vibroblade and an Academy training saber from the moment you arrive. Should you wish to rise above the common rabble, you may pay to elevate your innate connection to the Force. For **200 CP**, your affinity is Talented, granting you a noticeably deeper stamina reserve and a sharper instinct for channeling the Dark Side than your average peers. For **400 CP**, your potential is Exceptional, giving you the kind of potent, natural gift that immediately marks you as top-of-the-class material and draws the covetous eyes of discerning Sith Lords. At **600 CP**, you are a true Prodigy, rivaling historical titans like Exar Kun, Darth Revan, or Darth Bane. Finally, for **800 CP**, you are truly a Chosen One; your boundless potential and aptitude will have no equal, save for Anakin Skywalker and his descendants…

Devourer of Forbidden Lore [100]

For millennia, the Jedi Order has done everything in its power to burn, purge, and erase every record of Sith history and their ancient skillset. Yet, despite their most zealous efforts, fragments of these dark works remain - and in the hands of the right mind, those fragments are a ladder to ultimate power. You possess the consummate scholar's intellect, uniquely suited to excavating and weaponizing knowledge. Not only do you boast a flawless, eidetic memory (ensuring that every scrap of lore and historical record you encounter is permanently etched into your mind with perfect recall), but you also possess a preternatural ability to speed-read and process information at a blinding pace. Whether you are flipping through a crumbling tome, scrolling through an encrypted Imperial datapad, or interfacing directly with an ancient Sith Holocron, you can absorb days' worth of dense, complex teachings in mere minutes. For an acolyte sneaking into a Master's private archives, a stolen five-minute glance is all you need to permanently memorize a lifetime of forbidden secrets.

Mantra of the Unchained [100]

Peace is a lie, there is only passion. Every hopeful on Korriban is forced to memorize the Sith Code on their very first day, yet most simply parrot the words out of fear without ever grasping their true weight. For you, however, the Code is both a political shield and a spiritual weapon. Whenever an Overseer, Inquisitor, or visiting Sith Lord tests your grasp of Sith philosophy, you instinctively know how to recite and dissect the Code with such profound, ruthless conviction that even the harshest instructors will nod in genuine approval. More importantly, the Code serves as a functional anchor for your own mind in the heat of the crucible. Whenever you find yourself rattled by chaos, exhaustion, or overwhelming danger, simply reciting the verses of the Sith Code (whether spoken aloud or repeated silently within your own thoughts) will immediately center you into a state of cold, perfect focus. With every verse, hesitation and distraction are stripped away, funneling your scattered passions into a razor-sharp point of pure, directed Dark Side resolve.

The Instructor’s Prize [200]

In the brutal hierarchy of the Academy, being ignored by your superiors is almost as fatal as earning their wrath. Fortunately, you have an uncanny knack for catching the eye of those in power in the best way possible. Whenever Overseers, Blademasters, or visiting Sith Lords survey a room of hopefuls, their gaze naturally gravitates toward you. Where they see your peers as disposable cannon fodder, they look at you and immediately see undeniable promise, loyalty, and a legacy worth cultivating. Because of this, you won't have to scramble or beg to be noticed when graduation approaches; authority figures will actively compete to claim you, showering you with favorable treatment and extending multiple offers of apprenticeship the moment you prove yourself in the trials. You’re not just another acolyte to be used and discarded; you’re the prize everyone wants to claim.

The Most Dangerous Power [200]

Lightning and lightsabers are mere blunt instruments; this is the most dangerous power in the galaxy. It is the insidious force that convinces rational men to join a corrupt cult, allows a schemer like Palpatine to dismantle a democracy to thunderous applause, and compels bitter rivals to drop to their knees and swear their undying loyalty to you. You are intensely, overwhelmingly charismatic. With a single glance, you can cold-read a person’s mood, insecurities, and personality with effortless precision, and you always instinctively know the exact right thing to say at the exact right moment to get what you want. There is an undeniable, magnetic ‘’sway’’ to your voice and presence that naturally bends others to your viewpoint. Better still, the power of the Force directly enhances and stacks with this gift: weaving subtly into your words so that the stronger you grow in the Force, the more irresistible and intoxicating your natural charisma becomes.

Blademaster [200]

A Sith is defined by their weapon, and you possess a natural, prodigious potential in every martial technique you apply yourself to. Where other acolytes struggle for years just to avoid severing their own limbs with a standard blade, every weapon feels like a natural extension of your arms. Whether you choose to wield a traditional sword, a double-bladed lightsaber staff, a long-reach lightsaber pike, or even a notoriously unpredictable lightwhip, you will find yourself rapidly and intuitively mastering both the weapon’s unique mechanics and whichever classic lightsaber forms you choose to study. Furthermore, while your general martial aptitude is exceptional, your instincts are uniquely attuned to one specific style of combat. Upon taking this perk, choose one single lightsaber form (such as the duelist’s precision of Makashi, the relentless power of Djem So, or the ferocity of Juyo). You possess a generational talent for this specific form above all others, allowing you to grasp its nuances, footwork, and lethal katas three times faster than normal: turning you into a master of your chosen style while your peers are still struggling with the basics.

Intruder of the Mind [200]

Why waste energy crossing blades when you can conquer the battlefield between your enemy's ears? You are a natural-born telepath, gifted in the subtle and invasive arts of mental domination. With a simple gesture and a Force-laced whisper, you can perform potent Mind Tricks to bend the weak-willed to your bidding. More importantly, you can project your consciousness directly into the minds of any living being - including non-sentient animals and the ravenous beasts of the tombs. Whether you are pacifying a charging Tuk'ata hound or slipping into a rival acolyte's head while they sleep, you can sift through their surface thoughts and deepest, most guarded memories like an open archive. This is not an automatic victory against everyone, however. Your enemies might have mental fortresses or strength of mind, compartmentalizing their thoughts behind rigid psychological walls. Breaching these barriers is a contest of will: your ability to batter down, bypass, or crack open an enemy's mental defenses scales directly with your skill and raw strength in the Force. If you somehow already possess a form of telepathy, this increases the potency threefold.

Visceral Conduit [200]

Most acolytes die in the tombs because they have to pause, focus, and consciously think to summon the Force in the middle of a fight. For you, every ability you possess (especially the Force) is wired directly into your primal instincts. Even as a completely untrained hopeful who doesn't know the first thing about formal Sith techniques, your body and the Force act as one in the heat of the moment. When you are pushed into a corner, you can effortlessly call upon the Force on pure reflex: redirecting a fatal blow, surging with sudden speed, or unleashing a raw telekinetic blast to save your life without a single second of conscious concentration. Better still, as you actually undergo formal training at the Academy, this instinctive mastery expands exponentially. The moment you learn an advanced Force power, an intricate lightsaber form, or a mundane combat skill, it bypasses the awkward practice phase and integrates directly into your muscle memory, allowing you to weave all of your deadliest abilities together in combat as naturally and effortlessly as breathing.

Shroud of the Present [200]

A duel between Force-users is never fought solely in the present; it is a battle of competing precognition fought seconds into the future, where both warriors parry strikes before they are even swung and counter maneuvers before they are consciously chosen. Against you, however, your opponents are suddenly forced to fight blind. You naturally radiate a subtle, localized static in the Force that completely obfuscates precognition around your person. When an enemy attempts to rely on their danger sense or combat foresight to anticipate your next move, the Force gives them nothing: no warnings, no flashes of intuition, and no revelations of where your blade or lightning will strike next. Worse still for your foes, this inscrutability extends seamlessly to your physical body language. Your posture, footwork, and micro-expressions are a blank slate; your shoulders never telegraph a swing, your eyes never betray your target, and your feints are indistinguishable from lethal blows. Deprived of both their supernatural foresight and their ability to read your physical tells, even vastly more experienced duelists will find themselves stumbling off-balance as your strikes slip past their guard completely unannounced.

Breaking the Spirit (Dun Moch) [200]

A duel is won in the mind long before the killing blow is ever struck. You are a natural practitioner of Dun Möch: the ancient Sith art of tactical psychological warfare and dominating an opponent's spirit in the heat of battle. As soon as you confront an adversary, you develop an instinctive, razor-sharp intuition for their deepest insecurities, hidden doubts, and fragile pride. You know the exact buttons to push, the precise failures to mock, and the cruelest truths to whisper when your weapons lock. Worse for your enemies, your taunts are not merely words; you subtly lace your voice with the Dark Side, pressing against their mental guard so your jeers echo heavily inside their skull, making it difficult for them to tune you out. While this art is not initially absolute - as composed veterans or foes with superior willpower can steel their minds against a mere acolyte's jeers - the potency of your Dun Möch scales directly with your own rhetorical skill and raw strength in the Force. As a hopeful in the Academy, a few exchanges of your biting mockery will quickly strip away the discipline of volatile rival acolytes or arrogant duelists, driving them into either sloppy, overextended blind rage or paralyzing self-doubt. And as your mastery of the Force grows, the crushing weight behind your words will magnify alongside it, until even the strongest, most stoic of enemies find their emotional composure fracturing, their footwork faltering, and their connection to the Force wavering beneath your assault.

Muse of the Dark [200]

You are breathtakingly beautiful - a striking physical specimen unlike any other in the galaxy. Yet your allure goes far deeper than mere vanity. Even in a pit of vipers like the Sith Academy, your appearance radiates an intoxicating, disarming warmth that makes people naturally trust you and blind themselves to your true motives. Whether you are whispering to a paranoid rival or smiling at a suspicious Overseer, they will instinctively give you the benefit of the doubt, unable to believe someone so captivating could be plotting their ruin. In fact, your presence acts as a profound therapeutic influence and a living catalyst for those you choose to favor. If you wish it, your attention, your words, and your touch can effortlessly stir and kindle the passions of others, directly feeding their connection to the Dark Side and strengthening their power. Whether you are stoking the inner fire and dark ambitions of an ally to make them far deadlier on your behalf, or taking someone who has completely lost their drive and rekindling their dead passion - and with it, the Dark Side itself - others will quickly find that simply being close to you makes them stronger.

Eye of the Maelstrom [200]

Most who walk the path of the Dark Side eventually become slaves to the very passions they claim to command, reduced to rabid beasts blinded by their own fury. You, however, possess a terrifying clarity of mind and purpose unlike almost any other Sith. Instead of a wildfire that consumes your reason, your dark emotions are contained bonfires: burning fiercely to feed your connection to the Dark Side without ever clouding your judgment. While your rivals froth at the mouth and make reckless mistakes in the heat of battle, your wrath is surgical and ice-cold. You can channel agonizing trauma or the deepest reserves of malice to unleash devastating Force techniques, all while maintaining a tranquil, calculating focus. Beyond the battlefield, this emotional sovereignty grants you an inhuman patience, allowing you to endure slights and wait years in the shadows for the perfect moment to strike. There is a dark irony to your demeanor: in your quiet composure, unshakeable calm, and absolute mastery over your impulses, you often resemble a serene Jedi Master far more than a Sith - right up until the moment you ruthlessly annihilate your enemies.

Mask of the Wretched [200]

In the halls of Korriban, open strength invites a knife in the dark, and promising acolytes are quickly culled by jealous peers. You have mastered a far more insidious form of armor: the art of looking pathetic. You know how to tightly coil and suppress your presence in the Force, dampening your true power so that to the senses of those around you, your aura feels dim, unremarkable, and stunted. More than merely hiding your strength, you are an expert at projecting a false, pitiful persona: both through your physical demeanor and the surface emotions you intentionally bleed into the Force. At will, you can cloak yourself in a convincing veneer of weakness, shame, anxiety, and incompetence. You know just how to slump your shoulders, let your voice waver, and broadcast bitter stabs of self-doubt or fear for nearby Force-sensitives to taste. Predators rarely waste their sharpest strikes on worms. By painting yourself as a broken, mediocre wretch, ambitious rivals will often dismiss you as beneath their notice, and arrogant superiors will naturally lower their guard around you - ensuring they severely underestimate what you are capable of right up until your blade slips between their ribs.

Iron Will [200]

The Sith Academy is designed to break your spirit long before it breaks your body, weeding out the weak through relentless torment, terror, and despair. Fortunately, your mind is forged from metaphorical beskar. You possess an absolute, unyielding iron will. No matter how hopeless the odds, how grueling the trial, or how terrifying the monstrosity standing before you in the dark of the tombs, you never succumb to panic, despair, or hesitation. You can force your battered body to keep moving when exhaustion should have dropped you hours ago, stare down the intimidation of a Sith Lord without blinking, and pursue your goals with a cold, relentless determination that nothing short of death can halt. Furthermore, because willpower is the ultimate shield against mental manipulation in this galaxy, your unyielding resolve makes it exceptionally difficult for others to affect your mind - allowing you to shrug off Mind Tricks, resist the sharp words of Dun Moch, and hold the line against others trying to read your mind.

Reflex of the Hunted [200]

In an Academy where trust is an illusion and every hallway or tomb is designed to slaughter the unwary, having fast reflexes isn't enough; you need to know the blow is coming before it is even swung. Your connection to the Force manifests as an exceptionally sharp, finely tuned danger sense tailored specifically for surviving a treacherous environment. First, your instincts are attuned to mechanical and environmental hazards. Whenever you explore the ruins of Korriban, you can always feel the presence of traps moments before you trigger them. An unmistakable, icy jolt at the base of your skull will warn you of pressure plates beneath the sand, poisoned dart slots hidden in the masonry, or collapsing ceilings right before you cross the threshold, ensuring you never blindly wander into a tomb’s fatal mechanisms. Second, this sixth sense is lethal against living treachery. Whenever someone attempts to ambush, blindside, or stab you in the back (whether it is a lurking assassin in the dormitories or a smiling "ally" preparing to betray you at the end of a group trial), you receive a full second of clear, precognitive prediction. You instinctively feel the incoming angle of the strike and the weapon's trajectory in your mind's eye a split-second before the blow actually lands, giving you more than enough time to duck, pivot, and turn what should have been a fatal assassination into an opening to gut your attacker.

Teras Kasi [200]

Translated from the ancient tongue as "Steel Hands", Teras Kasi is one of the most powerful unarmed martial arts ever devised in the galaxy. Originally created for the express purpose of fighting and killing Jedi, you have mastered its disciplines to perfection - and, as it turns out, an art designed to put Jedi in the grave works just as perfectly for killing Sith. Through its supreme kinetic alignment and intense physical conditioning, Teras Kasi enhances your punches and strikes to blatantly supernatural levels. Even before calling upon the Force, your bare hands hit with enough concussive impact to shatter solid concrete, crack stone tomb pillars, and cave in a rival's ribcage right through their armor plating. A Sith using Force Enhancement could achieve even further levels of power, destroying durasteel like it was paper. With this mastery, you are never truly unarmed. If your blade is knocked from your grasp in the dueling ring or you are ambushed in the dormitories, you can seamlessly slip inside the reach of a swinging weapon, trap your opponent's wrists, and unleash a blindingly fast barrage of concrete-shattering blows, joint-locks, and lethal nerve-strikes. Furthermore, because Teras Kasi was built to counter Force-wielders, its footwork and breathing techniques naturally train you to root your stance against telekinetic pushes and shield your mind from mid-combat Force distractions - and when stacked with your own Force augmentation, your fists become nothing short of devastating.

Force Intuition [400]

In the Sith Academy, Overseers hoard advanced techniques like gold, and the best holocrons are locked behind heavy vault doors. Fortunately, you do not need a scroll or a Master to expand your repertoire; you are capable of developing creative, unorthodox applications of the Force through sheer intuition alone. Because you instinctively feel how the Force interacts with both your own biology and the physical laws of the world around you, you can figure out how to bridge the gap between basic fundamentals and advanced techniques simply by experimenting. For example, by concentrating on the concept of telekinesis at a microscopic level, you could intuitively figure out how to rub air molecules together to generate intense friction - allowing you to conjure fire from nothing. Similarly, by turning your focus inward while injured and meditating on the sensation of your own agony, you could independently develop Crucitorn to detach your consciousness from physical pain. While this intuitive genius cannot grant you rare, innate Force gifts that a user must be born with (such as Shatterpoint or Psychometry), it ensures that so long as a technique can be achieved through clever manipulation of energy, matter, or biology, you can figure it out entirely on your own.

Forged in the Deep Mines [400]

By all laws of biology, a youth spent starving in the dark, breathing toxic dust, and being beaten by cruel taskmasters should leave you stunted, frail, and broken. For you, the exact opposite is true. Like the miner Dessel who would one day become Darth Bane, your body converts misery directly into physical might. The more you suffer in life (enduring grueling hardships, taking physical beatings, surviving starvation, and bearing the crushing injustices of a cruel galaxy), the stronger, tougher, and more imposing your physical body becomes. Instead of wearing you down, trauma and labor force your bones to thicken and your muscles to cord like durasteel cables. Furthermore, this effect is applied retroactively to your life prior to arriving at the Academy. If you spent your past rotting in chains as a beaten slave or working yourself to death in the cortosis mines, you won't step off the shuttle as a malnourished wretch; you will arrive as a towering, two-meter-tall mountain of terrifying muscle and raw physical power - and every brutal trial the Overseers put you through will only make you stronger.

Parasite of Passion [400]

Amateur acolytes believe the way of the Sith is merely about stoking their own inner passions; true masters understand that the emotions of others are an untapped banquet. You possess a predatory, parasitic bond with the ambient Dark Side that allows you to feed directly upon the negative emotions directed at you. The more hatred, pain, and terror your enemy feels toward you, the stronger you become - and the weaker they become in turn. Every spike of fury they feel acts as a siphon, actively draining their physical stamina and dampening their connection to the Force while pouring that stolen vigor directly into your own reserves. The harder they hate you, the faster they wither at your feet.

Bastion of the Flesh [400]

While other acolytes obsess over hurling lightning or crushing throats from afar, you understand that the most reliable weapon in the Academy is your own vessel. You possess a natural, instinctive mastery over internal Force augmentation, turning your power inward to elevate both body and mind. Because of this specialized affinity, any Force-based self-enhancement you perform is significantly magnified - yielding far greater potency and efficiency for every drop of energy you spend. In the heat of combat, you can flood your muscles and nerves with the Force to dramatically increase your physical strength and sharpen your reflexes to a lethal edge, or turn that reinforcement upward to brace and enhance your mind against telepathic probes and mental attacks. Outside of a duel, this mastery grants you incredible control over your own survival and metabolic processes. By circulating the Force through your cells, you can dull and ignore crippling pain, suppress the effects of hunger and starvation, actively resist and neutralize lethal poisons in your bloodstream, and even sustain your body without needing to breathe for extended periods - allowing you to walk through toxic tomb gases or choke-holds completely unfazed.

Weaver of the Unseen Web [400/600]

While brutes cross training blades in the dirt, true Sith win their battles in the shadows long before a weapon is ever drawn. You possess a cold, razor-sharp mind for manipulation and deceit. Thinking several steps ahead comes as naturally to you as breathing, allowing you to orchestrate intricate plots that can ensnare your rivals (and even careless superiors) before they realize a trap is closing around them. Through subtle nudges, whispered half-truths, and carefully planted bait, you can skillfully steer the gullible and the ambitious alike into destroying your enemies or advancing your station, all while leaving them convinced they are acting of their own free will.
For an extra price of **200 CP**, your mastery of the game becomes both a sword and a formidable shield. In a viper's nest where everyone is scheming, your manipulative genius grants you an uncanny intuition for when someone else is attempting to play you. When a rival acolyte, an Overseer, or a scheming Sith Lord tries to ensnare you in a plot, you are quick to notice the subtle inconsistencies and invisible strings behind their actions. Catching the scent of their trap gives you the exact insight needed to unravel their plans - allowing you to counter-manipulate them and hijack their own scheme so that it backfires and ruins them instead.

Voracious Ambition [400]

Unlike the Jedi, who have the luxury of spending decades peacefully meditating in their Temple to master the basics, a Sith Acolyte has only weeks to prove their worth before the tombs or their rivals claim their life. Fortunately, your mind and body are built for the ruthless pace of the Academy. You learn, internalize, and master all skills three times faster than normal. Whether you are practicing the footwork of a new lightsaber form in the dueling ring, conditioning your muscles, unlocking the nuances of a Force technique, or studying forbidden Sith alchemy and lore in the archives, you progress at triple the standard rate. Weeks of grueling practice are compressed into mere days, and months of study are achieved in weeks - allowing you to rapidly close the gap between yourself and senior hopefuls who have been training far longer than you.

Echoes in the Stone [600]

The Valley of the Dark Lords is saturated with thousands of years of spilled blood, violent passions, and dying secrets - and to your hands, every stone and blade is an open book. You possess the exceedingly rare, innate Force talent of Psychometry. Simply by placing your bare skin against an inanimate object and focusing for a moment, you can read the psychic imprints left behind by those who previously touched it. In a flash of vivid sensory replay, you will see their faces, hear their spoken words, feel their intense emotions, and witness the exact events that transpired around the item. In the Academy, touching a dropped vibroshiv or a door panel will instantly reveal which rival acolyte is plotting to ambush you, or show you the exact passcode an Overseer typed into a terminal hours ago. In the tombs, this gift is even more invaluable: by running your fingers over ancient murals, mechanisms, or the weapons of long-dead Sith Lords, you can witness how they trained in the past, bypassed their own lethal traps, or see the exact hiding places where they sealed away their holocrons. And with enough patience, even the most obscure relics of the Sith Empire can surrender their secrets to you, turning the Valley's countless forgotten treasures into an open archive of knowledge waiting to be explored.

Arcane Scion: The Three Pillars of Sith Sorcery [400/600/800]

To the uninitiated, the Dark Side is merely a blunt instrument used to choke the weak or hurl lightning from one's fingertips. You know better. You possess the rare, esoteric gift required to practice Sith Sorcery: the ancient art of twisting reality, matter, and the mind through spoken ur-Kittât incantations, intricate hand gestures, and sheer, focused malice. You begin your journey as a neophyte. Your grasp of the arcane is currently at a beginner's level, requiring focus and deliberate effort to weave the Dark Side into unnatural shapes. Upon taking this perk, you may choose to specialize in one of the three distinct pillars of Sith magic (or pay an additional **200 CP** for each extra pillar you wish to claim as a specialty):

The Pillar of Spells (Evocation & Hexes): The art of weaving the Dark Side into immediate, localized effects on the battlefield. As a beginner, you cannot yet incinerate armies, but you can conjure creeping whispers of darkness to assault your enemies' minds: fraying their sanity, inducing sudden paranoia, or lashing at them with tangible ribbons of shadow that slice exposed flesh. With time and mastery, these minor hexes will evolve into the terrifying spells of the ancient Lords: projecting agonizing Bolts of Hatred, trapping foes in waking nightmares so vivid their hearts stop, or weaving dark energy nets to immobilize and sever the limbs of your prey.

The Pillar of Alchemy (Flesh & Metallurgy): The science of using the Force to permanently alter the physical properties of living tissue and inanimate matter. At first, your reach is small: you might brew unnatural toxins, harden the edge of a mundane training saber, or heal yourself from minor wounds. Yet, a true Master of Alchemy views the building blocks of life and earth as mere clay. At your peak, you will command absolute cellular control over both yourself and others, allowing you to knit fatal wounds shut, purge poisons, halt your own aging, or grotesquely mutate the flesh and bone of your enemies and subjects into monstrous Sithspawn. In the forge, a master can fundamentally alter metals at a molecular level, quenching blades in blood and dark energies to create indestructible Sith Swords capable of catching a lightsaber and grounding its plasma.

The Pillar of Rituals (Ceremony & The Unseen): The slow, methodical channeling of ambient Dark Side energy through preparation, runes, catalysts, and sacrifice. As a novice, your rituals are modest: you might spend an hour carving runes to ward your quarters against eavesdroppers, perform a minor blood-scrying to catch a glimpse of a rival's location, or draw upon the ambient malice of a Korriban tomb to slowly replenish your exhausted stamina. A Master of Rituals, however, operates on a terrifying scale. Given enough time and preparation, you will be able to tear open artificial Dark Side nexuses, forcibly bind the lingering spirits of the dead to your will, lay generational curses upon your enemies, or orchestrate cataclysmic ceremonies that blight the very land around you.

As your connection to the Dark Side deepens, you will begin to instinctively perceive the underlying ''weave'' of your spells, rituals, and alchemical formulas. This expanding creativity directly accelerates how quickly you improve with this perk. A growing wellspring of Force power will allow you to improvise in the heat of the moment, bridge the gaps in incomplete lore, and eventually invent entirely new spells, biological alterations, and rituals that the Sith Order has never seen before.

Items

Academy Training Saber [Free]

This is the standard-issue practice blade the Sith Academy uses to train its Acolytes: an instrument of cruel perfection. Its surface is covered with millions of toxin-filled barbs too small to see, fashioned from the microscopic ridge spines of the deadly pelko bug, a rare insect found only deep beneath the desert sands of the Valley of the Dark Lords on Korriban itself.
With a direct hit, the minuscule barbs easily pierce the weave of any fabric to deliver potent pelko venom. Temporary paralysis sets in instantly at the point of infection, leaving any limb struck deadened and all but useless. In the Academy dueling ring, this provides an excellent way to mimic the debilitating effects of losing a hand, arm, or leg to a real lightsaber blade. The venom is carefully calibrated to incapacitate rather than kill, wearing off after several hours without leaving any lasting damage. Of course, that doesn't make the experience any less unpleasant, especially when an instructor decides that the best way to teach you a lesson is to leave you sprawled on the floor, unable to move while the rest of the class watches. Such is the Academy's idea of a safe learning environment.

Beguiler’s Musk [50]

Not every weapon on Korriban is forged from durasteel or plasma; in the right hands, desire is just as lethal. Housed within a sleek, pocket-sized atomizer of smoked glass is a masterwork of subtle Sith alchemy: an exotic, self-replenishing perfume distilled from rare flora and laced with modified Falleen and Zeltron pheromones. Applying a single spritz of this fragrance wraps you in a potent, invisible aura of allure that drastically magnifies your attractiveness to the opposite sex. To those who catch your scent, your features seem far more striking, your voice more hypnotic, and your presence deeply intoxicating. While it falls short of outright mind control, it stirs a powerful, primal infatuation that clouds judgment and melts away hostility - making it effortless to seduce a powerful Overseer for favors, charm guards, or coax a smitten rival into lowering their guard right before you strike.

Ration Pack [50]

In an Academy where rivals might slip poison into your mess hall gruel (or a collapsed tunnel can trap you inside an ancient tomb for weeks), reliable sustenance is a matter of life and death.
You possess a rugged military pouch filled with compact field rations and hydration packets. While the nutrient bars and protein pastes inside won't win any culinary awards, they are marvels of bio-engineering: the rations automatically adapt to safely nourish and sustain any species in the galaxy, regardless of how exotic or restrictive your biology might be. Better still, this pouch is inexhaustible. Even if completely emptied, its contents fully replenish themselves every day. So long as you keep this pack at your belt, you will never have to worry about starving to death in the blistering wastes of Korriban or eating questionable food prepared by your enemies.

Field Medkit [50]

In the Sith Academy, limping into the infirmary is an open invitation for your rivals to finish you off in your sleep, and the Overseers have little patience for the wounded. If you want to survive a tomb run gone wrong or a vicious duel in the dormitories, you must be able to patch yourself up in the dark. This compact pouch attaches discreetly to your belt and comes packed with high-grade medical supplies tailored for Korriban's hazards. Inside, you will find concentrated kolto packs and bandages capable of rapidly knitting torn flesh and cauterizing lightsaber burns, alongside heavy-duty painkillers and combat stimulants to give you an edge in a fight. It even includes universal antivenoms specifically formulated to neutralize Pelko bug stings. The pouch has 5 kolto packs, and it fully restocks its used supplies every week, ensuring a single bad wound won't be the end of your trials.

Holdout Vibroshiv [50]

The deadliest blade on Korriban is not the one worn proudly at your hip, but the one your enemy never sees coming. Whether your primary weapon has been knocked from your grip during a duel or a rival has cornered you in the corridors thinking you are unarmed, this palm-sized, needle-pointed stiletto ensures you are never truly defenseless. Tucked inside a spring-loaded sheath in your sleeve or boot, the shiv is crafted from sensor-baffled polymers and dark alloy - making it practically impossible to detect through pat-downs or scanners until a flick of your wrist drops it into your palm. Do not let its compact size fool you: its custom ultrasonic cell operates in dead silence, turning the monomolecular edge into a terrifyingly lethal instrument. In close quarters, this diminutive blade will effortlessly punch straight through armor and sternum bone alike, turning a losing grapple into an instant, bloody execution.

Reinforced Acolyte's Tunic [50]

Walking the halls of Korriban in thin cloth is an open invitation to be gutted, yet wearing obvious battle armor will only put your enemies on guard. This garment offers the ultimate compromise: invisible protection. Externally, it looks completely identical to the drab, standard-issue robes handed to every fresh initiate. Internally, however, it is a masterwork of discreet survival tailoring. Beneath the coarse outer fabric, the tunic is lined with high-grade, shock-absorbing armorweave and fitted with thin, contoured plates of ultralight duraplast directly over your vital organs and spine. Flexible and perfectly balanced, it adds no visible bulk and never restricts your agility during a duel. While it won't stop the full power of a lightsaber, it is more than enough to deflect a K'lor'slug's claws or turn a rival's treacherous knife in the dark into a survivable bruise - buying you enough time to retaliate.

Wrist-Mounted Dart Launcher [50]

In a culture obsessed with dramatic clashes of blades and crackling Force Lightning, a silent needle in the dark is a brilliant equalizer. Strapped discreetly beneath your sleeve or integrated into your bracer, this sleek pneumatic launcher is triggered by a subtle flex of your tendons - allowing you to fire while your hands remain completely empty and openly visible. With a whisper-quiet puff of compressed gas, the device propels its payload up to twenty meters with pinpoint accuracy. Its self-replenishing magazine houses two distinct types of ammunition: microscopic tracking beacons that embed almost painlessly into a target's skin or clothing, and hollow-tipped micro-flechettes. While an unprimed flechette is merely a stinging needle useful for disrupting an enemy's Force concentration mid-duel, its true lethality is left up to your own resourcefulness. Each dart features an empty micro-reservoir specifically engineered for you to fill with whatever lethal poisons, harvested venoms, or alchemical brews you acquire.

Poison Pouch [50]

Why risk a fair fight when a drop of chemistry can win the battle before blades are ever drawn? Concealed neatly inside your robes is a velvet-lined leather case containing a versatile assortment of alchemically refined toxins and sedatives - perfect for slipping into rations, smearing across a weapon's edge, or loading directly into hollow micro-darts. Inside, you will find vials of odorless, tasteless poison meant to quietly stop a rival's heart hours later in the dead of night, ensuring you are nowhere near the scene when they die. For open combat, it holds a vicious hemotoxin that burns through the veins like liquid fire, triggering violent muscle spasms while clouding the victim's focus so severely they struggle to call upon the Force. Finally, when you need a target alive, the pouch includes a concentrated, fast-acting knockout drug; a single dose will drag even a toughened acolyte into a deep, dreamless coma for hours, allowing you to rob, capture, or interrogate them at your leisure. Better still, the pouch automatically replenishes its stock every week.

Circlet of the Closed Mind [100]

In the halls of Korriban, not even the inside of your own skull is private territory. Inquisitive Overseers and paranoid Sith Lords routinely skim the surface thoughts of initiates to sniff out treason, hidden plots, or exploitable weaknesses. Forged by distrustful sorcerers of a bygone era, this thin, unobtrusive band of blackened electrum rests lightly across your brow, easily hidden beneath a hood or mistaken for a piece of mundane jewelry. Despite its humble appearance, the metal is steeped in protective Sith alchemy that forms a cold, unyielding bulwark around your psyche. So long as you wear it, your natural mental barriers are heavily fortified. It becomes significantly harder for superiors to casually read your surface thoughts, sense the treacherous intent behind your words, or detect your lies through the Force. Furthermore, this shielding helps dull the maddening whispers of ancient tomb spirits and enemy fear techniques.

Sith Lightsaber [100]

While ordinary acolytes are forced to butcher one another with training sabers and vibroshivs, you wield the true, iconic weapon of the Sith. Masterfully constructed to suit your physical grip and preferred combat form, this lightsaber houses a synthetic crystal forged in dark meditation, igniting with an ominous hiss into a brilliant, blood-crimson plasma blade (or another color of your choosing). It effortlessly carves through blast doors, battle armor, and flesh, deflecting blaster bolts and clashing with ancient blades with lethal elegance. Carrying this weapon immediately elevates your status, drawing fearful respect from your instructors and burning jealousy from peers who must still earn theirs through blood. Should your lightsaber ever be disarmed, stolen, or damaged beyond repair, an identical replacement will safely manifest in your belongings within twenty-four hours.

Slicer's Data Spike [100]

Not every acolyte has the time or patience to master complex slicing protocols, and with this tool, you won't need to. Pre-loaded with adaptive, military-grade decryption algorithms, this reusable data spike is effortless to use: simply slot its tip into any standard terminal or dataport, and its automated ghost-routines will silently brute-force the system for you in seconds. Once connected, the Academy's own network becomes your accomplice. You can silently unseal the locked dormitory doors of sleeping rivals, bypass the security shields guarding restricted library archives, or download confidential maps of the tombs. Best of all, you can command hallway holocams to loop their feeds or go blind entirely - allowing you to orchestrate an ambush, plant incriminating evidence, or dispose of a fresh corpse without leaving a single digital trace behind.

Stealth Field Generator [100]

While many acolytes rely purely on the Force to mask their movements, you possess a piece of illicit assassin's technology that fools the naked eye and electronic sensors alike. Mounted discreetly to your belt, this compact generator weaves a localized light-bending field around your body while projecting a subtle acoustic-dampening bubble. At the press of a switch, you vanish into a nearly imperceptible shimmer, and your footsteps become utterly silent. Whether you are slipping past a pack of starving Tuk'ata in the tombs, infiltrating restricted archives, or positioning yourself directly behind a rival's back for a lethal ambush, this device grants you an overwhelming tactical edge. Be mindful of its limits, however: its high-drain power cell can only sustain fifteen minutes of continuous invisibility before needing to recharge - and while it easily blinds eyes and security holocams, an attentive Sith Master may still sense your ripple in the Force if you fail to suppress your aura.

Satchel of Baradium Charges [100]

Why risk a fair duel on the sparring sands when an enemy's ambition can be snuffed out in a flash of blinding thermal fury? This satchel contains a half-dozen compact, military-grade baradium demolition mines. In galactic warfare, baradium is legendary for its horrific volatility and destructive yield; even a single palm-sized charge packs enough concussive heat to buckle reinforced blast doors, vaporize light combat speeders, or turn a rival's private dormitory into a smoking crater. Each mine features high-strength magnetic clamps and heavy-duty adhesives, allowing you to quickly plant them beneath bunk frames or against structural weak points in ancient tomb corridors. The pack includes a detonator capable of triggering the charges individually or in a simultaneous cascade from several kilometers away, punching clean through thick subterranean bedrock. Whether staging an untraceable ''cave-in'' to wipe out an entire squad of rivals or wiping out an Overseer's shuttle on the landing pad, you can execute the slaughter from the safety of an ironclad alibi. Any deployed or expended mines within the satchel safely restock themselves once per week.

Personal Energy Shield [200]

In a duel where a single misstep means losing a limb or your life, a hidden second chance is priceless. Strapped discreetly to your forearm beneath your sleeve, this compact, military-grade shield projector wraps your body in a skin-tight, invisible barrier of protective energy at the flick of a switch. Unlike cheap commercial deflectors, this high-end unit is specifically calibrated to absorb intense plasma and thermal energy. While active, the shield can effortlessly weather a barrage of heavy blaster bolts or turn aside a lethal, full-powered strike from a lightsaber without letting a single burn reach your flesh. Such dense protection comes with a limit, however: absorbing a few solid blows will overload the emitter, forcing it to recharge for several minutes before it can be reignited. Even so, watching an arrogant rival's ''killing blow'' bounce harmlessly off your chest gives you the exact opening needed to end them.

Retinue of Thralls [200]

Why dirty your own hands or risk your own neck on a tomb's pressure plates when lesser beings can bleed in your stead? You arrive on Korriban with legal ownership over a small pack of half a dozen conditioned slaves and are bound to your absolute obedience. You may customize the makeup and talents of this retinue to suit your ambitions. Perhaps you prefer towering, battle-hardened Gamorrean or Wookiee brutes - gladiatorial muscle strong enough to haul heavy relics, intimidate rival acolytes, and act as living shields against starving Tuk'ata. Alternatively, you might choose breathtakingly beautiful Twi'lek or Zeltron attendants skilled in espionage, massage, and seduction - ideal for soothing your stress, serving as status symbols, or being ‘'gifted'' and used to honey-trap Overseers for information. Should any of your thralls meet a gruesome end or leave your service, new replacements will be delivered to you the next year.

Sith Sword [200]

Long before the Order adopted the lightsaber, the ancient Sith carved their empire across the stars with cold, alchemically forged steel. This masterwork broadsword is a terrifying relic of that bygone age - forged through dark rituals, quenched in blood, and infused with the raw malice of the Dark Side. The blade's edge has been honed to a monomolecular threshold, never dulling and effortlessly cleaving through durasteel plating, heavy armorweave, and thick beast hides like wet parchment. Thanks to its molecularly altered structure, the blade is utterly immune to superheated energy; it can cleanly parry and deflect searing blaster bolts, or lock directly against an ignited lightsaber without heating, warping, or snapping. More than just a weapon, the sword acts as a potent metaphysical conduit. When held in your grip, the blade's dark resonance feeds directly back into your soul, acting as an amplifier that enhances your raw power, output, and endurance in the Dark Side by twenty percent. A most dangerous weapon.

Token of Unspoken Debt [200]

In the cutthroat hierarchy of the Academy, leverage over those above you is worth more than any blade. You possess a rune-etched obsidian coin - the physical proof of an undefined, binding favor owed to you by a high-ranking Overseer or resident Sith Lord. Whether you quietly buried evidence of their treason or inherited an ancient blood-debt, circumstances compel them to honor your demand without question. Because the terms of this favor are undefined, it serves as your ultimate trump card. You may cash in this token at any moment for a single, major intervention. You could demand that your superior pardon you from a summary execution, rig a lethal trial in your favor, unlock the restricted archives, or arrange for an unbeatable rival to suffer a fatal ‘'accident''. While they will not throw away their own life for you, their vast authority is yours to command - once. Spend it wisely.

Sanctum of the Bleeding Stone [400]

Normally, potent Dark Side nexuses are fiercely hoarded by the Dark Council or Academy Masters. Yet, through a stroke of dark fortune, you have discovered a secret that even the Overseers have overlooked: a forgotten, subterranean ritual chamber hidden deep beneath the Academy's foundations, built directly over a bleeding artery of Korriban's raw malice. Warded by ancient runes that respond only to your touch, this private sanctum is completely invisible to the senses of outsiders, offering you an impenetrable refuge from your peers. Inside, the air is thick with a concentrated Dark Side Nexus that recognizes you as its master. Meditating within this chamber drastically accelerates your Force training and rapidly replenishes your exhausted stamina. Furthermore, the ambient power serves as a massive catalyst for Sith Sorcery and Alchemy, allowing you to perform feats far above your usual station.

Ancient Sith Amulet [400]

Forged in the blood-soaked crucibles of a bygone era, this heavy talisman of blackened metal and rune-carved crimson stone hums with the lingering power of ancient sorcery. Easily concealed beneath your initiate's tunic, this relic acts as a personalized conduit for the Dark Side, tailored specifically to cover your weaknesses or magnify your strengths. Upon purchasing this item, you may imbue the amulet with three distinct passive enhancements of your choice. For example, you might choose for it to act as a reservoir that noticeably amplifies your raw Dark Side power, a focus that strengthens the potency of your Sith Sorcery, or a shroud that effortlessly hides your presence in the Force. Alternatively, you could design it to fortify your mind against telepathic intrusion, bolster your physical stamina, or deflect a single fatal strike per day. Whatever combination you choose, the amulet is bound to your blood - refusing to function for anyone who attempts to steal it.

Sith Holocron [400]

In an Academy where jealous Overseers hoard lore and intentionally feed initiates incomplete training, this glowing crimson pyramid is one of the most valuable treasures a disciple could ever possess. You hold a genuine Sith Holocron created by any Sith Lord of your choice (provided they existed during or prior to your chosen Starting Era). When activated through the Dark Side, its holographic Gatekeeper will act as your secret mentor. Beyond offering a comprehensive education in the foundational and advanced Sith arts - covering philosophy, lightsaber combat, and Force mastery - this repository contains the unique, signature techniques of its creator. Whether you choose to study the illusions of Naga Sadow, the biological alchemy of Sorzus Syn, or the devastating Force mastery of Darth Revan, you have direct access to the unfiltered teachings of a legend. Better still, you need not fear thieves or nosy instructors: the Holocron comes housed within an indestructible, alchemically warded lockbox that completely masks its presence in the Force. Bound to your unique blood and Force signature, this case is utterly impossible for anyone but you to open.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

The Sunlit Soul [Free]

In the blood-drenched, misery-soaked halls of the Academy, this girl should have died on her very first afternoon. Instead, she is not only alive and completely unharmed, but she has somehow made it through the trials without shedding a drop of blood, compromising her pure-hearted morals, or even realizing she is surrounded by psychotic dark siders. She genuinely treats this ancient, cursed nightmare world like a whimsical, storybook adventure. To her, terrifying Tuk'ata are merely ''grumpy stray puppies'' - and through sheer, baffling fortune, an alpha pack actually rolled over for ear-scratches rather than tearing her throat out. She treats the howling, tormented spirits of ancient Sith Lords like ''lonely grandpas who just need a good listener'', and somehow passed a lethal trial of cruelty by innocently sharing her travel snacks with a starving prisoner, confusing the Overseer so thoroughly that he gave her a passing mark just to get her out of his sight. Every attempt to murder her has ended in bizarre, slapstick failure for her attackers: a loose tomb ceiling collapsing on a stalking assassin, or a poisoned needle miraculously deflecting off a keepsake button. Completely untainted by the Dark Side, she has happily attached herself to you as her ''best friend and noble protector,'' firmly convinced that your brooding Sith scowl is just you being a secret softie. While you may spend half your energy pulling her away from trying to pet venomous Pelko bugs, her boundless optimism is a miraculous oasis of sanity and the only thing keeping you from completely losing your damn mind.

The Soft Touch [100]

The Sith Order is rarely in the mood to wait for willing volunteers; when recruiters sense a profound wellspring of Force potential in the galaxy, they take it by force. This initiate is the tragic result of that recruitment drive: a reluctant conscript dragged to the red sands of Korriban against their will. By every metric of the Academy's brutal culture, they should already be dead. They are not brave, they take no pleasure in cruelty, they lack an ounce of deceptive cunning, and they are generally a decent person who still flinches at the sound of screams. The betting pool among the Overseers gives them less than a month before their corpse is tossed into a shallow trench.

Throwing them away, however, is a glaring indictment of the Academy's short-sightedness. Beneath that trembling, timid exterior lies a generational prodigy with a breathtaking aptitude for an esoteric discipline (be it complex Sith Alchemy or an exceedingly rare Force talent like psychometry or shatterpoint). They simply need time, quiet study, and space to blossom - luxuries a meatgrinder does not afford. If you choose to step between them and the wolves, taking them under your protective wing, you will earn something practically unheard of in the Sith Order: absolute, unbreakable loyalty. They will view you as their savior and guiding star, binding themselves to your cause with an ironclad devotion that will never rot into betrayal. Better still, your investment will pay terrifying dividends. Once you teach them how to conquer their anxiety and channel their focus, their nerves will harden into cold, unshakable resolve. They will prove that true power is not measured by who shouts the loudest or stabs the most backs in the dark - blossoming into an exceptionally lethal, brilliant apprentice who will stand faithfully at your right hand even unto the end of the galaxy.

The Twin [100]

You do not face the crucible of Korriban alone. Arriving at the Academy alongside you is your identical twin - sharing your exact face, your blood, and an eerie mirror of your raw Force potential. Bound from the womb by a rare, natural Force Bond, the two of you share an instinctive psychic resonance. You can feel each other's location, distress, and tactical intent across great distances, allowing you to coordinate ambushes or fight back-to-back with seamless, wordless perfection. In an Academy where genuine trust is practically non-existent, having a true partner in the dark is an overwhelming advantage. You can trade places to establish ironclad alibis, mislead scheming Overseers, or strike as an inseparable two-headed viper against your peers. Your twin possesses their own distinct personality and dark ambitions, but your shared bond ties your fates together against the rest of the galaxy. Whether you rise together as joint rulers or fuel one another's descent into power, having an identical shadow watching your back drastically increases your odds of surviving to graduation.

Definitely-Not-A-Jedi-Infiltrator [100]

You have no idea how they got through the front door, because this person couldn't be more obviously a young Jedi sent to infiltrate the Sith academy if they tried. They showed up claiming they had awakened their power on their own and wanted true teachings, but they are way too competent in all the basics of using the Force and a lightsaber - at least, until they remember they're supposed to be a novice and then clearly screw up to maintain their cover. Their heart bleeds plainly at every injustice, betrayal, cruelty, and pretty much everything else that defines the Sith. Despite all this, nobody but you seems to give them any more scrutiny than a somewhat competent trainee would get. You wouldn't say you befriended them so much as they decided you were the Sith Acolyte they thought was best to focus on - maybe they believe you are just one act of kindness away from renouncing the Sith, maybe they think you're so Dark that they need to try balancing you out, or maybe they're having doubts about the Jedi Order and you provide a good sounding board for debate. Whatever the case, you will have something more priceless than any treasure in the Sith Academy's halls; a companion you know would sooner die valiantly in righteous defiance than ever betray you.

The Spider [100]

While most Sith prefer towering beasts like war-drakes or snarling Tuk'ata, you understand the lethal elegance of a smaller, quieter predator. Clinging patiently to the inner lining of your robes rests this palm-sized Sith Tarantula: a creature bred through ancient Sith alchemy and dark side mutations. Covered in velvety, light-drinking black bristles with a constellation of glowing crimson eyes, this eight-legged horror is alchemically bonded to your life force. Where it would immediately sink its fangs into anyone else, it treats you with docile, almost unsettling affection: content to perch quietly against your chest beneath your tunic or nestle within the dark folds of your cowl, completely undetected by casual searches. In combat, it serves as the ultimate surprise counter to overconfident rivals. Triggered by a subtle nudge of your intent through the Force or a flick of your wrist, the spider can burst from your sleeve with shocking, explosive speed: leaping several meters directly onto an opponent’s face, neck, or exposed flesh. Its hollow fangs easily punch through light armor to deliver a cocktail of fast-acting, alchemical neurotoxins. A single bite induces agonizing muscle spasms, suffocating paralysis, and blinding pain within seconds, instantly dropping an attacker or destroying their lightsaber guard so you can deliver the killing blow. Between fights, its silent footing and wall-crawling agility make it an exceptional infiltrator, able to slip through air vents to deliver a fatal nip to a sleeping rival while you sit across the Academy with an ironclad alibi.

The Crimson Rival [100]

From the moment you stepped off the shuttle, this fiercely talented acolyte singled you out: not as prey to be murdered in the dark, but as the only worthy equal in a sea of mediocre worms. Proud, sharp-tongued, and brimming with raw potential in the Force, they have declared themselves your ultimate rival. Whenever you achieve a breakthrough, clear a deadly tomb, or master a new technique, you can bet they are right behind you, training twice as hard just to match your stride and demand another sparring match. Despite their dramatic boasts that they will be the one to surpass you, they don't actually hate you at all. In truth, they are your biggest believer. They genuinely want to see you thrive and grow stronger, viewing any slump on your part as a personal insult to their high opinion of you. If another clique of acolytes tries to poison your food or ambush you in the canyons, your rival will furiously step in to help you slaughter them - insisting that nobody is allowed to take you down except them in a fair fight. Beneath all that competitive fire and breathless bantering over crossed training blades, it is painfully obvious that their obsession runs much deeper than mere respect. Catching them staring at you across the mess hall, bandaging your cuts while scolding you for being careless, or blushing furiously when you compliment their swordplay makes one thing clear: your deadliest competitor is also nursing a massive, poorly hidden crush on you.

The Silver-Tongued Viper [100]

In an Academy crawling with killers, she is the one who will pour you a goblet of poison with a warm, disarming smile - and somehow convince you to thank her for it. She cannot be trusted around a glass corner, possessing a mind so crooked and layered in deceit that she practically meets herself coming around the bend. Yet, for all her venom, she is undeniably brilliant. She is, hands down, the most devious manipulator in the entire cohort: a savant who can read a person's deepest insecurities within moments of meeting them. Her greatest talent is an almost hypnotic ability to make people trust her even when their survival instincts are screaming otherwise. She knows precisely how to stroke an Overseer's vanity, play rivals against each other, and orchestrate ruined reputations from the shadows without a drop of blood touching her robes. She is a dangerous ally, but an exponentially deadlier enemy. Fortunately, she has taken your measure and decided you are far too formidable and valuable to simply be used up and discarded like the rest of the fodder. Having her in your corner is a game-changer for navigating the lethal politics of the Academy; she will feed you smuggled whispers, set traps for your mutual enemies, and ensure the social landscape tilts heavily in your favor. Just remember the cardinal rule: this partnership is built on power. As long as you remain strong, victorious, and visionary, she will be the sharpest, most loyal scalpel in your arsenal (perhaps even developing a genuine, twisted respect for your absolute supremacy over time). But never stumble, and never show weakness. The moment you look like prey, those fangs will slip effortlessly into your back.

The Winged Profiteer [100]

While most initiates spend their nights brooding in dark corners, this vibrant, leathery-winged S’kytri prefers to lounge on the highest ledges of the Academy, tossing back smuggled Corellian ale with a carefree laugh. To them, the Sith Code’s promise of ‘’breaking your chains’’ isn't about wallowing in misery - it’s about having the ultimate freedom to live large, ignore the rules, and get filthy rich. Relaxed, charming, and utterly unfazed by Korriban’s grim atmosphere, they treat the deadly trials of the Academy like one big, lucrative treasure hunt. Beneath that easygoing swagger lies the sharpest black-market fixer in the sector. Within days of landing, they somehow greased the palms of every corrupt shuttle pilot, quartermaster, and smuggler on the planet. Having them as your partner means the Academy’s supply restrictions simply do not apply to you. If you need something - be it illegal combat stims, rare alchemical catalysts, restricted weapons, or off-world luxuries - they can track it down and smuggle it straight into your quarters.

Conversely, if you pull cursed relics from the tombs or strip valuable gear off a dead rival’s corpse, they can quietly fence your loot to off-world collectors for top credit without the Overseers ever catching wind of it. In combat, they are an equally valuable combat partner: using their powerful wings and the Force to rain telekinetic strikes and blaster fire down from the sky. They aren't particularly interested in honorable duels or proving their superiority through pointless displays of strength; winning is winning, and there's usually a profit to be made afterward. Between their connections, resourcefulness, and willingness to bend just about every rule in the book, you'll have a partner who can keep you supplied, make your enemies' belongings disappear, and turn even the most miserable assignment into a profitable venture.

The Orphaned Prodigy [100]

Polite, poised, and devastatingly handsome, this dark-haired initiate carries himself like royalty despite hailing from a nameless orphanage. Armed with a silver tongue, he is the darling of the Overseers - effortlessly prying secrets out of his classmates while blinding everyone to just how dangerous he truly is. Decades of dark rituals may one day warp him into something pale and nightmarishly serpentine, but in the here and now, he wears the mask of a charming young scholar.Beneath that veneer, he is a surgical prodigy of three dark disciplines. He is a master of the Mind Trick, puppeteering weak-willed peers like marionettes, and has refined Force Lightning specifically for torture - firing every pain receptor in a victim’s body without leaving a burn. Most chilling of all is his signature execution: an esoteric pinch of the Force that snuffs out a target’s life instantly, leaving the corpse unmarked as though a perfectly healthy person simply dropped dead for no reason.Viewing everyone else as insects, he recognizes a kindred greatness in you. As your loyal partner, he gladly lends his manipulation and untraceable murders to ensure you both rise to the top.

The Silent Blade [100]

Raised from infancy in brutal isolation by an assassin cult, this petite, dark-haired initiate was denied a single spoken word during her childhood. Instead, the portions of her brain meant for speech were conditioned to process only one language: motion. As a result, she barely speaks above a halting whisper and cannot read a single word of Basic - yet the moment a fight begins, she is the most terrifying martial prodigy in the Academy.Through a seamless blend of childhood conditioning and intuitive Force sight, she reads body language like an open book. The slightest shift of a heel, the tensing of a knuckle, or the rhythm of a breath tells her everything. She knows where a rival is going to strike before they have even consciously decided to swing, allowing her to casually weave past flurry after flurry of blades and blaster bolts without a scratch. Armed with nothing more than her bare hands or a training saber, she can dismantle armored veterans with clinical, bone-shattering precision. Despite being forged as a living weapon, she has no love for the pointless sadism of the Sith. Having found a rare sense of warmth and humanity at your side, she has quietly appointed herself your shadow: standing ready to intercept any assassin who dares move against you.

The Fractured Siren [200]

With her breathtaking curves, hypnotic sway, and striking features, this stunning Twi'lek initiate effortlessly turns heads wherever she walks - especially given the exotic, six-fold crown of lekku cascading down her back and shoulders. Whether born of a one-in-a-billion genetic mutation or ancient Sith alchemy, those six sensitive head-tails are an outward reflection of the anomaly inside her skull. Depending on the hour, the way her lekku coil, the way she carries herself, and the very cadence of her voice shift completely. Due to a volatile awakening in the Force, her psyche is split into three distinct personalities sharing one alluring body, and fortunately for you, all three of them are thoroughly infatuated with you. First is the Velvet Charmer: a sultry, shameless tease who weaponizes her beauty to wrap gullible peers and lustful Overseers around her finger. She loves draping herself over your shoulder, caressing your skin with her lekku, and using her seductive wit to extract secrets from your rivals. When blades are drawn, however, her eyes flash gold, and the Crimson Fury takes the wheel. Wild, territorial, and exhilaratingly bloodthirsty, she is an acrobatic whirlwind of dual-blade mastery who treats combat as an opportunity to indulge her more violent appetites, gleefully carving through anyone foolish enough to threaten ‘’her’’ beloved partner. Finally, in the quiet hours of the night, the Whispering Savant emerges. Soft-spoken, clingy, and eerily brilliant, this third persona is a prodigy of Sith Sorcery and ancient lore who views you as the sole anchor keeping their fractured mind whole. Because her shifting psyche is nearly impossible for telepaths to read, having her at your side is like commanding a full coven of specialists (and a very enthusiastic harem) all in a single companion.

The Twi’lek Assassin [200]

To the arrogant Overseers and strutting initiates of the Academy, this Twi’lek is just another piece of unremarkable property - a meek, downcast servant trailing behind you to haul gear, scrub your boots, and kneel silently while the ‘’true Sith’’ converse. In an Empire built on vanity and hierarchy, your peers look right through her, dismissing her as mere furniture. That blind spot is precisely what makes her your deadliest asset. Beneath her rehearsed flinches and averted eyes lies a lethal instrument of assassination. She moves without a sound, possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of undetectable nerve toxins, and can turn a decorative hairpin, a silk sash, or a sliver of garrote wire into an instant, silent execution. Even in plain sight, she is invaluable: using subtle, imperceptible twitches of her lekku, she can relay eavesdropped secrets, warn you of concealed weapons, or coordinate ambush timings across a crowded chamber without uttering a single word. When a rival acolyte lets their guard down around the ‘’helpless slave’’, she strikes with terrifying efficiency. Fiercely and genuinely loyal to you, she is the blade your enemies will never see coming.

The Blade-Pilgrim [200]

While your peers obsess over backstabbing politics, ancient titles, and hoarding dusty relics, this scarred acolyte cares for only one thing: the sublime perfection of the duel. A wandering swordmaster in the making, they view the Dark Side not as a license for petty cruelty, but as the ultimate forge to temper their reflexes, their body, and their blade. Quiet, stoic, and intensely disciplined, they have zero interest in schemes or betrayals - finding such cowardice beneath them. Instead, they live for the thrill of crossing weapons with worthy opponents. Already a terrifyingly lethal prodigy in lightsaber combat, they effortlessly weave between classic forms with fluid, predatory grace, able to read an enemy’s stance and dissect their defenses in seconds. Even with a mundane training sword or vibroblade in hand, they can cut through packs of Tuk’ata or lesser initiates without breaking a sweat. Recognizing a kindred spark of greatness (or perhaps the makings of an ultimate sparring partner) in you, they have sworn their blade to your side. Their code of martial honor makes them unshakeably loyal; they will never stab you in the back, and they will gladly stand as your vanguard against any assassin or beast that tries to interfere with your rise. In exchange for strong enemies to fight and regular bouts in the training ring to sharpen your skills together, you have the deadliest duelist in your class watching your back.

The Silent Neti [200]

Hailing from an ancient, long-lived race of sentient flora, this Neti is your most clandestine and patient confidant. On a desiccated, lifeless dustball like Korriban, its very existence is an anomaly - one it conceals with absolute perfection. Capable of shifting its fibrous physiology at will, the Neti spends almost all of its time disguised as a gnarled, petrified desert shrub, an unassuming bundle of dry roots in the corner of your quarters, or brittle briars clinging to ancient tomb masonry. Beyond physical camouflage, it possesses an uncanny mastery over Force concealment; to digital sensors, thermal optics, and the probing senses of even the most paranoid Sith Lords, it registers merely as dead, inanimate wood. The Neti refuses to acknowledge, reveal itself to, or interact with any living soul in the galaxy except you. Communicating solely through dry, rustling telepathic whispers directly into your mind, it acts as an undetectable spy and mentor. It can eavesdrop on hallway conspiracies completely unnoticed, offer calm, centuries-old counsel amidst the Academy’s madness, and, should your life depend on it, lash out with sudden, crushing wooden tendrils from the dark - vanishing back into the background before anyone realizes a plant was the culprit.

The Iron Juggernaut [200]

Throughout history, the Dark Side has repeatedly forged a very specific breed of monster: the broken titan rebuilt in durasteel and hatred. Towering over the other initiates, your companion is a walking monument to tragedy and wrath. After surviving a catastrophic ordeal that left their body mangled and burned, they were pieced back together with heavy, brutalist cybernetics, armor-grafts, and a rasping respirator. Every mechanical breath they take is a reminder of their scars, and the constant, biting pain of their prosthetics acts as a tireless furnace that continuously fuels their connection to the Dark Side. In battle, they are an unstoppable battering ram. They have no patience for acrobatic flourishes or delicate fencing; they simply march straight through the storm. Combining terrifying mechanical strength with crushing, two-handed blade strikes and raw telekinetic fury, they can shatter a rival's guard in seconds, shrug off wounds that would drop an ordinary acolyte, and snap a Tuk'ata's neck with a single prosthetic hand.

Much like the legendary warlords they resemble, they harbor a cold contempt for the cowardly, backstabbing politics of the Academy. Instead, they have anchored their fractured soul entirely to you - whether because you pulled them from the wreckage where they nearly died, or because they recognize you as the only visionary worthy of their allegiance. While you navigate the shadows, they stand at your side as an unbreakable wall of iron and malice, ready to crush your enemies into dust.

Davik Jonn [200]

Once an ordinary Quarren initiate, Davik Jonn became a cautionary tale about what happens when an acolyte is dragged into the Academy's alchemical labs for biological experimentation. Most initiates would have died on the operating slab, but Davik survived through stubborn spite, returning to the dormitories as a warped, scarred bruiser with a score to settle.

The flesh-shaping rituals permanently mutated his body. His facial tentacles grew into an aggressive, twitching nest, while his left forearm fused into a massive, jagged pincer of hardened chitin. Thick, calcified bone spurs erupt across his shoulders, and the extensive nerve damage from the experiments left his pain receptors largely deadened. He can take a heavy beating, shrug off cracked ribs, and use his claw to catch training blades or crush windpipes bare-handed. Davik has no grand delusions of sorcery or delicate technique; he is a straightforward, heavy-hitting brawler who uses blunt telekinetic pulls to yank rivals off-balance and into range of his pincer. He speaks in a wet, gravelly rasp and carries a grim, fatalistic attitude toward the Academy, often mocking doomed initiates by asking if they ''fear death'' before snapping their collarbones. While the other acolytes recoil from his grotesque appearance and the Overseers view him as a discarded laboratory freak, treating him as a true equal has earned you Davik's unshakeable loyalty. Bound by a shared hatred for the Masters who treat initiates like disposable clay, he will gladly help you butcher anyone who stands in your way.

The Ancestral Wraith [200]

You are not the first of your bloodline to tread the cursed grounds of Korriban. Tied to your genetic lineage is the lingering spirit of an ancient Sith Lord - your direct ancestor. Proud, demanding, and disgusted by the modern state of the Order, this shade has zero interest in coddling you, but he refuses to let his bloodline be wiped out as nameless fodder in an initiate's dormitory.

Anchored to the veil between life and death, his spirit lacks the energy to linger permanently at your side. Instead, he can only manifest to you once every six months, appearing in the dead of night or within the solitude of your quarters. When he does appear, he does not waste his breath on pleasantries or fight your battles for you. He brings cold, decisive intelligence.

Every visitation delivers a critical piece of information vital for your survival and ascension. He might warn you of an impending betrayal by an Overseer, reveal the structural flaw in a rival's lightsaber form, or expose a conspiracy brewing against you in the mess hall. More lucratively, his centuries-old memory allows him to direct you to hidden alcoves, unlooted burial chambers, or secret wall caches containing forgotten artifacts and lost lore that modern scavengers completely missed. Having an ancient Dark Lord acting as your bi-annual strategist gives you a profound edge, provided you are strong enough to act on his warnings.

The Bound Dashade [200]

Where in the name of the Dark Lords did you even find this guy?!

By all rights, the Dashade are supposed to be an ancient, near-extinct myth: fearsome predators from an era when Sith and Jedi fought alongside monsters. Yet here he stands, lumbering right behind you down the Academy corridors: a two-and-a-half-meter-tall mountain of muscle with clawed hands, a terrifying lamprey-like maw, and glowing, soulless eyes. Whether you cracked open a thousand-year-old stasis sarcophagus in the deepest sub-levels of Tulak Hord's tomb or woke him from an alchemical slumber beneath the sands, he has sworn a binding blood-oath to serve you as his master. For an initiate on Korriban, having a Dashade on your leash is the ultimate trump card against arrogant dark siders. His kind were bred for a single, terrifying purpose: hunting Force-sensitives. Thanks to his unique physiology, he is profoundly, unnervingly resistant to the Force. Telekinetic pushes that would shatter stone barely cause him to stumble, Force lightning grounds harmlessly against his thick, armored hide, and mental probes simply shatter against his alien, predatory psyche. Worse for your rivals, Dashade are natural "shadow-killers" who literally feed on the ambient Force energy of those they butcher - meaning to him, the Academy isn't a school of rivals, but a gourmet buffet of soft-fleshed acolytes. He has zero interest in Sith philosophy, lightsabers, or backstabbing politics; he only understands blood, loyalty, and the hunt. Having this hulking relic watching your back ensures that whenever a rival tries to flex their superior Force powers on you, they will have to contend with an immovable wall of Force-immune muscle that wants nothing more than to snap their spine in half and drink their essence.

Scenario

The Crucible of Trayus

Taking this scenario completely overrides your Starting Era, locking your arrival exclusively to Malachor V. Due to the catastrophic nature of the planet, this automatically sets your Crucible Intensity to Tier III: The Industrial Slaughterhouse, granting its +400 CP bonus.

Forget the dusty tombs of Korriban. Your trials begin in 3951 BBY on the shattered, screaming carcass of Malachor V. Years ago, the activation of the Mass Shadow Generator crushed two fleets and an entire world into a fractured graveyard held together only by unnatural gravity anomalies and the deafening agony of millions of dying voices. At the heart of this wasteland sits the Trayus Academy: a brutal forge of Sith Assassins, Dark Jedi, and broken monsters. You have been brought to this suffocating Dark Side nexus with a singular purpose: to be hammered into the blade that will finally sever the last remnants of the Jedi Order.

Your Objective

Before you face your ultimate test, you must first survive the arduous nightmare of your training. Life on Malachor V is a relentless war of attrition. Every breath you take is heavy with the psychic backlash of the planet's wound, threatening to crush your mind if your willpower falters. You will be forced to hone your skills among roaming, mutated Storm Beasts, ruthless Sith Assassins who strike from stealth without warning, and the brutal, merciless oversight of lords like Darth Sion. Everything you endure is preparation for a single, inevitable reckoning: the arrival of the Jedi Exile, Meetra Surik. You are being forged for the sole purpose of killing her when she storms the Trayus Academy. Make no mistake: this will be the hardest fight of your life. By the time the Exile steps onto Malachor V, she is an unstoppable force of nature who has cut down armies of Sith and slain beasts and Lords alike. If you have not pushed yourself to become an apex predator during your training - if you are too weak to even register as a true rival when she arrives - she will cut you down like nameless chaff in the corridors, and this scenario will automatically fail. You must grow strong enough to stand at the heart of the Trayus Core, face the Exile at the absolute zenith of her power, and slay her in mortal combat.

The Rewards

If you can endure the crushing weight of Malachor V and strike down the very anomaly that created it, you will claim her unique nature as your prize:

Reward: Wound in the Force (Perk)
By slaying the Exile at the exact epicenter of her greatest crime, the terrifying psychic echo of Malachor V rushes into your soul to fill the void she left behind. You have become a living Wound in the Force: a walking dead spot and resonant echo in the fabric of reality, granting you all the unnatural advantages once held by the Exile herself. First, your nature as a walking void blinds the foresight of your enemies; Force-sensitives, seers, and cosmic entities find it impossible to predict your actions through precognition or read your destiny. Second, you feed upon death without ever becoming a slave to hunger like Darth Nihilus. Whenever living beings die around you (and especially when you slay them yourself), you passively siphon the metaphysical echo of their passing, using their death to replenish your stamina and permanently deepen your own raw power and Force reserves. Finally, you effortlessly weave invisible Force Bonds with those who travel alongside you or serve beneath you. Through these resonant links, your followers will subtly find their minds, loyalties, and philosophies bending to mirror your own, while allowing you to draw upon their combined strength and resilience in the heat of battle.

The Prophecy of the Sith'ari

Ancient legends whispered in the dark halls of Korriban speak of the Sith'ari: an absolute, perfect being who would one day rise to embody the ultimate potential of the Dark Side. Free of all restrictions and weaknesses, the Sith'ari is destined to crush their rivals, shatter the old order, and remake the Sith in their own image. Yet legends are not born by slaying nameless initiates in the dirt. If you wish to claim this mythic mantle, you must rise from the lowest rung of the Academy and slaughter the greatest titan of your chosen era at the absolute zenith of their power.

Your Objective

Your exact target depends entirely on the Starting Age you chose when entering this gauntlet. Regardless of the millennium, you must survive your trials as an acolyte, amass your strength, and personally strike down your era's designated juggernaut before anyone else can claim their head:

If you chose **The Time of Revan**: You must usurp the reigning Dark Lord of the Sith, Darth Malak. You cannot allow a redeemed Revan to steal your prize. You must carve a bloody path to the heart of the Sith fleet (confronting Malak either aboard his flagship or within the heart of the Star Forge) and break him in mortal combat.
If you chose **The Old Republic Era**: You must set your sights on the apex of Imperial hierarchy: the Dark Council. You must target either Darth Baras (the master manipulator who claims to be the Voice of the Emperor) or Darth Thanaton, the ruthless traditionalist and master of esoteric Sith rituals. Kill them to claim your prize.
If you chose **The Brotherhood of Darkness**: Slaying the ex-miner named Des while he is still an ignorant student in Qordis's Academy will not suffice. You must allow him to awaken as Darth Bane. Only after he has rejected Kaan's lies, uncovered the secrets of Revan's Holocron, and achieved his dark enlightenment may you strike.



The Rewards

If you can rise from a mere acolyte to butcher a legend in their prime, the Force itself will recognize the fulfillment of the ancient prophecy:

Reward: The True Sith'ari (Perk)

Through blood and supremacy, you have proven yourself to be the prophesied perfection of the Sith. Your chains are completely broken, elevating your existence in four profound ways.

First, the spiritual roadblocks that stunt lesser Sith are shattered for you. While growing stronger still requires genuine time and effort, you will never hit an impassable plateau or dead-end in your Force training; so long as you continue to push yourself, your Force reserves and control will steadily deepen over the years, and your hard-won skills will never rust from disuse. Second, you possess an effortless, intuitive command of the Dark Side. Rather than relying on mouldering scrolls or teachers, twisting the Force comes to you as naturally as breathing, allowing you to grasp the fundamentals of techniques after seeing them once or instinctively weave new applications on the fly.

Third, you possess absolute sovereignty over your own emotions; your rage, hatred, and passion burn at maximum intensity to fuel your power, yet your mind remains entirely under your control, immune to madness or blind fury. Finally, you are the favored child of the Dark Side itself. Destiny and probability actively bend to serve your ambition - granting you uncanny luck that sees fatal strikes narrowly miss you, ancient secrets fall into your lap, and your enemies suffer catastrophic misfortunes at the worst possible moments.

Reward: The Sith Academy (Item)

You stepped into its halls as fresh meat meant to be ground into dust; you leave as its eternal Headmaster and Sovereign. You are granted the entirety of the Korriban Sith Academy - along with the surrounding Valley of the Dark Lords - as a property that will follow you into all future jumps. Regardless of which era you started in, your Academy is restored to its absolute zenith. Its restricted archives and vaults are fully stocked with the combined, unexpurgated Holocrons, alchemical laboratories, and forbidden lore of all three eras, while the ancient tombs of the Valley are rich with intact relics and steeped in a massive Dark Side Nexus that answers solely to your will. Better still, the crucible never goes cold. The Academy comes fully staffed with undyingly loyal Overseers, guards, and Sith Alchemists, and it will continuously draw in or generate fresh classes of Force-sensitive acolytes in every new universe you visit. Whether you choose to seamlessly integrate the Valley into the wasteland of a local planet or keep it within a secure pocket dimension, you now possess an eternal forge capable of churning out legions of loyal Sith Warriors, Inquisitors, and Assassins to serve your empire.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Small changes; added a line to the Unbroken Chains drawback guaranteeing that you will survive your year in the mines, edited the reward in the Sith'ari scenario to be less overpowered, fixed the Equal in the Pit to make it so that your rival doesn't have the same level of martial skill you have, added the Disfavored, Improperly Paranoid, Trial of the Blunt Blade, Scrap-Iron Graft, Stygian Residue and The Red Sand Curse drawback, added the Satchel of Baradium Charges and Sith Sword item, added The Bound Dashade as a companion, added the Iron Will, Reflex of the Hunted, Teras Kasi, Force Intuition and Mantra of the Unchained as perks.
v 1.2 - Added The Orphaned Prodigy and The Silent Blade as companions, added an entirely new Difficulty section for greater freedom when choosing how challenging you want your experience to be, also added a line about companions remembering you through the loops.

How much does No Handouts wreck us when we reset?

- The drawback only subtracts the base skill associated with each perk, not the skills you develop through repeated runs of the gauntlet. So while the perks themselves are converted into potential, the proficiency you gradually build in those abilities through repeated experience is retained.

There are three Expies in the jump: An expy of Tom Riddle, an expy of Cassandra Cain, and an expy of Davy Jones from Pirates of the Caribbean.

So I have a question about drawbacks in the Sith Acolyte gauntlet,
How do they interact with failing and starting again?
Obviously you go back to the mines and your classmates still hate you and the Sith Lord still wants to eat you and so on.
But do I have to undergo mt character development every time again? Like, forging the will to kill, regaining the spark of hatred, etc etc. The mental drawbacks.

- Now that I think about it, it doesn't make sense for these drawbacks to repeat. So no, you don't have to go through that character development again. Once you've forged the will to kill or regained your hatred, those changes carry over between runs. You don't need to keep overcoming the same mental hurdles every time.