

Personal Journal of Jedi Guardian London D.

***“May the Force be with us all. May we find strength in unity, wisdom in our trials, and peace in our purpose. The path of the Jedi is never easy, but it is one worth walking. For the Republic. For the Order. For all those who cannot defend themselves.*”**

— London D. Jedi

Guardian, Wielder of the White Double-Saber

Overview

The Personal Journal of Jedi Guardian London D. is a somewhat famous text written and updated by General London about his early life, training in the order, and many accomplishments and responsibilities as a Jedi and a General for the 5th Fleet Security Clone Battalion.

Many younglings in the Order read the journals, not just looking for inspiration and words of guidance from their celebrated author, but also for insight into how the Clone Wars are progressing beyond what the Republic Holonet tells them.

The Journal



◆ PERSONAL JOURNAL OF JEDI GUARDIAN LONDON D. ◆

RECORDS OF THE 5TH FLEET • ASPIRING EXOTIC WEAPONS SPECIALIST

CYCLE: 983 RSY LOCATION: TYTHON, JEDI TEMPLE

I am **LONDON D.**, currently a **JEDI GUARDIAN** aspiring to be an **EXOTIC WEAPON SPECIALIST** who is one with his saber. I am a **JEDI GENERAL FOR THE 5TH FLEET**, wielder of the first **WHITE LIGHTSABER** in the Order. This journal chronicles my journey from military deployment to the trials that forged both my blade and my understanding of the Force itself.



✧ ORIGINS — THE LOWER CITY OF TARIS

Before the Fleet. Before the crystal. Before any of it—there was **TARIS**.

I was born in the Lower City—the part of Taris the Upper City pretends does not exist. Down there, the sky is not sky at all. It is durasteel and rust and the underside of someone else's world, stacked above you like a reminder that you were never meant to see the sun. The air carried the smell of industrial runoff and cheap fuel. The corridors were narrow and dark, and the people who lived in them had long stopped looking up.

My brother **EDNED D.** and I had nothing. No family name that carried weight. No credits to buy passage out. No connections to the merchants or the gangs or anyone who could offer a hand without expecting something worse in return. We were poor in every sense of the word—materially, socially, and in the eyes of a galaxy that had already decided what children from the Lower City were worth.

But I refused to accept that verdict. Even as a child, something burned inside me—not anger, though there was anger. Not desperation, though there was that too. It was **DETERMINATION**. A certainty that I was not meant to die in the Lower City. That Edned was not meant to die there. That somewhere beyond the durasteel ceiling above us, there was a place that would take what I had inside me and make it into something that mattered—not just for myself, but for something greater than myself.

I was never the kind to wait for things to happen. I looked for every opening, every path that might lead somewhere better. I would have taken any road that offered purpose—anything that could give my life and my brother's life direction beyond mere survival. I was willing to go wherever the galaxy needed me, so long as it was forward. So long as it was away from the ceiling.

I was stubborn. I am still stubborn. I do not bend when I know I am right, and I do not yield when the people I care about are at stake. That stubbornness was forged on Taris—where softness was a luxury and hesitation got you hurt. But beneath it, I carried something the Lower City could not kill: loyalty. To Edned, first and always. And later, to everyone I would come to call brother.

The **JEDI ORDER** found us when I was only five years old—in the cycle of 972 RSY. I do not know what they sensed—perhaps it was the Force stirring in two children who had no business surviving as long as they had. Perhaps it was something quieter, something they recognized in the way I carried myself even then: the refusal to accept the world as it was presented to me.

They came at the exact moment I needed them most. Not a day too early—because I needed the Lower City to teach me what it had to teach. Not a day too late—because much longer and the Lower City would have taken from me more than it gave. The timing was the Force's work. I believe that now more than ever. Every trial I have faced since has proven that nothing in my life has been accidental. The poverty. The determination. The brother at my side. The Order at my door. Each one was a thread being woven into the same fabric.

Edned and I left Taris together. We walked into the Jedi Temple not as refugees or charity cases, but as two brothers who had already decided they would make something of themselves—and now finally had the means to do it. The Order did not save us. It gave us the path we were already looking for.

I grew up inside the Order the same way I grew up on Taris—fast, and without permission to slow down. Where other Younglings hesitated, I moved. Where others studied theory, I demanded practice. The Lower City had already taught me what the Temple could not: that survival is earned in the moment, not promised by tradition. I carried that urgency into every lesson, every sparring match, every trial the Masters placed before me. I became a **JEDI KNIGHT** at an age when most were still Padawans—not because the Order rushed me, but because I gave them no reason to hold me back.

When the Clone Wars began, I was given command of the **5TH FLEET** as its Jedi General at only sixteen years old—the cycle of 983 RSY, the beginning of my formal service to the Republic. Young for the rank, but my record left little room for argument. **GENERAL LYRIA** called me a **PRODIGY**—not for raw talent alone, but for the accolades I had earned through sheer refusal to be anything less than what the Order needed me to be. Coming from her, one of the most experienced Jedi alive, the word carried weight I still feel to this day.

In time, I would come to hold distinctions that no other Jedi in the Order can claim. I am one of only two practitioners of the **DOUBLE-BLADED SABER**—the other being **MASTER JARO TAPAL**. I am the only person to have purified a Sith kyber crystal, survived the process, and attuned it to myself. That act—what it demanded of my mind, my spirit, and my connection to the Force—is something no one else has endured and lived to speak of. And because of it, I am the sole holder of a **WHITE DOUBLE-SABER** in the entire Jedi Order. There is no precedent for what I carry. There is no manual, no doctrine, no ancient text that describes the weapon in my hand—because it has never existed before me.

And yet—for all the accolades, for all the distinctions that belong to no other Jedi in the Order—I have stalled. I have not taken the final steps toward the rank of **JEDI MASTER**. Not because I am unready. Not because the Council has withheld it. I have stalled because I am no longer certain the Order I would be pledging myself to is the Order worth pledging to.

The truth is one I have only spoken in quiet rooms, to trusted ears. I have been considering **SEPARATION FROM THE JEDI ORDER**. And I am not alone in it. Others have come to the same conclusion, in their own time, through their own wounds. We have watched the Order we grew up in rot from the inside. The Council speaks in careful silences now. Corruption has crept into the highest chambers and the farthest Outer Rim outposts alike. It is in the politics. It is in the doctrine. It is in the way our names are used before our consent is asked for.

I have begun to feel less like a Jedi and more like a **WAR AGENT**—bred, shaped, and deployed. Emotionless by mandate. Forbidden from seeking emotional attachment. Discouraged from holding any ideal that does not serve the Order's immediate needs.

Pointed at the foes of what the Order calls the Dark Side, and expected to eliminate them without question—without ever being allowed to ask whether the Order's definition of darkness is the true one. I was not trained to be a Jedi. I was trained to be a weapon with a title.

We have grown tired of it. Tired of living half a life in service of an institution that has forgotten why it exists. We want to embrace what the Order has spent centuries holding back—not the Dark Side in the Sith's understanding of it, but the fuller spectrum of the Force that the Order has always been too afraid to touch. Because I am the only one in the Order who has purified a kyber crystal and lived to attune it to myself, I have become the teacher of this quieter revolution. I show them how to **CONTROL THE DARK SIDE**—not to fall to it, not to succumb to it, but to *accept it for what it is, and mend with it*. Darkness is not the enemy. Denial of it is.

A Jedi should have **SERENITY** and **PASSION**. Both. Not one at the cost of the other. Not calm as a cage and never passion as a sin. To serve the galaxy honestly, we must hold our own ideals—forged in our own trials, paid for in our own blood—and fight for what *we* deem right. Not what the Order deems right. Not what the Council rules convenient. Ours.

But this is in **SECRECY**—for now. The Order is not ready to hear it. The Council would call it heresy before they ever considered it truth. So we meet quietly. We teach quietly. We train quietly. And I continue to wear the robes of a Jedi Guardian while, beneath them, something new is being built. Something that does not yet have a name the galaxy will recognize. But it will. When the time comes, it will.

Everything I am today began in the Lower City of Taris. The stubbornness. The loyalty. The refusal to break. The drive to protect the people beside me at any cost. I carry that place with me—not as a scar, but as a foundation. The Lower City taught me that nothing is given. Everything is earned. And when you earn something from nothing, you hold it with a grip that the galaxy itself cannot pry open.



✧ STUDENTS — THOSE ENTRUSTED TO ME

A Jedi is measured not only by the battles they win or the weapons they wield, but by those they raise up behind them. The Force flows strongest where it is passed on. To teach another is to take everything you have earned through blood and silence and trial—and place it, deliberately, into hands that are not your own. It is the most generous

act a Jedi can perform. It is also the most terrifying. Because once you have given it, you cannot take it back, and what they become with it is no longer yours to control.

My first apprentice was **HAVEN Z.**—known in his earliest days as the **PITY PADAWAN**. He had failed the Initiate Trials. Where others in the Order saw a boy unfit for the path, I saw something the Trials could not measure: a spirit that had not yet been given the right teacher. I took him on when no one else would, and for **TWO CYCLES** I trained him with the same urgency the Lower City had trained me. I did not let him rest on his label. I did not let him believe the Order's early verdict. I drilled him, pushed him, and demanded more than I had been asked to give at his age.

He rose. He became a **JEDI KNIGHT**, then a **JEDI SENTINEL**—walking the quieter paths of the Order, the places where investigation and justice matter more than front-line war. He devoted himself to the way of **ATARU**, the aggressive, acrobatic form that demands a body tuned like an instrument and a mind unafraid of its own momentum. In time, he ascended to the rank of **JEDI MASTER**. And with **MASTER IMA-GUN DI** of the Council, he forged something no one had before—a **GREATSABER** of his own design. The Pity Padawan now holds a weapon uniquely his, and I could not be more proud of the man he has become. He was never unworthy. He was only undiscovered.

My second apprentice is **JEDI KNIGHT BOBO**. He is still young in temperament—rough around the edges, occasionally immature in ways that remind me of students I have watched stumble when the Order needed them to stand. But beneath the youth is genuine capability, and beneath the capability is a hunger I recognize. He does not yet know what he is capable of. That is my task as his Master—to show him.

Haven, having walked the road himself, now trains Bobo in **ATARU**—passing down the form that once carried him from Pity Padawan to Jedi Master. There is a rightness to it that I cannot describe. The student becomes the teacher. The overlooked becomes the one who refuses to overlook. If Bobo walks the path with even half of Haven's discipline, he will follow a similar arc—Knight, Sentinel, Master. And when that day comes, the Order will have three where there was once one undiscovered boy.

These are the ones I have raised. The ones I would raise a blade for. The ones whose names I will carry into every battle, just as I carry the names of the 5th Fleet. A teacher's legacy is not what they build. It is who they leave behind to build after them.



✧ DEPLOYMENT TO THE 5TH FLEET

My militarized deployment to the **5TH FLEET** marked the beginning of my service as a Jedi General. I spent considerable time befriending the clones, training alongside them, teaching and leading them in battle. Together we forged bonds stronger than simple military command—these men became my brothers in arms.

I taught the 5th battle formations that included Jedi integration, defended our ships from CIS invasions, and stood against the pirates of the **CRIMSON DUO**. I ensured the SFC remained safe from any foes attempting to board our vessels. Many times I escorted key personnel—the Fleet's Admirals and other high-ranking officers—guarding them with my life.

My Padawan, **HAVEN Z.**, accompanied me during this time, learning the ways of medical treatment and familiarizing herself with the Venator's operations. She proved to be an exceptional student, showing compassion and dedication to healing—qualities that would serve the Order well.



❖ THE PURSUIT OF THE DOUBLE-SABER

With the purified crystal in hand, my path forward became clear. I knew I needed to pursue the **DOUBLE-SABER HILT** to complete my training as an Exotic weapon specialist. But darker concerns weighed on my mind and my brother's.

My brother **EDNED** and I planned to search for Jedi holocrons. Our Padawans had been influenced negatively by the growing darkness. Edned's Padawans had rejected the Jedi Code when he made them recite it—an alarming sign. We spoke after the incident and felt a disturbance in the Force. Through our developing **FORCE-BOND**, we understood each other's concerns without words. We knew what we had to do: request a meeting with the Jedi High Council to relay these troubling issues.

Recent events gave weight to our fears—the Dark Side had already claimed prior Padawans and other Jedi. We would not let our students fall victim to it.



❖ AUDIENCE WITH THE HIGH COUNCIL

We requested an audience with the **JEDI HIGH COUNCIL**. The chamber was as imposing as ever—circular, with tall windows allowing sunlight to stream across the assembled Masters. I stood before them with my brother Edned, our concerns heavy on our minds.

MASTER OBI-WAN KENOBI was calm and understanding as always. **MASTER MACE WINDU** sat with his characteristic stern expression. **MASTER KI-ADI-MUNDI** observed thoughtfully. The other Council members listened intently as we presented our concerns.

We spoke of the growing darkness, the influence on our Padawans, and the disturbing rejection of the Jedi Code. I also presented my request for permission to pursue the **DOUBLE-SABER HILT**, explaining my desire to become an Exotic weapon specialist and serve the Order more effectively.

The Council listened. They acknowledged our concerns. But what came next would test me in ways I had not anticipated.



❖ THE CHALLENGE AND THE DEFIANCE

Master Kenobi spoke with measured words: *"The path you seek is not easily granted. You must prove your worth—not only in combat, but in wisdom and understanding of the greater purpose."*

It was a challenge. A test of my dedication and my ability to see beyond the weapon itself.

My brother **EDNED** stepped forward with a proposal that surprised even me. He suggested we become **JEDI TEMPLE WATCHMEN**—Jedi who patrol assigned sectors, investigate disturbances in the Force, and protect those who cannot defend themselves. It was a creative solution that demonstrated our dedication not to glory or personal achievement, but to service.

The Council considered this. It showed understanding of the greater purpose—that the weapon was merely a tool, and that our true calling was to serve the galaxy and protect the innocent. This was the wisdom Master Kenobi had challenged us to demonstrate.



✧ THE RETURN OF EDNED D.

I traveled to the planet **TYTHON** to greet my brother **EDNED D.** upon his return from a harrowing mission. He had battled numerous Sith who appeared to be gathering for a meeting of some kind. The Jedi prevailed when the Sith launched their onslaught, and my brother emerged victorious—though not without scars.

When he disembarked, I greeted him with relief. He carried with him **THREE SITH LIGHTSABERS**—trophies from fallen enemies. His eyes held both triumph and weariness as he told me of his plan: to purify the corrupted kyber crystals within.

"I'll give you one," he said, understanding my aspiration. "I know you want to make the Double-Sabers you've been seeking."

Gratitude filled my heart. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for.



✧ THE PURIFICATION RITUAL

We worked with **GENERAL LYRIA**, one of the most experienced Jedi in the Order and a leading figure in Force knowledge. She agreed to guide us through the purification ritual. Joining us was **MASTER PLO KOON**, who carried his own Sith saber for purification. The four of us—myself (London D.), Edned D., Master Plo Koon, and General Lyria—retreated to a secluded place on Tython to begin the sacred ritual.

What transpired was nothing short of harrowing. **MASTER PLO KOON** lost consciousness during the ritual, and when we examined his crystal, we found it heavily shattered—though mercifully not broken beyond repair. **EDNED**'s kyber crystal completely shattered, and he was forced to confront the essence and memories embedded within it. He fought the dark visions while imprisoned in a Force trance, battling the taint that threatened to consume him. He emerged victorious, but barely.

My own attempt did not go as planned. I could not complete the purification—the connection with the crystal dropped unexpectedly. Yet the crystal remained, hovering in a strange state: **VOID OF BOTH LIGHT AND DARKNESS**. I knew I had to wait until it was ready to reconnect with me.

I left the crystal on the mountain of the Jedi Temple on Tython, allowing it to absorb the Force naturally—much like kyber crystals do in their natural state on Illum. Days passed. When I felt the moment was right, I consulted General Lyria once more. She helped me maintain focus and dedication as I approached the ritual for the second time.



✧ THE BATTLE OF CARIDA

The call to battle came swiftly. Our deployment brought us to the airspace above the planet **CARIDA** aboard the Venator-class Star Destroyer **TRIBUNAL**. We were there to defend against multiple CIS fleets that had converged on the system.

The odds were grim: **ONE VENATOR AGAINST TWO PROVIDENCE-CLASS DREADNOUGHTS AND APPROXIMATELY FIVE MUNIFICENT-CLASS FRIGATES**. But we were the 5th Fleet, and we would not yield.

The CIS forces boarded the **TRIBUNAL**—the vessel I was tasked to protect as Jedi General for the 5th Fleet. Dozens of B1 and B2 battle droids, along with droidekas, flooded through the breached hull. I fought alongside my troops, protecting the vessel from top to bottom, corridor by corridor.

The corridors led me deep into the Tribunal—toward the Engine Room, where the pulse of the reactor thrummed like a second heart. I felt the disturbance in the Force before I saw its source. Beyond the sealed door, a **RED LIGHTSABER** ignited. Its glow bled through the seams of the door, painting the walls of the corridor in violent crimson. I had only a moment to brace myself before the door hissed open.

ASAJJ VENTRESS stood on the other side—pale, sharp, and smiling the way predators smile when they have already decided the outcome. She expected me to engage her in the confined space of the Engine Room, where her twin sabers and the narrow walls would favor her style. I refused to give her that advantage. I leapt—Force-driven, clean and fast—over her head, clearing her blades before they could rise, and landed on the far side of the threshold. The door was still cycling open. I pressed through it without looking back.

She did not give chase—not immediately. She knew what was waiting between us.

DROIDEKAS unfolded at the corridor bend, their shields flickering to life. **B2 SUPER BATTLE DROIDS** advanced behind them, wrist cannons primed. It was a killing funnel, meant to pin me between the droids ahead and Ventress behind. I refused to be trapped. I moved—deflecting, vaulting, cutting through shield gaps, using the Force to tip a

droid-eka off its balance long enough to cleave it. I did not stop to fight what I did not have to fight. I fought through, not toward. The objective was not victory in that corridor. The objective was the **MAIN HANGAR**.

I burst into the hangar just in time to understand her plan. Ventress had not come to kill me—she had come to cripple us. The row of Jedi starfighters staged for the assault on the Separatist fleet was her true target. Without them, the 5th Fleet had no striking arm. Without them, the Providence-class dreadnoughts would grind us down at their leisure. She meant to destroy every fighter in the bay before any pilot could launch.

I was not alone. **MASTER OBI-WAN KENOBI** and **MASTER QUINLAN VOS** had reached the hangar by another route, reading the same signs in the Force that I had. The three of us converged on her at once—three blades against two, each of us closing off an angle of escape. Ventress fought like a cornered storm, her twin sabers carving red arcs through the air as she shifted between us, refusing to commit to any single opponent long enough for us to take her.

She blew one starfighter—detonating its fuel cell with a precise strike as she passed it, the fireball throwing us off balance just long enough for her to reach another. But she did not stop at sabotage. She vaulted into the cockpit of a Jedi starfighter, sealed it, and ignited the engines before any of us could close the distance. The hangar gates were already open to the void of space above Carida. She shot out of the Venator in a stolen Jedi fighter and vanished into the chaos of the battle outside.

She escaped. But the fleet survived her, and the remaining fighters launched. That was the victory I took from that encounter—not Ventress's capture, but the preservation of what she had come to destroy.

With Ventress gone and the hangar secured, I returned to the fight for the rest of the ship. It was during this chaos that **ANAKIN SKYWALKER** arrived to assist. We fought side by side, our blades moving in synchronized harmony against the relentless droid assault. Between strikes, he turned to me and said, *"It's a pleasure to fight side by side with you. Good knowing you, brother."*

His words were not defeat—they were acknowledgment of the bond forged in battle. But I refused to accept them as farewell. *I did not want to die. I wanted to live.* I fought with everything I had, trying to protect my troops to the best of my ability.

Then the situation turned dire. The **TRIBUNAL'S REACTOR LEVELS DROPPED TO 20%**. The Admiral's voice crackled over the comm: *"All hands, evacuate! This is not a drill!"*

As if the Force itself wished to compound our tragedy, another **PROVIDENCE-CLASS DREADNOUGHT** dropped out of hyperspace directly into the system. It accelerated straight toward the **TRIBUNAL**, intent on ramming us.

We evacuated. But not everyone could make it. The RSF forces had taken escape pods too early in a panic, leaving many of my men—my brothers—stranded aboard the dying ship. I watched from the viewport of my escape pod as the **TRIBUNAL** was torn apart.

I will cherish the lives of the 5th Fleet that were lost that day. Their names are etched in my memory, their sacrifice honored in my heart. **I WILL FIGHT IN THEIR NAME.**



❖ THE TRIAL WITHIN

I regained connection with the crystal. A voice—ancient, powerful, and demanding—echoed through my consciousness:

"WHY HAVE YOU CALLED FOR ME?"

I responded with clarity and conviction: *"To make a connection. To free you from the burden and the darkness that once bound you."*

"AGAIN? PROVE YOUR WORTH."

The crystal pulled me fully into its consciousness. I witnessed memories—painful, violent memories. The Sith who once wielded this crystal fought against **MY BROTHER EDNED, GRANDMASTER YODA, MASTER OBI-WAN, AND THE TEMPLE GUARD**. The crystal tried to use these visions against me, to fill me with despair, fear, and utter darkness.

I did not fall for its schemes. I held firm.

Then it did the unthinkable. The crystal transformed into **MY BROTHER**—corrupted, twisted by darkness, blade ignited and ready to strike me down. It was testing my will, my strength, and my truth. The vision wanted a fight to the death. It wanted me to give in to rage, to fear, to the instinct to survive at any cost.

I kept it at bay. I refused to strike. I refused to let it have what it wanted.

"We were fated for this moment," I said to the crystal. *"You and I are meant to be greater. There is more to you than living for the emotion and act of killing. This is not your true purpose."*

The vision of my brother faded. The darkness receded. Before I knew it, I woke—lying on the stone floor of the temple, my body drenched in sweat. And there, before me, resting in my palm, was a **WHITE KYBER CRYSTAL**.

I had purified it. I had become one with it. **I AM THE FIRST WHITE SABER WIELDER IN THE ORDER**, and the only one to successfully purify a kyber crystal in this manner.

This experience profoundly impacted my knowledge of the Force. I came to understand the strengths and weaknesses that each side possesses, and realized the delicate **BALANCE BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK**—that one cannot truly exist without the other. The color white is now more symbolic to me than I ever imagined. It represents not the absence of darkness, but the triumph over it. Not ignorance of its existence, but mastery in the face of it.

I am proud of my efforts, and I know there is much more to do.



❖ FUTURE GOALS — SABERSTAFF TRAINING

The path ahead remains clear despite the losses. My next goal is to learn the art of **SABERSTAFF COMBAT** from **GENERAL JARO TAPAL**—the technique of wielding the double-bladed lightsaber. He is more than a mentor; he is a friend, a brother connected through the bonds we have forged.

Soon this training will come. Soon I will master the double blade. And when that day arrives, I will be ready to serve the Order and the Republic with even greater skill and dedication.



❖ THE FORGING OF THE DOUBLE-SABER

The time had come. I took upon myself the trial of dissecting my first lightsaber—carefully disassembling the hilt I had carried faithfully through every battle, every mission, every moment of service to the Order. It was not an act of destruction, but of transformation. I extracted the kyber crystal from within, feeling its familiar hum fade as it left the housing that had given it purpose.

With two crystals now in my possession—the **PURIFIED WHITE KYBER CRYSTAL** born from my trial, and my original **BLUE KYBER CRYSTAL** that had served me since my

earliest days—I began the assembly of the **DOUBLE-SABER HILT**. Each component was placed with precision, each connection guided by the Force as the weapon took shape beneath my hands.

Then it happened again. During the assembly, the Force pulled me inward—back into my inner world. The space was familiar now, but no less threatening. My inner demon stood before me, and this time it did not challenge me with visions of the past. It challenged me with a decision.

"CHOOSE."

It showed me the Venator—the ship that the 5th Fleet and I were sworn to protect. Onboard, **BOMBS HAD BEEN PLANTED** throughout critical sections of the vessel. Massive waves of droids were boarding—**B2 SUPER BATTLE DROIDS, DROIDEKAS, AND MORE**—killing their way through corridor after corridor, cutting down my brothers as they fought to hold every inch of ground.

The choice was cruel: stay and fight beside my soldiers—bleed and perhaps die defending the Venator—or run, escape with the intelligence we had gathered, and deliver information that could help the Republic succeed in the war. My soldiers would want us to win. They would want their sacrifice to mean something greater than a single ship, a single battle.

But knowing that did not make the decision easier. *"We bleed and may die for the Venator."* The mission was dire. The decision had to be made. I chose to carry their memory forward—to ensure their sacrifice was not in vain by delivering what we knew to those who could use it to turn the tide.

When I emerged from my inner world, the assembly was complete. Before me lay a finished **DOUBLE-SABER HILT**. I ignited both blades. One burned **BLUE**—the color of my journey, my loyalty, my service. The other shone **WHITE**—the color of purification, of triumph over darkness, of balance.

I am now one of the few **DOUBLE-SABER BLADED USERS** in the Order, and the only one to have attained a **WHITE KYBER CRYSTAL**. The weapon is an extension of who I am—both halves of my journey united in a single hilt.



✧ THE SIEGE OF THE SENATE



With my newfound double-saber in hand, the Force saw fit to test me almost immediately. The **SITH LORD VYNN** launched a brazen invasion of the **SENATE BUILDING ON CORUSCANT**—the very heart of the Republic. It was an act of unimaginable audacity, a strike meant to shatter morale and demonstrate the reach of the Dark Side.

Vynn erected a massive **SITH SPIRE** within the Senate chamber itself. The spire spread contaminated and dangerous blood across the Senate floor—a vile corruption that oozed with Dark Side energy, poisoning everything it touched. The air grew thick with malice, and the Force screamed in agony around us.

She did not come alone. Vynn summoned **TWO TO THREE SITH GHOSTS** to fight alongside her—spectral warriors bound to her will, each radiating ancient hatred. They moved through the chamber like shadows made solid, their phantom blades clashing against ours.

I did not shy away. I fought **SITH LORD VYNN** directly, placing myself at the helm of the battle with my newfound white double-saber blazing. The twin blades—one blue, one white—spun and struck with a ferocity I had never before channeled. Every lesson, every trial, every loss had prepared me for this moment. I met her darkness with my light, blow for blow, refusing to give ground in the halls of democracy.

When the battle subsided and the Sith forces were driven back, I recovered **SITH ROBES** from the corpse of one of the fallen. What secrets they hold, I do not yet know. I await the opportunity to examine them fully—there may be knowledge within, or perhaps a warning of what is still to come.



✧ FUTURE GOALS — FORCE MASTERY

The blade is forged. The weapon is complete. But a Jedi is more than his saber—he is a conduit of the Force itself. My next pursuit is to attain mastery over Force abilities that will deepen both my understanding and my effectiveness as a guardian of the Republic.

I already possess **FORCE CLEANSE**—a power I earned through the purification of the Sith Kyber crystal. I am the only person to have successfully cleansed a Sith crystal in this manner, and with that act came an intuitive understanding of how to purge corruption through the Force. This ability is the foundation upon which I intend to build.

// END OF ARCHIVES //

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