

For the Living

Whoever is reading this, I hope this tale of an old man and his daughter is insightful and inspiring.

My family are dead.

My daughter was the last to die. She hated me. I loved her. And just as I thought I was breaking through to her, to have a family one last time in what little time I have left... she was taken from me. Killed in war.

I had failed her in life, and so swore to make it up to her in death. Her killer would die by my hand. It was the last thing I could do for her - to dedicate my life to avenging hers. It's what she would have wanted. I'm the last left alive, an old killer with one foot in the grave, and one bastard to drag down there with me.

Then in this Realm, where the living meet the dead, I met her once more. I asked her what she wanted me to do. But she was dead. The dead don't have needs or wants. She only wanted me to live for myself.

Then I realised, I wasn't pursuing vengeance for her. I was doing it for me. I was the one who wanted him dead. And I still do. I still seek vengeance. My daughter's killer will die by my hand. But now I understand I am doing that for myself. I am fighting for what I believe to be right, without pretence that I'm doing it for my daughter. I'm living for myself, and that's okay.

Whoever you are, whoever you have lost, mourn for them, but live for yourself and the people still alive. Stay close to those you still have. Because this Galaxy is for the living.

The Vornskr General