

# Northwest Passage

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Quiet, too quiet, the elder Mandalorian felt as he sank into the synthetic leather seat. Not only was the Northwestern Sector of Dajorra silent, an oddity with all things considered, but the Somber Respite finally lived up to its name. There was an unnatural quiet to the air, broken only by the rhythmic patterns of the ion engines shifting when the vessel maneuvered. As he sat up and peeled himself from his seat, Wulfram looked to his companion in flight, an RX-Series droid, RX-175, that the girls had affectionately named RITZ, and smiled.

“Sir?” The Droid questioned as it noticed the man had stood from his seat, stretched, and begun to walk away.

“I’m ceding them helm to you, for now, RITZ. Ping Winchester or Myself if you come across anything not flying under Arconan or Dajorran Defense Transponders before I come back. I just need a few minutes out of the seat.” Wulfram groaned as he sighed and made for the bulkhead, punching in the command code and slipping through the doorway.

“Too quiet, miss the kids running through the hallways of the ships, arguing and bickering no matter the time of day.” He said with a smile as he knocked on Winchester’s Quarters Door.

“Stretching out for a bit, would you care to pop in and check on him so RITZ doesn’t get anxious?” The Mandalorian chuckled as Chris opened his door with the most annoyed of expressions on his face.

“Whatever. It’s a droid. Just get the damned thing a different personality core if you’re tired of it needing hand-holding!” He shouted after Wulfram as the man made his way down the halls.

Wulfram shook his head as he got to the stairwell and pulled himself up to the personnel deck. He knew he could have easily changed out RITZ’s personality core, made him serious, possibly objective-oriented, or even given him a good weapons suite. But doing any of these things would have changed the droid that helped raise a majority of his daughters. He trailed down the quiet hallway, stopping by the last of the rooms that still held a child occupant, and placed his palm on Erin’s door, smirking for a moment before he trailed further down past to his own quarters.

“I could never reprogram RITZ, he’s family.” The Director of the Marshals said with a smirk as he looked over the various pictures in his quarters.

Pictures of his children, Sagitta, Asani, Arden, and Erin, throughout their journeys, snowball fights, graduations, their first bounties, as well as so many other memories from yesteryear, half as many had RITZ floating around in the background or the kids climbing around on top of him. Quiet details like these were the worst for Wulfram, but keeping good memories of the kids close at hand pressed him to keep moving forward.

Tired eyes looked around the small room for his partner but Lillian was nowhere to be seen. Wulfram took a moment and removed his simple tan flight suit, the Director of the Marshals changed into his dress uniform before he made his way back into the hall and headed towards the lounge.

As he entered the lounge he crossed the threshold and smirked when he found where Lillian had slunk off to, half asleep in the bench seat with two cups of Caf in front of her, the Mandalorian woman pushed one towards her partner and shook her head.

“Wolsha, you look worse off than I do, and I just woke up.” She mocked for a moment.

“Quiet on this front. No ad’ika running the halls to keep me entertained, rough night.” Wulfram replied as he slid into the seat beside her and placed a kiss on her forehead, tucking some of her loose hair behind her ear.

“Braid’s loose.” He whispered.

“Not planning to wear the helmet right now. Still trying to... See the world like you do.” She whispered back before an all too familiar chime sounded.

“Sir. We have contact from another fleet vessel IFF Transponder reads it as a DDF Vessel, the—” RITZ chimed over the wrist-link before Wulfram cut him off.

“Forward their call to the Briefing Room and respond to them with our Verification Codes.” The Director responded as he made his way out with his cup of Caf in hand. “Thank you Lil, we’ll catch up after I give them the all-clear about the Northwestern Passage.”