

The Dawn Will Come

An alarm roused Wulfram from a dead sleep, disturbing him from the perpetual dream of his childhood. The Purge of Mandalore, a moment in time forever engrained in his mind and relived every night, a stark reminder of the future he raged against, the future he fought to prevent his ad'ika from suffering. The aging Mandalorian reached for his helmet, half expectant that the alarm would be a holocall from Sofila, Asani, or one of their partners with news of some new venture they had gotten themselves wrapped up in. The truth was something that chilled him to his core. The klaxon rang in the building, occasional pulses through the planetary warning system.

With a flick, Wulfram turned on the holo-screen to see what the news was and was assailed with imagery of impending danger. Coronal forces began to shift tearing one of the system's stars apart and the other had grown unstable, electronic devices and satellites on the far side of the planet had already fallen victim to the magnetic storms, and within the next twenty-four hours the raging storms growing and on both stars would translate to an unsustainable environment for those on the ground. The Holo withdrew to the nearest spaceport, explaining that the solar storms had also affected hyperspace lanes. Despite this ships still launched in futile hopes, and during the live broadcast, a vessel attempted to jump only to be shredded to pieces on air.

Panic gripped the city and the world.

"At least my ad'ika aren't here to suffer this with me." The Mandalorian sighed as he stood from his bed, pulled his gear to his side, and dressed in his traditional armor.

"The world may burn and I may die with it, but, I won't lose my decency along the way." Wulfram murmured as he pulled the phrik longsword from its scabbard and checked the runes along the blade, tapped the kyber crystal, and sheathed it.

An unsteady hand reached out and picked up his helmet, his thumb rubbed over the lining absently as he stared at the doorway. Worry and a cold pit in his stomach over just how people in the city would react to the news. Some would attempt to run, others hide, many go about their day like nothing was changing in pure disbelief, and there would be those who turned to violence. Those were the ones the Mandalorian feared, for others, not his own sake.

In their darkest hour, people deserved a modicum of peace, solace, and perchance hope. If he could be nothing else in this moment, he would at least attempt to be an arbiter of peace. Donning his helmet he opened the door and slipped through the halls of the complex. He would not go gently into oblivion, it was not his way, he raged, against indecency, against undue malice, against those who would take the peace of others in this dying day as he brought theirs instead. The final crusade of the last son of Clan Armis, and in his final hour as the twin suns rose, he greeted the burning dawn upon his knees with a smile.

“Look upon me and see a son of Mandalore. See vengeance. See anger. See everything which has crafted me and know that I will die with the same honor I have lived with. Ashla, Bogan, Elders, and Destroyers, know whosoever turns the heavens, that I fear not what awaits me, I lived by the Resol’nare, I am Manda.” As the city fell from screams to silence, Wulfram took off his helmet and greeted the flames that washed over the planet’s surface with a bowed head, his sword lain in front of him.

I’ll meet you on the other side... Lillian.