

Solyiat  
Trepus Mine  
42 ABY

Tisto pushed himself out of bed with a heavy sigh, his feet knocking aside some empty spicebrew bottles. For all his boasting about being able to go through any hardship, a large part of himself considered taking advantage of being able to enter and exit a Force assisted coma whenever he wanted. The Kiffar shook his head at the thought. *It's just another day. It's been just another day for years now.*

That thought made his stomach turn. Nine years ago today he had failed to live up to every job he ever held. The Kiffar angrily kicked away an empty bottle as he got dressed. *There was nothing I could do.*

Tisto paused when he went to reach for his jacket, the patches on it seeming to mock him. Tisto had been a lot of things since he failed that day, each one another failure he could add to his belt. He carefully picked up the jacket, feeling the old armorweave in his hands.

*It's protection for you, dolt.*

That voice was familiar. The failure pushed it away as he put on the jacket, doing his best to ignore the uneasiness in his gut. It felt more uncomfortable than it ever had before, and the Kiffar took it off.

"I suppose I don't deserve to wear you today," Tisto muttered to the jacket, his hand running over the old and faded patch of the Nameless. The former gang leader could have chuckled at the name if it were any other day.. *For all I say I can do, I let you all down. I let her down.*

He placed the jacket on his bed and wandered over to a mirror. Even the parts that didn't hate himself had to admit he looked terrible as he stared in the mirror. His dreads were thinning, and his scars reminded him of all his failures. *This is the worst year yet.*

*Because you watched us die. You watched me die.* The familiar voice replied in his head. Tisto wished he could forget Lucia's voice. *And here you are being happy.*

The boxer sighed, turning away from the mirror to look at the jacket, a fifteen year old gift that had long outlived its gifter. He remembered speaking to it shortly after Lucia had died, it reminded him of her.

"I.. your right," he said. "I let you down."

He slid down to be seated on the ground. He had been happier in the last few months than he could remember being throughout his life. His jobs were more direct, he fought people calling themselves gods for a friend who he could rely on. Who respected his wishes, even if he wasn't sure they thought of him as a friend since they never

asked for anything in return. Today of all days that felt wrong, he had failed the person who needed him the most.

He looked down at his hands and sighed again. The Kiffar had not expected today to be as rough as it was, but still had prepared for it. Even those preparations were a failure. *Was it any wonder you let me die when you can't even prepare for a day you knew was coming?*

Tisto shook his head. "I did what I could."

*You stood there and watched that Sith gut me like a ghest. And now you are happy?*

All she had asked for from him was the ability to lead the gang and protect them. He had failed at both. Yet for a moment that didn't matter. He stood up and grabbed the jacket, and started walking towards the old swoop workshop in the mine. He walked quicker than he thought was normal as he felt a rush of heat as if he was touching a swoop engine.

*What are you doing?* Lucia's voice seemed to ring in his head, fighting against the heat.

"I don't know," he told the jacket as he entered the workshop. "But I am tired of this. I am tired of needing to succeed to matter."

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42 ABY

The Squealing Mynock

A jacketless Tisto sat at the bar slowly nursing a spicebrew and watching a shockboxing match. He was going to fight one of the two competitors in a few weeks, but he didn't really remember who, both of them were pretty bad. He still wasn't sure what had come over him back in the mine, but he felt much better. Memories of nine years ago still hurt, but he knew he didn't need to complete a job to matter, just do it. He could fail and still do his job.

*Besides, my job has changed now. Though I do wish I knew if Diy thought we were friends. She never does ask for anything. What a weird person.*