

*'Upon these pages lay my final wishes for my earthly remains...'*

"These look pretty cut and dry, if a bit strange," the official said as he finished reading. "Are you certain we should-"

"No matter how strange his wishes were, they will be respected. The man served the fellows of his Clan to his dying day. And that is all that matters," the other retorted.

"Well, I suppose we had better start prepping him. And soon. Are they planning to have a memorial or some such?"

"I think so. Why?"

"You should warn the Consul that the man requested an ancient form of burial. A funeral pyre."

"It will be done. Make certain to follow his instructions to the letter."

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Celevon's remains had been placed on the raised wooden platform, wrapped in a shroud and the fire lit without a single word spoken.

"I must say, your man certain had odd requests," the Official murmured quietly to the Consul, Marick Arconae.

"What do you mean by 'odd'? It's a standard warrior's funeral, from what I can see," the Primarch queried after a moment.

"There was nothing standard about this. He requested that his body be submerged in 'as flammable a substance that can be obtained' for a full three days. The shroud soaked in the same material, doused in salt. He also wanted his body coated in the stuff. Something about not being able to return as a 'spirit of vengeance'."

"Edraven was excessively paranoid and dabbled in things best left unspoken," Marick shrugged, not looking phased in the slightest by his fellow Shadesworn's last requests.

"He said to make certain that the flames burnt until nothing but ash remained. Then to spread the ashes to the winds, so that his body could not, and I quote, 'be used in any nefarious rituals or used as a form of reanimation'. Do you know of what he was referring to?"

"I'm going to assume Necromancy. Or even Sith Alchemy. As I stated before, the man had dabbled and researched. He was an odd one, even from his earliest days amongst us."

“One thing that also stood out... He said that any bone that remained should be salted and burned once more, then crushed and dumped into a flowing stream. Do yo-”

“All of those requests are his and will be respected. All of them have some symbol of purity to them. Not to mention the elements taken into account. Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Cease your incessant questions and make certain his requests are fulfilled to the letter,” the Obelisk growled in a rare show of emotion.

“As you wish, Lord Consul.”

The pair of them remained until the fire had burnt to nothing, some of the ashes already being taken away by the wind whipping through the courtyard.

“Fulfill his wishes as they were written. Inform me when it has been completed. Then burn the paperwork where he wrote the instructions-”

“That has already been done, my lord. It was written upon the very last page.”

“Good, then.” Marick turned and began to walk away.

“Sir! Wait a moment, I nearly forgot!”

“What is it?”

“His request was for me to give you this. The instructions said that you would understand. Good day to you, Lord Consul.”

As the Official walked away, Marick unwrapped the bundle, revealing the sheathed kerambit the Onderonian had carried with him as since the day he had been indoctrinated into the Shadesworn ranks.

The Primarch let his lips curve into a small smirk before whispering to the winds.

“In life and in death, my blade stands with you. Rest well, brother.”

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