

Honor

It was just another day and just another task. The dissenters were being silenced. Any who threatened the safe and secure society the Empire promised its citizens. In the shadow of the Imperial Palace on Judecca, where House Scholae Palatinae watched over the Cocytus System from behind the face of an Empire, an example was being made of those who dared question their methods of finding peace. Members of the Imperial Judeccan Guard, acting with honor to preserve the idealism of the Empire, warned the dissenters to disperse before things would get violent. Yet, driven by their foundational desire for what they believed to be social justice, they had to take a stand to defend their own manifestation of idealism. Evant Taelyan, a Human, a Sith Warrior, a Palatinean, the Supreme Commander and loyal servant of the Empire, was making the calls.

Choose your battles. Those were words to live by as I navigated the intricate web of social interactions and decisions on a daily basis. As my influence and power grew, so too did the frequency of the battles and conflicts in my mind on a daily basis. For every external one, there were at least a dozen internally I kept at bay.

I stood at the back of the crowd. A careful observer, yet myself observed. Everything that transpired before me was to happen by my will. The fact I needed to do nothing more than stand there was a testament to how powerful a message our Empire had crafted. Even those who stood as a threat were driven by the same desires for an idealistic society. I knew this. I knew it too well, which is why I sometimes experienced internal conflict.

I, like so many others, have a strong desire to uphold the moral code. It was a simple exchange, loyalty to our Empire in exchange for an identity and a belonging. I know all too well the manipulative practices of shaming the citizens of our Empire into obedience. Small transgressions on a daily basis are often hidden to avoid being remanded for not contributing to the safe secure society we promised.

Yet still our Empire was not infallible, an entire group managed to feed upon itself and develop to what I see before me today and reach the point of acting out, without guilt or shame for what they are doing and with no regard for the consequences of their actions. It made me sick that these same people were the same ones I fight so hard to protect with every breath. Perhaps they all saw something in our Empire that we had not yet realized. No, it was I who saw something they hadn't. They acted out of ignorance. I acted with honor.

As I stood there, I watch a soldier of the Imperial Scholae Guard fire on the crowd, killing a young human who couldn't be more than twenty galactic standard years old. I did nothing.

Time seemed to stand still. Stripped away of all that brought us to that moment in time, we were just a collection of sentient beings shaped by our experiences. All of us with the same basic desires for

security, independence, acceptance and order. Our desires can build starships that travel the galaxy and create so much beautiful art and music. Yet those same desires created the Death Star and snuffed out countless lives. I preferred the former. I didn't want to kill citizens of the Empire, yet how can we ever find peace and security while they seek to destabilize the government and weaken us to the point others will come and threaten our way of life. We can never let our guard down for a second.

I wondered how then this could ever have been avoided, when a group loyal to me and my Empire, shows up to ensure that peace and security is maintained. Both have an unbreakable honor and conviction. This was really the only possible outcome.

I watched as some dispersed at the shooting, likely due to their own fear of death. Safety and security were far stronger desires than independence and honor for them. They would not give their lives to see their little rebellion succeed. Just another indication it was not as worthwhile an endeavor as they proclaimed. Just a few pathetic excuses of life who felt slighted by their lot in life who managed to rally enough to present themselves as they were today. Yet it still pained me a bit to let even one citizen of our Empire be put to death.

I took pride in the peace our Empire promised, and I struggled each day to see it realized. Why they had to make it so difficult for me on a daily basis was beyond me. As they fled I watched several look back at me, judging me for doing nothing. All recognized the robes of Scholae Palatinae I wore as a true representative of the Empire, as the Supreme Commander. My presence alone certainly unsettled them and gave them fear. I only wished they saw me more as a symbol of peace and security like I truly was. I am loyal servant of our Empire who coveted honor above all else. I did not want them to die.

I held firm to my honor. Theirs fell short when they realized the error of their ways. Sometimes my honor led me to take actions, or fail to prevent actions that pain me. It was all for the greater good of our Empire. I was constantly forced to pick my battles, but they were easy to pick.

He retired to his quarters in the Imperial Palace. Below him, a million conversations were happening and people were choosing their battles and following their own desires. The Force was strong in the city with the presence of Scholae Palatinae, a guiding hand that fueled and depleted and constantly changing. It gave Evant Taelyan a great sense of peace as he began his meditation. The desires of some would be fulfilled, while others will never be realized. He knew he wielded a great power with the Empire, and an even greater power with the Force. The Dark Jedi would uphold his character and his honor above all else. He would not let any threaten his Empire.