

Eldar, Dajorra System, Outer Rim Territories

37 *ABY*

'Why I decided to take this lot on a training exercise, I'll never know,' the Templar mused, highly annoyed with the recruits. Due to his position in the Arcona Army Corps, the occasional request came through for the Onderonian to take a group of green grunts on training exercises to teach them how to survive in the wild.

"Dietrich, Hudson, pay attention! This is hardly the time for a chat."

"Sorry, Sir," Private First Class Hudson mumbled, a faint blush dusting his cheeks. The entire group of trainees were wearing a prototype uniform that had been commissioned by Shadesworn Designs, mainly for their Special Forces. Unactivated, the uniform simply appeared to be a lightweight fabric in a dark shade of gray. When activated, however, the uniform would adapt to make them blend in with their environment. Merely pulling the hood over their head would make them effectively invisible, though the downside was that the slightest movement would make a hazy outline appear as the suit updated to the surroundings.

"It's too quiet out here, Sir. What good is this training exercise if you're not telling us anything?" Dietrich snapped, her patience thin. She looked shocked as Celevon grabbed her by the shoulder and jerked her forward. "What the *frak* was that for?!"

A small smirk curved the Assassin's lips as he pointed behind her. Dietrich looked behind her and saw a plant with bright amethyst flowers. "That, Dietrich, is the axeri plant. It's highly toxic. Do you see the moisture on it?"

The woman nodded, eyes wide.

"That's the actual poison. The Eldarian Rangers coat their arrows with it for a quicker kill in wartime. While it can kill within minutes when introduced into the bloodstream, it's still deadly when it absorbs through the skin. It's highly similar to hemotoxic venom in that the smallest amount touching your skin will cause..." Celevon trailed off as he caught the blank expressions, telling him that he needed to oversimplify the explanation.

"It kills living tissue. Basically, that part of your skin that it touches dies and would need to be surgically removed to prevent it from spreading. If it absorbs through your skin and gets to deeper tissue... let's

just say that you would be better off using that blaster on yourself. Save yourself the pain of a slow, drawn out death.”

The troopers started glancing around warily, taking a new appreciation of just how deadly nature could be.

“Are there any plants that have beneficial effects?” Bishop asked, his lekku twitching.

“Actually, yes,” the Onderonian replied, kneeling on the other side of the path as he pulled a knife. “This weed is boler. Notice that it doesn’t look like it would hurt you? That’s one of the things that is a sign that it has a good use. If you chew the leaves, the chemicals released are similar to a strong painkiller.” Whilst explaining, he handed each of them one of the leaves. He resisted the urge to smile as they appeared to be memorising the leaf’s appearance. “This plant thrives in woodland regions. Just don’t screw up and chew on the stems, since those can be used as a laxative.” The five of them continued walking, the others paying close attention to their surroundings.

“Sir, those thorns on that tree look... painful,” Dietrich said, nodding towards a tree where the trunk seemed to be made up of black spines.

“Good eyes, kiddo. This is one of the more... interesting of the flora that grows in the jungle. The spines have an anticoagulant property. If you get stuck by one of these, your blood won’t clot and you will continue to bleed. In this environment, infection is a big risk for open wounds,” the Templar explained.

“What makes it ‘interesting’, Sir?” Hudson asked while the quiet one of the group, Private Frost, merely observed.

“If you strip away the spines, like so,” Clevon said, using his knife to cut the spines off, revealing a white inner bark. “It’s the sap that you want. Topically... rubbed on the skin, it makes your blood coagulate and it acts as an antiseptic,” he explained further, showing them the gold-hued liquid.

At the same moment when the Assassin had been giving an explanation, Bishop had spotted what appeared to be an ammunition box. The Twi’lek briefly glanced over when Clevon had the sap on his finger, then turned his attention back to metal container, feeling around for a latch to open it.

A warning screamed through the Force a moment too late. The Onderonian whipped his head around and saw Bishop flipping a latch on a green box. “Don’t touch-”

The results appeared to happen in slow-motion, yet it occurred in a blink of an eye. As soon as the latch was flipped, the lid swung open. Something shot up in Bishop’s face before exploding. They saw their

comrade one second, the next his body flew apart. A split-second later, the concussive wave hit them, throwing the other four bodily in different directions.

Celevon gasped as he landed, the loud snap and wave of pain telling him that at least two of his ribs had broken on impact, though there were likely more injuries that he was unaware of. Trying to push himself to his feet was clearly the wrong thing to do, as another wave of pain engulfed him. Blackness took over the Onderonian's vision before he succumbed to the merciful darkness of unconsciousness.

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Aboard the Storm

Hyperspace: Exact Location Unknown

23 ABY

“Captain! Captain Edraven! Are you alright, Sir?” An unfamiliar voice was the first thing Celevon heard. ‘*Clearly someone missed the fact that I’m a Lieutenant Colonel now,*’ the thought passed through before a hand shook him, bringing the Templar back to full consciousness.

The Assassin shot up, drawing a vibrocombat knife from his boot as he pushed the humanoid against the wall hard. Without having to think on the motions, Celevon pressed his left forearm into the unfamiliar person's throat as his blade halted less than an inch from the stranger's right eye, a cold look in his eyes. “Who are you? Where am I?! Speak, fool!”

“Captain, it's me... Alan Erickson. Don't you recognise me, Sir? We're aboard the *Storm*. You personally recruited me to be one of the medics aboard this vessel,” the Epicanthix gasped out.

“Celevon, release him!”

The Templar ignored the voice, his gaze focused on the terrified eyes of the medic.

“Captain, as your superior officer, I'm ordering to release Corporal Erickson!”

Celevon extended his senses and felt only concern, nothing showing hostility. A suspicious look in his eyes, the Assassin released the younger male. The Corporal gasped for breath as soon as the Onderonian's forearm was removed. Deciding to play along, Celevon held his hands in a pacifying gesture before he sheathed the knife.

“My apologies... People should know better to shake me awake.”

“Return to your duties after getting yourself checked out, Corporal.”

“Yes, Commander. Temporary amnesia is a common occurrence after taking a blow to the head like he did, Sir. Familiar surroundings should help him recover his memories,” the Healer explained quickly.

“Thank you, Corporal. I’ll take it under advisement,” the dark-skinned Commander replied. “Follow me, Captain.”

The Assassin nodded and followed the man, wondering just what the hell he had gotten himself into this time.

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***Executive Officer Quarters,
RSD Storm***

“My name is Celevon Edraven. According to the calendar, the year is 23 years following the Battle of Yavin. However, the last thing I recall is being on the planet Eldar fourteen years in the future when I was on a training exercise and one of the trainees found a explosive trap. It has been a month since I awoke on this strange ship and memories of a different life are slowly being revealed to me. Have I finally succumbed to some mental instability? Is my real body in a coma? Or have I actually travelled back in time to the year where I lost my memories of being a child?

There are no answers to these questions, though the end game remains the same. I must learn all I can and find a way to return to my actual timeline, even if this is all a puzzle within my mind, a coping mechanism before my psyche feels it is safe for me to wake up.

Nevertheless, I am apparently Executive Officer aboard a New Republic vessel that’s mission is tracking down and eliminating the remnants of the Galactic Empire, serving under Commander Alexander Apone. According to the file Commander Apone showed me, I was born in late 4 BBY on Dantooine. That would make me twenty-seven now. This doesn’t bother me much, seeing as I have been this age in my timeline for a matter of weeks... This is so confusing.

Moving swiftly on before I give myself another headache!

My abilities with the Force remain intact, thankfully. My eidetic memory is definitely quite useful in this situation, as I have observed many different lessons in the uses of various Force Powers. I have already begun improving on my skills, especially so when it comes to the Universal Power known as Battle Meditation. I am keeping my lightsaber skills as honed as possible by muscle

memory. I spend two hours each day practicing with a carved wooden hilt. At some point, I must gather the necessary components to craft myself a lightsaber and prepare. The Vongese will wage war on the galaxy in less than two years following writing this.

I take it back. Perfect recall of everything I've ever read or seen is infinitely useful. So long as I do nothing to alter the timeline beyond already existing as a twenty-seven year old man while my current self is still eleven years old and (I can hope) happy with my biological mother and father, I have advanced knowledge of the next fourteen years and two months.

I just realised... I cannot believe I missed it before. The crash occurred on my twelfth birthday...

Nevertheless, I must be very careful. Dream or not, I cannot reveal my abilities to the others. At some point, I will have to change my name... Or make people forget they know me. Or both. I have six months before I choose the name Ceevon Edraven... Frak, I did it again! I can feel the others aboard the ship coming to a state of wakefulness, so I must end this entry."

The Assassin sighed, tucking the sheets of flimsi under his mattress. "I wonder what's going on now... The shift change isn't for a few hours yet. And there is no reason for everyone to be awake at on-"

"Apologies if I've interrupted you, Captain Edraven, but the Commander has requested your presence on the bridge," one of the Communications Officers said, looking uncomfortable.

"Inform Commander Apone that I will be there as soon as physically possible," Ceevon replied, pulling on and buttoning the crisp light grey shirt he had chosen in place of the traditional dress uniforms that had been made for Officers of the New Republic.

"Understood, Captain."

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"We just received word that one of our sister ships, the *Malestrom* is under attack by both Imperial and Unknown Forces. They have requested our aid," the Commander explained as soon as the Templar came within hearing distance.

"How long until we arrive?" Ceevon asked, instantly falling into the familiar role.

"We entered hyperspace just five minutes ago, moments after we received the call for aid. We're still twenty minutes out from their location," Apone replied, looking furious that it would take so long to aid their comrades.

“What are their chances?” the Onderonian asked quietly.

“Not good, XO. Not good at all,” the dark-skinned Human replied solemnly.

The Assassin took a good look at the older man before deciding that he was in no mental shape at the moment for planning. “I want our fighters ready to go yesterday. Have Weapons Officer (Weps) Hicks warm up the guns. The moment we exit hyperspace, run a full sector scan and engage enemy forces,” Celevon barked to the Communications Officers. They in turn glanced towards their Commander.

“What are you looking at me for? You heard the man. Arses and elbows. Get a *frakking* move on,” Apone growled.

“Have our medical personnel ready to accept wounded. Inform anyone manning a weapon or operating a fighter that the black flag has been raised with our colours,” the Obelisk continued as though he hadn’t been interrupted.

The Commander nodded his approval before turning to one of the Communications Officers. “I’m going to go and join one of the Squadrons. Until I return to the Bridge, Captain Edraven has command.”

“Aye, Sir. XO has Command,” the others repeated the order starting with the Templar, as was protocol.

“Cel, don’t let me down. I’ll see you once this is finished,” Apone murmured, placing a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

The Onderonian attempted a smirk. “Have I ever let you down before, boss?”

“Only when I tell you to not chase skirts,” the Commander grinned back before turning in place, heading for the Hangar.

Celevon turned, staring out of the viewscreen as the stars streaked past. They were edging closer and closer to the location; No one knew what to expect.

“What the XO said about a ‘black flag’ ... what does that mean?” One of the new Communications Officers asked her superior quietly, not recognizing the term.

“Oh, that? Simple: No quarter. Anyone not a friendly or a civilian gets spaced.”

“Oh. What if they surrender?”

“That white flag will be painted red. Or whatever colour they bleed.”

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“This is Eagle Eye. I’m counting at least seven bogies,” Apone reported, having to silently remind himself not to get ahead of the rest of the squadron he was working with.

“Roger that, Eagle Eye. Sector scan indicates that there are eight enemy vessels. You are free to engage.”

“Ten-four. You heard them, boys and girls: It’s time to raise a little hell and leave chaos in our wake. Whoever takes out the least is buying the drinks tonight,” the Commander grinned, switching to the tactical channel.

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On the bridge, there was so much activity that one not trained in the Force would only manage to hear snippets of the conversations from the Pilots. Ceevon’s focus was elsewhere, however, as he attempted to bolster the skills of his crew. In the days of the Old Republic, the Jedi Padawan turned Sith Lord Bastila Shan had been famous amongst the Republic for her abilities with Battle Meditation. With the skill, one could turn the tide of any battle in their allies’ favour.

The Onderonian had only been trained in the basics of it by his deceased Master. It was made more difficult by the fact that he was splitting his concentration between using the Force and snapping off orders.

“First blood goes to me, Eagle Eye-”

“Don’t get cocky, Gold-”

“All batteries fire on that Star Destroyer!” the Templar shouted to make sure his orders were heard over the tumult of activity.

“They’re firing on civilian vessels!”

“Ruby Lead is down, Ruby Two take over-”

“Gunners, if you get a clear shot, take out that damn fighter!”

“Their shields are down!”

“What are you looking at me for, *di'kut*? Give the order for all Gunners to centralise their fire!” Celevon snapped at one of the newer Communications Officers. The slip into Mando’a went unnoticed by all in the heat of battle.

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“Whoo! That’s the last of them!” the Commander cheered over the tactical channel. “What are your orders, Storm Lord?”

“All fighters activate your scanners to sense lifeforms. We’ll use one of the tractor beams to pull in those identified as having survivors first. No one gets left behind. Any remains of our comrades will be identified and given a proper burial with full honours. It’s the least we can do for their service,” the Assassin replied over the channel.

Apone had a proud smile beneath his helmet. His Executive Officer had led their forces effectively with very few lost to the Imps and had immediately responded to the callsign the Corellian had come up with on the fly. He would see that Celevon was rewarded appropriately for his actions. In his opinion, the lad had a good head on his shoulders. “Roger that, Storm Lord. I’ll see you when I’m back on the bridge. Eagle Eye, out.”

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***Bridge, RSD Storm
Three Hours Later***

“Captain, your orders have been carried out. All fighters have returned. Further orders, Sir?” The Chief of the Boat (COB) queried, the increased respect for the XO shining in her pale blue eyes.

The Force User held up a hand as his personal comlink began to ring. “This is the XO.”

“This is Ruby Tw... Ruby Lead, Sir. You better get down to the Hangar, Sir. The Commander is going to need a hand back to his quarters.”

To Celevon, the voice on the other end sounded impossibly young. “I’ll be along shortly, Ruby Leader. Thank you for bringing this to my attention.”

“You’re welcome, Captain.”

The Onderonian slipped the comlink into his pocket before returning his attention back to the highest ranked Officer in the room below himself. She was waiting patiently, her hands clasped behind her back. “Set a course for the nearest Medical Centre. COB has the helm until either myself or the Commander return.”

“Aye, Sir. I have the helm,” she announced as the Senior Navigations Officer began searching for the nearest medical facility. “Permission to speak freely, Captain?”

Celevon glanced curiously at the woman, his mind automatically identifying her as at least part-Sephi. “Permission granted, COB. Make it quick.”

“Yes, Sir. I suggest helping the Commander and make sure to leave him in his quarters with a drink. So long as the Caf keeps flowing, I can keep working until Commander Apone has returned after resting,” she spoke warmly, the melodic quality lending further credence to the woman’s elfish appearance. “You could do with a little rest yourself, Sir.”

“I’ll take it under advisement, Lieutenant Tr-”

“I believe you’ve earned the right to use my given name, Sir. It’s Vanesse,” she smiled.

The Templar frowned for a moment before an image floated to the forefront of his mind of an open book. He then smiled, as it was a name from the very same book he had chosen his given name from. Vanesse meant either ‘beauty’ or ‘beautiful’. “You are aptly named, Ms Tyr’den. You may use mine as well.”

“I’d certainly say you’re aptly named as well, Sir,” the Elven woman smiled, a faint dusting of colour surfacing to her cheeks as she stared at his silver eyes. The word ‘Celevon’ was ancient for ‘silver’. “Now go help Commander Apone.”

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Hangar Bay

The Assassin froze as he stepped into the Hangar, memories of the battles fought in his own timeline trying to overwhelm the man. Nearly the entire floor was covered with the dead, with barely enough room for everyone to walk between the bodies. Pushing the memories aside, Celevon quickly caught

sight of Apone kneeling beside a body, head bowed. Through the Force, he could feel the Commander's sorrow.

"Captain Edraven. Thank you for coming so quickly. I'm Staff Sergeant Crowe, the new Leader of Ruby Squadron."

If he thought the Pilot sounded young, it was nothing compared to his appearance. If Clevon were to venture a guess, he would put the man at barely into his twenties. "Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Staff Sergeant... Were there any survivors?"

The younger male winced, his eyes haunted as he glanced around at the hundreds of bodies that surrounded them. "There are a few survivors in the medbay, Sir. Some of them aren't expected to make it. These are all we managed to bring back."

"Go get changed and get some rest. You've earned it, kiddo," the Obelisk murmured, his sharp gaze taking in the slight shaking of Commander Apone's shoulders. The man was barely managing to hold it together. "If you will excuse me..."

If the Pilot said anything, Clevon was unaware of it. He quickly made his way to his friend's side.

As though the Commander could sense the Templar's presence, he spoke as soon as the Onderonian stopped moving. "This man is... was my brother-in-law. Now I have to tell my youngest sibling that her husband is dead."

"Are you certain that it is him?" the Obelisk asked quietly in return.

"There's no doubt," Apone replied with a hitch to his voice before pointing to the left wrist. "I gave him that watch as a wedding gift. It belonged to my father and grandfather. I would recognize it anywhere."

"I'm sorry, Alex." It was insufficient. Clevon knew it, but there was nothing else he could think to say. There was nothing anyone could say that could bring comfort when one lost a brother, no matter how they were related to you.

"I'm going to have to take a Leave of Action to see that he's put to rest properly," the Commander sighed, rising to his feet. "I know we've only been working together for a few months, but..."

"What is it, Alex?" the Assassin asked, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder and squeezing in a silent show of support.

“Would you escort his body back to Corellia? And be with me when I have to break the news to my sister? I know it’s a lot to ask, but-”

“You don’t have to ask, Apone. I’d consider it an honour,” Celevon interrupted the older man. “Would you allow me to escort you back to your quarters?”

“I don’t need help, Cel. I... I...”

The Onderonian saw the stony facade the man kept up crack, showing the hurt the Corellian was feeling.

“Walk with me, Alex. You need some time to recover. Get some sleep before taking back the helm. The COB has things well in hand... Sergeant Crowe, what the hell are you still doing here? I thought I told you to go shower and rest?”

“I’m sorry, Sir. I’ll-”

“Attention. Would anyone with medical training of any kind please report to the medbay? Repeat: Would anyone with medical training of any kind please report to medbay? That is all.”

The Templar squeezed the Commander’s shoulder. “Sergeant, why don’t you escort the Commander to his quarters? Make a stop at the Leisure area and pick up a bottle of *Tihaar*. It’s a strong Mandaloria-”

“Mandalorian clear spirit made from fruit. Some joke that it could be used to degrease engines, it’s so strong,” Crowe finished, a small smile appearing on his features. Noting the curious look the XO was giving him, the Sergeant quickly filled in the blank area. “My granddad deserted as soon as he received Order Sixty-Six. He was a clone.”

Celevon nodded. “Why don’t you grab that and have a drink or two with the Commander? I’m fairly certain that Apone would be interested in hearing a few stories about your grandfather’s exploits.”

“Where are you going?” the Commanding Officer asked his Second-In-Command curiously, despite the fact that he was now eager to hear some stories from the Clone Wars. Celevon knew quite well that it was a topic of near-obsession for the Corellian. Apone took pride in his mint condition collection of Clone Wars era weapons. An entire wall in the man’s home held them, according to Alexander. He even had a stack of handwritten memoirs that were bound that held an almost religious quality to the Commander.

The collection of holobooks that had been outlawed by Emperor Palpatine, as they were quite frank and held the genuine story from The Naboo Crisis all the way to the Rise of the Galactic Empire. It also contained the true identities of Anakin Skywalker, Jedi Knight turned Sith Lord, Apprentice to Darth Sidious [Emperor Palpatine]. It was rumoured that the author had been personally executed by Darth Vader at some point following the Jedi Purges.

To the Obelisk it was understandable, considering it detailed the ‘secret’ marriage of Anakin and Padme Amidala Skywalker and speculated on how the former Queen of Naboo had perished. The author had offered a theory, pointing out that the woman’s frozen remains did nothing to hide the fact that the Senator had quite clearly been pregnant.

Even as a Jedi General in the Clone Wars, Anakin Skywalker’s lust for vengeance, passion and yearning for power were quite clear to anyone who knew the actual story. The fact that Ceevlon had been trained by Dark Jedi only made it easier to see the truth.

“I do have some medical training, so I’m going to the medbay to offer my services. My adrenaline is still going strong, so I’ll help out as much as I can. That and the fact that I tend to overindulge when it comes to *tihhaar*,” the Assassin gave a slight grin. “Have fun, you two.”

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Medical Bay

“Healer Erickson, what can I do to help?” Ceevlon asked, startling the Medic.

“What are you doing here, XO?” the younger man asked, visibly keeping space between the two of them. Only a month earlier the Templar had pinned him up against the wall and threatened the Doctor with a knife.

“Where are the others that work with you? I did hire you as Head of the Medical Unit, after all.”

“The reason I was hired is because most of the Medical team are only part-time. One of them are in the Hangar. Another is on the bed there,” Erickson explained, gesturing to a bed several yards from them.

Ceevlon felt his insides freeze as the pointed out Doctor was a quite familiar face. Tan skin, dark hair. While he was younger than the Onderonian remembered, it was most definitely who he thought it was. If it weren’t for the stylised raven in flight on the man’s shoulder, the Assassin could spot his earliest mentor by his presence in the Force alone. It was J’akked Tugrina.

What seemed like an eternity later, though only seconds had passed, the Amnesiac shook himself and refocused on the Head Medic. "I'm sorry. What was that?"

"What are you doing here, Captain?" the other man repeated patiently.

"I'm here to offer my services. I have medical training, battlefield healing skills and I know how to use a scalpel," Celevon replied before the earlier statement caught his attention. "I don't recall seeing any Medics in the Hangar--"

"That's because he wasn't standing. He was Ruby Leader before the Imperials decided to cook him in his starfighter," Erickson sighed. "The other two I have are watching their last meals make a reappearance."

"Ah. Well, what's wrong with this one?" The Templar asked, gesturing at the man who would be his younger self's mentor and friend.

"Wrong place at the wrong time, I'm afraid. Corporal Tugrina got hit by one of the shells being ejected from our blast cannons. He's lucky, I must admit. He has nerve damage in his right leg, his left tibia and fibula are broken. His right femur has a hairline fracture. He also has a mild concussion. If he's lucky, the Corporal will be reduced to desk duty or an Honourable Discharge for his injuries," the younger man sighed again. "He's the only one who isn't stable--"

Drawing on the power of the Force, the Templar placed a hand on the Head Medic's shoulder and caught his eyes. Lacing his words with power, Celevon spoke. "Corporal Tugrina is resting after his surgery. It was a success, though he will need some time to recover."

"Aye, Corporal Tugrina is resting well after surgery. He will need time to recover, though it was a success," the Head Medic repeated in a monotone, his will crumbling beneath the Assassin's Mind Trick.

"You've worked hard tonight. Go and rest."

"I've worked hard today. I should go and get some rest," Alan mumbled, turning to walk towards his office.

As soon as the door shut, Celevon pulled the sheet off of the Hapan. "You do have the worst of luck, Jack." Focusing on the currents of the Force, the Onderonian carefully channelled healing energy into his friend, healing the concussion. Once that was done, he checked the chart and saw that there was no

sedative in the man. Loads of painkillers, though. “Wake up, Jack,” he murmured, the Force empowering him.

The familiar cinnamon eyes popped open, taking in his surroundings. The Onderonian bit back a snort at the confused look in his friend’s eyes. Clearly, J’akked’s issues with pain medication had not changed with age. “XO, what are you doing here?”

“I’m healing you, Corporal. Try not to move too much. Your injuries are quite extensive,” the Assassin replied.

“Where is Erickson?” Tugrina asked, wincing as he sat up. “How bad off am I?”

“In order: Erickson is sleeping in his office. You’re pretty bad off, though you would be in worse shape if I weren’t healing you. You have a hairline fracture in your right femur. Both your left tibia and fibula are broken. Your fibula is broken in two places, actually,” the Onderonian replied, ignoring the gasp from the Hapan when he turned his glowing gaze on the man. “Not to worry. I can heal you.”

“How? Bacta will take days, and even then it won’t heal everything. I’m looking at a discharge, I know it,” J’akked groaned.

“Not bacta, no. I was thinking this,” Ceevon held his hand up, pooling Force energy into his hand, making it glow white.

“Are you a Jedi?”

“No.”

“A Sith?”

Ceevon smirked. “No. I’m just a Force User. But you will be in my debt if I heal you.”

A sigh. “What do you want in return?”

“I want you to mentor and look after a kid for me. On Onderon.”

“Any kid in particular or do you just want me to find some random kid?” the Corporal retorted, the sarcasm clear in his voice.

“You will know him when you see him. He will go by the name ‘Raven’.”

“Let’s get this over with,” J’akked sighed. “Either way, I’m getting a discharge. Do you think the Onderon military will have me?”

Withholding another smirk, the Onderonian nodded before channeling the Force into his other hand as well. “You may want to bite down on leather or something. This will hurt.”

“Why?”

“Because I will be taking any shards of bone out of your muscles and putting your legs back together. Then I’m going to heal any internal bleeding and fix your nerves.”

Without another word, the Hapan bundled up his sheets and stuffed it in his mouth before giving the Assassin a nod.

Celevon placed his glowing hands on his friend’s legs and got to work.

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Unknown Location

89 ABY

“As I write this, I feel my life is fading. I would give it another three days before I will fade into the ether, or ‘become one with the Force’ as the Jedi preach. Sixty-six years ago today, I woke in an unfamiliar location in a time not my own. I gave up on the hopes of returning to my own time not long after J’akked travelled to Onderon. I remained with the New Republic Navy Corps for a few months before I resigned and requested a discharge myself. I remade myself and gave myself a new name: Michael Magnuri. I went through and altered the memories of everyone who had ever known me in this lifetime as Celevon Edraven. Not long after a friend of mine altered my history to reflect the new name in the Republic databases, a Jedi found me.

It is odd that I ran into yet another familiar face. Twenty-five years after the Battle of Yavin, I apprenticed under Jedi Knight Sapphyre Quatremaine. In my own timeline, I knew her as my mother-in-law. For the next four years, I fought the Vongese. I did, however, make a brief stop as a Padawan to Onderon. Apparently the ‘old man’ that taught me how to feel the currents of the Force was myself. I used my skills as an Assassin to alter my features, appearing as a much older version of myself with dark blue eyes.

Not long before the end of the Yuuzhan Vong War, I was elevated to the rank of Jedi Knight. Upon that date, I left the New Jedi Order and never looked back.

I watched myself grow over the years from a distance. With the memories of both timelines, I actually bumped into myself a few times and never knew it. Ah, the brilliance of the Force techniques. A perfect disguise opportunity. As happened in my own timeline, Celevon Edraven disappeared thirty-seven years following the Battle of Yavin. I watched my adopted daughter Alyssa grow into a beautiful woman and leave the life Xathia and I led behind.

I can only presume that this is some twisted parallel or alternate universe. I lost all hope of returning when I saw myself disappear, somehow knowing that another version of myself would wake in 23 ABY and threaten Chief Medic Erickson.

My wife of this lifetime, Vanesse has passed five years ago. Cancer. Poison of the blood. We had twin sons and a daughter. I named our boys Remus and Romulus, after the legend of the children raised by wolves. Respective of Vanesse's heritage, their middle names were Beren and Orion respectively. Our daughter, Miriel Estel was born three years after my boys. Remus perished before his twentieth birthday. Well, he is officially listed as Missing in Action, but I sensed his death in the Force. Romulus and Miriel are still living to this day with children of their own. Romulus actually has a granddaughter now.

It has been so long since I have seen my own eyes. Adopting the persona of Michael Magnuri required several changes. I lowered my cheekbones, made my jaw more strong and less sharp. My eyes, however, I changed to hazel. Some green-brown shade. I grew a goatee to separate myself further from the appearance of Celevon.

I am ninety-three years in this timeline. Had nothing changed as far as the timelines go, I would be nearly seventy-nine years old, if I had not died in some battle or duel against a better opponent. I almost look forward to what hand fate deals me.

In my lifetime, I have been known by many names, faces and titles. But I believe, deep inside, I'm still that preteen left wondering what my life was like before my ship crashed on Onderon.

Whether I'm called Michael Magnuri, Celevon Edraven or the Assassin known as Stalker, it doesn't matter. I will return to the winds as my body burns after my spirit travels on sightless wings. This is Celevon Edraven, signing out."

“Well, old man. I do believe it’s time to dream one more time,” the Obelisk chuckled, standing before looking into the mirror. The colour faded from his eyes, leaving the silver shade that had become so well known by his friends. “What the *frak*?!”

His reflection had just smirked... and winked.

~()~

***Medbay, Kurs’kranak
Eldar, Dajorra System, Outer Rim Territories
37 ABY***

Celevon shot up in the hospital bed, breathing heavily. He quickly felt down his body, feeling the toned muscles from years of combat and martial arts.

“Nice to see you finally decided to wake up, Cele,” Maaks Erinos smiled, checking his friend’s vitals.

“It was just a dream,” the former Soulfire Sniper muttered.

“What was that, mate?”

“Nothing. How long until I can go? There’s a lot of work to be done,” Celevon said, looking for his personal effects.

“Just relax, Cele. I need to make sure you’re good to go. That was quite the explosion out there.”

:END: