GJW XI: Fiction # 2

Kooki sat in the cantina she had located in the city Dreshdae. Luckily the air was much cooler in here than outside on the desert planet she had spent the last couple of weeks. She had come to Korriban to seek out ruins of a Sith Academy and had been sneakily sought out by her best friend, Celevon Edraven. The Alderaanian had begun missing her twins after herself and her Onderonian accomplice had ended the life of Synin Torin and one of his loyal droids, then had buried the evidence.

Quietly sat in the corner, the undercover female was having to tread ever so carefully. The dreaded One Sith dominated this planet and there were plenty of Force sensitive beings around. She peacefully sipped at her carbonated and unusually non-alcoholic beverage, as she worked on her datapad analysing her current situation. Some of the casualties had not yet been identified and Kooki was preparing for news of her closest friends. For now she was waiting on an update. All she could do was wait.

Suddenly the doors crashed open. A worried Twi’lek wandered in and headed straight for the bar.

“Hey, she’s alone. She never goes anywhere with that twin of hers,” a nearby man murmured.

“Do you reckon she has anything to do with those missing writings?” another whispered.

“I heard her sister is dead,” came another voice.

The pale teal Twi’lek continued to sip at her drink, sullen and in silence, whilst ignoring those around her.

After what felt like forever, Kooki’s datapad illuminated with an incoming message. She immediately recognised the sender as an alias of a fellow ally and loyalist- Tusken. He had news.

*We’ve got a lead. A female Sith has been spotted lurking about the markets on Korriban. She is easily recognisable with her horns and amber coloured skin. Be wary of her as she may or may not be working alone.*

*Another possibility is the suspicious aura surrounding Rhiaen Ust’essi. Her loneliness and unusual behaviour is arousing uncertainty. She has become quite reserved, yet defensive. Another one to watch out for.*

The Qel-Droman mother looked up from her quiet area, just as the attractive alien slammed her glass onto the bar and fled from the area, having interacted with no one except the barman. This heightened her suspicions. She prepared to go and locate her and offer ‘comfort’ and try to decipher what was going on. Just as she got up, Kooki’s leggings caught the under rim of the edge on the table where she had been sat. Residue of a half chewed sticky substance clung to them. It was disgusting. She attempted to scrape it off her calf and felt it only right to scrape the remainder from the underside of the table.

In doing so, the Krath made a discovery. There was a small sheet of paper folded up. Upon opening it, she discovered a random set of enigmatic numbers and symbols. And aurebesh symbols at the top. They were easily decoded. Kooki sat back down and gestured to a waiter for another drink and a light snack, as she began deciphering this code of numbers.

*VDL*

*(steps)*

*20F, 15R, 30F, 17L, 20F, 19L, 30F, 21F, 25F*

Once the final bite of the sandwich had been devoured, Kooki headed back to the Valley of the Dark Lords. She shuddered as many had deceased here only a few days before. She followed the decoded instructions and found a patch of obviously disturbed sand. The Priestess fell to her knees and frantically scrabbled at the area in front of her.

Before long, Kooki discovered an ancient curled up piece of parchment with writings on. She’d found it!! The Rites of Immortality were in her very hands. It was at that very moment she realised it would be selfish of her to use such thing on herself or her spouse. She quickly huddled it into her cinder robes between her two bountiful breasts and filled in the sand and prepared to run back to a shuttle.

The Alderaanian female was beginning to feel very dehydrated in this unpleasant climate and began to stumble and lose her footing. Kooki fell to her knees, unable to move. She tried in vain to locate her water bottle, but it was no use as it was empty. She began to lose consciousness.

Footsteps approached.

A hand held out water.

She took a sip.

"You really think I'd leave the real scroll where any nosy Arconan could just dig them up? Even I'm not that stupid!"

Kooki looked up, starting to feel unwell. The water had clearly been tainted.

"It's YOU!" she uttered weakly, as a few ancient pieces of parchment were ripped up and fell inches away from her weary body.

The figure turned and ran. With what little energy remained in the Qel-Droman, she pieced together the parchment and took a photo with her datapad. She sent this with the words "for the girls" attached and the culprit's name and a simple goodbye.

With a final breath, her chest moved up and down for the last time. Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj was dead!

**\*16 years later\* \*54 ABY\***

"Can we open them now, Dad?" pleaded Poppy.

"Pleaseeee," begged Etty.

Andrelious sighed. He had become a pushover in his autumnal years. His and Kooki's daughters were very powerful females, just like their mother would have wanted. They deserved their birthday present. It slightly made the Warlord emotional as his late wife had specially reserved this gift for the girls right before she passed away.

The girls opened the envelope and in unison chorused the ancient words. Unbeknown to them, something remarkable had just happened.

“Is that all she gave us?” screeched the slightly older twin daughter.

“Dad?” queried Etty, turning her head towards her father.

Once again, the Sith sighed heavily.

“Sit down girls….It’s time you knew the truth…”

**\*38 ABY\***

*Andrelious looked down at his datapad. Seconds later the colour drained from his face. She was gone. And he wasn’t even there to save her.*

*Back on Selen, after the eleventh Great Jedi War was over, Arcona were celebrating their latest victory. Right now the grieving widower was not in a fit state of mind for such festivities. He went outside the cantina and took a puff from a much needed cigarillo and a heavy swig from his hipflask. He looked over at the shuttle that Shadow Gate had taken to Korriban. Two Force blind strangers carried out a black bag on a stretcher and loaded it into a nearby speeder to be taken to the medbay for further examination. Andrelious swallowed hard and tried to fight back the tears.*

*A familiar face appeared and placed a warm hand on his shoulder.*

*“Stay strong, dear. You have two little girls needing collecting from Corellia. They need their Daddy right now more than ever. I will be here to help you. Anytime. I always promised Kooki that I would. We WILL find out exactly what happened to her. But for the sake of your daughters, if murder is the discovered cause, you cannot seek revenge at any cost.”Atyiru hushed.*

*“I already know who it was. I want him dealt with. I will do it myself if I have to….”*

*“No!” interjected the friendly medic.*

*“Go to the medbay. Say your goodbyes. Then go get Poppy and Etty. They need you more.”*

*“But what do I tell them?” he asked woefully.*

*“Tell them their mummy is the brightest star in the sky and will always love them and watch over them. She did love the stars. And you and the girls. They can know the truth when the time is right.”*

*Andrelious finished his cigarillo, toasted his hipflask to his former wife’s memory and did as requested. The stars were starting to come out as he boarded the shuttle to Corellia. Just as he went to take off, he spotted the brightest star.*

*“My Kooki.” He whispered.*

*“I will ALWAYS love you.”*

**\*54 ABY\***

“So now you know girls….” Finalised Andrelious, as he came to the end of his story.

“So we are immortal…Both of us?” exclaimed Etty.

Their father silently nodded.

Poppy glanced at her sister, with a glint in her eyes, which only her sister knew what she had in mind.

They looked at their father….

The trio chorused…. “To Korriban!”

**\*Some time later…\***

The Mimosa-Inahj family turned up at a small lodgings, after receiving directions from a weak minded individual.

A slightly tall man answered the door, with a cigarette pursed between his lips. He looked far older than mid-fifties, thanks to his lifestyle choices. He went very pale. The two girls looked very similar to their late mother, which had clearly sparked a memory in this man’s aged mind.

Engaging two identical blue blades, Poppy and Etty threatened the man until he fell to his knees, unable to grab his own weapon from his pocket.

“No one messes with the Mimosa-Inahj family. No one!” they mused together.

He begged for mercy, but it was all in vain. Whilst Etty hovered her sapphire blade above his head, Poppy’s lingered inches from his windpipe. Andrelious just looked on smirking smugly.

“Please…Sir….stop them,” the villain pleaded.

Andrelious continued looking smug.

“Okay!”

“Stop girls!”

The girls did so, but just before disengaging their lightsabers, they casually ‘dropped’ the blades. One pierced the murderer’s windpipe. The other punctured his brain.

The Mimosa-Inahj family walked away casually, leaving the assassin to die slowly. Just like their mother. Yet cold hearted and dark minded, just like their father.

Connor Grey was dead!

**\*FIN\***