

While she sat down on her bed, Tasha pulled out Vishra'Reyal. Vishra'Reyal was the name of the echani vibroblade she cleaned every evening before putting it away. This particular blade was very special to her. It had once belonged to an old blue twi'lek named Mor'ra Tel: her grandfather. She remembered back to when she was a young fourteen year old Twi'lek on ryloth and could smell the fresh nerf steaks her mother was cooking. As she waited for dinner to finish, she went to hear one of the many tales her grandfather told. Today was special, because it was the first time she would see Mor'ra Tel with the echani vibroblade. He drew out the ornate vibroblade from its sheath and twisted it through the air. The blade seemed to come alive and dance through the air while he twirled the blade in front of Tasha'Vel. She smiled and clapped her hands with delight. "It is a beautiful blade grandfather, Where did you get it?"

Mor'ra Tel sheathed the blade and grinned at his granddaughter as he began the tale. "A long time ago, before your time Tasha. I was on the echani's homeworld helping my friend to fight against his own people. You see, they were caught in a civil war against each other over who would be the primary house of ruling. As I went out on a routine patrol over the perimeter, I stumbled upon my friend, Mishua. Mishua was hurt very badly due to a gang of cruel echani that attacked him." Tears began forming in Mor'ra Tel's grey eyes as he continued. "I tried my best to help him, but in the end there was nothing I could do to keep him from dying. Before he died, Mishua pushed Vishra'Reyal into my hands and told me to keep fighting for the freedom of their house. I bowed and took the blade into my hands. Vishra'Reyal seemed to sing with untold gracefulness. After burying Mishua, I then vowed revenge on those who took my friend's life. Eventually, I found them. I had tracked them down to a small outpost a few days from where our spot was located. As I moved in closer, I could hear them jeering and making fun of Mishua. They seemed proud to have taken him down unaware and were doling out the loot they had stolen from his backpack. Furious at the atrocity, I charged the lot of them. There were six muscular echani in the party. They immediately opened fire on me with their blasters, but it was no use. I weaved in and out, dancing around their hot plasma blasts and made them look like utter fools. In the end," He held up his left arm showing several scorched scars and a missing left finger. "I did lose one finger and burned my left arm protecting myself, but I killed every single one of those horrible echani. I then made a promise to always look after my friend's blade. I would never let it fall into the hands of anyone who would seek to harm my friends and family." He then smiled at young Tasha. "Now, when I pass on to the next after my sweet Tasha, the blade will belong to you. I want you to promise me that you will never let it fall into enemy hands."

Tasha nodded solemnly. She knew her grandfather was sick and had overheard that he didn't have much longer to live. "I promise grandfather, I will guard this blade to the end and protect my friends and family." Her grandfather gazed into her eyes as if looking deep into her heart. "You my child, have a warrior's spirit within you. I know you will protect it."

Tasha then snapped back from the memory. She glanced down at the old blade as her eyes began misting a bit. "I never forgot my promise grandfather. If you could see me now and what I have become, you would be proud." She then stood up and began to whirl the blade through the

air, twirling it several times before sheathing it. "Vishra'Reyal will always remain in my hands till I die, grandfather. No one will ever take it from my hands while I live!"