**Inheritance**

A gray, cloudy sky gloomily hung over the woods of Judecca as snow slowly drifted down from the heavens to the earth. The trees, clothed in white, reached up to collect more material for their winter attire. Silence haunted the forest, and the snow-covered landscape only made that silence even louder. Such conditions were perfect for Shadow Nighthunter as she and her anooba walked amidst the trees towards the cabin.

Both had been out for a stroll and for meditation. Shadow had gone to the banks of a frozen stream to do her meditation for the day, while Loki had played around in the snow. Though the anooba was a desert animal, the homemade fabric shoes Shadow had made for him helped him to stay a bit warm. It had been a perfect time of peace for the two, and both weren’t exactly ready to return to the cabin. However, Shadow knew her apprentice was to meet her in an hour, and she had decided it was best to return early.

As the cabin came into sight, Loki took off quickly for the door and began pawing at an object covered by snowfall. Curious as to see what Loki had discovered, Shadow quickened her pace until she reached the canine. The object already revealed by Loki, the Sith picked up what was revealed to be a package of some sort.

“Well, this is quite unexpected. I mean…getting a package last month from Tarsus was very surprising, and now another shows up at my door?” Shadow looked down at a curious Loki. “I guess we best see what’s inside.”

The Sith opened the door and went inside with the anooba. She removed the hood from her head and sat down at the small table by the window. Loki positioned himself next to her, and placed his front paws on the edge of the table to get a good look as Shadow began to carefully open the package. The canine whipped his long tail anxiously to the point he accidentally hit the half-sephi on the leg.

“Calm down, Loki,” the Sith said as she chuckled in amusement. “I’ve just about got it. This might not be from Tarsus, therefore it could be dangerous.”

As Shadow slowly removed the rest of the parchment and the sides of the box, she revealed a small, metal container within. Cautiously, she used the Force to open it, and what was within caused her to gasp. Within were two single-hand lightsabers, both of which seemed to be in good condition. Four small, black, claw-like appendages reach out around the emitter, only to bend towards the center. The handle itself was a dark grey, with the exception of the three black strips that lead from the top to the bottom that divided the saber into three horizontal sections. On these strips were strange runes, of which Shadow recognized to be Sith in origin. The activation buttons on both handles were unique. On one, it was a red jewel, while on the other, it was a silver one. Above the buttons were pure black wolf heads. The eyes on each were a dark color that copied the color of the activation button. Towards the bottom, which formed a point, were black, fabric straps that crossed each other before tying off on one side to where the ends hung freely.

Shadow was in awe of the craftsmanship, and reverently picked both lightsabers from the black, velvet cushion. The minute she had grasped them, the runes came to life. They were alit with a silver light that would seemingly flow into the next rune and so forth. The silver would then slowly change into a blood red color, only to change back to silver. Whatever Sith alchemy had been used, it had truly created a beautiful masterpiece.

*Such…such beauty…such…wow.*

Captivated by the runes, Shadow activated both blades. One blade was red to match with the red jeweled button, while the other was silver. The eyes of the wolf head on each blade glowed with the same color as the blade. With both blades activated, Shadow could feel the dark taint within, and grinned in satisfaction with its strength.

“Truly…these are the blades of a Sith, but what Sith would send me these blades?” she asked herself as she studied the sabers.

Loki’s sudden bark interrupted her, and she saw the canine looking at something underneath the container. Eager to find out where the sabers had come from, Shadow deactivated the blades and carefully set the sabers back in the container before pulling out a letter from underneath. She quickly unfolded the piece of paper, and scanned the contents within. As her eyes darted from word to word, she became even more surprised by what she read.

To Rowan,

You’ve no idea how much I’ve missed you, my dearest, nor do you know how worried your mother and I have been. Ever since we found out that you had left the Jedi order, the both of us had been burdened with guilt. We thought we perhaps had made a mistake, especially after your master had told us you had been killed. For years, we grieved, and life was only growing darker for us. Your mother struggled working at the little café, and I found it hard to go on any smuggling runs. We had nothing to live for, or so we had thought. Last month, your cousins, Sabin and Altair, showed up at our door. They told us that you were alive, and that you had found your way to a new home. They told us everything, including why you had left the Order and what you are doing now. Both your mother and I were overjoyed to hear that hadn’t died. However, we fear that perhaps you may hate us for having sent you away, and I want you to know that your mother and I are truly sorry. We just thought we were sending you to have a better life with the Order.   
I bet you have grown into a beautiful young woman, Rowan. A beautiful, strong, and independent woman. We wish to see you terribly, but from what your cousins told us, it’s best you never return here and that we never go to you. We do not wish to make it easier for the Jedi to find you. Just know that we love you, my daughter. We always will.

You’re probably curious as to the package and what’s inside. To be honest, I’ve never opened the container, nor did my father before me. In fact, from what my grandmother explained to me, no one has opened that container. It was passed down from generation to generation, with the instructions to not open it unless one of us had found our calling. I never got to tell you this, Rowan, but it’s my side of the family that has always had what many call “The Force.” However, like those before me, we couldn’t quite tap into it. However, it seems that you can, and I believe whatever is inside the container is meant for you. I know it is. I think the Force has even told me so in a dream. I just know it’s meant for you. Whatever this calling is, Rowan, I’m sure that the contents in the container will help you fulfill it.

I know this will never make up for sending you away, but I hope that it will at least help you get far in life. One day, I hope we will reunite, Rowan. Please, stay safe, and May the Force be with you.

Love,

Devon Night

P.S. I’m very sorry for your loss, Rowan. I’m sure Marcus was a good young man.

Tears formed as Shadow closed her eyes. She had never blamed her parents for anything, and she wanted so badly to let them know that they need not feel guilty. If she could find a safe way to get word to them somehow, she would let them know she was grateful for what they had done. Perhaps, she would one day get ahold of her cousins, of whom she was sure had delivered the package, and send word back to her parents through them. For now, she’d have to wait.

Loki whined and laid his head on her lap, the canine sensing her emotions. Shadow pet his head, and assured him she was alright. She glanced over at the sabers, and she felt both full of pride and curiosity. Proud was she to inherit these amazing blades, and to belong to a long line of Force Sensitives. Yet, she was curious as to who in her family history had created the blades. Something inside her told her that a she was descended from a Sith of old, but she wouldn’t quite jump to conclusions.

“Strange isn’t it, Loki? That these were passed down through time…and yet knowledge of their maker wasn’t. Just his instructions…surely there is a reasonable explanation as to why such knowledge was lost…or perhaps someone long ago didn’t wish for their descendants to know who had wielded such fine weapons. This, I swear, to find out.”

Loki wagged his tail a bit as Shadow looked down at him and smiled. “Indeed, I have found my calling as a Sith, and I know I will fulfill my destiny no matter what.”

The Sith then closed the container and took it over to the vault within the dresser by her bed. She carefully placed it inside, and locked it in. Though she was the one destined to have the blades, she knew it wasn’t quite the time to use them. However, she was sure that that time was near.

*Patience, I must have…until the right time has presented itself.*

With that, Shadow went to prepare some tea, not even planning to tell her sister about the letter until the time was right.