

Scion Tarentae
PIN 9335

Through the Looking Glass

Soldiers pushed the young man roughly into Scion Tarentae's office. He was a short man in his thirties with long brown hair pulled back into a ponytail. He wore a loose fitting, black, short sleeved shirt with a gray logo that Scion didn't recognize on it. He looked nervous.

"My men told me they think you're my son," said Scion. "I find that to be... unlikely."

"Yeah, I don't think that's right either," said the young man. "I know my dad. He's alive and he's not you."

"They also said you were a recruit from the Shadow Academy. Is it safe to assume that's not true either?" Scion's voice was taking on a distinctly unpleasant, sarcastic tone.

"Yeah. I didn't come here from the Shadow Academy. I don't expect you to believe me, but I went to sleep at home and woke up on the shuttle."

"You are correct," said Scion. "I find that very difficult to believe. Do you know where you are?"

"Sure. This is Castle Tarentum in the Yridia System. You are Scion Tarentae. I'd recognize you anywhere."

"Do you know what that means to you, son?"

"That I'm in big trouble if I can't explain myself quickly."

"What makes you say that?"

"You're a Force User. You can tell if I'm lying to you, can't you? Look into your feelings. You aren't going to believe a word of what I'm about to say, but I promise I'm telling you the absolute truth."

The young man paused, searching the Tarentae's features for some sign of recognition or even acknowledgement. Scion's expression was made of stone. He simply waited for his younger doppelganger to continue.

"Ok, so I come from somewhere else. My name is Peter. I don't know if it's a parallel universe or another dimension or alternate reality or whatever but it's more than just a far away galaxy or

time travel. I don't know how it happened. I was at home, I went to bed, and I woke up on that shuttle. I immediately knew where I was because I recognized Tarentum's logo. The crazy part is how. See, in my normal life this is a game. We write stories about Tarentum. You and Hades, Oberst and Farrin and Bloodfyre, you guys are all just characters in our stories. I know all of you because I've been writing fiction about you for twenty years."

Scion started to cackle loudly.

"You have got to be frakking kidding me! That is the biggest pile of bantha poodoo I think I have ever heard!"

Peter chuckled.

"You'll have to remind me to teach you to swear properly some time. Look. I don't look like you, Scion. You look like me," said Peter. "I had an artist draw a picture of my character, and he used photographs of me for reference. That's why we look the same. Please. Use the Force. It'll show you that I'm telling the truth."

Downing the remainder of his glass of scotch, Scion stood from his desk and walked across the room to where Peter was standing. He looked the young man over carefully.

"What's this logo on your shirt?" he asked.

"It says 'Nike'. It's a company that makes shoes and clothing where I'm from. I'm a software engineer there."

"You're a slicer?" Scion's face brightened a little.

"Something like that, yeah. I doubt any of my skills would be useful here though. The technology is so different from what I'm used to and I can't read Aurebesh."

"You do look like me when I was younger. Got some extra pounds on you. You were never in the military, were you?"

"Nope. Never."

"If I get your story right," said Scion. "That would make you some kind of creator. Am I supposed to worship you now? Are you a god?"

"Yes."

Scion's eyes widened, and he backed away from Peter.

“Oh shit,” Peter stammered. “You don’t know that one. It’s just a line from a movie. No, I’m not a god. I can’t even use the Force. I’m no good in a fight. I’m just pretty good with computers and I like to write.”

“Then you’re useless to me.”

“In a way, I am your creator, though. I developed your character. I chose your name. I wrote the stories that make up your life. You are largely based on me.”

“I’ve heard enough. You’re insane.”

“You’re allergic to hops because I don’t like beer. You love scotch because I love scotch. You hurt your left knee escaping from the Emperor’s Hammer because I hurt my left knee playing soccer when I was a kid. You were recruited into the Emperor’s Hammer by Vampire. I knew him as Alex. We went to school together.”

“How... how do you know all that?”

“I told you. I created you. But I don’t think I have any power here, now that I’m physically here. I don’t know what the rules are now.”

“You can’t use the Force?”

“No,” said Peter.

“You aren’t trained in fighting?”

“No,” said Peter.

“And you aren’t my son?”

“No,” said Peter.

“Great,” said Scion. The door to the office slid open, triggered by some unseen action. “Get out.”

Peter was hurled by an invisible impact to the chest and flew out into the hallway. The soldiers who had brought him in leveled their weapons at his head. The door closed, and Scion returned to his desk.