Mako Henymory

7640

Facing the Mirror

**New Tython**

**Seher**

**Jedi Citadel**

Mako strode slowly through the subterranean passageways beneath the Jedi Citadel. The tunnels were exceptionally old, the thick layer of dust showing that no living creature had passed through them for many years. Mako suspected that it had been upwards of two hundred years since the recently discovered tunnels had been transgressed. Having needed some space from his Mandalorian companion, Lilly, and from House Satele Shan, Mako had found himself slipping through the sealed entrance and escaping underground.

“I wonder why they had sealed these tunnels in the first place,” the Quaestor mussed out loud as he noted a Harakoan skeleton propped against the tunnel’s curved and obviously hand carved stone wall. The Human knelt down, his black robe swirling around him. noting the attire the dead thing wore along with it’s weapons.

“I swear these thing never seemed to have evolved,” Mako said as he knelt beside Mako.

“The air must be thin down here,” the first Human said as he took a moment to gaze upon his other self.

“It is, I see you favor a black robe.”

“And you favor a white one.”

“You seem more attuned to the dark,” The lighter dressed Mako said with a nod of his head.

“Yes it seems you are more light bound, I have read on this phenomenon in the Jedi texts I relieved from the library. It would appear this place serves as a natural or artifact created version of that test the Jedi use on their apprentices to determine their temperament and snap judgements,” the real Mako spoke slowly as he compared the adornments on his black clothes against the other Mako’s.

“It all seemed very barbaric to me, throwing younglings into mortal danger like that. Granted the Krath ways we have adhered to are not much better.”

“This is true, but at least the Krath educate their apprentices before throwing them head first to their doom,” the Quaestor said as his emerald eyes returned to the dead alien.

“So my darker self, what are we going to do about that fearful thing which drove us down here,” the light Mako spoke, his tone one of intellectual ponderance.

“We will have to face it eventually, it does not have to be tonight.”

“You forget my blood thirsty friend, she found the receipt.”

“The purpose of you demanding we take get a receipt in the first place eludes me.”

“At least we brought it with us, by now she will have gone through all the books looking,” the darker of the two said with a sigh.

“Probably will have burnt several of them by now,”

“Yes I doubt that the bed would have been spared, we should requisition a new one sooner rather than later.”

Both of the men poked the alien’s skull simultaneously and watched it collapse into dust before their emerald eyes. The glow cast from the natural torch wavered for a moment.

“That must have been someone entering the tunnel to find us.”

“Most likely she didn’t find it and realized that it must be on us, on a scale of 10 how boned are we my dark self?”

“More than that scale has numbers,” the Quaestor said as the young womans voice called out from further away in the tunnel.

“I really enjoyed not having to worry about another,” the white robed Mako said as he nodded to his darker self.

“Time to get back inside my head good sir,” the Quaestor said with a sigh, his lighter self vanishing as the harsh beam from Lilly’s helmet light peaked around the final curve of the tunnel.

“I swear ta all dat is holy Mako, I know you bought one three weeks ago! Da `ell ja watin’ for!”

“A wise woman does not rush a man to propose,” a grin creeped across the Krath’s face as he spoke.

“Your delirious from the sleeping drug I slipped you and the lack of oxygen down here, I was talking about the new slug thrower you bought and conveniently forgot to give me, but since we are on the topic of proposals now,” her voice trailed off as the Quaestor turned and ran deeper into the tunnel network. It would be a longer night than she had anticipated.