***Imaginative Plane***

***Kanis’ mind***

***39 ABY***

Kanis awoke with a start - he could hardly breathe under what felt as though it were the weight of a thousand chains, yet he could still move. The Mystic gasped for breath as he watched the gray clouds swirl, giving the effect of a dome like prison encasing his surroundings.

“Where am I?” he said.

“What am I?” The Coruscanti heard his voice echo back from nearly every direction.

“You should know... I mean, you made this place,” an all too familiar voice chimed.

Kanis spun around only to find K’ara sitting atop a rock with her knees pulled to her chest. He dared not approach her, the Dark Jedi was at a loss it had been three years since he’d last seen his fiance alive.

“I told you - he’s an idiot.” another familiar voice rang with a mechanical echo.

Kratus stood mere feet away from the young Arconan with his arms folded across his chest, his remaining natural eye bearing a cold, piercing stare.

“Wha-” Kanis started, “what is this… you two, how are you here?”

“Is it not obvious? The fight, the accident… You are in a coma Da’uul,” Feta said as she dusted off her shoulder.

The Dark Jedi shook his head backing away from the figments. “No, no, no, no… not now, please not now.”

Those of whom joined the Coruscanti in his tormented mind slowly closed in on him as he tripped over a stone. “Do you not feel for those you have killed? Do you feel no remorse for taking fathers away from their children in cold blood? Do you not regret taking the life of your own father, who wanted nothing more than to help you?” Their voices asked combined with the echoes of the land.

“H-h-he didn’t want to help me, he and Jeran exiled me, they attempted to kill me…” the Assassin stuttered.

“How did I try to kill you?” a voice asked. Kanis stopped dead in his tracks as he felt his back hit something.

“Back on Coruscant… You stabbed me…” he said.

“I did what I had to - if I had let you run rampant through the streets of Coruscant, who knows how many lives would have been lost along with your own… The council would have sent their best warriors to dispatch of you once you drew near the Jedi Temple; Jeran and I exiled you as common ground with the council who wanted to see you put to death, you know that I had no choice.” The Jedi Master spoke, his words soft and harmless; however, they tore through Kanis like razors.

“That is true, and the only reason I took up arms against my own nephew was for the same reasons your father confronted you when you first landed on Coruscant. It is unfathomable the amount of innocent lives were in danger every second you existed on that planet. You were our own flesh and blood; however, you were completely consumed in the darkness and refused to see any reason. That fight happened because you willed it Kanis, and you will not be able to rest until you can come to terms with all of the death and destruction you have caused” Jeran explained as he looked over to his nodding brother.

“Though despite all the suffering you have caused, I forgive you… We all do.” K’ara said as she smiled softly.

The Dark Jedi lay on the cold ground, curled up in a ball. His mind was consumed with chaos as all of the repressed memories flooded out once again. He began to relive the last few years over, and over, and over. Needless to say, he was an emotional wreck.

“Go away! Go away! GO AWAY!” He shouted as he found his feet. Kanis brought his hands up and willed the Force into a massive wave of energy that blew the apparitions into dust, dispersing as though they were made of sand.

A moment later, he felt a hand on his shoulder, he spun quickly only to find himself staring into a bone mask whose empty sockets stared back.

“Who-” The Arconan started before he was cut off.

“I am Jedi Master Kara’ne Da’uul.” She said, “and I’m afraid that you won’t be able to just ‘blast me away’ like you did your repressed memories, for I do not reside as a memory of someone in your life; however, I am a part of you… I hail from The Republic of Old. A time long passed, but not forgotten.”

“Wh...why are you here?” he asked.

“Think Kanis, why would I be here?” she asked.

“Give the poor boy a rest.” said another voice as a second figure appeared next to her wearing the veil of old Sith armor.

Kara’ne looked to the old Sith before directing her gaze back to Kanis. “You will not be able to awaken from this coma until you have come to terms with everything that has happened, if you fail to do so I fear our bloodline will cease here,”

“What do you mean?” The Arconan asked.

“You must fight your way out, but not through means of physical combat. You must adopt the old ways of the Da’uul family. You have been corrupted by false beliefs, the Dark nor the Light Side of the Force exist, there is only the Force itself and the balance of such. Though I was a Jedi Master and Sabathon Was a Darth we did not partake in the belief of sides of the Force… There can be no good without evil, but at the same time evil must not be allowed to flourish; which is why we are here, Kanis Da’uul you have fallen from the teachings of our family and in order to save your own life you must immerse yourself in those teachings. The first step is coming to terms with the fact that no one has been out to get you.. Infact you murdered everyone close to you in a paranoid fit of rage.” The old Master stated.

It was at this time that the Force ghosts of Masters Jeran and Aurelius appeared behind the young Coruscanti using the plain to take a rather ‘physical’ form. Next up was K’ara whom ran up to the Arconan wrapping her arms around him tightly and burying her face in his chest.

Dumbfounded, Kanis wrapped his arms around her rubbing her back softly as she cried into his armor.

“What’s happened to you?” she sobbed. “They were trying to help you…”

The Equite felt his heart breaking all over again.

“I thought you were going to put it behind you when you found that Mandalorian, I was happy… But then you changed…” K’ara continued.

Kanis rested his chin atop his ex-fiance’s head closing his eyes and upon doing so he began to see the entire turn of events from her unbiased point of view. After the display had finished tears began to work their way from his tightly shut eyes as both he and K’ara fell to their knees.

“No, no, no, no….” he stammered.

Aurelius slowly approached the broken Dark Jedi placing his hand on his shoulder. “It’s true son, but neither Jeran nor I are angry with you. We fully understand that your mind was too clouded to see what was happening.”

“I-I-It was the Jedi Council that was trying to kill me…. Not you or Jeran…” Kanis said trying not to break down.

“That is true.” Master Aah’Valia stated.

“I am so sorry… Dad I’m so sorry!” Kanis said breaking down.

“Son… Apologies mean nothing if you are already forgiven, It is Imparative that you listen to me and Kara’ne right now so you may go on living, for all of us… for your new wife.,,” Aurelius said with a gentle nod.

“She loves you Kanis… She loves you exactly as I did…” K’ara said looking up at her lover.

“We are running out of time… Kanis you must meditate on what I am about to tell you…” Kara’ne stated.

Looking up to her Kanis nodded. “I have come to terms that I am the monster in my life… What must I do to make things right?”

“Meditate on these words and live by them… There is no Dark Side, Nor a light Side there is only the Force.. I will do what I must to keep the balance.. The balance is what keeps me together.. There is no good without evil; however, evil must not be allowed to flourish.. There is passion yet emotion.. Serenity, yet peace.. Chaos… Yet order.. I am the weilder of the flame, the protector of the balance which holds me together. I am the keeper of the flame, I am a guardian of Balance… I am a Gray Jedi.”

Nodding Kanis softly kissed K’ara one last time saying good bye which was one thing he never got to do, he then turned his back to the grouping reciting the Gray Jedi Code quietly as he dropped to his knees in meditation. Soon he had awoken to the soft rhythmic beeping of a heart monitor. The lights too bright for him to see at first seemed to dim down as his vision came into focus. He felt a hand tightly squeeze his, Maa’ka nearly jumped on him as he looked over to her.

“Oh my god Kanis!” she shouted.

Arruna ran into the room flanked by Celevon and K’tana.

“Well, well, look who finally decided to join us..” The Quaestor joked.

“Kanis if I ever catch you lying around on the job again I karkin swear to the Goddess…” The purple Twi’lek said bolstering a hollow threat.

Kanis chuckled, “I got it mom…” He then looked around the room, “I have come to terms with everything realizing that I have been the bad guy in my life… and I am ashamed of what I have done.. Let Kanis have died on the battlefield… Please call me Dralin now..”

“Well what about your alias it cant be your name.” K’tana stated.

“I’ll come up with a new one.” he said, “But I must shed my old skin and start a new with my wonderful wife.”

Celevon nodded. “I admire your decision; most couldn’t reach such a conclusion on their own.

“Well I wouldn’t have if it weren’t for my ancestors…” He stated calmly.

Maa’ka wrapped her arms tightly around her husband locking her lips to his.