Death by my own hand.

 I remember the trembling of my body. The sounds of a firing blaster rung out through my home. My father and mother were fighting them, the Mandalorians who had been hunting us from Mandalore to Esperion. We’d been safe for so many years, I thought we would stay that way. I was wrong.

 The blasters never stopped as I hid in my closet. I used to be such a coward back then. Maybe I could have changed things, but it doesn’t matter. You can never change the past. You can only learn from it. I have learned much in the years since then.

 The figure who had crashed through my window started to skulk through my room. In my hand I held the Bes’bev that my mother had gifted me the day before. My knuckles turned white from the pressure. I felt a sharp pain in my knee, and saw that the pointed end had cut into my skin. Maybe I could be brave.

 Readying myself, I could see the Mandalorian’s shadow coming nearer as he took hold of the closet handle. As the door opened I pushed through with all my strength and buried the Bes’bev into his neck, and he fell to the ground in a grunt of pain. Removing the flute, I watched crimson blood pour from the open wound. My hands trembled. His body stilled. I dropped the flute. He was dead. Tears broke from my eyes. I had killed him. I had taken his life.