**Terminal 12-Alpha**

**Coronet City, Corellia**

**34ABY**

Static – that’s what Xolarin felt when he stared up at the news monitors in the pub. Everyone else watching saw typical claims of theft in the outer rim, business booming on Corellia, various dealings near the Kiast system, or one of myriad goings-on in the galaxy. But almost everyone else had not seen what Xolarin had. Almost everyone else had not been digging deep into information gathering outlets and newsbin depots in the black market. Almost everyone enjoyed the standard flashes of business and skirmishes coming from their own kind. Trusted sources, these reporters were to almost everyone else.

But Xolarin, on a new mission, was not blinded like most of the galaxy. His eyes had been open for many years, searching and digging for the truth. The truth he sought was about his father’s past, his own self, and mysteries unknown to even himself. He was on Corellia for two reasons, for two truths. Neither of them had to do with it being his birthplace or a mega-city of opportunity and wealth. But both had everything to do with who he was and who he was destined to be.

One truth pertained to his father, and after meeting an actual Jedi there in Coronet City, he began to wonder if some of the clues about his family had led him to that very moment. Xolarin began to piece together what might just be a righteous heritage in the Force.

The other truth, however, was unfortunately much darker. As Xolarin brought his gaze back to the Jedi standing in front of him, he shook his head to bring himself back to the present.

“What’s the matter, you ready to go?” The Jedi named Turel cocked his head as if he already knew the answer to the question.

Xolarin chortled with a forced grin. “Sure. I just need to make one more errand.” He stood from the booth and looked back up at the screens, out of his daydream and seeing the normal holonews channels on as he should. “Won’t take long.”

Turel squinted, peering into the new acquaintance’s eyes – and maybe his mind as well – and nodded slowly. “Ok, thirty minutes, back at dock 168.”

The first mate of the *Bantha* freighter, or perhaps the former first mate at this point, gave a nod. “That’s all I need.” Xolarin strode out of the small bar and headed across the main terminal market area and down a passageway. The massive city had many nooks and crannies and Xolarin knew how to navigate them, even in this apparently random docking area. As he left he glanced back to Turel, who had paused to talk to the female waitress who served them earlier. He made a snort to himself, now understanding more about who Turel was.

Moments later he found his destination – another pub, but a bit further from the terminal and a bit less shiny and safe than the one they patronized before. The *Filthy Nickel* was not the best place to be if you valued your life, but it was a treasure trove of those who might have answers or hold pieces of a truth one sought.

Xolarin entered and strode across the bar, a few heads turning to catch the new arrival, maybe even a few faces recognizing him from past deals. One face in particular looked up with a smile, out from under a shady lamp that hung low over a dirty, half-broken table, with stubby cylinders for stools. “Ah, Xol, my good man, you have more trade goods for me to—“

The man had no chance to finish his inquiry as he was lifted up by his gnarly jacket by Xolarin and slammed up against the wall. Two men with him rose up out of their seats and reached for weapons but the man motioned them to stop. “What do you know about it, Maryn?”

The gravelly, angry voice of Xolarin struck a bit of unfamiliar fear into the man named Maryn. It was obvious he had never seen Xolarin so distraught. And it was unfortunate that he did in fact have information about the one of the only things that could make someone upset at a time like this. “I… I… I mean, maybe—“

“Tell me,” said Xolarin, using an unwitting strength to hold Maryn up off the ground longer. “Tell me the massacre is a lie, mere fear-mongering propaganda.” Xolarin knew the truth, but he needed to hear it. If the Jedi Turel really wanted what he had asked of Xolarin, he needed this truth confirmed.

“Whu… Well,” started Maryn. “I think we both know that that kind of propaganda is not how the Brotherhood works, although neither is a purge of that kind, of course.” Maryn shrugged with what little room he had to do so under Xolarin’s grip.

“So it’s true.” Xolarin let Maryn slip down off the wall and onto his feet on the ground. His own heart sank a bit, the involuntary flow of adrenaline waning, tension in the air calming. He breathed in deep, ignoring the pungent odors surrounding them. He looked at Maryn and then exhaled a long sigh. Xolarin wanted to lash out, but he knew that was not the answer. He got what he needed and it was time to go, and thus he turned and began to head back out.

“Wait, that’s gotta be worth somethin’ to ya, Xol,” Maryn cried out.

Xolarin turned his head slightly. “Talk to the cap’n, I’ll have something waiting for you there.” He did not need to give docking coordinates or anything about timing, as Maryn would find a way. And Xolarin would keep his promise and have something left for the man for his troubles.

Today, two truths were confirmed. One truth about his future in the Force was certainly to be tested further with Turel. And yet the other truth – the Paladin Massacre – was fuel for his heart and soul. For actions like this would force him to strive for something better in the galaxy. The holonews channels, underground or legitimate, should not have a reason to report on news of that ilk, and perhaps one more Jedi could make a difference there. It was sickening and enlightening, draining and energizing at the same time.

Xolarin would soon learn that knowledge was a great tool and weapon of the Jedi, and that the knowledge and truths he learned this day would be foundational for his new destiny. It truly was an historic day for Xolarin.