

**Brotherhood interview #131369**

**Subject: Mystic Firth'rar J. Versea-Stormwind**

**Interview being conducted by Knight Arron Saylos**

**Versea Estate, guest atrium, Ryloth.**

"Good day sir, I am glad you signed up to be interviewed." The young Cathar spoke softly, getting out a recorder and a noteputer. "I hope you don't mind my recording this interview to check back to later."

Lighting his pipe and settling his bulk back into a comfortable chair, the older man smiled and nodded. 'Aye laddie, I will be happy to talk about me for a wee bit. Canna get ye a drink?"

"Yes please, some water would be fine," the Knight answered, waving away some of the pungent pipe smoke.

"Right ye are then," he said nodding, " BDThree! Get me another cider and get my friend here a glass of water, oh and hit the extractor fan for the room." Firth called out to a nearby droid.

"Ye-e-e-es sir you sexy hunk of g-g-g-g-guy. l'l'l'l'l'l'l'l'l'l \*tic tic tic\* be right back-k-k-k-k with it, and you c-c-can rub me dddddd-d-d-down in oil afterrrrrrtic \*tic pINg\* afterwards.." The luxury droid responded with a wink as it walked to the control panel and clicked on the fans and then headed to the drink bar.

Firth chuckled at the Knights obvious shock at the behavior of the droid. "Donna fash yersel' lad, it's just a minor glitch in her programming.

"Umm, yes, right, ahem, yes," the young Knight stammered.

"Anyway, about my joining the Brotherhood. Let's see if I can remember the details. I was usually a bit drunk back then and my memory isn't as good as it use to be," the Grey responded, tapping his teeth with his pipe stem. "Let's see..."

"It was a dark and stormy, night. Lighting flashed and the winds howled. Suddenly there was a shot, a woman screamed and the door burst open showing the silhouette of a man with a blaster," Firth started with a flourish, and then stopped when he saw the look he was getting.

The Knight cocked an eyebrow at the old man and took a deep breath. "Yeah, right. You know I was warned about you."

Letting out a loud guffaw, Firth slapped his knee and then coughed from the pipe smoke.

"Okay, okay, lad. Ye just look so serious! Relax some, you will live longer. Seriously though, I have to try and remember, a lot has happened since I joined, not all of it good. So give me a moment."

Firith remembered and slowly began telling his memory...

### **Taris**

#### **End of the World Cantina**

#### **About a year or so ago**

*The drone of conversation along with the local rotgut I was drinking was finally beginning to dull my senses.*

*Lilith, my wife, was off on another venture doing Gods knows what for Gods know who. As a result, I had been left to my own devices. Never a good idea.*

*At the time I was working as the local law enforcement, or as they call it "the heavy", for the city we lived in. It wasn't glamorous or wonderful, but it was a job.*

*I did my best not to dwell on the fact I was enforcing martial law on people who pretty much had nothing. Taris was still a wasteland of putrid swamps and rotted forests.*

*The crashed starships that had littered the planet and polluted it with toxic chemicals from ruptured hyperdrives and fuel waste had crumbled into rusted hulks.*

*The "City" of Taris had been bombarded from space thousands of years before. The ruins of its massive pilliard buildings that once reached thousands of feet into the air had been laid low, and now all that was left was the rusted and derelict bases that formed huge circular holes filled with bracken and debris.*

*As a result Taris was now one part tetanus shot waiting to happen, one part radioactive sludge waiting to melt you, one part swamp filled with deformed mutant monsters and one part jungle that hid everything from view until you staggered into it.*

*Actually that was not wholly true, the settlers had cleared vast areas for farming and for building cities in. It was in one of these places Lilith and I lived. But it WAS right next to a jungle.*

*Thinking back, I chuckled to myself. Lilith and I ended up here by fate. We had been on the run, or so we thought, from the revenge of one of my former trainers.*

*You see Lilith and I were trained as Jedi. Both nice and Light until we met each other and fell in love. And as anyone knows, falling in love is frowned upon by the the uptight Lighties. So she and I fled our little commune to be with each other. My killing my Master there might have had something to do with it also, but that's another story.*

*So, where was I, oh, right, sitting in a cantina, getting drunk and trying to drown my loneliness.*

*Now, if you haven't figured it out, we Jedi have to hide the fact we are a Jedi. Even Gray in attitude. This usually means dressing the same as the local populace and not waving a lightsaber around like some loony.*

*I did this to a certain degree, I like my old Jedi robes, they are comfortable. They are a dingy brownish gray. Mended and patched and feel like a calming embrace. My heavy cloak rides on my shoulders like an old friend I carry along.*

*But as I said, I have to blend in somewhat, so I don't usually wear the tabards and I have heavy leather covers for my legs. The thorns and undergrowth around this place can be a real pain.*

*So here I am, sitting in my usual spot. Life becoming an alcoholic induced haze when "they" walked in.*

*Now I had made it a habit over the years to fire up my Force Sense every few minutes or so. I found it helped me watch my back so to speak. Just a quick sweep of the area and then I would break concentration. As paranoid as I use to be about being followed it had become a rote action for me.*

*I "felt" a warning tingle, someone with Force abilities had entered my radar, and it wasn't Lilita my wife.*

*Looking out over the haze of smoke and the rim of my tankard I started to scope the room while trying to look inconspicuous.*

*There they were, two men, one possibly part cyborg by the looks of slight glow of his left eye. Both dressed in an oddly designed bodysuit with straps and buckles and draped in heavy cloaks with an odd target reticle design embroidered by the collar. The two men scanned the room and focused on me before I could pull back into the shadows more.*

*One nodded to the other and both approached my private table.*

*One of the men signaled to a server droid and ordered two drinks and another for me.*

*Then they began to talk in hushed tones about my being a Force user, a secret Brotherhood of Dark, Grey, and even a few Light Force users in hiding far out in the Outer Rim Territory. They had been studying my history and background and felt I might be a good addition. Although they refused to say where they had discovered some things about me.*

*I accepted, packed my bags and headed out of system with them.*

## **Current Time and Place**

“So there you have it lad,” the Mystic said cleaning his pipe and tapping the ashes out into a nearby bin, “that’s my story for joining.”

“Seriously?! THAT’S IT? All that story for a two second blurb?” The exasperated Knight said in disbelief.

“Aye lad, that’s it. My former Master and one of his compatriots sought me out. Asked me if I wanted to join, and I did. I had nothing better to do, so here I am.” Firth shrugged. “I tried to make it entertaining for you, but all in all, there isn’t that much to tell. Not everyone HAS an exciting reason for being here. I’m just honored and feel blessed I have finally found a place where I fit in.”

With that he smiled, and raised his glass to the man across from him. “The Brotherhood, long may she be home to us.”