



My Final Moments

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It felt like for once in our lives, we finally reached a point of peace. My wife and I could finally get a good night's rest knowing at least one of our daughters ended up happy, despite what we did to her. Crystal and I were not the greatest of parents; her with her cafe and I with my smuggling. We never actually meant to have kids in the first place. We were very happy just how we were; living our lives day-to-day among the cities of Coruscant. We were okay with sharing just a few hours in the evening together. We were busy people. We liked it that way.

Then Alara came. She was a beauty and held such passion within her tiny little body. We don't know where it could have come from, but we knew the origin of her beauty. She had fiery Sephi eyes to match her pointy ears. That was all Crystal. The blonde possibly came from my side of the family. It was so intriguing to watch the little firecracker grow up as she did. She never allowed us to experience a dull moment. It was hard to juggle a baby with two full time parents though. Crystal was forced to only work part-time hours in her own shop. I had a few smuggling jobs I had to refuse just because there weren't enough hours in a day sometimes. Especially once Alara got old enough to train in combat. The girl would nag at me whenever she'd see me about it. She just loved going to the little back-of-the-house pad we had to train against a rough shield I would hold up for her. I tried not to be too harsh in my criticizing, but no matter what the girl seemed to thrive at every technique I taught her; giving me hardly a chance to criticize her combat skills.

Of course the damn Hutts have to ruin everything though. Some douchebag that I failed a mission for years ago shows up out of nowhere and demands I pay up what I lost: practically worth three cargo loads of what I had been hauling lately! How he found me I couldn't find out either. Crystal and I had been so careful to protect ourselves and our identities. She'd always tell people I was some sort of politician bodyguard, always travelling to ensure safety for my boss. I have big enough arms; people look at me and don't ask questions. But this guy knew us and knew our whereabouts... I was just a kid when I took his job anyway. Now I was a father and he was stepping in on our turf. Demanding things I knew I couldn't pay.

Memories of that day flashed in my mind suddenly. I could see Crystal hugging Alara tightly to keep her away from the door. Alara's fiery eyes just stared back at the Hutt with such fearlessness. I couldn't help but chuckle at her for it.

"I want the worth of the cargo and I want it now!" the Hutt stomped on my threshold. I couldn't tell you his name then, and I couldn't tell you it now either. Just some guy that I tried to work for when I was 19.

"Look, I don't have that kind of money sitting around! I've got a wife and a kid! Does it look like we are living on prime real estate? Lemme do some cargo loads for ya, hey? I'll do 6. Free of charge. Don't worry about it. I'll make it up to you. We can let bygones be bygones, right?"

I tried to bargain with a Hutt. I was literally foolish enough to attempt bargaining with a Hutt. How much worse could I make this? A lot worse, apparently.

“No! If you cannot afford to meet that which you owe me, perhaps I should take what is sucking money out of you!” The Mercenary reached for little Alara and yanked her out of her mother’s clutches. We both just stood there in horror, unsure of what to do or say to the Hutt.

“Wait! That’s my daughter!” I stepped forward, reaching for Alara.

“Daddy? Why is he taking me?” Alara reached out for me whilst kicking her captive. “Stop him, Daddy!”

A shadow fell upon my back. I could practically feel it. A vibrodagger suddenly poked at my tailbone from behind. “Don’t move, don’t fight it. Let the Hutt take her.” A voice whispered. I gulped, attempted to look at my wife reassuringly, and nodded.

“Daddy? Don’t let him take me! Don’t do this!” Alara screamed at my hesitation. The Hutt laughed, and began to walk away from our house. The light and happiness in our house seemed to leave with them. Alara’s howling and crying kept echoing in my ears for the rest of the day.

Why wasn't I strong enough to save her? Why didn't I try and fight back? I just let it all happen because I was scared.

“Honey, what’s going on? Why are you crying?” Crystal snapped me back to reality. We were on Tatooine now. We were successfully retired and safe. But the memories of my firstborn’s leave still chased the depths of my mind.

“Sorry love, I had that dream again.” I sat up and looked around my room. I looked to the window and saw Shadow and Brandon’s ship had gone from its parking space. I turned around to see my wife’s face. Her aged, but still beautiful eyes looked at me with concern. I couldn’t resist and had to lift my hand to her cheek. “Don’t worry. At least one of our girls are happy.”

“You have to forget about that, Devon. You can’t let Alara haunt you. We are here now. We are safe. Our youngest Shadow is happily married now. She forgives us for our mistakes in turning her over to the Jedi when she was young. We need to try to believe Alara can forgive us too.”

I couldn't say anything back, but nodded in agreement to her words. I had to believe Alara was okay. I had to believe she would understand.

"Let's get some sleep now, okay?" Crystal laid down and tugged me to join her. I agreed and went back in sleeping position, my hand holding my wife's.

I woke up to my beloved's gasp of horror. I jumped out of bed, after noticing she wasn't in her usual place, and reached for a blaster I kept under the bed. Unfortunately the assassin was far too quick. The hooded figure already had a vibrant yellow saber held to my wife's porcelain neck.

"Who are you?! What do you want? I'll give you anything! Whatever you wish!" I couldn't help but break into a sob. I ran to the captor's feet and knelt before them in desperation.

The figure let out a maniacal laugh. With a flick of her neck, Alara pushed the hood back from her face. She was full grown and stunningly beautiful. Her vibrant glowing amber eyes were practically blazing with purpose. She looked down at me with them as her mature voice wrapped around these words: "If you really cared for anyone you would have given Shadow and I a better childhood."

How could such a lovely voice spike your heart like a blade? Hers did in that very moment. Confusion, happiness, worry, and fear coursed through my veins like a cancer. Crystal and I began to shake with fear and sobs. Our worst nightmare was coming to life. Everything we regretted was coming back to haunt us. Our beloved daughter was back, but we did not have the pleasure of receiving her kindness. Instead we would fall to her blade.

Alara kept steady in her deadly position and seemed completely unmoved by us. "Oh don't even pretend that you care for me, you freaks. What kind of parents give their child away to the creditors?" The fireball before us spat onto the ground not far from where I was kneeling. Sorrow continued to pain my chest as my heartbeat throbbed in my ears. Crystal and I met each other's gaze and only began to cry harder.

"Alara, we are so so sorry. You have no idea how much we regretted our decision... It's just that..." I tried to mouth what words I had planned to say for ages, but Alara cut me off before I could say them.

"Now now, I didn't come to hear your ridiculous excuses, Father. I came to bring back vengeance. I came back to avenge the childhood you rid me of. First of all, I'll start with slaughtering your wife, and making you watch." The horrid girl smirked at me. My wife tried to call out at her daughter, but was muffled by the blonde's hand clasped tightly onto her mouth.

“You know what? You’re right. I changed my mind,” Alara threw Crystal into my arms. I caught my wife quickly and pulled her tightly as we cried in each others arms. “I’m going to slaughter you both together.”

“We truly love you, Alara. We had to give you away. You were so strong. We knew you’d survive and come home. We tried to look for you, but we heard you escaped and crashed on Onderon. We thought you were a goner. But look at you, you survived,” I pleaded to her. This seemed to stun her a bit. She stepped back, a blank face making its way up those sharp cheekbones.

Crystal took advantage of this moment to tell her all our hearts had hoped to tell her for years: “That’s right Alara, you are a marvel. You survived all on your own all those years. Look at you now! You’re in uniform. We are so so proud of you, Alara,”

A tear fell across my daughter’s cheek as she lost composure. “I never thought I’d hear you say that.”

I jumped in this time, perhaps with a little too much sweet talking on my lips. “It’s true, Alara! Your mother and I are so proud of you. We are sorry you didn’t get the childhood you deserved, but look at you now. You are much more stronger than your sister.. You even ---”

“You fool!” Alara snapped angrily at me. “You think you can taunt me with my sister? She’s the only one that even cared to look for me. You didn’t even decide to give me a proper burial if I was indeed dead. Then you have the audacity to brag me up in efforts to save your lives. You’re wrong, Father. I’m not better than Shadow. She would listen to your silly rantings and compliments. I’m not capable of giving such a privilege!”

Crystal and I gulped in fear at her rage. It was too late. She wasn’t listening to anything further we had to say. My wife burst out sobbing at my side upon realization of this fact: we would die here. She was too far gone. It was time. Our sins had finally caught up to us. We hugged tightly to each other and looked up at the gorgeous murderess who would take our lives. I had such a numb, hollow feeling in my bones. Alara, with tears still bundled up in her fiery raging eyes, slashed down at our throats with all her might. My wife and I barely had enough time to scream before she murdered us both.

It’s too late. I wasn’t strong enough to save my wife or myself this time. Alara...

“I did it.... I...” Alara gasped at her feat before her. It must have been us she was gawking at. We heard her run out of the house with a howl of emotions. I couldn’t tell if she was happy or in deep sorrow. “What....what is happening...”

That’s when the world went black.