

Word Count: 720 Words

Magnuri Home

Iziz, Onderon

Winter 55 ABY; 1804 Hours, Local Time

Six people sat around a large table, warm chatter almost indiscernible to anyone not accustomed to the small family. Avaleen, Tristan's adopted daughter, sat beside her wife Samantha. The redhead was speaking to her mother, Morgan, across the table whilst Samantha ate quietly with a small smile over her lips, one eye visible whilst the left one was covered with a patch. Her parents were long-time friends of both Tristan and Morgan - Satsi and Uji Tameike. Morgan's hair was just as dark as it had been twenty years prior, her visible olive skin below her throat covered in tattoos - only her hands, head and feet were free of artwork. On her left hand was a silver ring with a dark purple center stone, two diamonds on either side. On Tristan's left hand was a simple silver band of the same material, matching his wife's wedding band.

Artemis, Tristan's eldest child from his first marriage, spoke with the youngest of his and Morgan's children, Connor. Both had a similar hair color, through Artemis' eyes were a pale silver-green whilst Connor's were a bright silver-blue. The other difference was, of course, the long and pointed ears of Artemis' half-Sephi heritage.

Tristan gazed from one member of his family to the next, a smile on his lips whilst his silver eyes gleamed with happiness. Seeing his son Connor in the crisp uniform of the Onderonian Military, however, made him remember his own time in the Arcona Army Corps.

He clenched his left fist in remembered pain, head bowing as he remembered the past. His cybernetic replacement left arm had been coated in synthetic flesh to avoid confusing a young Connor.

Tristan was surprised by his own thoughts. It had been almost twenty years since he last thought of the Brotherhood, much less the Shadow Clan itself. After the Twelfth Great Jedi War, Morgan had revealed the truth of the fact that the several month old Connor was his biological son.

A few months after that, he left his life and name as Celevon Edraven behind, retaking his birth name of Tristan Nicomodus Magnuri. Shortly thereafter, he had proposed to a surprised Morgan Sorenn. Though she was busy as Herald, Tristan had purchased a home in a system near the

Matron where his focus was on raising their children. When Morgan had decided to leave the Brotherhood as well, their home was sold and they moved entirely to Onderon.

Tristan had accepted a job as a security consultant, working for a well-funded company. Despite the fact that he didn't really need to work, since most of his earnings from his eight years within Arcona and numerous contracted work had collected and gained interest, he was not the type to sit idly. Outside of his private dealings, Tristan took his official tests and attended classes to rank him as a Master at the martial art Sliding Hands and as a swordsman. When Connor turned four years old (Avaleen was six, and Artemis eighteen), he took a job as a martial arts instructor.

Two years later, Artemis had approached her father with a proposition for a business. It took some training on Tristan and Morgan's parts, though they eventually opened a business in the manufacturing and sales of firearms. Artemis herself had attended schooling for engineering.

Avaleen and Connor had grown up around the weapons store and taught how to handle them by their parents when they were old enough. When they reached the appropriate ages, they were allowed into the sales area to work behind the counters alongside the rest of their family and the few employees that had been hired on throughout the years.

In secret, Tristan and Morgan had taught their children how to use the Force and enough about lightsaber combat to fight multiple opponents at once, should they ever need it.

At one point or another, all of them had been asked if they were interested in joining the New Jedi Order and had declined.

They had quite enough of battling for their lives and fighting to survive. Tristan had been improving his skills with weapons and unarmed combat in the years since. If anyone tried to threaten their family, they would be in for a hell of a surprise.

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