To understand my current state of being and why as a force ghost I was summoned before the remaining members of a once great house, we need to go back to when I was still living, 150 years ago. In this time, not only was I still alive, but House Hoth was great and full of energy. Unlike its future self. Something had gone wrong. Something had caused the house to be hunted and nearly exterminated.

The few members before me no more than over a half dozen looked ragged and tired. As if never having time to stop and rest but moving from place to place.

 “Tell us” said a figure, cloth with ripped and tattered mismatched pieces, “Else we may join you sooner rather than later”, she continued.

I am dead. Strange that I should feel nothing for the world that is calling me to action. Memories flood my very being. Those actions that I didn’t do that I could have. Lives destroyed because of it. Those actions that I did do, that I shouldn’t have. Lives destroyed because of it.

 “Why bother those that are already dead”, I said, “Your lives are yours to live as you choose. Now choose.”

 “We would have at least peace in the knowledge that you may hold as to why we are hunted to the last!” she cried out with great need.

 “You can bring peace and maybe allow us to continue, rather than face almost certain death.”

 “Oh, you do face certain death. For none escape. It is appointed for man to live and to die.”, I said with a bit of piety in voice. “However,” I continued, “I will tell you this much.”

I am not sure why I was saying anything at all. It would make little difference. They had allowed the choices to culminate to this point. It was their actions or inactions that allowed them to become rag tagged and near the point of death.

“But first you must tell me,”, I started then held my words for a moment, “What is hunting you that you would force me to be here again?” They looked at each other as if the answer was something that would cause me to scoff or to not believe them. Really, I didn’t care, but I needed to hear from them. Then the leader she came forward and said to me. Everywhere we go, an infection spreads through the populace turning them in to lesser civilized force wielding beasts. They have rage and they destroy all in their path. They will hunt pray that even escapes to the stars. They seem to know exactly where we go. No place is safe. Then when none live they begin to destroy themselves. At this I recalled an experiment that my old master had tried with a modified version of the rakgoul virus. He thought that it might be possible to get their strength and none of their weakness. He experimented on a few volunteers. As far as I recalled, none survived, all became mindless rakgouls. The conclusion of the experiment was that at best one could create carriers of the disease and at worst someone that would succumb to its effects.

 “I am sorry for your pain. However, there is no cure for what you have. You must exile yourselves. You are carriers of an experiment gone wrong.”

That’s what I wanted to say anyways. Instead I told them of the experiment and how it went (as I knew it) and that it is something that only the force could truly deal with since it was the force that helped the virus come into being.

To be continued.