



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO CSP COMPETITION, THE
TOWER:

Reconciliation

Author:

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Clan Scholae Palatinae

NOTE: This fiction follows directly from *Bloodlines*, the author's submission to *The Journey Home*, during which the Cocytus System and CSP Military is under the control of Darth Fallax, who has taken Elinia captive. The fiction is publicly available here: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/system/competition_submissions/000/059/405/60f4293b11cbcffb44768f59af8ff773c9f9ed8e.pdf?1480011995.

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Impetus' heart pounded like a drum. The last hour had happened so fast. She had attempted to escape the clutches of Darth Fallax, but was caught by the Sith Lord. Unarmed, she had fought Darth Fallax in the Imperial Palace courtyard with only her illusion powers to guide her. She lost her togruta scientist disguise in the process and was only saved from being choked to death by a twi'lek Scholae soldier, wearing Imperial Legion Commander armour and wielding heavy weapons. Mysteriously, this soldier knew her birth name, which she had abandoned in favour of Impetus when Scholae Palatinae conquered her homeworld, Judecca.

The soldier gave Impetus his grenade launcher, using a heavy repeating blaster himself as they fought through Fallax's men, once Scholae soldiers. The Imperial Palace was falling to pieces as Impetus led her saviour into a hidden narrow corridor obscured by a hologram and was finally able to question the man on his origin.

'You're going to hate me for this...' he said cryptically, as if trying to decide the best wording. Impetus said nothing, her silence speaking more than any words could. 'But I've been watching you for a long time, Impetus.' She sensed a smile as he used that name.

'I didn't believe the stories about your death. I saved your life to atone for the mistakes I've made.'

'Explain,' Impetus responded, losing patience.

'Tonal'la... I'm your father.'

Impetus stopped dead. She pointed the grenade launcher at his heart. Her mother had died giving birth to her and her father hated her from then, neglecting her in favour of her three elder brothers. She began to beg for food on the streets of Ohmen when she was four. When she was eight she was living on the streets, abandoned by her family. Now aged thirty-five, she had forgotten she ever even had a family. She took a few deep breaths, glaring at the man before her, who had placed his weapon on the ground. 'Give me one good reason I shouldn't kill you right now,' she said slowly.

'Because I'm the only family you have left,' Zentru'la said as he removed his helmet. His skin was dull and yellow, his eyes the same blue as Impetus', his face scarred from numerous battles.

‘You’re not selling me on the idea of leaving you alive’, she responded, never lowering her weapon, not caring about his implication that her three brothers were dead. Not only did she feel immense resentment towards him for how he treated her as a child, he had also seen her disguise and knew her true name. She knew silencing him was the logical thing to do. Yet something stopped her from taking the optimal solution, despite the damage this decision could potentially cause to her standing in the clan.

‘I am so sorry for what I did to you,’ he responded honestly, never looking away from his daughter’s deathly glare.

‘I was hoping you had died in the invasion,’ Impetus replied coldly, noting the twinge of pain in Zentru’la’s face with sadistic pleasure. ‘I wanted you to die resisting the Empire.’

‘If I had died, you would be dead now too,’ Zentru’la snapped before realising his tone of voice was too harsh. She had every right to want him dead. ‘When they captured our home, they forced me to fight for them,’ he explained. ‘We all saw how resistance would have ended. I have served the Imperial Scholae Legion for seventeen years. I’ve been watching over you, Tonal’la, even after you took control of the ISI. I’m proud of the woman you’ve become.’

‘You have no right to be proud of my achievements,’ she retorted, feeling slightly more angry every time her birth name was mentioned, but subconsciously she had lowered her weapon. Zentru’la didn’t know how to respond and changed the subject.

Your oldest two brothers fought on opposite sides of The Cause war. Your oldest rebelled against the empire. They both died fighting each other,’ he said with a strong hint of sadness that made Impetus feel a slight sense of guilt. She had instigated that war over a decade prior, and didn’t even think about how families would be ripped apart. ‘Your youngest brother died fighting Clan Naga Sadow last year. He was awarded The Imperial Cross, posthumously.’

Impetus turned and continued down the hidden passageway towards Ohmen, her father followed. ‘I’m getting old now, Tonal’la. Before I die, I want to make amends for all the wrong I’ve done in my life, for what I did to you.’

‘What is your military rank?’ Impetus asked directly.

‘Lieutenant Colonel. I lead the 3rd Infantry Legion of the Imperial Judeccan Guard. I came running when I heard of an intruder matching your description.’

‘You risked your life to protect me,’ Impetus acknowledged, realising that she may never find a more loyal ally in the system, and with Darth Fallax in control of the military and the system, she needed all the allies she could get. ‘You are hereby promoted to Colonel by order of the Grand Vizier.’