

Freyr grew impatient.

“Volksven, pass the salar platter.”

The dining hall was packed with all of the brothers and sisters, related by blood or by oath, feasting on their final meal together before the war. Freyr, Volksven’s older brother, sat next to him at the long, oak table, having asked for the fish platter thrice.

“Volksven, are you even listening?”

Hilda, seated on the other side of Volksven, poked at his side and laughed. The hall was extremely loud, with shouts of fellowship and brotherhood steadily increasing, but Volksven remained completely unresponsive.

“Volksven, pass the GODDAMN SALAR!” Freyr spat.

Eyes opening with a sudden jolt, Volksven calmly replied,

“I was meditating, brother.”

Hilda giggled once more, and Freyr shifted in his seat, cocking an eyebrow and resting his arm over the back of Volksven’s chair. Volksven appeared sedated, trapped in a prison of thoughts.

“This is no time to... meditate,” Freyr mocked. “Get in the spirit of things brother, learn to let go of your worries.”

Freyr raised his cup of kothri and nodded, gulping it down. Hilda circled an elegant finger around the top of her glass, looking down at her half-eaten plate of factryr meat pie. Volksven sighed, realizing his anxious attitude affected those around him.

“I apologize, yet I cannot help but worry about the future.”

Unsympathetically, Freyr rolled his eyes.

“Do you think you are the only one with that issue?”

His inquiry caused Volksven to wince.

“No, not at all. It’s just that—”

“No, Volksven. Spend more time *living*, and less time worrying about when you will no longer be living.”

Volksven pondered his brother’s declaration, and Freyr took a sip of his drink.

He exclaimed “Shab, this drink is terrible. What’s it take to get a glass of tihaar around here?”

Volksven grinned at his brother’s statement. Ever since their last visit to Mandalore, Freyr became obsessed with Mandalorian culture—and not just because of its warrior past. Freyr believed that his body was fueled by good foods and good liquors, two things he always filled up on before a battle.

“Oh, brother, if only you meditated a few times before battle, you wouldn’t need all of the alcohol.”

Nearly choking on laughter, Freyr retorted “Maybe if you had fun now and then, you wouldn’t have time to be so morose!”

Though not meant as an insult, Fryer’s words hit a sensitive spot in Volksven’s heart. He was always tense before war, along with the most sensitive.

“You are right Freyr. Only time will tell of our fate, but I intend to raise the chances of survival any ways I can.”

With a firm slap delivered to Volksven’s back, Freyr yelled,

“Then less talking, more eating, brother. Worrying is only helping you reach death without accomplishing anything.”