The war was over. The Odan-Urr clan had proven itself a force to be reckoned with, and that would come with problems of its own. If Hyle had learned one thing from studying the history of this region, it was that conflict between different interests and groups was inevitable and nearly constant. He needed to be ready. He had served in the conflict, and “acquired” some very useful equipment, which he suspected he would need to use sooner than later. He would also need to learn how to use it. Despite having used it in combat for the first time since joining the clan, he knew he was still nowhere near proficient with a lightsabre. The war was also the first time he had worked with other members of the clan in the field. Tyraal, Korroth, Seraphol, Taris, it had been an honour to serve alongside with these men, and he would gladly work with any of them again given the opportunity.

 For most of his life, Hyle’s loyalty never spread to more than a half a dozen people at any one time, this was true even during his militia service, where he worked closely with Jyles Docket and Zyra Tregoyne on regular excursions to find Jedi Artefacts. Here, though it was different. He was in a remote and dangerous region of space, people needed to band together in order to survive. Jyles was convinced Hyle had a purpose, and had worked tirelessly to find that purpose. Now, it seemed. Hyle’s purpose had found him.

Thinking on the history of the clan, and its close relationship with other local powers, Hyle had become convinced that this was where their strength lay, the ability to cooperate towards a common goal rather than fight to impose their will on the region. He felt it was essential for him to live up to this philosophy to serve the clan. He had dedicated himself to training, now it was time for him to work toward the clan’s goals.

His time in the militia and the focus of his abilities had given him some skill in finding information, so Hyle decided that this would be the best way he could help, finding lore and knowledge concerning the intentions and designs of their many enemies. He also realised that he needed to be able to fight his way out if things turned sour, which was becoming an increasingly common occurrence.

His thoughts wandered to his family. Helaine was expecting a child, which would make Hyle an uncle. His father had not visited, but then he had always been dedicated to work, even more so after the death of his wife. Hyle decided that the first chance he got, he would visit his father, it had been several years since they had seen each other, and Hyle had promised himself never to turn his back on the past when he he first joined the Odan-Urr. Having discovered his purpose in life, he had also realised that there was more to life than purpose