**Wait, so you’re ... me?**

The Celebrations were over and the Velestari temple was quiet. Ish. Hyle sat his back against a tree as he sat in the temple’s main square. Focusing himself, he reached out with the Force. He didn’t know what he was looking for, and perhaps that was the point.

“So you find it helps too then?”

Hyle knew that voice. He opened his eyes.

“Who are you?”

“Ever wondered what might have happened if you had found other Jedi after what you witnessed.” Hyle knew the stranger was referring to his vision of the massacre of Skywalker’ training temple.

“I did.” Hyle said, gesturing around. Then it hit him. This wasn’t the Velestari temple, all he could see was the mountainside, rough stone buildings, and sea.

“I mean, if the Jedi found you, right after?”
“What is this place?” Hyle asked, only half listening to the clarification.

“Where better to rebuild than where it all began?”

“Rebuild?”

“Ben Solo’s betrayal cost the order much. Master Gungi dead, along with most of the new Padawans save those who betrayed us, and of course, Mira Bridger.” Of all the names he heard only Ben Solo was familiar, yet somehow, he knew who this visitor was talking about. A formidable Wookie who fought in the Clone Wars, the daughter of a Mandalorian Warrior, who wielded black bladed sabre.

“Who are you?” Hyle asked once more.

The figure drew back his hood.

“Wait, so you’re ... me?”

“Perhaps, had things changed slightly long before we were born.”

“So, what happened, after the temple massacre?”

“Gyles Docker sent a message to General Organa, and Master Bridger confirmed what we all suspected.”

“Mira?”

“No, her father, Ezra.”

“So this, Ezra Bridger was my master?”

“Until the First Order tracked him down, did for most of what was left of us too that day.”

“Master Skywalker?”

“He held himself responsible for what had happened at the temple. He came here, must have been six years ago? We thought he’d turned his back on the Order he had helped to create, but, it turns out he had lost his faith in himself to lead it.”

“But the Jedi are still around in the wider galaxy then?” Hyle asked.

“All seven of us. Out of nearly two dozen before the massacre. Ezra Bridger was the only surviving Jedi Master, so he was the obvious choice to lead what was left. It hit him hard too, said Master Gungi and Master Jarrus were right, that the order shouldn’t have abandoned the old ways of Master and Apprentice. He was killed three years ago, after that, the rest of the knights looked for apprentices. Except for Mira, she went back to Mandalore to help her mother organise help for the Resistance, which my master decided to join.”

“So you fought with General Organa.”

“That’s right. Nearly got killed on Jakku up against Ben damn Solo, or Kylo Ren as he calls himself now. That’s how I got this.” He said, pointing to a burn mark on the left side of his face which Hyle himself did not possess.

“Met up with my master again, helped thwart a assassination attempt on Mandalore. Those masked goons are no joke let me tell you” Hyle knew instinctively that this apparition was referring to the Knights of Ren. He also noticed that his alter ego was carrying himself rather stiffly.

“Then we met up at D’Qar. Finally found Skywalker again on Crait, he said I’d proven myself worthy of a Jedi, said my instructor was a true master now she had trained an apprentice to knighthood, and rebuilding the order was her responsibility now. Then he strode out into the desert, facing up his nephew and more jedi killers than there are jedi left in the galaxy. He gave as good as he got, and we got the chance we needed to escape. So here we are, me licking my wounds, her arguing with the caretakers for a space for a training arena.”

“It could be worse.” Hyle said.

“How?”

“The only Jedi left are in a far flung corner of the galaxy, Skywalker’s temple was destroyed, all twelve apprentices either killed or missing.”

“So there was only one class of Jedi before the massacre.”

“Skywalker didn’t have any other Jedi to help.”

“And yet, here you are, a Jedi. What happened?”

“Where I am now, it’s chaos, clans of Jedi and Sith fighting to dominate the region, all but cut off from the wider galaxy.” Hyle said.

“What might have been.” Hyle’s alter ego mused.

“May the Force be with us both.”