

A Life Worth Living

A Submission to the Competition:
Mundane Musings



Written by
Reiden Karr (10106)

Sometime In the Future Caelestis City, Ragnath

Reiden Palpatine Karr let out a relaxed sigh as he sat there on the park bench. If you had asked him years ago if he thought he would ever settle down, he would have laughed off the notion. It's not that he was necessarily driven to achieve a higher station or was obsessed with what he had been doing. Rather, the thought had never quite occurred to him back then. Even in whatever downtime that he might have had, the Corellian would have spent his time meditating or training — preparing himself for whatever threat would rear its ugly head next.

These days, however, he was quite content to relax and take things easy, having settled down in Caelestis City on Ragnath. After deciding to take a step back from the frontlines, he found himself feeling happier than he could have thought possible. No longer fearing that he wouldn't be able to make it home after going to battle, or whatever whims the political structures of the Brotherhood had in mind, he found it in himself to propose to his love Lyra, and now they had been married for several years and had children together. He looked across the park to the play structure where his three year old son, Darin, was playing with other children and smiled. The child's namesake was Reiden's own father, who had been killed in front of him while he was still a young tee. When his son was born, he could think of no better way to honor the man's memory by bestowing that name upon the boy. A child playing — such a simple thing, and yet it brought him some of the greatest joys in life now. That was not always the case.

Just after he decided to step away from the dealings with the Brotherhood — a decision that was not easy for him to make — Reiden found himself feeling anxious. After so many years of being on the lookout for any potential threat to himself and his clan, not to mention the Brotherhood at large, the Force user was a bit suspicious, even jumpy, to say the least. His head was constantly on a swivel, assuming even the simplest of noises signaled a potential threat to Lyra's life or his own. The Sephi-Zeltron hybrid did her best to calm her husband, assuring him that they were safe and that nobody was after him. He should have listened to her sooner. But, as luck would have it, he didn't drive her away, as he feared he might do. She stuck with him through it all, and it only made his love for her grow stronger. Over time, he managed to put his fears behind him and realize that he was, in fact, safe. Besides, as a bearer of the name Palpatine, he was sure that Scholae had people somewhere nearby just in case anything were to happen that might threaten his safety. He had served his clan well for many years, so he figured that it was the least that they owed him.

Any further reminiscing was cut short by a shrill cry coming from in front of him — his youngest, a four month old boy named Morenn, had woken up from his nap.

Reiden picked the small child up from the stroller and held him in his arms, rocking him gently. "Shhh, it's okay little one. Daddy's here and you're safe. There's nothing to fuss over."

The baby's small fist latched onto his father's finger tightly and he opened his teary eyes, cooing gently at his father. With his soft cerulean eyes, amethyst hair, and tiny, slightly pointed ears, the child clearly took after his mother. Reiden didn't mind that one bit — the boy was still his son, and he loved him dearly.

Darin heard the cries of his baby brother and ran over, climbing up onto the bench to sit beside Reiden. He kissed Morenn's forehead and gave him a warm smile. "No cry, Mory, is okay."

Reiden watched the two of them together and smiled more, "That's right, Darin. We're both here for your brother. And we're not going to let anything happen to him, right?" The boy nodded with a wide grin. Reiden laughed softly and hugged his eldest son with one arm, careful not to jostle Morenn too much.

In the past, Reiden would have done anything for his clan, whether they asked it of him or he simply felt the need to do so on his own. Such loyalty was still with him, however it had now transferred over to his family — his wife and their sons. There were still times when he struggled to readjust his mind to everyday life, but such occurrences grew fewer as time went on. He continued to train and keep in shape, but if he was forced to admit it, he did so mostly out of habit. Then again, it never hurt to keep up with such things just in case. After all, he had a family to look out for now.

Reiden looked down at Morenn and noticed that he had settled down once again. He smiled and placed the sleeping boy in the stroller and looked at Darin. "Should we head home now and see what Mommy is doing?"

"Yeah! I miss Mommy," the boy replied with a nod.

"I do, too," Reiden said, standing up. "Why don't you go say goodbye to your friends before we leave?"

Darin grinned and ran off to the group of children he had been playing with before. He waved at them and they all said their goodbyes. He returned to Reiden's side and grabbed onto his hand. Reiden gave his son's small hand a gentle squeeze and they began their short trip back to their home.

Once they had returned from the park, they were greeted by Lyra. Reiden stopped at the entryway and smiled at the sight of his wife. Her long purple hair was tied up in a neat bun, and she was dressed in a simple black skirt and white blouse — she must have had a meeting to go to while they were out. It was amazing how she could make such a simple outfit seem like the highest of fashion to him.

She turned at hearing them come in, a wide smile spreading across her face. "There are my boys! Did you all have fun out at the park?"

“Hi Mommy! Yeah, we did,” Darin said, rushing over and hugging his mother. “Mory started to cry, but I told him he was safe, and stopped and got happy!”

“Of course he was, darling,” Lyra responded as she bent down to embrace her son. “You’re his big brother, and he loves you. He knows that you’ll always be there for him.”

Reiden simply stood there and watched. From the feeling on his face, he knew that he must have been grinning like an idiot at the sight of his family. While he may still struggle to readjust to his new life, even after all these years, he didn’t mind. It was all worth it for moments like this. He was happy — happier than he had been in a long, long time. Whatever awaited him in the future, he would greet it with a smile on his face, a heart full of love, and without any regrets.