

It was nice. The sounds of nature stood in stark contrast to the jungles of Sepros or to the deserts of Ryloth where the family estate still resided. Where war and disorder had once reigned, Bentre Stahoes enjoyed the quiet crawl of his twilight years.

His hair had gone gray. His daughter had grown up, married and begun a family of her own. As Lyna'Vel took over as Matriarch and her spouse as Patriarch, the former Proconsul had been able to take joy in the smaller things of life. Without the administrative duties of what amounted to a politician for Naga Sadow, he had finally been able to see the beauty and wonder of the galaxy. When he finished rolling around in the dirt and mud with his ilk, it was really not nearly as bad out in the galaxy at large.

That was not to say that he was not called upon by the Brotherhood. He still remained in contact with the Headmaster on occasion. He continued his studies in private, but as less of a scientist and as more of a chronicler. His days as the Keeper of Holocrons had long ended with his handing off the task to younger and more capable individuals. Where once Bentre might have told other he expected to live a short and brilliant life, he had settled upon a slower, deeper, and more meaningful course.

It was an oddity. He had tasted the cusp of power, only to turn away from it at the last moment. Power was a very alluring prospect. As the hunger for such things died in his gullet, it was as though he awoke. While he still failed to identify with Jedi past and present, he found a grudging respect for them. The way of the light was not his, but he could be a beacon to future generations of Sith. Perhaps they could use his insight to avoid certain errors.

Not that the Sith would take such advice. He knew that much from experience. They were young, passionate and dedicated to finding their own paths. That was the very definition of being a Sith. Hindsight was much sharper than foresight. It was a hope against hope, but perhaps he could ask as a herald of hope. Perhaps a new sect of Sith could be born out of the wisdom he had to offer. He could hope, couldn't he?

The evening would be coming before he knew it, though. Tasha'Vel had promised nerf steaks. They were not the fanciest of meals, but were more than hardy enough to and filling besides. His wife had been experimenting with some recipes that Janus, his fellow brother within the Versea, had shared with them a few weeks ago. If the man was feeling up to it, they would have to invite him. For that matter, they would have to invite Liliith and the other Versea. It had been too long since Bentre and Tasha had invited the family to come around. Who knows, if he decided to invite some Keibatsu or the revered former Consuls, they might be able to make a dinner party of the whole affair.

*It is too bad, Bentre thought, that it is too often that we fail to appreciate the things that we have until we are marching surely towards our expiration.* Yet, he did not feel regret. There was a sadness realizing that you were in the twilight of your days. However, if there was anything that his new hobby had taught him about history, it was that one always had a legacy. He had his

daughter, he had the newest members of the family, the Clan continued on beyond his guidance, and the Brotherhood still thrived out there.

Excitement, oh yes, he still missed that to some degree. To claim otherwise would be to deceive himself. However, this peace, however fragile, was beyond any measurable worth. He had found a haven, traveling the galaxy with his wife. They had only a worn old transport, some supplies and each other. Yes, they visited worlds like here on Corellia, but they would move soon again. It was only a matter of time. They would just have to see what the galaxy had to offer them.