

Tasha'Vel came running inside from the harsh heated winds of Ryloth. She strived to fight back the welling tears upon her face. As she made her way into the family room, she saw her parents and brother all standing by her grandfather's bedside. Her mother was crying softly into her father's shoulder as her younger brother stood there. "Grandfather?" She called out towards the shallow breathing blue male Twi'lek lying on a bed. The man coughed horribly as his hand reached out. Tasha'Vel was already at his side, gripping his hand tightly around hers.

"I am here Grandpa, I finished my patrol of the premise."

The man sat up slightly and looked at the younger Twi'lek. A soft smile on his lips as he tried to speak. His voice sounded tired and weak.

"I see you have all come and even my sweet Tasha. My you've grown so much. Do you still remember what I told you?"

"Yes, Grandfather. Protect the family from those who try to harm, and welcome those who would be friends. Always stay strong and never let the Versea name perish."

"You are correct, now I think it is time. Can you retrieve my sword from the mantle?"

"Of course I can, Grandfather." She unclasped her hand from his and walked to the fireplace mantle. She grabbed a beautiful Echani crafted blade and brought it over to her grandfather.

"Here is your blade."

"Thank you, my child, now as you all have been gathered here. I am afraid to say that my time here is not long. Soon after I am gone, there needs to be a new keeper of Vishra'Reyal. This blade has been with me during several wars and was given to me by a friend who made the ultimate sacrifice to save my life. During my time, he gave me specific instructions to use it to protect my family. Today, I pass on my blade to Tasha'Vel Versea. As I watched her grow up into a strong and wild lady, she is the true warrior of the Versea family."

Tasha'Vel was shocked, she had thought naturally the blade would have gone to her parents or brother, but her? This was a high honor bestowed to her.

She bowed to her grandfather as he pressed the sheathed blade into her hands. "I am honored to take the blade, I will not let this family's name fall."

As she looked at her family, her parents flashed angry looks but kept silent. Her brother's face was still shocked at the revelation.

"Let it be known to all, that Tasha'Vel Versea will be the keeper of Vishra'Reyal." He then grabbed her hand tightly as he touched her face with his left hand. "My dear Tasha, never forget

to keep the blade with you always and never let your enemy take it away from you. Fight until you have no strength left.”

She looked into his pale green eyes.

“I will never let this blade fall. I will fight until I die to protect this family. No one will ever harm us.”

“That is my sweet Tash ... ” His voice trailed off as he lay back and closed his eyes. His body convulsed violently, drawing the doctors to his side. Soon his grasp weakened as his hand fell limply to the side. Tasha’Vel was then pushed aside as the doctors tried to stabilize him but to no avail. Those became his last words to her. Her mother started to cry again as both the husband and brother tried to comfort her. Tasha’Vel was numb, this was so surreal. Gripping Visha’Reyal tightly, she escaped the house and into the beautiful exotic garden her grandfather tended. The smell of the Rylothian lilies tickled her nose as she sat down by the stone garden pool.

“What do I do now?”