

It had been a long day, Tasha'Vel was tired and she was getting ready to turn in for the night, when she had remembered, it was her Grandfather's birthday. It had been a long time since she thought of him. She could almost picture his smiling face as his deep brown eyes and calm voice always had something to say that could calm her down.

"I know it's impossible, but I will try to reach out to him." Her last memories of him, were a shadowy pale ghost-like figure fading away to nothing.

She closed her eyes and focused on the ever flowing Force around her, she could feel life within it.

"Grandfather, if you are there, please answer me, I want to talk to you."

As she concentrated, she could smell faint Rylothian lilies permeating through the air. Opening her eyes, a tall Sapphire-blue Twi'lek with a grey and black tunic stood in the room.

His kind brown eyes studied her as he smiled and opened his arms.

"Tasha'Vel my child, you have grown." His calm soothing voice was unmistakable.

"Grandfather, it is really you!"

Tasha'Vel was overcome as tears rolled down her face and she embraced the wonderful Twi'lek man that had taught her everything.

"I have missed you so much, I know you saved my life many times, but I never thought I would ever get to see you again. I have followed in your footsteps, became the warrior you wanted me to be, and protected our family. I could never forget you, because you were always in my heart. I don't know how you are here now, but please stay awhile. I have so many stories to tell you."

Morra'Tel patted Tasha'Vel's head softly as he smiled at her.

"I cannot stay long my child, but I am glad for the short time I have to be here with you. You have grown so much. I have missed you greatly. I wish that I did not have to part, but my time is over. You must carry on our legacy."

The Maurauder looked up into her Grandfather's eyes determined.

"I will always carry on the Versea legacy, Grandfather. I made that promise a long time ago and I have never broken it. Vishra' Reyall will always carry onward till the end."

"Indeed, you are still the sweet and headstrong granddaughter I loved to visit and tell all of my old war stories." He spoke as he reminisced. "You always had time to sit and listen."

“They were the best stories I have ever heard. You saved so many lives and almost died several times, but in the end you protected your family and your friends. I wanted to share those stories and have several of my own. I wound up getting married, have a beautiful human/Twi’lek girl named Lynna’Vel, and I still am fighting to protect our family. I hope I have made you proud.”

“Dearest Tasha, you will always make me proud, that has never changed. I would have loved to have seen your beautiful little girl and tell her some more of my stories. Perhaps in another lifetime, I will. For now the winds are changing and I must go. I love you dearly and I hope to see you again in some other lifetime.”

As Tasha clung tightly to her grandfather, he was already dissipating into the air. Only the faint smell of Rylothian lilies were left. She sat there on the cold stone floor of her room on her knees, her arms stretched upward trying to grab the air as she cried out.

“I have lost him again!”