

“My head...” Turel groaned as he picked himself up off the floor, or what appeared to be a floor.

The former Odanite did not recognize his strange new surroundings and his mind raced as he tried to retrace his steps. He appeared to be in outer space standing on what seemed to be a translucent walkway of pure light. Behind him stood a glowing triangle with a circle in the center of it forming a doorway that now seemed to be closed. Turel was no scholar but the magic floating shapes seemed to have markings bordering them in a written language he did not understand.

The last place Turel remembered being before waking up in this strange place was in the lower levels of the Praxeum. Raava, his Tythonian Polecat, had escaped from the confines of his family quarters and ran into the temple. The Jedi had been looking for his lost animal companion when a group of padawans said they saw her scurrying to the lower levels. A strange wall had caught his eye depicting Sephi with lightsabers kneeling before a triangle with a circle inside not unlike the one before him.

“Surely I hit my head or something. This has to be a dream,” the rogue Jedi tried to reassure himself as nothing he could recall in his storied past of exotic substance abuse had prepared him for what his senses were telling him. In the distance he saw pathways like the one he was standing on only they were going in directions that shouldn’t be possible. Up, down, parallel, direction and apparently gravity had no meaning in this dreamscape.

As his senses returned Turel began to hear voices in the distance, barely distinguishable. Men, women, they were all different yet similar in their ghostly tone.

*Let the past die, kill it if you have to.*

*Fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, hate leads to suffering.*

“Hello?” the Jedi inquired hoping one of the voices would respond and tell him where he was and perhaps help him wake up. He took a few tentative steps forward only to admire how the translucent floor rippled like the surface of a pond as he strode upon it.

*Rebellions are built on hope.*

*The Sith and Jedi are similar in almost every way, including their quest for greater power.*

*The Jedi Knights were the guardians of peace and justice for over a thousand generations.*

“Some of us still are,” Turel replied quietly but with a small sense of pride as the cacophony of voices continued. Before he could utter another word, Turel felt a small hand remove his lightsaber from its resting place on his belt. He spun around as quickly as he could and was stunned into silence, for once in his life, at what he saw.

A little green man with long ears and dingy robes stood where nothing had been a few moments prior brandishing Turel's ornate weapon. "Hmm...fancy yourself a Jedi Knight do you?" The stranger activated the amethyst blade and studied it for a moment, a frown crept across his face, "tainted by death the crystal is, belonged to another it did, the weapon of a Jedi it is not."

"How could you possibly know--" Turel shook his head, "--nevermind. It's mine and I really don't want to have to make another one. Give it back!" He reached out with the Force to pull the weapon out of the stranger's hand only to have the cosmic energy field fail to respond to his command.

"Ho ho ho, having trouble are we?"

The former Odanite squinted at the stranger, trying to fight off a feeling of embarrassment. "Look, could you please give me my saber back?"

The verdant-skinned stranger smiled and tossed the weapon behind him, into the void of space. Turel cried out for a second as his trusted lightsaber faded into nothingness.

"Why would you do that?!"

The green dwarf stopped laughing. "Need it you do not," he replied matter of factly. Turel huffed and was beginning to reply when the stranger continued, "let go of it you need to, hold you in the past it does. Mindful of the present you must be."

"What did you say?"

"Ho ho ho, how can one so young have hearing so bad?"

The human placed his hands on hips in defiance, "I heard you, I just--"

"--did you? So certain are you that you *heard* me?"

A flash of memory ran across Turel's mind. "Wait, your voice sounds familiar. Like from an old holo or something. Who are you?"

"Who are you, the more important question is." The stranger replied with confidence.

The dwarf's words struck Turel, it was such a simple question yet so hard to truly answer. Who was he? He didn't feel like much of a leader these days, or a Jedi. He could barely call himself a husband or father with all the time he had been spending away. For all his efforts he felt farther from Morgan than when he started working his way up the Arx hierarchy. So he could hardly be called a good brother. He had left Cora behind in his quest so he had failed as a master as well.

Even Satsi felt more distant than ever. It seemed even being a reliable friend was beyond him. So what was he?

"I am...a failure," Turel replied when he composed his thoughts.

"Are you? Is that what defines you?"

"More riddles," the human muttered in annoyance. Then, it hit him. He knew where he had heard that voice before.

"Wait, you're Master Yoda...or a figment of my imagination."

"Why not both?" Yoda replied.

"Indeed. So where are we?"

"The right question, perhaps where is not."

Turel took a deep breath trying to draw on his patience and make sense of the little green man's riddles. He started walking toward another of the magic shape doorway things as what appeared to be Jedi Grand Master Yoda followed behind him.

"My wife told me about you and I've seen a few holos. This is all in my head."

Yoda nodded with nostalgia, "trained Vorsa as a youngling I did. So headstrong and full of life she was. Warms my heart to know she thrives in these dark times."

"I don't know if thrive is the right word but okay. Didn't you preach against Jedi getting married and having children?"

Yoda stroked his chin, "teach that I did. Some wisdom it held, to avoid attachments. But shortsighted and based on fear that teaching was. The folly in it, now I see."

"Okay, now I know this is all in my head. Master Yoda agreeing with my theories on Jedi doctrine? This is a grand delusion."

"Ho ho ho, full of yourself you should not be. Much to learn you still have."

The pair continued until they came to the nearest portal. Turel studied it for a moment as Yoda seemed to study him.

"Can you open this door?" the human inquired.

“So sure are you that this is a door?”

“Is it a window?”

Yoda raised his hand, closed his eyes and pointed his palm toward the portal. “Look for yourself you should.”

Turel peered into the portal and saw what appeared to be the Dark Council chamber on Arx. His sister, Morgan, looked older, harder. Grey streaked her otherwise raven hair. An elaborate ceremony seemed to be taking place. Howlader placed the ebony staff of a Grand Master in her hand and turned around.

*All hail the Grand Mistress, Darth--*

The sound muffled before Turel could make out the rest. The scene continued to unfold before him. It was Morgan...becoming Grand Master. Was this the future? Then he recognized himself. Wearing crimson armor with even more gray himself and a deep scar running across his face. This visage of his older self wore a deep scowl and stood in front of the Fist's chair.

“Oh man, he looks salty,” Turel quipped as he stared at his grumpy-looking counterpart. “Is this the future I'm seeing?”

“Always in motion, the future is, so many possibilities.”

“Riiiiight,” the human quipped at the Jedi Master. “At least I'll move up in the world and I'll be there to help Morgan.”

“Possibly,” Yoda replied cryptically. “But at what cost?”

Again Turel was struck by the master's question. He knew in his heart of hearts all the things he was giving up to follow his current path. He had turned his back on his clan, his apprentice, his friends. All to try to save his sister.

“More to see there is,” the green dwarf quipped as he waddled toward the next portal.

Turel followed Master Yoda dutifully as his mind raced with the implications of the vision of the future he had just seen. The Jedi Master repeated the procedure and opened this second portal.

This time instead of a dim council chamber Turel saw a bright sunny day in the Praxeum. He saw himself, older as before but calmer and wearing the robes of a Jedi Master.

“Oh, now I know this whole thing is a delusion.”

He continued to watch the scene unfold before him. Jedi Master Turel taught a group of padawans basic saber techniques in the courtyard. He noticed a group of what appeared to be normally dressed adults walking up the steps to the courtyard. Three females from the looks of it. Two humans and a Togruta.

“Nay? Nayru!”

A father can recognize his daughter’s face anywhere. Nayru was a teenager by the looks of things, wearing the uniform of an Odanite Expeditionary Force cadet.

*That’s enough for today padawans. Keep practicing your form.*

*Hey dad! Mom is waiting on you.*

Teenage Nayru ran up and hugged Jedi Master Turel as the image faded.

A tear ran down present-day Turel’s cheek. Somehow he knew this alternate future he saw was not free of hardship or pain but his future self was content.

“How many more futures are there?” the human asked.

“Always in motion, the future is,” Yoda repeated.

“I see.” Turel was reluctant to receive any more riddles with all that he had to ponder already. It was clear what he represented the choices that were directly before him. Stay on his current path or--

--Let go of the past.” Yoda finished his thought.

“Okay, that’s just creepy.”

“Lost this you did,” Yoda produced Turel’s lightsaber seemingly out of nowhere.

The former Odanite took the weapon from the Master. “Perhaps I need to lose it.”

“Learning you are,” Yoda said with a smile. “But time you have not. Go now you must.”

“Wait, I have some questions! Can you tell me an embarrassing story about youngling Vorsu?”

“Ho ho ho, could I yes, will I no.” And with that Yoda shoved Turel off the mystical pathway and he fell past stars and blackness and then.

Turel awoke on the floor of the Praxeum with Raava licking his face.

“You would not believe the dream I just had,” he stated as he scooped the polecat into one arm. Turel noticed his lightsaber was clutched in his right hand, just as it had been when he fell.

“Let’s go home.”