

I sat before the audience given to me; my bones aching as I sat in the chair. My now grey and long hair falling into my eyes causing me to reach up to it.

"Now then, what am I working with?" I say to myself as I move my hair and start looking over...the faces of young children. "Dear Force...this is what I've been reduced to now? Telling stories to children?" I say to myself. "An Elder in the Brotherhood and I have to...alright! Whatever. Now what was I booked to tell again?" I wonder out loud as I place my cane that held my Lightsaber in it on my lap.

A young Nautolan raised his hand "The story of how Augur Nami and you fought against the Collective in the sixteenth Great Jedi War." She said.

"Ooh yes. I remember that like it was...by the Force has it really been that long? Whatever. So younglings, it was 65 BBY; we had held the Sadow home system, Orian, for a while now after our victory. I was 50 and the pipsqueak was 36, good years truly. Ah anyway" I said waving my hand slowly "the story begins on a surprisingly peaceful day aboard my ship. Saar and I was training the girl in her crazy request of learning as many Lightsaber forms as possible."

————40 Years Ago————

I walked downtown the halls of the ship, passing a small line of troops giving a nod to them as I passed. "This is peaceful. I don't like it." I said as I looked out into space from a viewing window. I felt a bump on my shoulder and turned to the source.

"Oops, sorry didn't hurt you did I?" Nami asked playfully. Her two lightsabers hanging off her belt as she joined me in looking out to space. "What's on your mind?" She asked me. I couldn't place it completely but the peace didn't feel right. It was like the Force was telling me to stay ready but I see no reason to be on edge.

"I feel like this peace is wrong. Like something is coming but...I don't know what." I tell her as I cross my arms. My custom lightsaber gauntlet on my right arm as I sensed that familiar tingle of trouble. I saw a sudden object coming toward the ship at a fast pace. "Move!" I yelled out pushing Nami to the side as we were hit rocking the ship; the glass before us cracked and blew open before being covered by the blast doors.

"By the Force, what was that!?" Nami said shaking her head as she saw a spot of blood on her hand from it. I got up and grabbed her arm to help her up.

"We're under attack. And I think I know who it is." I say seeing the Collective ships come into view. "The Collective, of course it would be. Nami get ready, they're boarding." I tell her as I start walking past her. She quickly gets up and follows after as we turn onto the hallway into the

hanger. A door opened and Orashti Saar ran up to us and joined in on our walk into the vast hanger.

"I felt the disturbance but didn't think it would hit this soon. What's the situ-Nami what happened?" He asks looking over the bleeding Twi'lek. "Rosan how could you let something happen to her like this!?" He said to me prompting, as always, the usual headache I get from his nagging.

"It's fine Orashti. When we got hit he pushed me out of the way of the glass, but a shard came in and got me. It'll heal." Nami says to the older Togruti.

Rivio stopped as he saw a Collective troop transports land and open up, soldiers blasting at the men in the hanger killing them instantly. "Heads up you two, focus and get ready to kill." I said igniting my gauntlet; with the press of a single button three saber blades shot out as I ran in to start aiding our people. Behind me I heard the other's sabers come to life and we descended into battle. I jumped up using a piece of debris as a springboard and imposed my sabers into the nearest Collective soldier I could find. Using his body as a shield I turned and blocked the blaster fire from his allies before discarding the carcass from my blades.

Taking one of the three detachable sabers from the gauntlet and re-igniting it I began blocking the blasts as two grey saber blades shot forward and decapitated my assailants. Nami gave me a smirk and a nod before we looked to see Orashti being picked up by a rather large Collective member and having his back driven into the side of a destroyed ship. He dropped his lightsaber, but...*'thankfully' (gosh even this many years later I shudder at having to say that)* he was able to fight his way out. He slammed his elbow down on the person's neck that connects to his skull before grabbing his arm and in a display of athleticism was able to flip the guy and put his foot on the guy's neck, snapping it.

We came up to him as another troop transport landed and let out more people. "You ready for round two old boys?" Nami said with a challenging smirk. After we had taken care of the bastards the cleanup crew that was our men finally fully came in.

————Present Day————

"What did you do after Mr. Rosan?" A human girl asked with excitement...that's worrying actually. Oh well.

"Well youngling, we rigged the troop transport with a bomb and sent it back. We destroyed the flag ship and was able to make them retreat; that's how we got the Collective to back out and regroup, letting the Brotherhood strike when they were weak crippling and nearly destroying them all." I say to them. The children all let out 'oooohs' at my words as a familiar one stood up.

"Grandpa Riv, wasn't this the war Granny Sierra was in?" Ahhh, my grandchild. Her name was Alisha Rosan, a lovely little poppet. So far she hasn't exhibited any Force sensitivity, such a shame really; she could be trained by Nami.

"Yes Alisha, this was when she stood up for her people. When the Collective retreated they stationed themselves over Mandalore and tried to leech them of their resources. Sierra and her Afton clan were the first to stand up against them and fight back before we arrived to help. She wanted to marry before it got so heated, imagine that! In the beginning stages of a war she wanted a wedding. After it was over we had your father." I tell her as I recall the memories. Watching her run into water on the Mandalore beach's water, splashing each other, sitting by the fire at night together. Amazing times.

"Anyway, that was how the war started. Any questions children?" I ask them as I sit forward carefully. In truth I could use the Force to make this easier but as a Sith I feed off the pain. Until I am in a battle I do not do it. Although I am prolonging my life with the Force already hehehehe.

Before I could ask anyone the door opened revealing Nami. "Alright children, it's time for your studies. Come along and leave the 'old man' be." She says sniggering as she left with them in tow. I watch as they leave the door, and standing there was Sierra in the doorway. At least...her spirit was. She has been gone a while now. I look at my wedding ring and turn it on my finger a bit with a melancholic smile before standing. "I wonder what Orashti is doing at the moment? I should go check. Annoy him a bit hehehehe." I say as Rusty roles by me I'm the hall, he looked older than I'd like him to seem but I can't do such things myself anymore.