

## How I Met Your Uncle

### **Estele City – Outskirts**

**Selen**

**77 ABY**

The sun was just beginning to set. The cool and crisp autumn air carried the faint hint of dried leaves and a small vegetable patch preparing itself for the coming winter. Various herbs and flora were being tended to by small hands and claws of different shapes, sizes, and count. Humans and hybrids alike hummed in harmony as they busied themselves with the different tasks they had all been assigned.

Above the garden, a pair of rocking chairs had been set up on the porch. In each chair sat an older looking Human, both with fine hair that had once been black as ink but now were a silvery white.

The first man, despite the wrinkles creasing the folds of his face, had eyes that were an intense shade of blue. His neatly groomed beard was silver just like his evenly parted hair, and while those too-blue eyes still looked sharp and dangerous as they took in each of the children's tasks with a mechanical efficiency that age had not touched. For all his awesomeness, Marick Tyris' expression was still soft, however, as a faint smile hung on his lips.

Across from him, the second man sat in stark contrast. There was little doubt that Wyndell Tyris and Marick shared the same father, Wyn's features were a bit more warm and roguish without the chiseled-from-perfect-stone look that Marick had been gifted with. Wyn's beard was messy, unruly, and held crumbs from whatever snack he had been eating. It came down midway to his chest, not as long as his hair which he kept tied back into a conventional pony tail that didn't stop until it came nearly to the floor. He wore a long robe that made him look like some kind of wizard from an ancient lore book.

"It's time," Marick's lilted voice was clear and steady without the faintest hint of aging.

"Eh?" Wyndell asked, his voice scratchy and strained from years of theatrical yelling and shouting.

"I said: it's time," his half-Brother repeated, this time with a bit of gravel in his voice.

"No, it's not the right season for thyme—OH, yes, of course," Wyn nodded.

Marick sighed.

"Children! Children! Come, sit, stay awhile and listen!" Wyn called out, his voice somehow losing its age and projecting easily as if he had a ampliphone in front of his lips.

The children hurriedly finished their respective tasks and scrambled over to the porch. They were joined by two older looking children who, if the older men were being fair, were far past being youths, but only just so. The first was a handsome Ryn with an easy smile and the second was a beautiful woman with long silvery-white hair, fair skin with faint smile lines beginning to frame her sunny smile. Her eyes were two different colors, one a vibrant blue that matched Marick's perfectly, and the other a pale ghostly white.

Kipp Bleu held a Ryn-hybrid child in one arm. Beside him, Kirra Tyris Aarave held another in her arms and shifted so that they could get a better seat. A lanky Zygerrian was batting one of his clawed hands at her long, flowing hair before trying to climb it to get to a spot atop her head. Kirra made no inclination to move or shift and looked over at her father and uncle with a smirk.

"Story time!" one of the children called out.

*"Stor-y-time! Stor-y-Time!"* they began to chant in unison.

Wyndell Tyris, always one for an audience, held his hand up high. The children hushed as they all leaned forward in their seats. "Yes, yes, story time. The better question, however, is what story to tell...hm...?" He cast his gaze at the children expectantly.

The children all started to shout at once, calling out stories they wanted to hear.

*Grandpa Strategos' Shirt Collection!—*

*—The Red Right Hand*

*Grandpa Kord's Skitters!—*

*—K'tana crashing the shuttle!*

*Giant Robots!—*

*—The Melons of Selen!*

*The Dragon and the Wolf!—*

*—How You Met Uncle Mawick!*

One of the children's voices seemed to cut through the din. Wyn held up his hand, and the children all came to a quiet, obedient stop. They all leaned forward on the edges of their seats.

"Now, that's one I haven't told in a while," he mused aloud. "Very well. The story of how the Tyris brothers found each other."

From his chair, Marick made a *tch* noise and looked up at the sky dismissively.

“Oh don’t be such a bumblefluff, why don’t you try telling the story then?” Wyn snapped.

“Fine, I will,” Marick retorted sharply. He turned to regard the children, his face stern, but it immediately softened when he saw his first and oldest daughter smirk at him with such a warmth that the image of her mother nearly caused him to forget what he was doing. His body might have started to show signs of his encroaching age, but his mind was still his.

“It started on a routine reconnaissance mission in Hutt space. I double-checked my breifing notes, and readied all the necessary equipment. The mission parameters were clear that the DIA was to investigate a supply line that was being threatened by—”

“ —YAWN...BORING!” Wyn cut in, rolling his eyes dramatically and faking a yawn. A few of the children giggled, while others jeered and shook their fists in the air. “You’re no good at stories, brother, now, let me take it from here.”

Marick started to open his mouth to protest, but stopped as even he recognized that the crowd was not in his favor.

Wyn sat forward in his chair and drew their attention back to him with practiced ease.

“Now, sit, stay, for I will tell: the tale of which brothers, estranged from birth, subjected to the cruel strands of fate, become entwined once again by happenstance...”

The children all leaned forward with anticipation as Wyndell Tyris began to spin a familiar story.