A Malevek no older than the age of five walks up to his father and asks a question: “Father, tell me about my mother. How did you two meet?”.

The father strokes his beard as the young Malevek takes a seat on a nearby log. The swamp of Dagobah provides an eerie background that clashes with the telling of a romance story.

“Well let’s see, where to begin?” The father strokes his beard as though the answer to his question was hidden in there. “I used to be an imperial admiral shortly before the Empire’s fall and about ten years before your birth. Your mother used to be an imperial governor of Correllia. She had been having trouble with rebel uprisings in her sector and I was sent to provide assistance”.

“Tell me about mom? What was she like?”

The father tilts his head back in thought and answers. “You’re mom was quite possibly the prettiest woman in the galaxy. She had white hair and pale skin both as soft as newly laid snow. Her eyes were silver and shined with a luster of a star. Those eyes focused on the tiniest movement of your body and could discern what you are thinking from the tiniest subconscious motion. She also had a gorgeous figure and a beautiful smile.”

“I wish I could have seen her in person, she sounds pretty dad”.

“She was son”. The father says and pats the young boys head. “You remind me a lot of her actually”.

“Really, how so?” The curious boy asks with a glint in his eye.

“Well, your hair is a light blonde, I imagine that you get that from your mom’s side since my hair is black. You have her same silver eyes as well. Like her you are also a fierce and talented warrior. She had this rule that any admiral to help her maintain order on Correllia must first be able to last five minutes in sparring against her.”

“That’s an odd rule dad, any reason why she insisted on that?”

“I don’t know son, she used to say that you never truly understand someone until you fight them. A curious philosophy if you ask me. Then again as an Obelisk adherent I could appreciate such martial practices and traditions.”

“In your sparring match with mom, did you win?” Young Malevek asks.

“No! Haha, I could never win against your mother. She practiced a peculiar martial art that mimicked the movements of animals, one that I never could understand or pick up.”

“One day I’m going to learn some of mom’s martial art. That way I can be a little bit closer to her”. The young Malevek says.

The father smiles and looks back at his boy. “Son, you can learn anything that you put your mind to. You are a talented warrior and I’m proud of you. You pick up my broken gate and whip tree techniques so well. Just like an ideal Obelisk should”.

The young boy smiles and looks up to his father. “Thanks dad!”

“So anyways, about your mother, I sparred against her and lasted the five minutes. I must say though it was the hardest five minutes of my life. Every technique that I had mastered was tested thoroughly by her skill and intuitive genius. However, unlike other admirals before, I didn’t quit and she admired my warrior’s spirit. I then started working with her to quell the Rebel uprising on Correllia.”

“Yeah! Go mom and dad! Working as a team! Down with those rebellious scum!” The young boy said with exuberance while dispatching some invisible rebel soldiers with punches and kicks. The father smiled while looking at him.

“Haha, yes! You’re mother and I made quite the team. We rooted out the rebels on Correllia and secured our imperial shipyards. Lord Vader himself was pleased with our work.”

The young boy gasps with excitement. “You spoke with Lord Vader!? Sooo cool!”

“Yes, it was quite cool my son. It is not often you get to meet an imperial hero of the frontlines during the Galactic Civil War”. The father pauses in thought for a bit.

“Then what happened dad?”

“Well son, your mother and I sought to make an example of the rebel traitors. We figured that fear would bring them in line. We had rebels fight each other to the death in gladiator pits and televised it to the galaxy.”

“They deserved it though, those rebellious scum!” Malevek adds.

“Yes son they did. They were all traitors to the empire and deserving of death. Our actions didn’t get unnoticed by the rebellion. For a short time we had captured the infamous Mon Mothma herself trying to rally the Correllian resistance. That is until we encountered a Jedi who would later be known as the infamous Luke Skywalker. He was sent to rescue the prisoners and in the process of preventing the escape your mother lost her right eye against him.” The father remembers the bitter moment with pain and anger.

Malevek gasps. “No! Not mother! Those rebels were terrible for hurting her!”

“Yes they were son. I can never forgive the rebels for the scar they left on her beautiful face! Don’t worry though; we put those rebel scums in line. That is until the second Death Star was destroyed; the Emperor and Vader killed along with its destruction, truly a tragedy for all imperials across the galaxy. Following that loss everything started to collapse. Your mom and I strove to maintain order over Correllia. The Imperial remnant lasted for years afterwards and it wasn’t until 10 ABY where we had to go into hiding from Vengeful Light.”

“What’s Vengeful Light dad?”

“Vengeful Light is an organization of Rebellion soldiers and surviving Jedi who took it upon themselves to eliminate all that they deemed as ‘war criminals’. Your mother and I were on their hit list for the gladiator pits we established for Rebel traitors. We hid in the streets of Correllia for three years. Our family was hunted down by them after she gave birth to you. I managed to escape in a shuttle with you in my arms however your mother she, she wasn’t so lucky”. The father holds his head down in grief.

“That’s so sad what happened to mom.” The son cries with his father.

“Yes son, it is”.

“What happened afterwards dad?”

“Well son, after escaping Corellia I took us to Tatooine and where I could hide us from the Vengeful Light organization. However after two years of hiding they finally caught up to me. I took our ship and landed hid here in Dagobah. Hopefully this marsh pit of a planet will be the last place where they will look for us my son”.

“If they do find us we’ll just fight them again right dad?” The young boy shadow boxed in mid air.

“Haha, yes son, however sometimes it is more prudent to run. Above all else I would want you to live son. We all must do what we must to survive”.