

Flickering tendrils of fire played against the wind, creating a dance of light in the Mandalorian's eyes. The warmth created steam in the cold air and smoke disappeared into the canopy. The little wolf, Jazz, Gorum's daughter, poked at the embers which sent sparks into the blanket of darkness surrounding the small strike team.

A Duros navigator skimmed through a datapad, a Zabradi scout sharpened her knives, a human medic rifled through his pack taking a mental inventory, and Gorum Grimm watched the fire, lost in his thoughts. Ever since aligning himself with the Jedi, for a brighter future and a quiet existence, he couldn't help but to become tangled up in their affairs. His skills would not let him rest, but he realized that if Jazz was to survive alone in this Galaxy, she would need to develop those same skills.

"Easy, little wolf," Gorum lightly chuckled as an errant flame nearly licked the back of Jazz's hand, "Do you want to hear a story?"

The little girl nod her head and flashed a smile before finding a place to sit next to her dad, the others stopped what they were doing and all eyes were on Grimm. His voice transitioned into a softness that when coupled with his deep voice created a mystery that had everyone clinging to his every word.

"What do you know of the Force, little one?" He began, animating his arms to match his words. "The mystical energy that binds all things together, even us!" he smiled, "so they say."

"I hear the kids at the Praxeum talking about it, but they're not like me. They're training to be Jedi!" Jaza hung her head.

"The Jedi rely on the Force. It gives them a power I cannot even fully comprehend. But where their reliance lies on this Force. Ours relies here," he tapped his finger against her head, "and here." he poked her chest. "Never forget that you, too, are special. Hell, I've never seen a Jedi ride the back of an angry Anooba while scoring kill-shots on training droids with a pair of pistols, like you." He chuckled. "Never forget that you can make a difference. Never forget that there are those who give, like the Jedi, and those that take."

Jaza tilted her head as she pondered her father's words.

"Clan Plagueis will take." Gorum put it bluntly. "I've seen what the darkness they harness can do to a being. They will use you and throw away what's left. Never go with them, never follow their teachings, listen to their words with caution. They spew a poison that can and will twist your mind if you let it."

"They'll rip off your arms, your legs, gouge out your eyes, bleed you dr-"

Gorrum flashed a silencing glare at the rambling Zabrak before shifting his attention back to his daughter. "Never forget your training. Never forget to follow your heart, and always remember to wear your honor with pride."

"I will dad."

"I know you will. It's not you that worries me." He finished, eyeing his squad. "Not you, little wolf."