

Humble Beginnings

I am Sulon Tiful, a Knight of clan Odan-Urr of the Brotherhood. But before that, I was a simple young man, a loner, who has never ventured beyond my homeworld of Csilla to explore the wider galaxy.

As Chiss, we are a people who very much seclude ourselves from the rest of the galaxy. Although we knew there's more to it out there than we realize, for many various reasons, we still choose isolation. To us, the known space is just as much as an unknown region that we should look at it with caution. However, from time to time, we do receive news of events transpiring throughout the wider galaxy that the inhabitants called [known space].

News of constant war and chaos in the pursuit of ideology or power, the changing hands of galactic governments as they rise and fall, and remnants of mystics warriors who were once guardians of peace wielding the power they call the [Force].

I was neither talented nor gifted in military strategy or command, a trait that the Chiss holds high regard as a people with tactical and military prowess. I have nothing to show in my leadership other than my great sense of empathy for those who follow my lead, and far too often, I was apprehensive with the role of leading the troops.

I ended up doing works at the docks and spaceport, providing service for the starships of visitors coming to Csilla. It was humble works, in my opinion, and I have always find the craft of starships designs to be a fascinating art.

Until one day, I met the person who opened my mind to the many discoveries of the galaxy and the mysterious being and power known as the Force. The Jensaarai, Tarvitz.

It was another day, or rather a dull day working at the docks. The work can be a bore other than watching and admiring the sight of starships, whether that be seeing them take off when the engines come to life with light or hearing the sound of ships coming down the atmosphere to make a landing. All the while, I could admire their various designs, as each starship has a personality of its own. It is ingrained in their construction, the culture they came from alongside their every capabilities and function. It tells a story of how they achieved flight and reached the stars.

As the scanners made the sound to alert the workers that a ship is entering the atmosphere for a landing at the docks, I find this ship was different from the rest that has visited Csilla. Scans say that it was a small ship, not a freighter but a starfighter. The holographic projector showed the elegance of its design with a sleek curved frame built into its small profile.

The ship appeared to have undergone some minor modifications. But most of the structural form was left unchanged, enough for me to recognize the design origin of the starfighter.

When it came into visual range, I was utterly surprised by the stark contrast of the ship's surface appearance compared to its elegant frame. All over the ship's surface were scars of battle and rust.

As it touched down on the landing pad, I went to take a closer inspection of the ship. Several bits of blaster fire damage covered the surface, and the texture of the steel had degraded much. The starfighter appears to have seen better days, and yet it was flying so well and strong when it entered the atmosphere I had to wonder was this outlook was simply a personal preference.

"Enjoying what you see?"

The pilot noticed me staring at the starfighter as he disembarked from the cockpit, but what surprised me was just how imposing he looked. He was in full armor on top

of his cape and robe. Although I don't see him carry any weapons, just that impressive armor alone makes him appear to be armed to the teeth.

He looked at me with one eye, the only one on his left side that I could notice that was looking directly at me. The other side has was scared and covered in a cybernetic prosthetic.

"Greetings to you, sir." I began with a slight bow. "What brings you to our distant world of Csilla?"

"Just some personal business at hand and a few errands to run."

"Understood, we'll have your ship refueled and ready. Do you wish to perform maintenance on your ship, sir?"

"Thank you, but that won't be necessary. I see you've taken quite an interest in my ship."

"It's part of our culture as a Chiss to admire the fine works of others. Besides, this design of starfighter has become a rarity indeed."

Approaching the starfighter, I began to give my analysis of the craft itself.

"A Nubian N-1 starfighter complete with full combat and hyperdrive capability. While most of the structure remains intact, its afterburners have extra miniature thrusters applied to them. Giving it extra speed and maneuverability when needed. Furthermore, a small rear turret was built into and placed just under the tail section."

"And I believed all this damage to the surface texture is just a facade to deceive the enemy during space combat. Your starfighter was flying too well to be some damaged and broken craft."

I mused at the last part since I believe there is merit in making a ship appear rusty as a strategy to misdirect the unsuspecting enemy rather than giving it a proud paint job.

"That's quite an impressive analysis that I'm surprised you're not a traveling spacer like myself."

"Perhaps one day, sir. When I can offer my services to the wider galaxy, that I will leave Csilla."

"Well, I leave you to it, have the ship ready when I need it."

"Yes, sir, and again welcome to Csilla."

With that, he left as I, alongside other workers, proceed with the refueling process on the starfighter. I sense there is something more to this visitor than it meets the eye, though I can't quite figure it or understand it all.

Eventually, night came quickly over Csilla. Our shifts at the docks have finally ended, and we retired for the night.

It was then suddenly as if a headache struck me in the head, a sensation and feeling as if something disturbing is about to happen, somewhere in the city of Csilla.

I immediately followed my instincts towards where is the source of this disturbance that is calling to me. I ran and hurried my pace, and strangely there is a sense of familiarity as I got closer. Turning of towards the alley of a street, I finally reached the source. To my surprise, I found the same pilot of the starfighter confronting two other Chiss who were members of the Ascendancy.

"Pardon stranger, but the Chiss Ascendancy doesn't take kindly to you inquiring information on our people."

"I wasn't aware that getting information could be an offense."

Their standoff wasn't all that intense, but in my humble opinion, I knew better not to attract the ire of the Ascendancy.

"No, it wasn't an offense. But what information you are inquiring about does raise some concern."

"Our people are not interested in being embroiled into the larger conflicts of the galaxy."

"We have our concerns full with dealing against the threats of the unknown regions to be dragged into your wars."

With the situation becoming tenser than it already was, I decided to come out of the corner to diffuse the situation.

"Pardon me, sir, but I believe this is all just a misunderstanding."

"Who are you?"

"Just a humble worker at the docks, sir."

"This man here is an old acquaintance here on a friendly visit to Csilla."

That wasn't my most convincing ruse, and by the expression on the two Ascendancy members were just as skeptical as they raised an eyebrow towards me.

"Really? Then what is your acquaintance's name since you're both old friends?"

With that, I was preparing to speak. But since I don't have an answer, any words from me will only delay the inevitable.

Tarvitz...

The name suddenly came into my mind as if someone was speaking through my mind.

"Eh?"

"What was that?"

"His name was Tarvitz. Yes, he's a traveling spacer on a visit to gather supplies for his upcoming journey."

"Tarvitz, eh. Alright, we will take your word for it and not pursue the matter any further."

"Be sure to stay cautious of your actions not to cause trouble for the Ascendency."

With that, the two Ascendency members left the scene, and I felt a sigh of relief inside me, which is clearly on the expression on my face.

"By the stars, how did I know?"

"Because I told you."

"What? But, how?"

I asked Tarvitz, surprised by his revelation.

"I spoke and communicated through your mind."

"You... You can use what they called the Force?"

"So you heard about it before. I'm just as curious as to how you were able to find me so quickly in the city?"

"It was just following the instincts. I felt a sense of disturbing urgency that brewing up in the environment."

"In a strange sense, I feel like I know it's there, but I can't explain it."

"Have you ever considered that it is the Force calling to you?"

I have going on without a clear explanation, but what confused me more were Tarvitz's words regarding Force sensitivity.

"Sure, our people have heard how the Jedi said that the Force is in every living being. That perhaps everyone has some capacity to whether it's large or small."

"However, I'm not convinced. The Force is something foreign to us, the Chiss."

"Maybe so, but there's no way for you to be sure of it unless you venture outside into the galaxy and see for yourself what the Force is."

I maybe not be convinced in believing in the existence of the Force, but neither was Tarvitz unconvinced that I had some capacity in it. However, he was correct that I will know even less if I had stayed forever as just a dock worker at Csilla.

"Here, take this."

Tarvitz handed something to me, which I recognized as a holoprojector.

"What is this."

"When you believed you are ready, use it to find us. Come and seek us out, find the Clan of Odan-Urr. You will understand that you have much to offer for the galaxy and its people."

With that, Tarvitz left towards the direction of the docks, which I assume he is going to leave Csilla. But not before with a word of farewell.

"We will be waiting for you... Sulon."