A Day in the Life

Competition Entry

Seer Raziel <https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Raziel>

Clan Odan-Urr

Guardian Corps

Pin 11584

The fusion torch flashed bright, and beneath it, two objects became one. Where once stood frames of steel, now they formed a full architecture. A skeleton upon which more work could be done, and the man wielding the torch seemed pleased.

“One more down,” Raz said, forcing himself to actually turn his face to Soona so she knew he was addressing her. Silly light-based vision notions. “How many more to go?”

Across from him, and wielding a small pneumatic nailer, Soona sighed. “Too many. I swear I don’t understand that woman’s fixation on removing the backs from chairs. It’s horrible support,”

“Tell me about it. I almost fell more than once. It got to where I couldn’t wear my armor in the Praxeum, which, let’s be honest, meant I was functionally naked,”

Soona triggered off the compressed air tool several times in practiced succession, affixing the upholstery to the base of the seat, before mounting it to the framework provided. As Raziel worked on his next frame, she duplicated her effort and affixed the back to the chair she was working on.

More sparks and flashes from the fusion torch, more tubular framework becoming a chair. Such a simple thing, but an important thing all the same. It wasn’t just fixing a perceived error, it was a matter of taking ownership. A crucial task for each and every Jedi of Odan-Urr, to become a part of the greater whole.

“When’s lunch?” Soona asked, waiting impatiently on Raz to finish his welding job.

“Whenever you make it,” Raz suggested. “You’re upholstering these things faster than I’m fabricating them, it’d give you something to do while I work, and I can get ahead of you again, for about ten whole minutes anyways,”

Soona shrugged and got up, taking a good long minute to stretch herself before heading towards the ship. “Raz?”

“Yes tzugera?”

“Why do we always work on things outside the ship? Wouldn’t it be easier to do things in the cargo bay instead of hauling the tools in and out?”

It was a fair question, one worth an expansive answer. “I want people seeing us do this. It’s why we park this thing right outside the grounds of the Praxeum. I figure, and this is just an old man’s experience talking, if people see us working, it might be an inspiration. Maybe some youngling or two gets curious, and then gets interested. I don’t think they’re doing enough to teach these kids how to actually *live*, if that makes any sense,”

Soona paused at the ramp, clearly not expecting such a response. “Okay, that does make sense. When I go to visit people inside, they’re all busy meditating or practicing their lightsabers. I don’t think a one of them knows how to cook their own meals,”

“I’m pretty sure you’re right. You, on the other hand, *do* know, so maybe get after that?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Soona muttered and wandered into the ship.

Still outside, Raz set about the task before him. As much as he would ride the Jedi for endless hours spent meditating, working with his hands was as much meditation for him as anything else. It was just him, his tools, and his work pieces. Becoming a part of a greater whole was more than just some ephemeral psychological thing. It was as simple as welding framework.

It was the touch of a craftsman’s hands, and all of it a part of the living Force. When the fusion torch touched steel, it sent energy through the piece. That energy existed, unarguably, and it became a part of the final piece. When the artisan’s hands touched the tools, touched the work, they too shared in that energy, becoming a part of it all.

This was definitely the foundation of what many craftsmen would call the satisfaction of a job well done. Each of them as much a part of the living Force as any Jedi or Sith. Or, Jensaarai, Baran Do, Zeison Sha, take your pick. Sensitivity didn’t matter, training in the ways of the Force didn’t matter, everyone and everything was a part of it all, and it started in taking any raw material and working it.

Food, metal, wood, all of it. Food nourished the body, while art nourished the soul, and even the most simplistic thing as a chair was still art. Certainly not the art of a master and certainly not always worth hanging in a gallery, but someone’s tail end would sit in that chair, their back would rest against it. In that chair they could learn, grow, and develop. Strategy could be formed, or a puzzle could be solved.

In that way, Raziel was a part of it all. His hands were a part of the growth of the Jedi who would sit in that chair, and long after he was dead and gone, those chairs would stand so others could sit. It wasn’t just putting backs on chairs because Revak disliked Aura’s aesthetic, that was just the excuse.

Becoming a part of the whole, therein lay the reason.