

## Life Day Story

Aliso

Aliso System

Present

Warlord Mauro Wynter took time to find solitude for Life Day. It had been a trying year for the Human as he had transferred Clans and taken some time in the Rogues to recalibrate his career. He had been a traveler, never comfortable with any Clan for too long. But this time it was different.

He sat in the cold, the wintery night brought a chill and a creeping iciness to his veins. Wynter took out a small folding field chair and slowly began to unpack timber from his pack that he had carried from his field lodging. With a slow flick of the wrist he lashed out with Force lightning, a crackling purple and black electrical jolt lanced at the timber, sending embers ablaze as a small fire began to consume the timber logs erected in a small pyramid shape.

Mauro sighed heavily. He needed this time to take appraisal of all that he had lost, but also all that he had gained. He had left one Clan for another as he had often in the past. It seemed he went from tragedy to tragedy always needing a respite. What was Life Day but an appreciation for the simple fact of being alive, being a survivor in a galaxy where life was fleeting and often sold cheap and given dearly.

He picked up a small bottle and poured out a warm brown ale into a glass and stirred it idly for a few minutes before taking a sip. It warmed his throat and left a slight burn as it went down. "Ahhh" he said to himself with grim satisfaction. Next he reached into a pocket of his armor and brought out a lighter and a stim-stick that he began puffing on.

This year was different in some ways, as was this change of scenery and employment. Normally chaos and death surrounded Wynter but he was a natural survivor after all. Yet this time, it had taken a toll on him. While on a mission he was shot down over Dathomir and was saved only by the efforts of the nascent Nightsister hold outs that still existed unknown to most of the galaxy at large. This time his survival came at a personal cost.

For years the tragedy around him was nothing that caused him lasting injury or scars. This time it had changed him to the core. For Wynter had finally given in to the Dark side and finally succumbed to allowing himself to face the fact he was a powerful Force user. He had tried for years to hide this fact, to shut down such a connection and not allow himself to draw on the immense power. But, being stranded on a hostile world had changed all this. He used this time to grow and learn about the Sith and become a practitioner. And so he sought out others of his kind and made it to the Aliso System. And for this, on Life Day, Wynter sat and drank and smoke and reflected on what his future would bring.