

The Pride of Harakoa

40 ABY

"Sir, the Aedile will see you now," said the protocol droid. It led Creon into Gui Sol's chambers within the Pride of Harakoa. The Kiffar was dressed casually as opposed to Creon's decorated Duty Uniform.

"It's good to see you again. We haven't spoken much since our time spent with the Wildcards. I heard you got married."

"Yes, Elyon has recently donned the helmet of a Mandalorian. I am training her as she is training me in her way."

"Interesting," Gui Sol said rubbing his chin. "When did you become a Mandalorian, if I may ask?"

"I was invited by Dral Falgorth, a native to the Okami Clan. Both he and Luna approved of my valor during the invasion of the Meridian Space Station. After the battle, I was invited to learn their ways and undergo their trials."

"I've read much about them. They are renowned for their warrior ways; more particularly as Jedi hunters."

"I have slain many Sith thanks to their training."

"We could use more warriors like that in our ranks. It's why I've asked you to come. You see, Creon, aside from Blade, most of our Guardians could benefit from the kind of training you've experienced. In these peaceful times, we have grown soft and lazy, and I worry that trouble may be brewing around the corner. Revak tells me that the Dark Council is looking into a dangerous cult. In case things get out of hand, I want us to be ready."

"What are you asking of me, Sir?"

"I want you to convince the Manda'lore of the Okami to send warriors to train our men. Imagine an army of Force wielding Mandalorians like yourself for the Clan. We would be a force to be reckoned with, feared by our enemies and Sith alike. Would you speak to him for me?"

Creon paused for a moment. His face was grim and gave a feeling of unease to Gui. "No," he replied plainly.

"Why not?"

"Because Mandalorians do not train armies unless a crusade has been called by multiple clans. One does not simply become a Mandalorian. You must know of their culture, why it's important, and abide by their code of ethics. Only then would you be successful in fighting as they do. If they were to learn how to use vambraces or Mandalorian Core without being instilled with the traditions, they will die no stronger than they were before. One must understand the meaning behind the roots of their people. There is no other way."

“The Jedi have had a long-standing alliance with the Okami. They have fought with us on many occasions. If they train our men, they would be adding more to their clan, would they not?”

“No, because your soldiers’ allegiances would primarily be to Odan-Urr and not the Okami. I can already tell you that neither I nor Luna herself would agree to convincing Gülvyr to train your men. It goes against the principle.”

Gui Sol slouched in his chair and sighed, “That is disappointing. Very well. I will seek alternative methods. You are dismissed, Creon.”

“If I may, sir. I was once Aedile over House Hoth. During that time, I trained an elite team of soldiers that were responsible for obtaining the technocratic crystal that is currently locked in our vaults. If you give me command over the Guardian Corps, I will make them one of the most dangerous fighting forces in the Brotherhood. I can teach them covert operations, unconventional warfare tactics, and yes... even techniques employed by the Mandalorians specifically for countermeasures against the Sith.”

“You know I don’t have the authority to do that.”

“Then talk to Revak. Tell him of your plea if he doesn’t know already and of my offer. I have the qualifications, and I can bring the House to its prime. I won’t make them all Mandalorians, but rather something even more deadly. Making warriors and leading soldiers is what I do best, and it sounds like that’s exactly what you need. Though I cannot do anything unless you give me the authority that will have the following orders. Plus, this may help our ties with the Okami. If Gülvyr knew an Okami was in charge, he would see the Guardian Corps as an asset for him, knowing full well I would heed his call.”

“And how would you train them if given the authority, may I ask?”

“Well for one I’d teach them all how to use a gun. These glowsticks,” Creon gestured to his lightsaber, “are effective in their own right, but they were initially intended to be ceremonial by the Je’daii of old. Our troops need to be equipped with tools intended to take life, so I will teach them to focus on using blasters over blades. It has been the case in many wars where the victor was the fighting force that could kill the enemy from a farther distance than the other. It’s just common sense. Also, they will need to be conditioned with muscle and wear heavy armor. Might make all the difference in a fight, and armor will keep them more alive than the Force.”

The sentinel nodded, “You’ve given me a lot to think about, Creon. Our next summit meeting is at the end of the month. I’ll bring this case up to them and see what they say. Kah Manet is about to retire, and I might be taking his place. If that becomes the case, I will recommend you to take charge of the office I hold now. But you have to guarantee you will dedicate yourself to training the Guardian Corps. There is much that rides on our success in the coming months, and I can’t afford any shortfalls that could waste the lives of our clansmen.”

Creon leaned forward on his desk and stared Gui Sol in his eyes and said without blinking, “I swear to you by my word of honor I will give no less than my best efforts.”