

## Memories

A fiction written by Appius Wight of Clan Taldryan.

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**Kamino**  
**Southern Platform**  
**40 ABY**

The stories of the Clone Wars often told of the Clones created on Kamino, how each individual was completely identical to the next both in appearance and personality. Appius Wight could confirm that it was a load of frakkin' sithspit.

The circumstances of an individual's identity are not determined by whose genetics they are born from, nor decided by fate or purpose. A person is made by the circumstances of their lives growing up. Their parents, the environment in which they grow up, their education, the highs and lows of joy and trauma. These are what make a person what they are.

Case in point, how different Appius was compared to the person he was designated to see. Kamino was a familiar setting for the Taldryan Consul, having fought upon many of its platforms before this endeavour. As his Summit Shuttle touched ground upon the platform, the ramp of the ship lowered onto the durasteel below. The harsh, unending pitter-patter of raindrops assaulted the outside world, only broken by the cracks of thunder and lightning above. Appius rushed across the platform and into the cloning facility, getting drenched in the few seconds he was outside.

"Ah, Mr Wight. We have been expecting you. I am Razul. I trust your trip here was uneventful?" the Kaminoan geneticist responded with dulcet tones. To the Taldryan Consul, each Kaminoan looked almost identical to the other. They had long, gangly necks with big, beady eyes that made them appear more alien than most sentient species in the galaxy. Their paleness was like a reflection of the lack of sunlight present on Kamino. It was the same, it was like they were clones of each other. Hell! given what this facility was, they more than likely *were*. Not that it mattered to him right now.

"Where is... *he*?" Appius responded with the obvious question burning into the back of his mind.

The Kaminoan visibly tensed for a moment, but otherwise kept his neutral expression.

"Ah, yes. Experiment seven-two-four. If you will follow me," the Cloner said, beckoning the Mandalorian to proceed with him. "We call him *Suippa*."

"Suippa?" Appius questioned.

"Appius in reverse. Given he is a clone of you, it felt appropriate."

It was not.

"I never authorised anything like this," Appius informed, making sure his displeasure was duly noted.

"Oh?" the Cloner said curiously. "Our records indicate that you were the one to make the order."

"Then your records are wrong. I never authorised such actions, and nor would I ever. I had half a mind to bring the Seventh Taldryan Fleet with me to your doorstep once I found out what happened here," Appius decided to let the Kaminoan's know *exactly* how he felt about the current situation.

"I... see..." the geneticist answered carefully with a twinge of nervousness.

The Taldryan Consul was led through a maze of spotless, white hallways and labs. Giant bacta-tank-like containers were some of the more obvious machinery Appius had taken notice of, but it didn't take long for things to change. It was like taking steps into the Dark Side of the Force itself. The stainless white was scorched black, the smell of burning electrics offending the Mandalorian's nostrils. Finally, the pair reached a set of durasteel blast doors, tightly shut, like they were designed to keep something, or rather, *someone* inside.

"You'll find him in here, though I must warn you, Consul. He is rather... unstable," the Kaminoan warned.

The durasteel blast doors opened, and Appius entered into a dimly lit room. It was wrecked from top to bottom. Equipment lay strewn across the floors and surfaces, broken, and shattered. Part of the ceiling had come down, just enough for water to leak through the tiny crevices in the roof's structure. Yet, the worst thing of all was the *smell*. It made the Taldryanite's stomach coil into knots. It was repulsive, and made Appius tense. However, it was a smell he was familiar with. It was the stench of burnt bodies and flesh, cooked from applications of...

"Force Lightning..." the Taldryan Consul muttered.

And there he was, a young man, barely older than fifteen sat rocking in the corner of the room next to the crisp bodies of two Kaminoan scientists. As soon as the young man heard the loud footsteps of Appius approach, his head lifted up.

It was like looking into a window to the past. The young man, Suippa, bore the same, messy, ashen-brown hair that Appius had in his youth. His eyes were blue, but bloodshot from the tears that fell down his face.

"What happened?" Appius questioned the living geneticist behind him.

"There are certain... complications... involved when cloning those sensitive to the Force. Some have been found to retain memories of the original they were copied from. We have the advancements necessary to stop these from happening. However, we were instructed not to tamper with Suippa's memories," Razul informed the Taldryan Consul, making sure to keep a safe distance away lest he shares the same fate as his comrades.

"Probably just to frakk with me," Appius concluded.

"Dad... no... please... no... don't die... don't leave me..." Suippa began tearfully mumbling under his breath.

"How old is he?" Appius asked Razul.

"Biologically speaking, he is approximately fifteen years of age," the Kaminoan answered, and Appius paled.

The Mandalorian knew which memory was traumatising the poor boy, and the worst thing was, he couldn't blame him. Appius was fifteen years old when his father was killed in front of his eyes on Mandalore. That was the event that triggered the Sorcerer's first use of the Dark Side, a power so volatile, angry, and destructive it manifested itself into tendrils of electricity used to destroy their attackers in revenge. That was the memory Suippa was reliving, with the Kaminoan's as supplements for the once responsible for Sterion Wight's death.

Appius knelt to the younger version of himself and slowly removed his helmet. The creed and Zxyl could go to hell for all he cared right now, for this was important!

"It's OK," Appius attempted to comfort.

The cloned Consul shook his head, but made eye contact with the original, who held a soft, yet sad smile on his face. Suddenly, a spark of anger roared through the young man, and Suippa leapt at Appius, sparks ready to lance out of his fingertips.

***SNAP-HISS!***

Appius summoned one of his Darksaber-inspired weapons to his hand, the lightsaber's emerald blade burst out of the hilt and impaled Suippa through his abdomen. The young man's eyes widened in shock as he gasped in pain before the blade retracted back into the hilt. The Clone Appius was about to slump to the ground, but was caught by the Mandalorian Force User before he could.

There was no pulse, no breath. Suippa was gone.

"No one should have to suffer the trauma of a life that they did not themselves live. I'm so sorry," The Taldryan Consul brushed his fingers over Suippa's eyes, closing them out of respect before laying the body gently on the floor. Appius rose to his feet and snapped his head towards Razul. "I want every trace of my DNA destroyed. If I find out even a single cell of mine still exists on Kamino, I will have this facility razed to the ground in a firestorm so chaotic, not even this planet's storms will save you. Is that clear?"

Razul was taken aback by the sudden burst of anger, not to mention the threat that came from the Taldryan Consul's mouth. The geneticist shuffled on the spot nervously before he answered.

"Of course. It will be done."

"Good. Make sure it is," Appius ordered as he stormed out of the facility.

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