

## Relics of the Past

Pendro-1, Pendroh System  
The Inner Rim  
40 ABY

An overcast sky loomed low over the lone figure on the mountain pass. The clouds slowly converged upon each other, fighting to overtake the others space. As the clouds began to form into a storm in the night skies of Pendroh-1 their turmoil was reflected in the figure's face.

Raistline Taldrya Majere wiped the tears from his face as he watched the beauty of the storm. From his chosen seat, a flat rock that allowed him to dangle his feet over the mountainside, Raistline was able to see extensively in each course of the mountain pass. In one direction he could see around three kilometers away. His VT-49 Decimator, which he called "The Hangman's Jury." There was no affection given to the sight. In fact, every ship he ever owned carried that name. All he cared about was that if the ship got him home he had yet to atone for the blood on his hands.

In the other direction of the pass he could see nothing.

This is what irritated him. This is why his hand once again brought the flask to his mouth. As he swallowed the Correlian whiskey he thoughtfully thumbed the Taldryan symbol emblazoned on the flask. The Star of Archanis and the Claw of Dinaari were like him, relics of the past. The Crescent of Ektrosis, like him also, somehow still holding on. The flask was from Howlader on his thirty first birthday, the only gift he ever held onto. He wondered if the Daggers of Thanatos, the house he currently led, would survive long enough to be added to Taldryan's symbol of brotherhood.

Lightning struck in the distance. A large, temple like structure was momentarily visible. Raistline wondered to himself if that was the Nexus of Light, The Citadel of Light or some other structure. He then began to chuckle. The full power of Taldryan's Intelligence Division under his command and he couldn't be bothered to read intel on his own missions.

"Some things never change," he muttered to himself.

Lowering the flask after another swig, Raistline jumped up from his seat. He was alerted by sight first, rather than the Force, as a glimmer of light reflected off of a buckle from the one he was waiting for. Taking a last draw from the flask, he let the object fall from his hands to the chasm below. Let the relics of the past be found by the younger generations.

Stepping back up the path he insured that only those that came around a turn in the path nearby would be able to spot him. Before his visitor arrived Raistline let himself be lost to the Force, concealing his presence from those that may be looking for his visitor. He had sensed that he and the one he waited for would not be alone very long.

A woman came around the bend. The rain began to fall slowly around the two figures as they locked eyes. She was startled at first, either at being too exhausted to expect to see her target so soon or from not being able to feel his life from the Force. Her dark hair was matted with sweat and hung wildly around her tired face. His red hair began to fall to the rain and cling around his now serene features. Straightening her back and hardening her features, Agent Ar Riss'a broke the silence first.

"The mission is botched. Somehow they knew when I left with one of the crystals."

She kept her breathing cool, calm. Her chest rose and lowered at a controlled rate. Her eyes screamed of urgency. Her eyes moved to look past Raistline, at the Decimator way in the distance. Then she forced herself to look back. He looked back with pride at her self control. Then he let his shoulders relax from the burden they held. This job never got easier. He extended his hand and she placed a crystal in his palm.

"Very good, Agent Ar Riss'a." he spoke appraisingly of the bounty she gave him. Her eyes darted to the ship once more then she slowly turned her head to listen to the path behind. Her calf muscles flexed uncontrollably. She fought the urge to return to her flight and stood at attention.

"I see you still have itchy feet," Raistline continued calmly. "Much like at the strike on Elysia. Your feet were itchy that day as well."

"Sir, I was guaranteed this undercover job was atonement for Elysia."

"Finish the job then, Agent Ar Riss'a." He inclined his head to the still outreached hand.

Ar Riss'a's features were calm, present. Raistline noted how her breathing betrayed her fear. Her breathing was getting more rapid as she could hear the footsteps getting louder in the mountain pass. The voices of the search party getting nearer. Fear of not understanding what was being demanded of her. A crash of lightning in the distance startled her back to reality. The distant yelling was now only two hundred meters or so away. She fumbled in her rain soaked robe for a datapad and laid it in the arcanist's hand. The datapad that would secure her position back within Taldryan. Her eyes were wild but at the sight of his sudden smile, Ar Riss'a's eyes softened.

"Your atonement is complete. Now you may leave this world," Raistline spoke as he took a step past her. She fell to the ground, the Sapphire Blade still sticking from her ribs. Her blood mixed with the rain water that was already beginning to pool up at their current turn in the mountain path. Without looking, he dropped both datapad and crystal upon the back of the still corpse of Agent Ar Riss'a. "I envy you."

Five figures emerged from around the bend. They stopped when they saw the Arcanist, startled at his presence. Raistline allowed his concealment in the Force to drop, letting them feel out their prey. He opened himself up to them, allowing them to

probe his very life essence. Opening himself fully to them. Weapons were ignited and ready as they stared at their unarmed prey.

If his memory of past intel was correct, a surprising thought of this relic of the past still reading reports, he judged by the symbol on their shoulder that one was a Dawnseeker.

"My name is Raistline Taldrya Majere, Krath Arcanist. I have followed the path of the Dark and walked away. I followed the path of the Gray and walked away. I wish these chains of the Force to be cast aside and for myself and the Force to be set free. If you show me the path of the Light I can give you the wedge that will shatter the Dark Jedi Brotherhood."