

Spirit of Thanksgiving
By Tuuka Vurr

Zsoldos System
Daemunn
The Anvil
40 ABY

Tuuka sat at the dinner table with his brothers Kranak and Osik, as well as a few friends from Clan Vizsla, Korvis, Juda, Hector, Kanal and Chrome. It was a rare occasion that the group of them all joined together without the adornment of their beskar'gam. In fact, it was a rare occasion when any of them removed their armor, as it was like a second skin to them all.

Tuuka grabbed another leg of the roast porg and took a deep bite into it, tearing the cooked flesh from the bone before gulping hungrily. There weren't many times of the year that Tuuka wasn't eating MRE's and was grateful for the chance to have a hot meal.

Absolutely divine. I'll have to remember to abscond with the cook the next time we get called out to military exercises. I could definitely get used to eating like this.

Strategy and politics had been replaced by idle chatter, not of small talk, but of very real things affecting their lives outside the Brotherhood. Laughs, drinks and food were all passed around the table, shared willingly amongst the group. It's almost as if time had slowed down for Tuuka, the raucousness of the group fading to mute as his own voice filled his head.

It's incredible that I'm at where I am now. This place, surrounded by my brothers, whom I love deeply and my extended family, Clan Vizsla.

Cheering and whooping followed a series of drinking games at the table. By the end of the night, the hangovers would be the winner.

Who would have thought this is where I would've landed? After drifting for so long on my own, to be surrounded by people that I not only call my mentors, but my friends. A place to dedicate my time and energy into, not only for myself, but for all of those around me. To make their lives better. To create a home. For us. For all others that call themselves Mandalorians. Daemunn will be the new Mandalore where eventually we'll be able to be left alone. In peace.

He looked around again at his brothers and the Vizsla summiteers, trying to lock this image away into his head. The image of happiness, of peace. Tuuka took a sip of his rather expensive wine he had saved for such an occasion. A time before war, before loss and before hardship. Because it would be inevitable as Mandalorian. The galaxy itself seemed hell bent on eradicating their existence. But for now, the Lieutenant Colonel sipped his beverage once again and inhaled what was left of this moment.

I wonder if I'll get this moment again with all of these guys sitting here. What will the next feast look like? Will Korvis be sitting on the Council? Will Juda be the Consul? Who's going to step up as Proconsul? I guess I better just enjoy it.

Tuuka smiled at his Vizsla family, savoring the moment one last time before the sounds of concussion grenades and blaster fire filled his helmet speakers again. Even a career soldier could enjoy the small things in life.