

"Let us begin!"

With these words the wraith vanished, leaving the room empty.

Centam didn't have to wait long for the first spirit to appear. With a bright flash, the image of a young woman from his village appeared in front of him, with brown hair and eyes the color of strawberry leaves. This woman, whose name was Kira Shapris, had been his closest friend before he was banished, and had helped him get over the death of his parents. He had begun falling in love with her and was about to confess his feelings, but had been banished before he had the chance.

Seeing her again made his heart ache, and he wondered if somehow the spirit of a loved one had merged with the spirit of regret.

"Kira..."

She looked at him sadly. "When you were banished, my heart broke. I... I loved you, Centam. I wish you had told me about your habit of stealing. I could have helped you. But you didn't."

"I wanted to, Kira. I wanted to tell you about it and how I felt about you." He looked at the floor, then back up. "The day I had finally worked up the courage to tell you was the day I was banished. I loved you too."

Her eyes went wide with shock. "You loved me?"

"Yes."

She smiled, then faded away into the darkness.

The next spirit to appear was that of one of the men he had led in the recent war, who had died in battle.

"I should have been able to save you," Centam said. "You were my team's only casualty. If I had been a better leader, I could have prevented your death."

The spirit laughed. "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "People die in war all the time. It's amazing that I was the only one from your group to die. Usually three or four people fell per team."

"I guess so," replied Centam. He thought for a moment. "At least I was able to tell your family that you died bravely."

The man smiled as well and faded away.

Finally it was time for the spirit of an enemy to appear. A bright flash of red light heralded the appearance of his greatest enemy: the infamous Sheev Palpatine, leader of the Galactic Empire, the man who had ordered the execution of Jedi across the galaxy. It was because of him that Centam's village had been attacked for their kindness, and because of him that Centam had been sent to die in the forests of Ostara.

For the first time in years Centam felt rage build up inside him. "You," he spat at the specter. "Traitor to the Republic! You are the reason I was kicked out of my home! You are the reason the Jedi Order fell! You are the reason billions of lives were lost on Alderaan!"

Palpatine smiled, a horrible smile that cut straight to Centam's core. "Yes," he said. "I did. I took the greatest army the universe has ever seen and made it loyal to one man. I broke apart a tyrannical organization that forced its members to swear away any form of attachment. I- "

"Betrayed the Chosen One, caused the extinction of countless species, and stole power from those who trusted you," Centam interrupted, cooling the fire within himself. "Yes, I know what you have done, and I know that right now you are trying to turn me against what I know is right. You've failed, *your Highness*. For I am still a Jedi."

Palpatine scowled. "Very well. But I assure you, even when dead I am powerful. Witness the power of the Dark Side!"

Stretching out his hands, he let loose a powerful blast of Force Lightning directly at Centam.

Centam opened his eyes. Looking around he realized he was lying on the ground inside the temple where the holocron was kept.

Standing up, he saw that the walls had retracted, letting in light and illuminating the room.

Retrieving the holocron from its pedestal, he left the ancient structure behind.