The man was on his knees on the permacrete floor. His hands were bound together and to his ankles. His captors were not taking chances, he was Jedi, and they knew his abilities. His long brown hair had been shaved down to his scalp and his face was a mass of bruises and seeping wounds. They had tortured him, both physically and psychologically. The beatings he could take the lack of sleep he could take. For one of the few times in his life he felt despair, and…..anger. His memory was fuzzy from the blows to the head, he couldn’t remember why he was mad, but he had tried to hurt them in his moment of weakness. He had broken the vow he had taken when he accepted the teachings of the Light.

Now he would not have the chance to atone for his weakness, he would soon be at peace and one with the Force. He could hear his captors coming down the hallway, laughing, making vague comments at how their prisoner would die and shame himself. As they door opened he could make out their shape in the low light. They stepped behind him and freed the bindings from his hands to his feet so he could walk….then hit him solidly in the head again. He saw stars, and knew he couldn’t keep his connection to the Force. He was bleeding in his brain and wouldn’t be long for the world either way, but he would go to his death with no fight.

After walking, what seemed like an eternity, he walked out into daylight. A screaming mass in front of him, shouting for his death. He could feel the rotting fruits thrown at him hitting his body. Soon he could hear the executioner proclaiming that he was captured after spying, and causing civil unrest. That didn’t seem right, he thought he was here to help a small group learn to fend for themselves and fight an overbearing and unjust government. After a few moments the man quit speaking and the crowd quietened down.

CRACK!

There went his bad knee; hit with enough force that it caused an open fracture of his shin. He hit the ground the expression on the Jedi’s face was pure agony. Then began the kicks and stomps to his chest and abdomen. Cracked ribs and ruptured organs, coughing blood. Then it all stopped. He was asked if he had any final words. All he could think of was a song he loved as a child. As an adult he would sing the song as he charged into battle. He began to hum it, much to the anger of his executioners. They beat him as hard as they could, rupturing all his internal organs, and many other bones in his extremities.

As he hummed the song, he could feel himself become lighter, and could see a bit more clearly. A fading memory made him smile as he passed into the nether-realm of the Force. It was something that his father told him as a child. Something that had been passed down from each generation in the family, a warrior’s creed of sorts.

“When it comes your time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with the fear of death. Those that when their time comes, they weep and pray for a little more time to live again in a different way. Sing your death song and die like a hero going home.”

When they stopped beating his lifeless body, the crowd was silent. There was a small, happy smile on his weathered face. When the crowd noticed the dignity at which the Jedi had surrendered his life, they began to revolt. Sometimes it is not the life of a man, person, or being that makes a difference, but the end of their life and how they handle it. Go into the great beyond with peace and it will inspire others.

END

SR Seraphol Ceartas (Sentinel) / REC / Battle Team Knights Of Allusis of House Odan-Urr

PIN#146

Note:

The “creed” mentioned near the end was a portion of the poem written by the warrior Tecumseh. It’s a bit paraphrased though.