

Memories

By Rhan Komo

Outer Space is a lonely place, to some it is to others a place to think, but for Rhan it's a place to get things cleared instead blowing up the next ship he sees. Rhan is sitting on the pilot's chair playing on his bes'bev, a mando flute that can be doubled as a weapon. The tunes he played were several old war songs, his helmet was on top of the controls staring into space. This is not a good time to talk to Rhan, *Can't believe this. . . .*

A few days back;

Rhan is now in a full-blown argument with his father and neither side is willing to back down. The distress on his sister's face, Artemis, is evident and Rhan shouted some unintelligent word before storming out. The cold breeze met Rhan's steaming head, as he walked to where his ship was docked. There was a barrel of durosteel pipes and his Crushgaunts. O-3 knows when his master is upset and placed them ready for him. Rhan put the gloves on and started to crush the pipes. His mind was on crushing the pipes and he didn't know if anybody was near him and his sister was standing a few feet away from Rhan. Once Rhan crushed a good eight pipes into a ball he turned to see his sister in full armor, minus helmet. He took off the gloves and walked up to her, he too wasn't wearing a helmet, or armor at all for that matter.

"Looks sis. . ." Rhan said, he couldn't bring his eyes to meet his older sister's eyes.

"Don't. Look Rhan maybe you should go away for awhile and let buir cool off. Just have Zack take over the clan in your absence and Mal for the security." Artemis suggested.

Rhan just stood there and breathed deeply, he then looked into his sister's eyes. "Do you know what it feels like to be questioned not only of your loyalty, but of who you are? He called me a traitor! He blamed me for our mother's death! The he called me a Hut'uun! A coward!" Rhan couldn't take it, and was about to lose it.

Artemis grabbed Rhan's shoulders and shook to get a grip. "Koey, look at me. . . look buir is just mad, okay? You need to leave and I'll have a talk with buir too." Rhan looked and nodded at Artemis. Rhan was not looking too good right now. "Koey, now get a grip and don't make me give you my good-bye kiss" Artemis said. *Oh my, no head butts please.* Rhan embraced his sister and both departed.

The story picks up now.

Rhan stopped playing and adjusted the Nav computer to take him to Cerea, in the Cerea system in the Spar sector.

"Art'dika! Our Buir!" I cried to my sister, I ran to help. I tossed myself recklessly into battle. Several infantry troops stood between my mother and me. I used up all my ammo in my rifle and used it still as a bat and hammer. Tears were forming in my eyes as I couldn't reach her in time. I used my jetpack, not to fly up, but to fly through the enemy infantry. I stopped and cried out "Ale'buir!" I regretted that word. My mother turned, distracted by my voice and the enemy took that chance to deliver a fatal stab through the back of the neck. My mother wasn't wearing her jetpack to stop the nife . . .

Thump!

Rhan woke up with a start and realized that he was on the ground. Rhan shook himself, got his armor on, and slid his bes'bev in his belt. He made his way to the cockpit. *Have to let the past stay in the past.* Rhan could not get himself together now, after the several years that past since that incident. The ship was still in hyperspace and the stretched stars looked very beautiful. Rhan saw the time left on the hyperspace travel and sat down on the pilot's chair. The ship exited hyper and into real space. The ship made its way to the planet, not long the security of the planet came to comm Rhan. He simply answered, "Came to ease my past." Rhan said. *And to find out something deeper. . .*" Rhan landed the ship on the planet, the process took roughly 15 minutes, and Rhan sat there wondering to where to go. *If anybody knows me here, they will be able see my ship's signal, better turn that off.*

He stood up and walked out of the ship. He did not know where to go, but just walked anyway. He saw a river, and followed it, not knowing where it leads he just didn't care. Rhan pulled out his mando'ade flute and played songs of old. His helmet was now hanging on the side of Rhan and the river took far from the ship and into some trees and such. He walked a bit with his eyes closed and only opened to see a large tree and stopped and continued to play a soft Melody.

The music continued, and the words appeared through Rhan's mind as it did, Vode An and Ka'rtá Tor . The words embedded into Rhan's mind and spoke the idea of Mandalore is. The idea is much more than an idea, it is what brings different species, blood, and gender to form a unique, fearsome and elite society of warriors. Rhan knew this too well, *Am I really what I say I am? My own father questions me on who I am* Rhan dropped the bes'bev and then saw a tree in front of him. He sighed and in a flash the bes'bev flew. The Sharp end of the Bes'bev hit the tree. Rhan walked to retrieve it and saw that he was near a brook. The bes'bev didn't make the tree splinter at the impact, but was well in. It took little energy to pull it free; he turned to a cloaked figure in what appears in a meditating. Rhan didn't intrude into the persons own meditating. Rhan just stood with a curious look at the figure, surprised that he didn't notice the being.

"Seems to me that you look lost mando. . ." the shadowy figure said.

Swiftly like the wind the bes'bev went flying from Rhan's hand and into a tree where he heard a voice. The bes'bev stuck in the bark and Rhan got out one relby and walked to the bes'bev to get it. *I know that voice. . .* The voice was sweet with honey and very rich, birds would stop and hear it if there were any birds nearby. Rhan got the bes'bev out of the tree and the shadowy figure emerged from behind. The sweet and rich voice called out to Rhan.

"Oh Koey, you never could shoot right with that thing, but I admit your getting better" The figure was a human female.

Rhan realized already realized that it wasn't at the brook, but a decoy. Rhan scanned where he launched his bes'bev at. Mara moved with her graceful dancing steps around Rhan. Rhan's own face harden and his eyes were cold as hoth. Mara moved closer to Rhan, he kept his place even with the uncomfortable closeness of Mara.

"Why are you even talking with me? Or for that matter even near me?" Rhan asked bitterly.

"Oh come on now Rhan, forgiveness is good for the soul." Mara said a twinkle in her eye, her sweet honey dipped voice. *Never will it that voice betray me again* Rhan thought bitterly.

"What soul do you claim posses Mara?" Rhan said with a cold gaze at her.

"Koey, Koey, Koey. Your strong as your armor and thick as it too." Mara said. Rhan's gaze and voice didn't faze her. "I am deceitful and deadly and very beautiful, in all the first word to describe drives you away. Why?" Mara asked.

"First of all I got something called HONOR and Loyalty to myself and to Mandalore. What do you have that you could call your own?" Rhan snapped back.

"Pht Rhan, Let's not forget why you are out here. Tell me again which one of your parents are still alive?" Mara said, she was already ready for the attack from Rhan. She jumped to the low branch and continued to climb.

Rhan shot several blaster bolts in rage and put them back to his belt and yelled out in rage. "You *Besom! Chakaaryc! Ge'hutuun!*" Rhan yelled out just about any words used to describe what Mara said and how she is.

The forest was different to Rhan some how. He left Mara back in the firespray, telling Corran that he'll be in the city in while. Rhan had no helmet on, just everything except it. He let the sun touch his skin, and his thoughts run through all the things that need to be focused on. He recited he mandalorain proverbs and virtues in his head and then closed his eyes and walked. His head hit a tree branch and Rhan fell back. His hand went straight for his head, expecting soft skin he found the hard and scratched surface of his helmet. *Wait, yes it is my helmet, well my old one.* Rhan then registered the HUD and slowly got to his feet. He barely had enough time to dodge a motor shell.

Rhan twisted and rolled until he felt and safe and then stood up. What he saw made him gasp, he saw the forest alright, but the not same planet. The motor shell exploded a few feet away. He saw rush of infantry men coming at him and his instincts took over. The blaster rifle was effective in more ways than one, as a melee weapon or shooting people. Rhan used both ways. He looked around and saw his mother, *Am I back in the past?* Rhan couldn't believe this dream, nightmare. "**Rhan, keep at it. . . wait what?**" Rhan's sister was about to protest Rhan's sudden change of direction. *My mother is here! I can change my past!* . . . Rhan thoughts just went through his mind, nothing really sticking. He saw his mother in the heat of battle. Rhan was about to cry, but it took every ounce of Willpower for Rhan to stop. His adrenaline kept him running and attacking the man who would have killed his mother.

"**Buir!**" Rhan cried as he went to hug his mother. His mother gave a start, but hugged back, a sudden jerk happened and Rhan saw that his mother fell to the ground. Rhan looked around and saw that a blaster bolt hit His mother square in the back, her armor already damaged, and the last bolt broke through. Rhan couldn't believe it, he just couldn't.

Darkness swept over Rhan, a darkness that many would embrace and take them away from the pain. For Rhan he fought the darkness with every drop of his being.

Darkness. . .not nothing, nothing is nothing and darkness is something. Darkness is some sort of comfort for most beings, a security blanket. *This is not Manda.* . . A struggle was happening between Rhan and this darkness. He used much of his willpower, if not all. Rage was fueling Rhan to continue to fight, this battle was like a fight between him and the Galaxy. Unfairness, something Rhan thought he got use too, but his loss of his mother, his buir, still was an open wound. No matter how many plates of armor, bandages, Rhan could never seal it. His white/silver armor came from parts of his buir's armor.

Mando'ad draar digu. . . indeed

"I can't meet up with you two without getting attacked, nearly blown up, or something nearly chopped off by a deranged psychopath. Do you two EVER have a quiet day?"

"oh getting almost killed is almost 2nd nature. . ."

-A conversation between Rhan and Challaola