The Jedi Kind of Had it Coming

by Sarah1281

Summary

All Revan wanted was to avoid any and all responsibility but the Force drags him back to the middle of the action once more. The Exile is probably the most dedicated Jedi ever and so she'll need all the help she can get...
The Exile had a name once, a long time ago. Well…long being relative, really. In the history of such an ancient Republic, it was but the blink of an eye. It was, in her ever-so-humble opinion, the best name in the world. Fate had cruelly robbed her of that name ten years ago and now all that remained was her title. 'The Exile.'

Sure, she probably could have picked another name. She was actually quite fond of 'Lilly' but it didn't matter what she called herself because all she would be able to think of herself as was The Exile. When she'd kept calling Revan to tell him the news and he'd finally picked up (after only forty-seven tries, too. She'd really lucked out) he may have pointed out that there was no way that the Jedi could actually enforce either her exile from Republic space – especially as she was a war hero – or the removal of her name but it didn't matter. The Exile respected the Council so if they said that she didn't have a name anymore and couldn't stay in Republic space after a trial where they decided to hold her personally responsible for all the things Revan hadn't done yet then she didn't have a name and couldn't stay in Republic space.

It had really seemed quite clear to her that there was nothing else she could possibly do.

Unfortunately for her, she had just woken up in a Kolto tank and upon going to the nearest console discovered that she had somehow accidentally managed to come back to the place of her exile! Oh, and the other four people in the Kolto tanks around her had all died since all five tanks had been heavily poisoned and she'd only survived due to her extensive poison resistance training. It was all about perspective, though. The Jedi council hadn't ordered those random miners not to die but they had ordered her to not return to Republic space and the Peragus mining facility was owned by the Republic.

She had to get out of here.

Exploring the area around her, the Exile quickly stumbled across a morgue. In it was an old woman who the Exile – always a little frightened at the thought of being accidentally vivisected – made sure was dead by checking her for a pulse, taking her temperature, and testing all of her reflexes. Yes, this woman was definitely dead. The only way that she could be more certain of the woman's death would be if she were to decapitate her but the Exile wouldn't do that because disfiguring corpses went against the Jedi Code…or so she had been told.

The Exile wasn't really sure how the Jedi Masters managed to get so much out of 'There is no emotion, there is peace. There is no ignorance, there is knowledge. There is no passion, there is serenity. There is no chaos, there is harmony. There is no death, there is the Force.' but then that was why they were Jedi Masters and she'd been exiled.

The Exile glanced over at the other medical slabs in the morgue. Most were empty but the last one held…it held…

"Revan?" the Exile exclaimed, horrified. "I can't believe it! No! You can't be dead! You just can't!"

"I'm not," Revan said serenely, not bothering to open his eyes and barely moving his mouth.

"Oh good," the Exile said, greatly relieved. "Because you're not allowed to die. Ever."

"Well, I hate to disappoint you," Revan started to say. He stopped. "Actually, no I don't. I'm completely indifferent to the prospect. But anyway, I do not actually believe it's possible to obtain
immortality."

The Exile got that familiar look on her face that indicated that someone had just said something that went against her deeply held and much cherished Jedi beliefs and that therefore she was going to start on a very long, very tedious lecture.

"While you're still alive," Revan continued hastily. "It is impossible to get immortality while you're still alive. Becoming one with the Force or wandering the galaxy as a Force ghost obviously happen after you're dead and so they really wouldn't help with the strange issues you seem to have with me dying."

"Strange issues?" the Exile couldn't believe it. "What could possibly be at all strange about the fact that you are the most incredible person ever and so therefore your loss at any time would be such an unbearable loss that I honestly don't know how the galaxy would get through it."

"You'd manage," Revan said, rolling his eyes. "Or should I say 'you'll manage'? I don't know if you'll outlive me or not but, barring some catastrophic galaxy-destroying event, the galaxy certainly will. The Republic even might for all I know."

"The Republic will last forever!" the Exile assured him.

"You're optimistic as ever," Revan said dryly.

"You can't die!" the Exile said again. "The Republic needs you! The galaxy needs you! I need you!"

"I have no doubt that all of those things are true," Revan told her. "Please have no doubt that I don't actually care. And it's not like I'm planning on getting myself killed anytime soon because that would be extremely inconvenient."

"But then...why are you in the morgue?" the Exile demanded, suddenly appearing to remember where it was that they were.

"I was trying to take a nap," Revan revealed dramatically. "It's not easy when you're surrounded by dead bodies and a half-dead Sith, I'll have you know, but I was bravely trying anyway. And I was doing a pretty good job of it, too, until you started screaming."

"But why the morgue?" the Exile asked again. She couldn't imagine ever trying to sleep around dead people. Perhaps there had been times during the war...but this was peacetime and there had to be better areas...wherever this was. Even the medwing would have been a better choice. Oh, but there were dead people there, too? Well, surely Revan hadn't anticipated that or he would have done something to save all of those people, right? Because that was just the kind of person that Revan was.

"Why not the morgue?" Revan countered, apparently seeing no issue whatsoever with his actions. "I tried other places but T3 was busy repairing the ship and said that I was just getting in the way and listening to the entire facility getting violently killed was really keeping me up. I should have brought some earplugs. Sure, I could have used the Force to block my hearing but not only might that actually be kind of dangerous in case I needed to hear something but I can't keep up Force powers while I'm asleep."

"This entire facility was violently killed?" the Exile asked, a quiver in her voice.

"I did just say that, didn't I?" Revan asked rhetorically. "Look, I know that you just woke up or whatever and this is your first time back in Republic space in ages but if I'm going to take the time
and make the effort to explain all of this to you then the very least that you can do is start listening."

"I-I am listening," the Exile protested.

"Then start acting like it," Revan said, sounding deeply skeptical.

"You knew that the...you heard the entire facility being killed and you did nothing?" The Exile couldn't believe it. Then again, she hadn't seen Revan for ten years now. Surely he couldn't have been like that back then, though. The man was a hero who had led the ragtag Republic forces to victory against impossible odds, after all.

"Not true," Revan replied, opening his eyes at last. "I turned on the morgue's noise-filter."

"Wh-but-I don't-"

Revan sighed and reluctantly sat up. "You haven't changed a bit An-"

"Don't call me that!" the Exile exclaimed. "You know that I was exiled!"

Revan rolled his eyes. "I really might have known. Although I'll have you know that it took me quite a bit of effort to remember your name and I only did it because I figured you'd yell at me if I didn't. Now I see that I might as well not have bothered."

"There were some people I met who thought my name was 'Meetra Surik',' the Exile confided.

Revan made a face. "Meetra Surik. That is a truly terrible name."

The Exile nodded. "I know. I'm thinking that Malak might have used that as a codename for me or something back in the war because I honestly have no idea why people might think that that's my name. If it ever were my name then I'd seriously have to change it."

"Why bother?" Revan asked her. "You refuse to use your name anyway."

"It's a matter of principle," the Exile explained.

"Ah, those," Revan said disgustedly.

"But never mind that, what happened to the facility?" the Exile demanded. "Why didn't you do anything?"

"Because that would have been a lot of work and no one was here to nag me to do it," Revan explained matter-of-factly. "It was wonderful."

"I know that you cannot possibly be such a horrible person and still be a Jedi and so I'm going to fill in the blanks that the door was sealed and you're too proud to admit that you couldn't have helped them," the Exile announced.

Revan shrugged. "You do that, then. Of course, I've found that 'sealed doors' are usually a lot less impenetrable as people like to think. Still, it does make a handy excuse, I guess."

"And what happened at the facility?" the Exile repeated.

Revan's eyes burned with genuine fury, the first emotion she'd seen on him since entering the room. "My precious HK-47 had his design stolen and bastardized. One of these new 'HK-50's was masquerading as a protocol droid. Since it was obviously an assassin droid, it arranged for
everyone here to die. Kind of excessive, I know, but what do you expect from a shoddy knock-off? I think it was trying to take you hostage."

The Exile gaped wordlessly at him.

"There's a bounty on Jedi, you know, and Atris informed everyone that you were still alive and returning to Republic space," Revan continued. "She held a press conference and everything and was also very careful to mention that she's not a Jedi herself and if she were then she'd have died ages ago on Katarr so don't even bother going after her."

"Why would there be a bounty on Jedi?" the Exile asked, confused.

"An old too-smart-for-its-own-good former Republic droid called Goto wants a Jedi to help him deal with the Sith. Unfortunately, the standards for bounty hunters has really gone down in the last five years and so they keep turning up with corpses. It's just as well, though, since he honestly doesn't care which side gets wiped out and is only looking for Jedi as they're cheaper to hire," Revan answered.

The Exile stared at him for a moment before she shook her head. "No, seriously, why is there a bounty on Jedi?"

"If you don't believe that then I don't know what to tell you," Revan sniffed.

The Exile crossed her arms. "You could have just said that you didn't know."

"That would have been a great deal easier, wouldn't it?" Revan mused thoughtfully. "Excellent advice. I think I'm going to have to start doing that in the future. I mean, I'm feeling like bloody Cassandra over here and let me tell you, it's not a nice feeling, particularly when I don't actually care about any of this."

"If there was really a bounty on Jedi, why isn't anyone after you?" the Exile challenged. "How do you know that this 'assassin droid' was after just me?"

"Because my name is Revan and my reputation has gotten a little out of control so that's usually all I have to say before they start praying," Revan explained. "It's very tiresome."

"What are you even doing here?" the Exile inquired. "Last I heard, you were off looking for the remains of the Mandalorian fleet."

"Malak and I became Sith and waged a war of conquest against the Republic that we almost won until Malak decided that it was really getting to be too much work to persuade me to do anything and so he tried to have me killed but the Jedi took me back with them and convinced themselves that I had amnesia. I couldn't be bothered to tell them otherwise even though I still went by 'Revan' and somehow, eventually, I ended up killing Malak and saving the Republic," Revan summarized. "It was awful."

"Oh, I know!" the Exile said sympathetically.

"You do?" Revan asked uncertainly. He really wasn't used to genuine sympathy as most people didn't think his problems counted as real problems.

"Oh, yes!" the Exile exclaimed. "It couldn't have been easy having to kill your best friend like that."

"Oh, and there was that, too," Revan remembered. "I was mostly talking about how
inconveniencing all that scavenger hunting and galaxy saving was and how incompetent everyone else was so that they couldn't make up their own minds or do anything to try to save themselves. I mean, I had some friends who were sometimes exceptions but even they had their moments."

"So you're a Jedi again..." the Exile murmured enviously.

"That's...not really the part of the story that most people would focus on but I suppose so," Revan agreed. "Until the Jedi kept making me make public appearances to bolster recruitment and so I went on vacation."

"How long ago was this?" the Exile wanted to know.

"About five years ago," Revan informed her. "And needless to say, things have gone very badly in my absence. The rebuilding is only to be expected but I hardly thought that the Jedi would have managed to drive themselves to near extinction again. I almost understand why Malak joined the Sith..."

"Wait...if you've been gone all this time as well, how do you know all of this?" the Exile asked.

"My girlfriend watches the holonet and sends me annoying messages about how I have a 'duty to save everyone' or something like that. For that matter, so does my replacement best friend," Revan told her.

"Do you have any idea how I got here?" the Exile asked hopefully. "Since you seem to know everything else even though I'm totally reading between the lines here since I'm convinced that you give yourself too little credit."

"We were both on the Harbinger which was supposed to bring us to Telos," Revan began.

The Exile's eyes widened. "B-but that's in Republic space!" she protested.

"Your point being...?" Revan asked politely.

"I can't be here!" the Exile wailed.

"Says who? The Council's all either dead or in hiding," Revan pointed out.

"But the code-" the Exile started to say.

"Is five lines long. Honestly, am I the only person to see this?" Revan wondered. "Sometimes I feel like I'm the only sane man and that really sounds like it's a lot of work. Come to think of it, I do miss Malak."

"I can't be here!" the Exile repeated frantically, on the verge of a panic attack. "I just can't!"

"Well you are so deal with it," Revan advised. "What did you think was happening?"

"They said that I won a free trip to Illium," the Exile replied. "I did find it a bit odd that a military ship was taking me on a vacation as part of a prize for a contest I hadn't entered but then I thought that it must be the will of the Force and then I just got so depressed thinking about the Force and how I'm not connected to it that I didn't question it. Why were you onboard?"

"They were tripping all over themselves to make me an honorary crew member," Revan explained. "I love being an honorary crew member because that's the kind that doesn't actually have to do anything. Since I needed a lift, I figured why not? Then you were drugged by the HK-50 and Sith
attacked the ship. My personal ship, the Ebon Hawk, came to rescue me and Kae came out of nowhere and dragged you onto the ship as well. Then we landed here and once some of the miners decided to sell you to the Exchange, the HK-50 killed everyone to keep you for itself. Mind you, no one would have even known that you were a Jedi if the HK-50 hadn't told them but the new models are kind of stupid."

"You always were so brilliant, Revan," a new voice spoke up.

Since the Exile had been positive that no one else was living in the room, she jumped and spun around. The corpse from earlier was sitting up.

"Zombie!" she accused.

"I'm not a zombie," the woman said, sounding irritated.

"Well you were dead just a few minutes ago," the Exile argued.

"I was taking a nap," the woman claimed.

"You had no pulse, you weren't breathing, rigor mortis had set in," the Exile listed off.

"I am a Je…a Jed…It was the Force," the old woman said, "But never mind that. Revan's told you most of what you need to know-"

"But wait, who are you?" the Exile asked uncertainly.

"That would be Kae, my old Jedi Master," Revan introduced.

"Though I do go by Kreia since the Jedi exiled me for Revan becoming a Sith," Kreia corrected.

"Which makes no sense since it was mostly Malak's doing and my lack of caring," Revan pointed out.

"They thought I should have made you more motivated," Kreia revealed.

"You're not a miracle worker," Revan said consolingly.

"Little did they know that you're secretly the most motivated man in the galaxy," Kreia continued as if she couldn't hear him.

Revan turned his laugh into a cough. "Right. Absolutely. In fact, this is such a secret that it's even a secret from me. Yeah."

"If you got exiled by the Jedi, too, then why aren't you called 'the Exile'?" the Exile asked suspiciously.

"That title appears to be taken," Kreia said dryly. "Besides, I changed my name so that's really the same thing."

The Exile flushed. "Oh, right. So…now what?"

"Now you need to get to the Ebon Hawk so we can get out of here," Kreia informed her. "Good luck."

"You expect me to do that all by myself?" the Exile asked incredulously. "Why can't you come with me?"
"I must rest my mind," Kreia said virtuously. "I was recently dead, after all."

"And that sounds really complicated," Revan added. "But I agree, good luck."

"But you both can use the Force – I think – and I can't!" the Exile objected.

Kreia sighed. "If I reestablish your connection to the Force will you go away and let me catch up with Revan?"

"Absolutely," came the immediate answer.

"Okay, close your eyes and try to remember what it was like when you could actually use the Force..." Kreia trailed off.

"I'm doing but I must warn you that I'm not very good at this whole 'imagination' thing," the Exile cautioned. "I-hey, what do you know! I am imagining it! It's been awhile but I think this feels close enough to what the Force was like!"

"Wait for it..." Kreia murmured.

"By the Force, it's almost as if I really can feel the Force again! But that's just...no way, it can't be," the Exile said giddily.

"And the Jedi have got everyone convinced using the Force is something that requires years of training," Revan said bemusedly.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I think I love you both," the Exile squealed.

"What did I do?" Revan wondered aloud.

"You're Revan," Kreia and the Exile said at the same time as if that explained everything.

"If you fear that someone will take it the wrong way so much that you must issue a disclaimer then maybe you should think of another way of saying it," Kreia commented.

"You're so wise!" the Exile exclaimed.

"Didn't you say something about leaving?" Revan hinted.

"Oh, right. Thank you so much for this! Unfortunately, I feel kind of like I did back before I became a Padawan but I'm sure that with a little hard work, determination, and strict adherence to the ways of the Jedi that I'm sure to get back to my wartime strength in no time!" the Exile said cheerfully.

"Most people would be a little more put-out by all of this," Revan remarked.

"Complaining is not the Jedi way and I know that everything that's ever happened is the will of the Force and can't possibly have occurred any other way," the Exile said seriously. "It's what enables me to forgive everyone I come across, after all, no matter what they've done or will plan on doing in the future."

Revan wasn't a cruel man (that took far too much effort) so he waited until the Exile had practically skipped away before flatly saying, "I think I hate her."
The Exile had been merrily slaughtering droids for a little over an hour when she came to a door that she could sense an honest-to-Force living being behind. The Exile always preferred it when she was fighting droids because they weren't real people and thus she didn't have to wonder if she was a bad person for killing them. Still, she wished that she had a lightsaber. That would be just what she needed to feel like a Jedi again.

The Exile took a deep breath and hoped that this wouldn't be a bad person she needed to kill before she opened the door and walked in.

A tall, dark-haired handsome man was standing in a Force cage looking just past her. "Damn!" he swore.

The Exile blinked. "Pardon?" she asked uncertainly. Though the Jedi had never officially had a stance against swearing, she felt that it was rather un-Jedi-like and so was never comfortable with it. Not that she was even a Jedi or had been in a decade but…

The man in the cage started. "Ah, didn't you there."

"Then why did you say…that word…when I first came in?" the Exile asked awkwardly.

The man shrugged. "It's been really boring so I was playing Pazaak in my head. And I lost."

"How do you lose to yourself?" the Exile wondered.

"You probably don't want to know," the man replied. "But never mind that. I believe some introductions are in order. My name is Atton Rand."

"Why are you in a Force cage?" the Exile asked sternly. There was something almost inviting about this Atton but in her experience if someone was in a cage they were usually either a criminal or a hostage.

Atton shrugged. "Oh, you know. I didn't bother reading the agreement form they made me sign before coming onto Peragus and apparently carrying a blaster is just an explosion waiting to happen. I'm not sure why they didn't bother to take my blaster but, under the circumstances, I'm not complaining."

The Exile frowned at him. "You didn't read the agreement form? What do you think those are for?"

"Hey, it was fourteen pages!" Atton protested. "I haven't actually seen or heard anything from them in awhile, though. What happened? Did they forget about me or something?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," the Exile was quick to assure him. "They were just all murdered by the mining droids and a gas leakage that I suspect might have been intentional."

"Well, if that's all," Atton said sarcastically. "Still, I guess this means that those charges will be dropped."

The Exile beamed at him. "Way to think on the bright side, Atton!"

"Yeah, well, I try. Tell me, who are you and why are you wearing a bikini?" Atton inquired. "And
that's not a complaint, by the way. Your outfit's really doing wonders for my morale."

Surprised, the Exile glanced down. "That's just my underwear. Huh, I wonder why Revan and Kreia didn't say anything. Maybe they didn't notice."

"Not bloody likely," Atton muttered. "Your name?"

"The Exile," the Exile promptly responded.

"That's not really a name," Atton pointed out.

"No," the Exile conceded. "But I got exiled from the Jedi Order a few years ago and so I'm really not supposed to use my original name."

"You're kind of a stickler for rules, aren't you?" Atton asked rhetorically.

The Exile grinned. "Yep!"

"That wasn't exactly a compliment," Atton pointed out.

"It wasn't an insult either," the Exile countered.

Atton nodded, conceding the point. "I'm sorry but...you said 'Revan' earlier. You don't mean...Revan do you?"

The Exile nodded. "Oh, yes."

"So you've probably seen what she looks like, right? Is she hot?" Atton asked eagerly.

The Exile thought about it. "I guess so. It's a little weird to be thinking about that since Revan's Revan and all and Jedi are supposed to be celibate. Not that that applies to me, I guess...But you should probably know that Revan's a guy."

Atton blinked. "Really? There goes my fantasies..."

"I thought everyone knew that Revan was a guy. Do you just assume that all people who are covered from head-to-toe are hot women?" the Exile asked curiously.

"Actually...yes, yes I do," Atton confirmed. "But tell me, is Revan really good again? But he only turned good based on the power of love after seeking vengeance on his old best friend?"

"Revan is good again," the Exile confirmed. "But while I like the sound of 'power of platonic love because Revan is a Jedi', Revan didn't kill Malak because he wanted vengeance. He was trying to save him!"

"Interesting way of doing so," Atton remarked wryly.

"Even I knew all of that and I haven't even been in the Republic since I left!" the Exile exclaimed, deciding not to mention the fact that she only knew because Revan had personally filled her in. "Have you been living under a rock or something?"

"No, just Nar Shaddaa," Atton replied. "So...are you going to let me out anytime soon?"

"I'm not sure if I should," the Exile admitted. "If I don't, you'll probably die. But you did break the rules and get legitimately locked up."
Atton looked like he was about to say something before abruptly changing his mind. "And I'm very sorry about that and will never ever do it again," he said instead.

The Exile brightened. "Well, in that case…" she pushed the button to turn off the Force cage.

"Well, that was easy," Atton mumbled. "So…now what? We need to get off this station because there are a lot of dead people in it and killer droids which really doesn't sound like my kind of place."

"I'm really not sure what to do next," the Exile admitted. "I was sort of just wandering around and waiting for the Force to guide me where to go next. It guided me to you so…any ideas?"

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As it turned out, Atton did have one. The Exile followed him to the administration computer and watched him work for a moment. Soon, he declared that they couldn't open the hanger bay doors from there (which they needed to do to rescue a ship) and so they contacted some droid that apparently wasn't out to kill them and had him open the doors.

Atton decided to stay behind to monitor things on the computer as well as providing any computer-related assistance he possibly could while the Exile went to go look for a way onto a ship that they could escape on.

The Exile was a little surprised to find that desperately trying to find a way to escape a facility with piles of corpses everywhere and killer droids could be so freaking boring but there you had it. She had found some clothes finally, to Atton's disappointment. Apparently it wasn't her color or something?

After a lot of tedious and sometimes pointless running around, the Exile finally managed to get sonic imprints and all that and was ready to finally leave this Force-forsaken station behind her. She had had to rescue a droid for crying out loud. She met no one else save a nice HK-50 protocol droid who explained who it was kind of accidentally her fault that everyone was dead since – though she hadn't even been conscious when brought here – she had a bounty on her head from being a former Jedi and some people wanted to collect on that bounty. She could have sworn that Revan said that HK-50 was an assassin droid but it was quite clear that he wasn't.

The Exile was just heading back to Atton so that they could contact Kreia and Revan and then get out of here when all three of the other living people on the station ran up to her. Well…Kreia and Atton ran. Revan sort of leisurely strolled towards her. The Exile couldn't blame him, though. When one was as strong in the Force as Revan, they tended to feel like the Force would take care of them. As Revan was still alive, it clearly was.

"Finally, you are ready to leave," Kreia said disdainfully.

"Me?" the Exile asked incredulously. "If I was taking so long, why didn't you come help me?"

"I was meditating." Kreia replied.

"Because you were willing to do all the work," Revan chimed in.

"I actually was helping," Atton reminded her.

"So, I was actually wondering about this. What ship will we be taking? We could get through because that other ship docked but we can't take that ship because it won't be ours and that's stealing and-" the Exile started to babble.
"While I value our lives more than your moral hang-ups, we don't actually have to steal anything," Revan interrupted. "We can take my ship."

"It's not stolen?" the Exile asked hopefully.
Revan coughed. "Of course not."
The Exile heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, good."
"He's clearly lying," Atton declared.
"Don't be silly, Atton. Revan is a Jedi and thus would never lie to anyone," the Exile explained.
"Yes, and the fact that I was a Sith at one point means nothing," Revan deadpanned.
"So you're Revan, huh?" Atton asked, eyeing him up and down. "The Exile was right, you are very attractive."
"I have a girlfriend," Revan said flatly.
"A completely platonic one," the Exile clarified helpfully.
"I didn't mean it that way!" Atton backtracked hastily. "But may I say, sir, that I am honored to be able to meet you."
"I like him," Revan declared. "Let's keep him. Can you fly a ship?"
Atton nodded. "I can indeed."
"That settles it then," Revan remarked.
"But he's a fool," Kreia objected.
"Do you want to pilot the ship?" Revan asked pointedly.
"I can see the wisdom in your decision," Kreia announced.
"Sinister demand: Leaving so soon?" HK-50 demanded as he stepped out of the shadow.
"That is what we just said, yes," the Exile agreed. "You really should listen more."
Revan's eyes narrowed dangerously at the blatant rip-off droid. "I'm going to kill you."
"Revan, I know that droids aren't people and all-" the Exile started to say.
"Vicious lies!" Revan interrupted.
The Exile blinked, confused. "But…they're not."
Revan shook his head in despair for the state of the Republic these days if something as simple as droids being people too was in doubt. Then again, the Exile hadn't exactly been in the Republic for quite some time. "What were you going to say?" Revan asked slowly, trying very hard to stay calm if only because getting all worked up took a lot of effort.
"I was going to say that it's still not nice to kill poor, innocent protocol droids," the Exile replied. "And since you seem to think that droids are people too – even though they obviously aren't – then shouldn't you be even more opposed to the senseless slaughter of them?"
"Why would he be? He wasn't opposed to the senseless slaughter of people," Atton pointed out. "He's just being consistent here."

"I would like to think that I hold the lives of droids a little higher than that of people, thank you very much!" Revan exclaimed.

"Most people wouldn't," Kreia remarked. "Truly, you are a very special person, Revan."

"Um, about my question?" the Exile prompted.

"Normally I would be except that this isn't a protocol droid, remember?" Revan asked her. "I told you that this abomination was built using heavily – though certainly not beneficial – altered blueprints for my own HK-47 assassin droid. We did talk about this, remember?"

"Why would anyone want an assassin droid?" Atton wondered.

"Firstly, because it was awesome. Secondly…droids are everywhere and nobody ever pays them any mind. Would you really spot a sudden and lethal attack by what appeared to be a protocol droid coming?" Revan countered.

"Not really, no," Atton admitted.

Revan crossed his arms. "I rest my case."

"But…but how can this HK-50 be an assassin droid? I read this one book one time and it said that droids were forbidden from knowingly hurting sentient life forms!"

"I, Droid?" Revan asked knowingly.

The Exile's eyes widened in surprise. "Yes, actually."

"That was fiction," Revan explained.

"Oh. But I even made sure to ask the HK-50 and it assured me that it was not in any way an assassin droid and even being accused of that made him die a little inside," the Exile revealed.

"You know, for all the times that HK-47 complained about T3's dramatic tendencies…" Revan trailed off. "You're lucky that he thought I was dead and shut off."

"Blatant lie: But I don't know what you mean. I'm not in any way an assassin droid and I've never killed anyone!" the HK-50 protested.

"I don't believe you," Revan said flatly.

"I do!" the Exile claimed.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Why did I have to let her know that I wasn't dead? Surely her wailing and impromptu funeral couldn't have taken that long…"

"Why do you believe that droid?" Atton demanded. "I mean, he kind of announced that he was blatantly lying."

"Don't be silly, Atton," the Exile chided him. "If HK-50 said that he's not an assassin droid then he's not an assassin droid. Lying is wrong, you know."

"Well, he is quite a fool," Kreia reminded everyone.
"Oh, come on! I'm totally right here!" Atton protested.

Everyone ignored him.

"So you won't believe that someone who is so kind as to let us all know that he is lying is, in fact, lying but you're willing to believe that I would lie?" Revan asked incredulously.

"Oh, no," the Exile was quick to assure him, looking a bit horrified that he might have come to the wrong conclusion accidentally. "I don't think anything of the sort!"

"Well I hate to break it to you, Exile, but since I'm claiming that HK-50 is an assassin droid and he's claiming that he's not then one of us must be lying." Revan said reasonably. He wasn't sure why he even cared – or if he did – but somehow he always found himself drawn into arguments with her. It was one of several reasons why he always had Malak talk to her. Speaking of Malak, Revan really missed him. If he were here, the pair would have long since been separated.

"Normally that would be true," the Exile conceded. "Except that you were sleeping right before you told me about HK and so thus you were dreaming and you probably just DREAMED that HK was an assassin droid and told me the erroneous information in good faith."

Revan's eye twitched. "First of all, that thing is not worthy to be called 'HK.' Save it for HK-47. Secondly, did you really manage to explore this entire facility without coming across any evidence that HK-50 killed everyone?"

"Nope, none," the Exile confirmed. "Oh…except for that one recording showing this guy that was trying to sell me to the Exchange dying and then a voice that sounded exactly like HK-50's mocking him for trusting him."

"And…that didn't set you off?" Revan couldn't believe it.

"Oh, no. That's why I asked HK-50 if you were right and it turned out you weren't," the Exile explained. "I'm not a complete idiot, you know."

"Allow me to try something," Kreia spoke up. "HK-50, if you are not an assassin droid then why did you ask us if we were 'leaving so soon'? Were you planning on stopping us from leaving?"

"Prompt reply: Yes, yes I was," HK-50 answered.

"And that reason would be because…?" Kreia trailed off, waiting for his answer. "And for that matter, how were you planning on stopping us?"

"Reluctant answer: I was planning on killing everyone but the Exile and stunning her so that I could take her to Nar Shaddaa with me and collect on her bounty," HK-50 admitted.

"And does this mean that, shockingly, you did kill everyone in the mining facility after all?" Revan couldn't help but ask.

"Frustrated cry: Yes, yes, I did it! Are you happy now? Why can't you just let it go?" HK-50 demanded.

"Consider it gone," Revan said cheerfully. "And yes, yes I am."

"Puzzled remark: Most people would not be happy to hear that a droid committed mass murder," HK-50 pointed out.
"I'm not most people," Revan reminded everyone. "And now the Exile will have to face the truth."

"Will I?" the Exile asked, surprised. She thought about it. "Yeah… I guess there really is no avoiding it. Too bad his programming misfired…"

Revan twitched again as he took out his lightsaber and turned towards the assassin droid.

HK-50 unconsciously took a step back.
Once Revan was finished making quite certain that that particular HK unit would never be a threat to anyone ever again (or, more to the point, wouldn't ever go around being a blatant rip-off of his own beloved assassination droid), he quickly and expertly scavenged some parts before the group finally made their way off of the Peragus fuel station and onto the ship that had just arrived.

"I must say that I did not expect this," Atton said, looking around at the dead bodies that littered what they could see of the Harbinger.

"That is because you are a fool," Kreia announced.

Atton spun to glare at her. "Did you see this coming?"

"Of course," Kreia said condescendingly. "As a Jedi, I could tell that there was no life on board as could the Exile and Revan."

"Yeah, well-" Atton started to say before a formerly invisible assailant materialized in front of him and attempted to strike him down. "You might want to get those Jedi senses of yours checked."

There were only four assailants so the party quickly disposed of them.

"Those were stronger than the average random Force-trained assassins I've met," Revan remarked. "Still really, really easy though."

"For you, perhaps, given how truly gifted you are," Kreia praised.

Atton, who had actually been wounded in the fight, rubbed his cut arm. "I kind of hate you, just so you know."

"I get that a lot," Revan said with a shrug. "Rarely this early, though."

The Exile, meanwhile, was blinking in confusion. "What do you mean they were difficult? I mean, I can only go by what I saw in my fight but if the others were anything like the guy I was fighting they were total pushovers."

"I know that they were not a real threat in a one-on-one fight but Revan's still correct that they were stronger than the average, anonymous assassins that people usually encounter," Kreia explained.

"Are you sure about that?" the Exile asked uncertainly. "Because I've faced un-apprenticed younglings with more skill than them."

"I do hope that you guys realize that I'm not trying to brag when I say that I'm a lot more powerful than the Exile is," Revan began.

Everyone nodded at that. It was true, after all; bragging would only lead to more responsibilities for Revan.

"And yet somehow it sounds like the Exile was able to take her opponent down even easier than I was. Either her opponent really sucked while mine was far better or there's something else going on," Revan declared. "Exile, there's something really weird about those assassins and there's something weird about you, too. It might be the same thing and that explains why you found it so much easier than we did."
"There's nothing weird about me," the Exile said, hurt. "Is there?"

"Of course not!" Atton was quick to assure her. "And I'm sure that's not what Revan meant at all, just that there was something unusual about how you fought."

"I agree with Revan," Kreia, unsurprisingly, piped up. "But not with the fool. He clearly has no idea what he's talking about."

"But we said the exact same thing, pretty much," Atton ground out.

"Lies!" Kreia insisted.

"Does anybody feel like telling me what you guys are talking about?" the Exile demanded.

"Not really," Revan said promptly. "Explaining it would probably take awhile and it's not like you've believed any of the other explanations I've actually given you."

"I would be a pretty poor mentor if I told you everything right off the bat," Kreia reasoned.

Atton groaned. "You're her mentor? This will not end well."

"You're my mentor?" the Exile exclaimed delightedly, her eyes lighting up. "Oh, I could so use your guidance!"

"I am," Kreia confirmed, cuing squealing from the Exile and more groaning from Atton.

"So will you tell me?" the Exile asked hopefully.

Atton winced. "I'd hoped that Kreia's revelation would have made you forgotten about that…"

"No such luck," the Exile said brightly. "So…?"

"I would but I'm not quite sure what they're going on about," Atton admitted. "I think it's probably some Jedi thing."

"Pretty much," Revan agreed.

"But you're still a fool," Kreia helpfully added.

The Exile's shoulders slumped at this. "I see…" She shook herself. "Well…if I can't know because I'm not a Jedi then I can't know because I'm not a Jedi. There's no point in dwelling on it so let's move on."

"Focusing on the present, hm?" Kreia asked approvingly. "Interesting."

The foursome made their way to the bride and downloaded the Harbinger's asteroid charts so that their daring escape would last more than fifteen seconds. Well, mostly they did it because Atton was the pilot and it was better when the one flying the ship didn't think doing so was suicide. The Jedi or ex-Jedi of the group all trusted the Force to protect Revan so that they'd be fine either way.

The Exile stopped by her room to gather her few belongings and then the medical bay where she discovered that she'd been drugged by the HK-50 who had been assigned to keep an eye on her and then the Sith had attacked so they'd all made their way to the Ebon Hawk. Why the HK-50 had been allowed on was anybody's guess but they had kind of been in a hurry.

"Ah!" the Exile cried out as the dead man she'd just watched logs about appeared in front of her.
Revan rolled his eyes. "Oh, honestly. I know he's shirtless and you're the poster girl for Jedi-ism but come on…"

"That's not it," the Exile said shakily. "Although now that you mention it…but really, what I was going to say is that this must be a zombie!"

"That's not a zombie," Kreia corrected her. "That's just Darth Sion. He's a Sith Lord and as long as he has the will to live, he can't be killed permanently no matter what you do."

"Given how badly the last ten years have treated him, you really have to wonder how he even remotely has any will to live," Revan remarked.

"Pain is my reason," Sion said huskily.

"Yeah, my statement still stands," Revan told him flatly.

"How do you even know all of this?" Atton demanded. "Are you a Sith?"

"Yes," Sion answered. "She was my old Sith master."

"Who are you going to believe, an admitted Sith or me?" Kreia demanded.

"Technically you haven't actually denied being a Sith," Atton pointed out.

Kreia shook her head. "You are such a fool…The Force told me who Sion was."

"Is that going to be your fallback for everything?" Atton demanded.

"Well, it always works," Revan said sensibly.

"See, this is why I hate Jedi," Atton muttered, shaking his head.

"Oh, so you hate Jedi now? Are you a Sith?" Kreia challenged.

Atton paled.

Kreia tapped her chin. "Interesting…I will have to look into this."

"Did you all just forget that I was standing right here waiting to kill everyone but the Exile?" Sion demanded.

"No," Revan replied. "But we decided that we'd rather argue amongst ourselves than deal with you. Thanks for waiting patiently for us to finish."

"I do so in the hopes that should I ever have a personal crisis when faced with enemies they will extend the same courtesy," Sion confided.

"Did you just kill everybody on this ship?" the Exile demanded.

"Not personally," Sion said. "But between my assassins and I we did."

The Exile was horrified. "Why?"

"We wanted to find you, last of the Jedi," Sion said grandly.

The Exile's brow wrinkled in confusion. "But…what about Kreia and Revan?"
"Kreia was exiled from the order long ago and became a Sith while Revan was also a Sith for all that he was reinstated and trying to kill him is a waste of time," Sion explained.

"Wait, if you're ruling Kreia out for being an exile then shouldn't you rule me out because I'm an exile, too?" the Exile asked curiously.

"I still want to kill Kreia," Sion clarified. "But becoming a Sith kind of negates your Jedi status and you're the only one of the three who never became a Sith."

"I guess that makes sense..." the Exile said slowly. "But killing all those people was still a horrible thing to do!"

Sion looked at her as if she were stupid. "I'm a Sith. It's what I do."

"That's no excuse," the Exile sniffed.

"You three go on," Kreia said suddenly. "I'll hold Sion off."

"I won't leave you!" the Exile cried bravely.

"I will," Atton said cheerfully. "In fact, if you want to take your time, that would be great. I'm not trying to leave without you, really."

Everyone looked to Revan as it appeared that his would be the deciding vote.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Oh, please. Kreia, if you stay here then I'm going to have to deal with Atton attempting to ditch you and the Exile worrying about you the entire time and that sounds really trying. You're coming with us."

"I'm not just going to let you walk away," Sion warned.

Revan spared him a glance. "Yes you will."

"T-this isn't over!" Sion cried. "Next time I see you guys and Revan isn't here, I'm totally going to try to kill the Exile and maybe cut off Kreia's hand."

"Whatever," Revan said disinterestedly.

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"Don't take this the wrong way, Revan, but I'm getting a little concerned about your attachment to that droid," the Exile said hesitantly.

Revan cringed. "Oh, come on! We only found T3 again twenty minutes ago!"

"But you just seem a little too glad to see him," the Exile argued. "I mean, it's just a droid."

Revan's eye twitched. "Just a droid? JUST A DROID?"

"See, that's exactly what I'm talking about," the Exile said, nodding authoritatively. "You seem to get far more worked up than you do about anything else when it's an issue of a droid."

"...I like droids," Revan said shortly.

"So I noticed," the Exile said dryly. "That's kind of my point, actually-"
"Is this your ship, Revan?" Atton interrupted. "I really hope that it is because we have Sith gaining on us and I really don't want to have to go look somewhere else."

"Huh?" Revan asked, glad for the distraction. "Huh, you know, you're right. This is the Ebon Hawk. I can't believe we found it so quickly. I'm horrible with navigation."

"I'm great with it," the Exile informed him.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Of course you are."

"Let's hurry up and get aboard before the Sith try to follow us," Kreia suggested.

It was so sensible a suggestion that not even Atton argued with her and wordlessly they all hurried on board. The Exile headed for the turrets while Atton went to the cockpit. Lacking anything really pressing to do, Kreia and Revan decided to follow him there.

The minute that the Exile stopped shooting, Atton took off. The Harbinger came to life as well and shot at them as they escaped into the asteroid field. As the Force was quite invested in several people on board, the shot missed and hit an asteroid instead. Unfortunately, that set off a chain reaction that completely destroyed the mining facility, asteroid field, and the planet itself.

"…Wow," Atton said finally. "I guess I can sort of understand why they were such Sith about their no-weapons policy."

"Those poor people!" the Exile wailed.

Revan looked oddly at her. "What poor people?"

"The poor people that died when Peragus blew up," the Exile said matter-of-factly. "I mean, just because I didn't sense anyone and went over the whole station looking for survivors and found none doesn't mean that there weren't any people there."

"…I'm not even going to touch that one," Revan decided. "So, where are we going now?"

"The only place we can go: Telos," Atton answered, "since that's the only place in the Harbinger's navigational charts."

"Good to know. If you need me, I'll be reactivating the real HK-47 and then probably taking a nap," Revan announced. "Here's a bit of advice: don't need me."

As he turned to go, Kreia spoke up, "I shall be meditating in whichever room I decide to claim for my own. Do seek me out at some point, Exile, and we can talk."

"Okay," the Exile agreed, looking like she was about ready to follow her right now.

"Uh, wait," Atton called out.

Kreia left but the Exile turned back towards him questioningly. "Yes?"

"Maybe you could stay for a little while?" Atton suggested. "Not like I'm just saying that so you'll spend less time with Kreia the not-so-secret Sith Lord or anything."

"Would it be Sith Lord or Sith Lady?" the Exile wondered.

"I think the important part is the 'Sith'," Atton said pointedly.
"I'm not sure if I really buy that she was a Sith," the Exile remarked. "But even if she was, so was Revan. It's in the past and we can move past it."

"I'm not so sure that it is in the past," Atton said worriedly.

"Don't be silly, if it weren't in the past then why would her ex-Sith student be trying to kill her?" the Exile asked logically.

Atton snorted. "Oh, I don't know. Because it's the way of the Sith?"

The Exile peered closely at him. "You seem to be quite knowledgeable about the Sith, Atton."

Atton looked uncomfortable. "I…that is…I get around, you know. I'm not Force sensitive or anything like that, though. Definitely not."

The Exile nodded, accepting that.

"So if you used to be a Jedi, why don't you have a lightsaber?" Atton wondered. "Revan had one."

"Well, Revan's still a Jedi," the Exile replied. "And I'm not so I don't have one. Kreia got exiled, too, and she didn't appear to have one."

"Do you want one?" Atton asked her.

The Exile's eyes began to shine with unshed tears. "Of course I want one! It's the weapon I'm most comfortable with and it's a powerful symbol of peace and justice."

"You sound like it meant a lot to you. Tell me about it," Atton requested.

"Well…" the Exile trailed off. "Why not? Mine was a beautiful cyan double-bladed lightsaber. People traditionally thought that double-bladed lightsabers were a typically dark side weapon but Revan really brought them back to the Jedi. He said that a double-bladed lightsaber would free up a hand to use the Force with, carry something, or just so we only had to use one hand while fighting."

"That last one definitely sounds like him," Atton said with a slight grin.

"Of course, I eventually found out that once Revan left for the war and the Council declared him a Sith for it, they used the double-bladed lightsaber preference as proof that he had always been on the edge of falling," the Exile told him.

"Wait, wait, wait…are you telling me that the Jedi Council, the one that swore to always defend the Republic except apparently from Mandalorians, declared Revan a Sith for just living up to their ideals?" Atton demanded. At the Exile's nod, he continued, "See, this is why I hate Jedi."

The Exile frowned. "Oh, don't say that! The Jedi are the best people in the universe!"

Atton's eyes softened slightly. "I'm sure your version of a Jedi is." He cleared his throat. "So, uh, what ever happened to your lightsaber? Did it get destroyed in the war?"

"No," the Exile said glumly. "The Jedi asked me to hand it over at my trial."

"And…you actually did?" Atton couldn't believe it.

"Of course," the Exile said seriously. "How could I not?"
"Why did you even have a trial? No one else did for going off with Revan," Atton pointed out.

"Well, everyone else either died or kept going with Revan and eventually became a Sith," the Exile explained. "I left in order to fight the Mandalorians and once the war was over, I returned."

"And they threw you out while accepting Revan back into the fold after he started another war?" Atton demanded. "Some gratitude."

"I defied them and I accepted the punishment for it," the Exile said serenely. "They needed Revan and maybe things had changed by then."

"One thing I don't get is why, if you're so interested in listening to the Jedi Council, you were willing to defy them in the first place to go off to war," Atton told her. "I mean, I completely agree with your decision and all but I don't really get it."

"It was the right thing to do!" the Exile said passionately. "And...I sort of didn't know that we weren't supposed to."

Atton laughed. "How do you go and miss a thing like that?"

"Malak really wanted me on their side because even if I'm not a powerhouse like he and Revan were, I was very good at motivating people and bringing them together plus I wasn't half-bad at strategy," the Exile responded. "They made me a general. Malak told me that he really honestly thought I knew before we took off...but I didn't...After I found out then I couldn't just go back as I had already made a commitment and it would be quite un-Jedi-like to not see it through."

"So it would," Atton agreed wholeheartedly. "Protecting the Republic and whatnot."

"I know I'm still an Exile but if I'm going to be fighting Sith then the best weapon to use against them is a lightsaber," the Exile said quietly after a moment.

"Didn't the Jedi forbid that?" Atton asked curiously.

The Exile thought about it. "I wasn't forbidden to ever use a lightsaber again. I just had my current one taken away. It's silly but even after all this time I still miss it. Do you think one day I could get another one? I wouldn't even know where to start with getting all the parts but..."

Atton smiled at her. "I'm sure one day you'll have the most powerful symbol of peace and justice anyone's ever seen."
By the time that the Ebon Hawk landed on Citadel Station (Telos itself was still recovering from Saul's show of loyalty), HK-47 was up and running again…and offering to assassinate everyone on board.

"No, no we need him to pilot. And we need her to actually do all those annoying things I can't be bothered with," Revan told him.

"Eager query: What about the old meatbag? Statement: From what I have seen, it does nothing but sit around all day."

Revan hesitated before finally shaking his head. "No, Kreia's distracting the Exile and stopping her for pestering me about being her mentor."

"Dejected accusation: You never let me kill anything anymore!" HK complained.

"Just wait until we get out of here. I'm sure that we'll have plenty of people to kill soon enough," Revan assured him.

The door to the space-port opened.

"That's not exactly the kind of thing we like hearing, Revan," Lieutenant Grenn said as he came in, followed by half a dozen of his men.

"Maybe not but I think we all know that I can't go anywhere without it becoming an incident," Revan said dismissively.

"And have you ever stopped to think that you might be cause in the matter?" Grenn asked pointedly.

"I did but then I realized that I don't actually ever do anything and it's not my fault that all the shady elements who go around killing people anyway go after me," Revan replied.

Grenn chose not to dignify that with a response. "Revan, we have some questions about the explosion at Peragus. The Admiral seems to trust your word so I'm going to ask you if you had anything to do with the destruction."

"I had nothing to do with it," Revan replied.

"And the rest of them?" Grenn asked glancing over at the Exile, Atton, and Kreia.

"Well…I guess you could say that if it hadn't been for them then the mining facility wouldn't have blown up but it really was an accident and it wasn't like everyone there had already been violently murdered…which I also had nothing to do with," Revan claimed.

"Then I guess you're free to go. Your companions, however, will be taken into galactic custody and we're grounding your ship until our investigation is finished," Grenn told him. "Your droids will also need to stay here but I promise that they'll be left in very capable hands. We apologize for the inconvenience."

Revan shrugged. "It's not like I had anywhere really pressing to go anyway." He turned to the others. "If you guys need me and eventually get released, I'll be at the Cantina where I intend to do
nothing more strenuous than cleaning out the Pazaak sharks."

"Wait, you're just going to leave us here?" Atton demanded.

Revan gave him a strange look. "Why wouldn't I?"

"We are being legally arrested by the legal authority on Citadel Station for a crime that we were illegally involved in," the Exile announced. "I see no problem with what these people are doing and no reason not to cooperate fully."

"Well…that's good," Grenn said, surprised. "Not really an attitude most people have but good."

"This will be an excellent opportunity to meditate some more," Kreia declared.

"Lady, I think you've got a problem," Atton told her bluntly. "And you meditate far too much."

"How long is this investigation going to take?" Atton demanded. "We haven't even been charged with anything so there's only so long you can expect us to stay in these Force cages."

"And we do only expect you to stay here for so long," Grenn agreed. "Unfortunately, just how long 'so long' is has yet to be determined."

"Why do I always end up in prison?" Atton complained as Grenn turned to go.

"Because you are a fool," Kreia helpfully replied.

"And because you keep doing things that are illegal," the Exile added. "I mean, the loss of the Peragus mining facility will cripple Citadel Station and it can't be expected to sustain itself for long before crashing into the planet and killing everyone up here, everyone down there, and destroying the restoration effort."

"Peragus wasn't my fault!" Atton insisted yet again.

"Well, if we hadn't been trying to escape the Sith by hiding in the asteroid field then the Sith wouldn't have fired on us and blown everything up now would they?" the Exile asked rhetorically.

"What was I supposed to do? Just let us die?" Atton demanded.

The Exile tilted her head. "I don't know. I'm loathe to say that our lives are more important than those of the people who might very well die because of what we did but Revan was onboard and the Force clearly chose to save us. Still, looking at it from a unilateral perspective, it was saving four people and two droids at the cost of thousands."

"I hate to interrupt the philosophical discussion," a strange man said as he entered the room, "but I've only got so much time before someone notices that I turned off the cameras in here and comes to make sure you're not doing anything nefarious."

"Who are you and what are you doing in here?" the Exile cried out.

"The first doesn't matter and as for the second…I hear that you're the last of the Jedi and-"

"Revan's a Jedi," the Exile interrupted. "As is Kreia. I'm not a Jedi. I was exiled."

"Look, it doesn't matter if you are actually a Jedi," the man told her, annoyed. "I just need to kill
"If the bounty is on Jedi then I think it matters a great deal whether she is one or isn't one," Kreia cut in. "Granted, she is one but it's still important to know."

"And isn't the bounty for live Jedi?" Atton asked. "Why in the world would you kill someone for a live bounty? No one pays anything if you kill the person you're supposed to take alive."

"I don't need career advice from my soon-to-be victims!" the man exploded. "Now, trying to take three people on when two of them are Force-users would be a really stupid idea so I'll just overload your Force cages and-"

"You're not even going to fight us?" Atton asked incredulously. "Lame."

"Will you people stop interrupting me?" the man shrieked.

"I would if you weren't so lame," Atton replied. "A real man would face us in fair combat."

"Despite the fact that I'm really just in it for the money so I can have an early retirement and am fully aware of how stupid this is, I think I'll allow myself to be goaded into letting you all go and then trying to kill you once you're free," the man said, letting them all go.

Before he could turn back to face them, Atton had put two shots in his head.

"Atton!" the Exile scolded. "That wasn't very honorable of you!"

"Yeah, well neither is dying," Atton claimed. "Just saying."

There was a commotion as Grenn and a few of his men ran back in the room.

"The cameras aren't working! We'd better not catch you doing anything nefario-did you just kill one of my men?" Grenn demanded.

"Technically, only the fool killed this man," Kreia helpfully explained.

"To be fair, even if Atton did kill him rather dishonorably, this man claimed that he was an assassin going to turn me over to the Exchange," the Exile clarified.

"He looks kind of like Batu Rem," one of the soldiers opined.

"But Rem's on leave," Grenn pointed out. "This can't be him. I guess an assassin somehow managed to infiltrate our forces and attempt to kill these people. We'll have to look into the hows because I know that it can't have been easy."

"We landed here twenty minutes ago and nobody knew we were coming until we docked," Atton said flatly.

"I hope you aren't implying that our security sucks," Grenn said sternly.

"I'm not so much 'implying' as outright-" Atton started to say.

"So...now what?" the Exile interrupted. "Back into the Force cages?"

"No, I guess that plan didn't work out very well. Since we clearly can't protect you even in the heart of our own headquarters, we're going to set you up with an apartment somewhere and hope that you have better luck keeping yourselves alive than we do," Grenn announced.
"Why is it so easy to overload a Force cage, anyway?" Atton demanded. "That seems like horrible security."

"Well so does not bothering to take the weapons of the people that we put in the Force cage in the first place and letting just anyone wander back here to see you," Grenn responded. "We are so underfunded here, I swear…"

"Yeah, blame the lack of funding," Atton muttered.

The apartment that the three of them were expected to share was nice and spacious if only one room plus a bathroom. Unfortunately, being trapped there for an entire week was quite annoying. Well, Atton found it annoying at any rate. Kreia could barely be roused from her meditation long enough to eat and the Exile couldn't bring herself to be put-out because she was cooperating with legitimate law enforcement. Still, Atton at least was very glad when – at the end of the week – they were allowed to leave the room as long as they agreed to not leave the station. Unfortunately, the fact that they were no longer confined to the apartment meant that the investigation was probably taking longer than anybody had thought that it would.

Still, if they had to be stuck somewhere at least it wasn't Manaan.

Like Revan had said, they found him in the Cantina surrounded by several large piles of credits.

"I am very good at Pazaak and even better at convincing people to play with me despite the fact that they know full well that it is a horrible idea since I have yet to lose more than a few token games with barely any stakes to convince people that I'm really not cheating," he said by way of explanation.

"Are you really cheating?" the Exile asked suspiciously.

"Of course he isn't," Kreia rushed to defend him. "He's Revan."

"That would depend on whether it is cheating to do something while being a Jedi," Revan answered primly. "In which case it would be 'cheating' to do everything that I do."

"It's not the act of being a Jedi that would make it cheating so much as using Force powers," Atton told him.

"I only used the Force to convince them to play me in the first place," Revan defended. "The Force loves me far too much for me to need to do anything during the game. Still, I'm sensitive to the fact that it makes people uncomfortable and thus the token losses."

"So what are we supposed to do now? We're free to roam the station but that's about it," Atton said.

Revan shrugged. "I don't know. You've already managed to both piss off Czerka corporation and send the Ithorians into deep depression."

The Exile's eyes widened in horror. "I…what? How?"

"You didn't get contacted by them while you were under house arrest?" Revan asked, surprised.

"The Exile turned down those calls," Atton explained. "Despite the fact that security patched it through to us, she felt it would be unethical to communicate with the outside world while we were
supposed to be under house arrest.

"Oh this is dreadful!" the Exile wailed. "I have to go make it up to them! Do you know what they want?"

"As it happens, I do," Revan confirmed.

They waited.

"...Well?" Atton eventually prompted.

"Well what?" Revan asked blankly.

"The fool wants to know what Czerka and the Ithorians wanted," Kreia told him. "And now that I've made my contribution, I am heading back to the room to meditate."

"Thank the Force for that," Atton muttered as she left. "But I think we all know that she's just not as young as she used to be and so really just needs a nap."

"That's not nice," the Exile said reprovingly.

"Czerka and the Ithorians are fighting over control of the restoration project," Revan explained. "The Ithorians started off with control and want to help the environment recover. Czerka has been stealing zones right out from under them and they're more interested in profit. Things are kind of at a stalemate now since Peragus blew up and there isn't any fuel but both sides seem to want your guy's help. Personally, I think getting involved sounds like a horrible idea but if you guys really have nothing better to do..."

"Which side is the good side?" the Exile immediately asked.

Atton rolled his eyes. "You can't just ask what side is the good side! I'm not sure what kind of upbringing the Jedi gave you but real life is a lot more complicated than that!"

"Normally, I'd agree," Revan said slowly. "But Czerka was one of Malak's greatest allies and they're more interested in recovering old technology in the zones and selling it than in helping the planet."

"What do you care if the planet recovers?" Atton challenged.

"My friend has a vested interest in it and if I mess this up for him I will never hear the end of it," Revan said solemnly. "And if he and my girlfriend double-team me...Well I think it's safe to say that siding with Czerka is the wrong choice here."

"How like a Jedi to do something for personal reasons and then claim that you're 'just trying to help others,'" Atton sneered.

"Hey!" the Exile objected, hurt.

"I don't really think that it's fair to blame that on the Jedi," Revan said amused. "I would be who I am regardless, after all."

"Thanks again, Revan," one of the Twi'lek dancers said as she walked past them.

"No problem," Revan told her with a lazy wave of his hand. "That kind of absurdity just cannot be stood for when all it takes is a few sentences to fix."
"Oh, did you do something good?" the Exile asked eagerly. "What is it?"

"Her idiot ex-boyfriend lost her in a game of Pazaak. As in, this guy was doing so badly in Pazaak that he had nothing else to bet and so not only did he NOT realize that he just really wasn't cut out to be a Pazaak player but he also bet his freaking girlfriend in a game. As in, he sold her into slavery. As in, despite the fact that he doesn't own her or even have custody over her and despite the fact that slavery isn't even legal here, she was still forced into Cantina-dancer slavery," Revan said. "I really think she should have taken that up with security but, well, there you go."

"That's so heroic and Jedi-like of you!" the Exile squealed.

Revan looked horrified. "Don't say that! Honestly."

"If you don't want people to talk about how Jedi-like you are then perhaps you should think about refraining from doing Jedi-like things," Atton suggested. "I mean, it's just an idea but I religiously follow that advice and it always works out for me."

"I try to follow that advice," Revan claimed. "It's just that when I'm surrounded by people who won't stop pestering me until I do something Jedi-ish then it's usually easier to give in."

"What was your excuse this time?" the Exile, not happy he was trying to wiggle his way out of being a good person, demanded. "Atton and I were back in our new apartment when this happened."

"Yeah, but her idiot ex-boyfriend kept trying to talk her into taking him back and it was very annoying so I told him to immediately leave the room every time he saw her for the rest of his life and she was just so impressed by the fact that that worked that she asked me to help her out with her indentured servitude. I tried to turn her down but she wouldn't take no for an answer and it has been a very long week," Revan explained. "The Cantina owner wanted me to pay him for her or something to cover the debt but I mysteriously suffered from a coughing spasm that sounded oddly like 'Lieutenant Grenn' and then he was quite eager to be done with the business."

"The Force works in mysterious ways," the Exile said reverently.

Atton sighed. "Let's just go and see these Ithorians, shall we? Maybe if we help out with the project, we can hurry up and build enough goodwill so we can leave this station."

Revan gave a long-suffering sigh. "This is how it always starts…"
Revan, the Exile, and Atton were just about to enter the Ithorian compound when Revan's comlink went off.

"Revan?" It was Lieutenant Grenn. "I'm afraid we have some bad news."

Revan groaned. "Do you have to? Can't you just not tell me?"

"I could, I suppose," Grenn replied. "But that wouldn't make your problem disappear and you'll have to face it sooner or later anyway."

"Trust me: I do much better when my problems are faced later," Revan assured him.

"Oh, just tell," Atton said, leaning over Revan's shoulder. "Did that stupid droid steal my ship?"

"Actually, it's Revan's ship," the Exile corrected. "Which I'm sure he got in a completely legal and Jedi-friendly manner."

"Well…you're half right," Grenn told him.

"So that stupid droid was involved but it didn't outright steal the ship, huh?" Atton mused, rubbing his chin. "What did that walking trash compactor do then? Graffiti the sides? Sell it to the Exchange? Sell Revan to the Exchange? Take our ship apart?"

Revan glared at Atton for his blatant disrespect. "You know, I like T3 a lot more than I like you and I'm sure I could easily find someone here to replace you as pilot."

"Maybe," Atton allowed. "But would they also be willing to put up with your droid fetish, your assassin droid, the fact no one but you or the Exile seems to understand that other droid, the Exile's extreme devotion to the light, and Kreia?"

Revan shrugged. "That's what binding contracts are for."

"Sorry, by 'half right' I meant that you were right about the theft of the ship, not who stole it," Grenn clarified.

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that T3 didn't do any of those terrible things!" the Exile exclaimed, clapping her hands together in joy.

"I wouldn't be so sure…" Atton muttered. "So…what? The assassin droid took the ship? He kind of scares me. Maybe we should just let him keep it."

"No, no. Some random woman in white and with short white hair took the ship. We don't know where it went. Sorry," Green apologized.

"Don't you have any security on that thing?" Atton demanded.

"That's a funny story, actually," Grenn said uncomfortably.

"Great, I could use a laugh about now," Revan said tersely.

"We did have it monitored but then the person watching the ship went off duty," Grenn explained.
"Why didn't you have anyone replace them then?" the Exile asked him.

"We did," Green said grimly.

"...And?" Atton prompted.

"That person was Batu Rem," Grenn explained.

"I thought you said he was on leave," the Exile said, confused.

"He is. Maybe. Or the assassin could have killed him. We're still looking into that," Grenn confided. "We think the assassin was supposed to be guarding the ship but since you killed him, he obviously wasn't able to do so."

"You killed our ship guard?" Revan couldn't believe it.

"He tried to kill us first!" Atton protested. "It was self-defense!"

"Excuses, excuses," Revan said disgustedly.

"He probably wouldn't have done a very good job of guarding it anyway," Atton pointed out. "Seeing as his whole purpose for being there was to kill us."

"Well we'll never know now, now will we?" Revan asked irritably.

"Well, that's all I had to say so I'll let you go now," Grenn told them. "Oh, but Revan: expect a call from the Admiral at some point in the future. He's on his way here and wants to speak to you."

"Uh-huh," Revan said, not really listening. He ended the call. "Now, if you two would like to do all the talking here, that would be great."

They walked into the compound and were greeted by an Ithorian receptionist. "Hello. Are you working with Czerka to sabotage our efforts to restore Telos?"

"Uh... would you believe me if I said 'no'?" Atton asked.

"Of course I would," the Ithorian replied.

"Then no, no we are not," Atton replied.

"In that case, you will find our leader, Chodo Habat, in the back rooms," the Ithorian informed them.

"I have to say, it's kind of strange to have a pilot capable of actually understanding other species, even if you still can't speak to T3," Revan remarked as they made their way towards where they were directed.

Atton laughed. "You're kidding, right? How could I not speak a wide variety of languages in a galaxy teeming with an almost ridiculous amount of languages?"

Revan shrugged. "Beats me but then, I've always had a gift for languages. My last pilot couldn't even speak to the Wookie on our crew and we travelled together for months."

"That's kind of sad," Atton opined. "What happened to him, anyway?"

"He became a high-ranking admiral in the Republic," Revan answered. "Between us, I think it was
the fact that so many important officers died during the war and he was there when I killed Malak and Bastila helped the Republic destroy the Star Forge."

"It gladdens me to know that you came despite the fact I wasn't actually able to get a message to you," Chodo Habat told them.

"Is it just me or does it sound like he's just making the same noise over and over again?" Atton whispered. "I mean, I can understand him but damn is that weird."

Revan shrugged. "The universe is a strange, strange place."

"I am sorry to impose our troubles on you but I had no idea who to turn to until I sensed your arrival here," Chodo continued.

The Exile perked up. "Did you say 'sensed'? Are you Force-sensitive? This is amazing!"

"Yes, I am adept in the Force. I could sense your arrival and those of Revan here along with one more. I had hoped you were Jedi and that's why I sent Moza to try to contact you. Even though he failed."

"I managed to find Revan," an Ithorian called from the next room.

"Everyone knew that Revan was in the Cantina all week so that wasn't exactly hard," Chodo called back.

The Exile practically wilted at Chodo's words. "I…Well, I'm not a Jedi but I am recently connected to the Force again so if you really think that I can help you then I'd be honored to try."

"And I would be honored to watch," Revan added. "Or maybe just wait somewhere."

"If you help me then I will endeavor to try to help close the wound in the Force inside of you," Chodo promised.

"Is that…quite safe?" Atton asked, concerned. "It certainly doesn't sound safe."

"I'm sure he wouldn't do anything to try to hurt me," the Exile said cheerfully. "You should have more faith in people, Atton."

"And you should really think about developing some self-preservation instincts," Atton replied seriously. "Why can't you just do it now and trust us to help you anyway? Is it possible that you aren't as trusting as our dear Exile?"

"Not since our dealings with Czerka, I'm afraid," Chodo said sadly. "And by 'I' I mean 'Moza.' He's quite overprotective. Tell me, do you know of the problems our restoration efforts face?"

Revan sighed. "Unfortunately, I've heard all about it."

"And I'm barely aware that you are even making a restoration effort," Atton said. "But let's just assume Revan will tell us if it's important. Now, what did you need?"

"To get the restoration effort moving forward again, the Republic has supplied us with a protocol droid to help manage the logistics of the project. Unfortunately it…vanished," Chodo explained anyway.

"Czerka took it, huh?" Atton said knowingly.
"I wouldn't say that," Chodo prevaricated.

"I would!" Moza called.

"If he's just going to blatantly eavesdrop on us then why is he even bothering to be in another room?" Revan wondered.

"We ordered a new droid, even if it isn't as nice as the first one. Lieutenant Grenn has offered an escort but, well…" Chodo trailed off.

"He's kind of incompetent?" Atton asked rhetorically.

"Underfunded, Atton," the Exile corrected.

"Right, I believe that was the official excuse," Atton agreed.

"Will you help us get the droid back here safely?" Chodo asked earnestly.

"Of course we will!" the Exile promised solemnly.

"Well, I don't approve of droid theft…" Revan said thoughtfully.

"If you succeed then I will also give you the hilt of a lightsaber," Chodo promised.

"Why would she want that?" Revan asked, confused.

"Because then I can build a new lightsaber!" the Exile exclaimed. "Oh thank you! Thank you so much!"

"But they haven't even done anything yet," Atton pointed out.

"Huh? You want another lightsaber?" Revan asked, surprised. "What happened to all of that 'I'm not a Jedi' nonsense you were spewing earlier?"

"I wasn't forbidden to carry a lightsaber," the Exile told him. "And non-Jedi aren't forbidden from carrying lightsabers, either. It's just not safe for them to try it. Why?"

"I really wish you would have told me that earlier. I have a ridiculous amount of lightsaber parts on the Ebon Hawk. Tell you what: should we get her back in one piece, I'll let you build a new one, okay?" Revan offered. "And if you don't make me help then that would be great."

The Exile stared at him for a moment before her eyes filled with tears and she launched herself at him. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Atton crossed his arms and frowned as he watched them jealously.

"Oh, whatever…" Revan said as he tried to push her off of him.

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"I'm glad you're here," the lone guard at the Docking Bay the droid was supposed to arrive in said, looking so pathetically relieved that it was a little embarrassing. "I'm the only man that the TSF could spare."

"You know, it's strange. I had thought that I had seen incompetent security before and then I came here," Revan said, shaking his head.
Atton just glared at him.

Revan sighed. "Oh, honestly. Atton, I have a girlfriend already and cheating on her would not only get me killed but it's also, um, against the way of the Jedi or something like that."

"Yeah? Well so is having a girlfriend in the first place," Atton shot back.

Revan shrugged. "Well, you've got me there. I've never been a very good Jedi."

"Don't say that!" the Exile gasped. "Revan, you're amazing!"

Revan winced. "You're so not helping. So, Atton's pretty awesome as well, right?"

The Exile nodded seriously. "Oh, definitely. He's a great listener."

"See, there you go," Revan said, satisfied.

"I hate to interrupt," the lone guard spoke up hesitantly. "But it would appear that a gang of mercenaries is here to kill all of us and then take the droid."

With five on three, the mercenaries really stood no chance at all. It was probably for the best that the TSF agent hadn't deigned to get involved in the fight.

"That was most dreadful and completely unexpected!" one of the Ithorians who had also just stood around watching the fight exclaimed. "Who could have done such a thing?"

Revan started coughing 'Czerka.'

"Master, one of the assailants was carrying this," the droid said, handing over the blaster one of the thugs was carrying.

"You've got your droid pre-programmed to loot bodies?" Revan asked, charmed. "That is both incredibly awesome and a bit odd given your boring pacifistic nature."

"I suppose I should not be surprised that an assailant would be carrying an assassins tool," the Ithorian said ruefully.

Atton stared at him. "No. No you really should not. While you're at it, you might also express your non-surprise at the fact that your protection was also carrying weapons or that the security wasn't worth a damn."

"Hey!" the lone guard protested half-heartedly. "Okay, so maybe you're right…"

"Actually, master, it has a number of illegal modifications," the droid continued.

"Now it's a weapons expert?" Revan asked, intrigued. "I want one!"

"Big surprise," Atton muttered.

"That's horrible!" the Exile cried out. "We've got to let Lieutenant Grenn know at once! I'm sure he'll prove himself competent in this investigation!"

Atton and Revan decided that it just wasn't worth it and so stayed silent.
"I am relieved to see you aren't dead and also a little bit surprised," Chodo admitted. "My people usually aren't this competent. Droid, you can go over to the computer and do...whatever you've been programmed to do, I guess."

"Do we get paid now?" Revan asked.

"Of course, here's the lightsaber hilt I promised," Chodo said, handing it to the Exile, who absolutely squealed.

"Well, at least she's happy," Atton muttered. "Because that is the cheapest paycheck I've ever gotten. EVER."

Revan shrugged. "What do you expect? The Ithorians that live in herds expect everyone to be as happy to help as they are so they probably wouldn't have even given us the hilt unless it was utterly worthless to them. And Czerka says this restoration process is making them go broke, too."

"The extra droid isn't helping matters," Moza, still in the other room, informed them.

"We think that this incident proves that Czerka is hiring the Exchange to sabotage us so if you could help us resolve this, we would be most grateful," Chodo told them. "I have tried to meet with Loppak Slusk, the leader of the Exchange on this world, but he refuses my every offer."

"That's stupid," Atton remarked. "He should just agree to do it and then bring weapons to the meeting and kill you."

Everyone turned to stare at him.

"What? I'm not a former Sith, I swear!" Atton said quickly.

"Please, try to make him see the value of a restored Telos. I wish no harm to come to anyone," Chodo implored them.

"We'll do our best," the Exile promised, her eyes shining.

"Read: kill everyone," Revan translated quietly.

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"Grenn, while you were off being incompetent, we decided to do your job for you," Atton announced as they entered the TSF station.

"I don't have to pay you, do I?" Grenn asked suspiciously. "Because, like I said, we're und-"

"Underfunded, I know," Atton cut him off. "Take a look at this."

"Hm...a blaster, looks like it has several illegal modifications. Where did you get this?" Grenn asked curiously.

"We were ambushed in the Docking Bay and one of the assailants was carrying this," the Exile explained.

"And your one guard was of no help," Revan added.

"I couldn't spare anyone else," Grenn said defensively.

"There are at least a dozen of your people doing nothing in here right now and three of them aren't
even awake," Revan pointed out.

"This is highly disturbing news. A weapon with these kinds of modifications shouldn't be available on the station," Grenn declared.

Atton laughed. "Are you kidding? There will always be a black market. Even on planets that allow pretty much everything a black market finds a way to exist."

"Not on my station it doesn't," Grenn growled.

"That would be a lot more impressive if you actually managed to back that up," Atton said frankly.

"You do realize that you can't get off this station until I say so, right?" Grenn asked. "And that, far from being too annoyed to stand having you around me, I'm much more likely to keep you here until you stop insulting my competence?"

"I do," Atton agreed with a nod. "But, well, it's just too easy. Besides, since we're stuck until the Ebon Hawk is recovered, I doubt me being on my best behavior will really get us off of here much quicker."

"Not to validate your accusations but…I could sort of use your help getting to the bottom of this black market conspiracy," Grenn admitted.

Atton opened his mouth.

"Not a word!" Grenn warned.

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"This should be easy. Just let me handle it," Revan said. "Samhan's the big black market guy."

"How do you figure?" Atton asked.

"Welcome to my store. Allow me to assure you that I'm in no way involved with the black market here on the Citadel," Samhan greeted them.

"Never mind," Atton murmured, shaking his head.

Revan looked straight at Samhan. "Tell me if this blaster is yours and then let me in on the black market trade."

"Of course it's mine! And if you want in, you'll need to find the items on this list," Samhan said, handing over a sheet of paper. "And I warn you, these items are NOT easy to track down."

"I'll be back in twenty minutes," Revan promised before turning and heading back to Grenn.

"I got a confession – more or less – out of Samhan but if you want to catch him in the act, I'll need these," Revan told Grenn, handing him the list. "And I promised him I'd be back in twenty minutes."

"Well, at least one of you has faith in us," Grenn said as he started calling subordinates over.

"Not really," Revan corrected him. "I just don't have the patience to wait any longer."
Exactly twenty-three minutes later, Revan was standing before Samhan again with the requested items.

Samhan blinked. "Wow. You really are good. Now let's all head down to the drop. Right this very minute."

Revan shrugged. "Works for me."

He followed Samhan and pretended not to notice the kind of obvious TSF agents tailing them.

"About time you showed up, Samhan. Czerka, the company that I work for and whose name I do smuggle these things in, was getting impatient," the man waiting in the docking bay announced the minute Samhan showed up.

"And that's all we need," Grenn said, following them in. "Everyone in here but Revan, the Exile, my own men, and Atton are under arrest!"

"And so a smuggling enterprise is crippled," Revan remarked idly.

"That was kind of lame," Atton told him. "And I can't believe I was working with law enforcement!"

Revan shrugged. "Not to worry. These kinds of tales grow in the retelling."
"Well, that was certainly a lot of hard work," Revan declared. "Let's go to the Cantina."

Atton snorted. "You really didn't do anything. Although...the Cantina sounds like a plan. I've been itching to play some Pazaak."

"Don't let any of the players see you're with me," Revan instructed. "They're a little annoyed about my unbroken winning streak and won't want to play you."

The Exile's comlink went off on the way to the Cantina and she answered it while she walked. "Hello?"

"I do not approve of this alliance you have made with Chodo Habat," Kreia said without preamble.

"This alliance?" the Exile repeated. "You mean when he came to me for help because he is trying to save this planet and corrupt corporate executives keep trying to sabotage his efforts?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I do not approve of," Kreia told her.

"What should I have done? Sided with Czerka and helped oppress a good people?" the Exile asked, confused. "That doesn't seem very Jedi-like."

"Well neither is helping Chodo Habat," Kreia pointed out.

"...Are you sure?" the Exile asked uncertainly.

"Yes, didn't you learn anything from the Mandalorian Wars?" Kreia demanded. "The way of the Jedi was quite clearly revealed to be just standing around doing nothing but offering empty platitudes about how good things come to those who wait while thousands burned every day."

"That really doesn't sound very Jedi-like," the Exile replied.

"Well the Jedi were the ones doing it so it must be," Kreia said simply. "And might I say that in this case, I don't see striving to be more Jedi-like as a bad thing."

"Why in the world should I just ignore this problem?" the Exile just didn't get it. "It's a messy stalemate that must be broken if Telos is to have any hope at all of recovery. Even Czerka can't try their admittedly profit-minded approach if we don't get this resolved."

"And that's really not your problem," Kreia said firmly. "You are far too valuable to waste on a single planet."

"That's awfully elitist, even if it is only by proxy," the Exile complained. "If I can help then I have to. It's just who I am."

Kreia sighed. "I suppose I can't force you to listen to reason for all that Revan was a much more open-minded apprentice. I do hope that you'll one day outgrow these infantile notions of good and evil."

"At this point I think my personality and worldview is pretty much set so doubt I'll be outgrowing anything," the Exile replied. "And believing in good and evil isn't infantile!"

"It is indeed and, what's more, it's very unfashionable," Kreia confided. "Shades of grey are where
it's all at, my dear Exile."

"I know that sometimes in life there are shades of grey," the Exile admitted. "I don't like them but they are there. If there are two people that need saving and you can only save one, for instance, then neither choice is a good one. Still, that doesn't mean that there aren't some universally bad things like killing innocent people and universally good things like saving an innocent's life."

Kreia groaned. "And now we're getting into the myth of the innocent? I can't have this conversation right now. Or ever, hopefully." She signed off.

"Well, well, what have we here?" a man said, causing the Exile to glance up and realize they'd reached the casino but Atton and Revan weren't with her anymore. She really should learn how to multi-task better. "A Jedi? I'm-" He broke off as Revan approached them. "I've got to go."

"Benok always was a coward," a Zeltron woman said, smirking. "Of course, after what happened when he tried to sell your friend last week...Well, he always was an idiot, too."

"What did you do?" the Exile asked curiously. "And where's Atton?"

"He's off pretending he doesn't know me so people will play Pazaak with him," Revan explained. "And I'm sure I have no idea what Luxa here is taking about. In fact, I have no idea who she is, either."

"Then how did you know my name, gorgeous?" Luxa practically purred.

"The Force told me," Revan insisted. "Now did you want something?"

Luxa sighed. "And here I thought we had something special. Listen, I work for the local exchange boss Loppak Slusk. He wants the Exile here captured and sent to Nar Shaddaa because he thinks she's a Jedi. Let me ask you, Exile, are you a Jedi?"

"I used to be," the Exile said sadly. "But they kicked me out."

"See? This Exchange bounty really has nothing to do with you!" Luxa exclaimed. "Even though what Goto really seems to be after is Force power and not membership in a defunct order. No one's stupid enough to go up against Revan and that old woman you travel with really creeps people out so it's you they're focusing on."

"While I am glad that at least my friends aren't targets, I'm not happy that people are after me unfairly," the Exile said consideringly.

"If you kill Slusk for me, I'll make sure that people stop chasing after you, at least on the Citadel," Luxa promised. "And I'll also help you find your ship. How about that?"

"If we found the Ebon Hawk, Atton might actually have to stop harassing Grenn," Revan remarked.

"Why should we kill Slusk?" the Exile wanted to know.

Luxa laughed incredulously. "What, the fact that he's out to kidnap you and send you to Nar Shaddaa as a prize isn't enough?"

"I can't kill someone just to convenience me," the Exile explained. "I need more of a reason."

"Well he's a very bad man who does terrible things," Luxa told the Exile, somehow managing to keep a straight face while she did so.
"Well that's good enough reason for me," the Exile said happily. "So what exactly were you thinking? I'm supposed to try to meet with Slusk for the Ithorians as well but I can't get an appointment and the secretary has developed a terrible cough."

"She keeps coughing 'bribe me,'" Revan clarified for the perplexed Luxa.

"I see. Well, just go to the Exchange suites in Residential 082. Most of the guards are in my pocket so just tell them I sent you and you'll be fine," Luxa assured them.

"If you have so many people on your side already then why do you need us to kill Slusk for you?" Revan asked shrewdly.

Luxa sighed. "The main crime boss, Goto, doesn't allow for breaks in the chain of command no matter how inefficient Slusk is running things. He's still making a profit so Goto doesn't want to hear it. I can't go over his head so unless I'm stupid enough to attack him in his own office, I need outside help."

"Which will hopefully be stupid enough to attack him in his own office," Revan added.

"Exactly!" Luxa exclaimed. "I mean, uh, I believe in you."

"Why doesn't he allow for breaks in the chain of command?" the Exile wondered.

Luxa shrugged. "Beats me. The man's a mystery and half the time I swear he's like a droid or something."

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"For the last time *cough* bribe me * cough* I just can't let you in without *cough* bribe me *cough* an appointment," the receptionist for the Exchange said, exasperated. "*cough* Bribe me *cough.*"

"It's okay. Luxa sent us," the Exile said cheerfully. "We're here to kill Slusk."

"What's that? Sorry, I couldn't hear you over the sound of my stomach. I guess I'll be taking my lunch break early today!" the receptionist said hurriedly before sprinting for the door.

"Does this mean we can go in?" the Exile asked.

"I think it does," Atton confirmed.

"Hey, I have a question," the Exile told them. "I know that we're working with Luxa and all but she's a member of the Exchange. I can't decide if she's a bad guy or not."

"She's a bad guy," Revan assured her.

"Oh. Does this mean that she's going to wait until we kill Slusk and then try to sell me to the Exchange anyway because my bounty is apparently worth a lot of money?" the Exile asked.

"It would not surprise me in the slightest," Atton responded.

Somehow, everyone seemed to know that they didn't have an appointment as they all immediately tried to kill them on sight. Or perhaps it was just an exchange thing? The Exile sure hoped it wasn't a friendly hazing thing as now they were all dead. Finally, they reached what they could only assume was Slusk's office (if only because they'd already tried literally every other building in the compound).
"You've got a lot of nerve coming in here, Jedi, with that bounty on your head," Slusk growled at them. "What do you want?"

"Um, excuse me? Are you talking to me or Revan, the actual Jedi? Normally I wouldn't ask but everyone actually knows Revan's name and typically call him by it, so..." the Exile trailed off.

"What? You aren't a Jedi?" Slusk cried out, stunned. "I believe you and yet I'm going to pretend I don't and send you to the Exchange anyway. I hereby retract my question about what you want since I don't really care and am now going to attempt to kill you. I've always found that 'capture her alive. I mean it!' translates to 'feel free to kill her if you want. It's not like I had a reason for wanting her alive or anything.'"

"Let me guess, Goto's told you this in the past when you killed whoever he was trying to get alive," Revan theorized.

"How did you know that?" Slusk demanded, blinking.

"Sarcasm is lost on you, isn't it?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"That's right, too! You're really good at this," Slusk said, eyeing Revan suspiciously. "Are you stalking me? You must be stalking me and if there's one thing I've learned in this business it's that there's only way to deal with stalkers. Benok! Come kill these three people, two of which are Jedi, all by yourself while I assume that you've got it under control and wait in the other room."

Benok eagerly ran into the room and stopped short when he saw Revan. "Oh, for the love of... promise me you're not going to make my head explode."

"I can't actually make people's heads explode," Revan told him. "Where in the world did you get the idea that I could?"

"That's not a promise!" Benok said angrily. "I won't fight you until I get that promise."

"So can we just leave you here and go take care of Slusk?" Atton asked.

Benok crossed his arms. "Despite the fact that I have no way of stopping you without actually fighting you...no. No, you can't."

Atton shrugged. "Well, I tried." He took out his blaster and shot Benok between the eyes.

"I promise," Revan said belatedly.

They tried to get to Slusk but were forced to deal with some protection droids first. When they finally got Slusk's door open and began to advance on him, he immediately began backing up towards the wall. "Now, let's not be too hasty," he said. "I can be a very valuable ally and you've really proven yourself by getting this far!"

"I'm sure you could be," the Exile agreed. "But one of our big problems with you is the fact that you want to sell me to the Exchange so why in the world would you legitimately ally with me and not just pretend to so I don't kill you and then you'd be free to turn on me when I least expected it."

"Well...I tried," Slusk said, finding he had no real answer for that. "Luxa! This is all your fault, isn't it."

"Well, I wouldn't say it was all my fault," Luxa, who had just shown up with two bodyguards, demurred. "Sooner or later the Exile would have realized that the receptionist was just looking for
a bribe or the receptionist would have been tired of dealing with her and just let her in. She still
would have wanted to meet with you regarding the Ithorians and you still would have tried to kill
her on sight. I just sped the process up a little."

"I think it's safe to say that not all of us will be leaving the room alive," Slusk remarked.

"More than safe," Atton agreed.

"Why don't you work with me? You can be my new right hand!" Slusk offered. "The position's just
become available. As has my left hand, come to think of it. You can pick which hand you want to
be. In fact, if you're ambidextrous you can be both!"

"Well, I am ambidextrous…Wait, what am I saying?" the Exile asked, shaking herself. "I could
never side with you! You're a bad guy and you still want to sell me to Goto!"

Slusk sighed. "I just can't win today, can I?" He activated his office's defenses and started shooting
at everyone but quickly fell to the combined might of the Exile's group and Luxa's.

"Thanks for the help," Luxa said once it was over.

"Is this the part where you tell us that you're going to do exactly what Slusk wanted to do with us?"
the Exile asked her.

Luxa looked shocked. "Wow. I can't believe you actually managed to figure that out! You looked
so trusting!"

"Trusting doesn't mean stupid," the Exile insisted.

"But before we do anything…do you have any idea where our ship is?" Revan wanted to know.

Luxa shook her head. "Why would I know that?"

"Look, I think you might be slightly overestimating your chances here," Atton spoke up.

Luxa laughed. "Please. You don't get to be where I am in life by overestimating your chances."

"That is probably true," Atton agreed. "But you do get to be six feet under by doing what you're
doing right now."

"I don't believe you," Luxa said stubbornly before attacking. She really should have.

"Maybe going to Nar Shaddaa isn't such a good idea after all," Atton said ruefully.

"What makes you say that?" the Exile asked innocently.

"You mean other than the fact that everywhere we go Goto's got men trying to bring you in and
Nar Shaddaa is his home world?" Atton asked sarcastically.

"No, I think that's actually a good enough reason," the Exile replied. "Alright, so we're not going to
Nar Shaddaa."

"I think that might actually be a bit hasty," Revan disagreed. "We should consider it not going, but
that's it. Like you said, people will be looking for you everywhere so why not dodge bounty
hunters there? I like Nar Shaddaa. It's one of my favorite planets, after all."

"Besides, I'm sure Slusk has some friends there that won't be pleased that he's gone," Atton said
grimly. "Well…either that or they'll be thrilled at the power vacuum his death has caused."

"Let's head back to the Ithorians," the Exile suggested.

"You know," Atton told her as they made their way to the Ithorian compound. "It's strange. When I look at you I can almost see…"

"See what?" the Exile prompted.

"A halo," Atton finished a little sheepishly. "Strangest thing."

"When one is in touch with the Force, others can often tell," the Exile said serenely. "You're not the first person to feel the light side and mistake it for a halo."

"It's kind of inspiring, to be honest," Atton admitted. "And it's actually making me feel guilty for the less-than-stellar things that I've done which is kind of freaking me out."

"Well as long as you feel really sorry for them and don't do them anymore then it's fine," the Exile assured him. "Besides, you seem like a really great guy. I'm sure you can't possibly have that many skeletons in your closet."

Atton laughed nervously. "You do remember that we met when I was in prison, right?"

"And that was an accident," the Exile said dismissively.

"Revan seems like a great guy and we all know what he's done," Atton tried again.

Once again, the Exile waved his concerns off. "Well, that's just Revan. I'm sure that you have no deep dark secrets that you're afraid will send me running and screaming in another direction and I'm glad."

There was really only one thing Atton could say to that. "Would now be a good time to remind you that I've never been a Sith?"
"Ah, you have returned," Chodo greeted them. "Did your meeting with the Exchange go well?"

"I think so," Atton replied. "And I certainly feel better about the whole thing, afterwards."

"What do you mean by 'well'?" the Exile asked him. "Do you mean 'will the Exchange continue to bother me and my herd' in which case, the meeting went great."

"That sounds ominous," Chodo said worriedly. "Did anything happen?"

"Well…we might have slaughtered half of the Exchange on this station and left them utterly leaderless," Revan answered. "But if we did, it was strictly self-defense and they started it."

"It saddens me that such violent means were used to achieve this," Chodo said ruefully.

Atton laughed incredulously. "Are you kidding me? The Exchange were never going to stop until you lot were beaten and cleared out and they were actively hunting my friends. And Kreia."

"Still, it's sad when any living creature has to die," Chodo lamented.

"He said after sending us to a meeting that any idiot could see wouldn't end peacefully," Atton muttered. "What are you, a Jedi?"

"But you're absolutely not a Sith," Revan deadpanned.

Atton cleared his throat awkwardly.

"Chodo, I've been thinking…" the Exile said slowly.

"Don't volunteer to help out more, don't volunteer to help out more," Revan chanted under his breath.

"You know that lightsaber hilt you gave me? It just wouldn't be right for me to take it when you could get so much use out of it! Consider it my investment in Telos' future," the Exile said generously, holding the hilt out to him.

"But…there is virtually nothing that I could get out of this hilt," Chodo protested. "There are so few Jedi and the Sith buy exclusively from Czerka when they deign to pay at all that we can't even sell it! Keep it, I insist."

"You're too kind!" the Exile exclaimed, tears in her eyes at his thoughtfulness.

"Right. Well, we'll just be going-" Revan started to say.

"Wait!" Chodo interrupted.

Revan and Atton groaned in unison.

"You've already done far more for us than anyone else has, far more than I ever expected or could ever repay," Chodo began.

"But you're not done making us run errands for you," Atton concluded.
"It's just that you're so very competent and we really haven't had much luck at all," Chodo said apologetically. "Czerka is a menace but they have so many lobbyists that unless they're caught red-handed there's nothing the TSF can do."

"Like there was anything they could have done regardless," Atton said derisively.

"Whatever we can do to help," the Exile promised. "For free, too."

Revan rubbed his head. "Now I remember why Malak always dealt with her during the war. Well, that and the fact that I frankly just couldn't be bothered. I really miss him."

"Didn't he try to kill you?" Atton asked uncertainly.

Revan shrugged. "Way of the Sith. You of all people should know that."

"I'm not a Sith!" Atton exclaimed.

"The years really haven't changed you," Revan said flatly.

"So, uh, what did you need us to do for free?" Atton asked hurriedly.

"We know that Czerka has done many illegal things and we're sure that they carefully document them and don't destroy the records," Chodo told them.

"Wouldn't that be really stupid?" Atton asked.

"They have a really secure mainframe," Chodo explained. "We have technicians who could get the information but we cannot access their mainframe. I do know a technician that might be able to help you in the Cantina. I'm not exactly sure how you could pull this off but we seek a peaceful solution to our problems and surely a Jedi could do that! Just obtain the incriminating evidence and turn it over to the Telosian authorities."

"Is that even legal?" the Exile asked dubiously. "And would it be admissible in court since it would be clearly stolen information?"

"As long as you're not with TSF then it should be legal," Chodo assured them. "And while they technically could prosecute you for this, if you hand them Czerka they likely won't. Besides, it's for the greater good!"

The Exile bit her lip. "Well, if it's for the greater good…"

----

When they got to the Cantina, they caught the tail-end of an argument between a Republic soldier and an Onderon diplomat.

"Look, I just don't see what your problem is with the Republic. Onderon has only benefited since joining!" the soldier insisted.

"Since Onderon recovered quickly and other planets haven't been so fortunate, I am appalled at all the money the Republic is throwing our way in exchange for our precious, precious surplus plants and animals!" the diplomat cried out. "And I don't really like being a part of anything. It all sounds so…common."

"Just ignore them," Revan advised. "They've been at it since before I first got here."
"Corrun Falt?" Atton asked, addressing a man fitting Chodo's description who watching the Twi'leks dancing. 

"That depends which of you is asking," Falt replied. "If it's you," he indicated Atton, "then absolutely not. If it's him then maybe. If it's her then definitely."

"Hey!" Atton protested.

"What, you want him to be interested in you?" Revan asked, surprised.

"Well, no, but it's the principle, really," Atton tried to explain.

"We're not looking for anything like that," the Exile said delicately. "We want to know if you'll help us gather dirt on Czerka corp."

"I would love to help you with that," Falt assured them. "Especially if you pay me a lot and keep my name out of it. Unfortunately, the Czerka mainframe is a closed system so you'd need Jana Lorso's personal protocol droid, B-4D4 to get you information for me to work with."

"But how do we get B-4D4 to help us?" the Exile asked.

"There's this guy, Chano, who does maintenance on it. If you have his credentials then B-4D4 would go anywhere with you. He's in one of the apartments in Residential 082. It was…2B, I think. Don't quote me on that, though, and don't come gunning for me if it's the wrong apartment and things spin wildly out of control," Falt warned. "Now please excuse me, I can't be seen talking to you. Whoever you are."

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"Hey, we really need your droid credentials," Revan said as they barged into Chano's apartment.

"Why?" Chano asked blankly.

"You probably don't want to know," the Exile told him. "I mean, I don't even want to know but I reluctantly agree that it's for the best."

"Look, I'm sure that if you had a good reason I'd be glad to help you but it doesn't matter why you need it, if I give you my credentials I'll get fired," Chano told them.

"And that would be a bad thing," Atton stated the obvious.

"Getting fired is never good but getting fired when you personally owe Goto 2500 credits…I might as well just shoot myself right now," Chano said, shaking his head in self-pity.

"So if we just give you 2500 credits, you'll let us have your credentials?" Revan asked.

"You mean borrow, right?" Chano asked uncertainly.

"If Atton or, more likely, the Exile can be bothered to return them," Revan said honestly.

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It was almost too easy to convince B-4D4 to come with them after that and once he was reprogrammed and given the ability to lie (something which delighted Revan to no end) he was sent off to the Czerka compound and returned roughly an hour later followed by a T1 protocol droid who apparently had to 'get away.'
While Moza showed some concern with letting a lie-capable protocol droid just wander off, it assured everyone that it meant no harm. Revan stopped Atton from both pointing out that it could have been lying and from suggesting that they reprogram B-4D4 to no longer possess the ability to lie. Then he gave the pair of droids some credits and wished them luck.

"Please tell me you have nothing else you need help with," Atton practically begged.

"Nothing that I can think of at the moment but I'll make sure to let you know if I think of anything," Chodo promised, eliciting a groan from Atton. "I mean, there is the fact that Citadel Station is one day going to fall from the sky but I think that expecting you to find fuel on the station itself is asking too much from even a famed Jedi. Now, I know your ship was stolen and I happen to know a Zabrak genius technician who hates Czerka and that I trust implicitly who might be able to help you. His name is Bao-Dur and he's in Czerka-held restoration zone RZ-0031."

"This might be a stupid question but why would someone who you trust be in a Czerka area?" Revan inquired.

"He's trying to single-handedly bring down Czerka's efforts on Telos, I think," Chodo replied. "He wouldn't tell me more, kept saying something about plausible deniability. I will have one of our shuttles take you down there. Of course, it has no hyperdrive but it wouldn't be comfortable for long flights anyway. It is in Docking Bay Two, the same one as before."

"Thank you ever so much, Chodo," the Exile said sincerely, beaming at him.

"Wait. Before you go, I promised I would try to help heal your connection to the Force, Exile. Would now be a good time?" Chodo asked.

"Since I don't know if I'll ever see you again, I think that now is an excellent time," the Exile replied.

"Wow." Atton breathed, wide-eyed. "He's actually going to keep that promise? Maybe he's not so much like a Jedi after all."

----

"What do they do in those other two docking bays?" Atton wondered as they left. "I mean, it seems like every time we go near that place, it's always Docking Bay Two."

"It does not surprise me that a fool such as you would ask such inane questions," Kreia said, standing up from the bench she was sitting on right outside of the docking bay in question. "Now let's go."

"How did you even know that we were leaving?" Atton demanded. "Or that we'd be here, for that matter?"

"It was the will of the Force," Kreia said simply.

"Why not?" she asked rhetorically. "You're not a Jedi and so you wouldn't understand."

"Revan and the Exile are," Atton pointed out. He saw the Exile's face fell. "Er, the Exile used to be."

"And that excuse has been working for the Jedi Order since the moment of its inception and should the Exile, I don't know, refund it one day then it will continue to work for it. In the meantime, it is working for the few survivors," Kreia said sagely.
Suddenly, Revan's comlink went off.

"Revan, can you hear me? It's me, Moza," Moza said, sounding distressed. "It's terrible! Armed humans have broken into our compound and are killing everyone! Please help us! They are trying to break into the room Chodo is sealed in to kill him. I'd ask the TSF but, well…"

"They're incompetent, we know," Atton agreed. "How did this happen, anyway? We left just fifteen minutes ago. Can't you people stay out of trouble that long?"

"Evidently not," Kreia said crisply, not pleased to be agreeing with Atton and yet having a very low opinion of the Ithorians.

Revan sighed. "We'll be right there."

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After that headache (or so Atton, Revan, and Kreia thought of the situation), the quartet once again made their way to the docking bay and this time they were able to board the shuttle and leave without any complications.

Revan was enjoying the smooth flight when his comlink went off. "Hello?"

"Revan, we're landing tomorrow," Bastila said, sounding annoyed. Revan could just picture her eye twitching. "Is there any reason you felt the need to escape the station with the Exile today?"

"We're looking for the Ebon Hawk," Revan replied. "Some crazy bitch stole it. My money's on Atris."

"Atris is dead, Revan," Bastila reminded him patiently.

"She probably will be after I track her down," Revan agreed.

Bastila sighed. "You're really lucky that the Republic decided to just let the Exile go about her business. Then again, given that it's you, how could they have decided otherwise?"

"I do have a charmed life," Revan agreed. "Or at least I would if I weren't so busy being forced to do things for other people."

"That's why it surprised me that you teamed up with the Exile. She really seems like a handful," Bastila said casually. "If I didn't know just how much you hate handfuls and remember the nightmares you used to have about being trapped in a room with her and without Malak then I might be worried."

Revan shuddered. "Don't remind me. Fortunately, my old mentor Kae is here and she's more than happy to play mediator…when she can be bothered to leave the room. It helped on the ship, at any rate. And there's this guy Atton who has a thing for her so I do have something of a buffer."

"Kae?" Bastila repeated, alarmed. "But didn't she-"

"Yeah," Revan cut her off. "We'll deal with it if it comes up."

"Oh, Carth wants to talk to you," Bastila told him. "I'd better go. I love you."

"I love you, too," Revan replied.

"Revan?" Carth said a few seconds later. "I'm not going to lie, I am incredibly concerned about all
of this."

"Because the Jedi are slowly being hunted to extinction due to the most moronic bounty hunters I've ever had the misfortune to encounter not understanding what 'capture alive' means and there are Sith who have something wrong with them that makes them harder than they should be to fight for everybody but the Exile?" Revan asked.

Carth coughed. "Well...there's that, too. I actually meant that you're not exactly known for your morals or your motivation."

"Well...the Exile has morals enough for fifteen people and finding my ship and my droids is doing wonders to motivate me so far," Revan assured him.

"Just stay with the Exile, okay? We've heard that she's not exactly...of sound mind and it's bad enough that the Republic is just letting her go unsupervised. Don't leave her to go cause massive amounts of death and destruction without some sort of voice of reason there," Carth pleaded. "I mean, this 'Atton' could be that guy but I don't know him and I do know you."

"And now I'm a voice of reason?" Revan asked, amused. "I guess it really is all relative."

"Bastila would have offered to go with you had you stayed but since you didn't...well, just know that we're counting on you and I will never EVER let you hear the end of it if you don't come through for the Republic here," Carth said seriously.

"So my options are either helping out or changing my comlink number," Revan mused.

"It would be awfully hard to have a girlfriend if she can't contact you and you know that she'd just share that information with me given your reason for trying to hide it," Carth told him.

Revan sighed. "A guy can dream, can't he?" The shuttle rocked. "Huh. Well, Carth, it's been great talking to you but I think that our shuttle has just been shot down so I kind of have to go."

"What? Revan, what's going on?" Carth demanded. "Where are-"

The comlink went dead as Revan hung up on him.

"I knew we shouldn't have let the fool pilot the ship," Kreia said seconds before they crashed.

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The Exile opened her eyes to see an Iridonian staring down at her. As she struggled to her feet, a quick glance at her surroundings revealed the shuttle was wrecked, a small robot was floating by the Iridonian's head Atton and Kreia were unconscious, and Revan was writing his name on the grass with his lightsaber.

"Good to see you back on your feet, General," the Iridonian said.

The Exile looked at Revan quizzically as he was, in fact, still sitting down.

"While I may have been the general everyone thinks of during the Mandalorian War – Force knows why – I think Bao-Dur here actually means you," Revan said gently. "He did serve under you, after all."

The Exile's eyes widened in horror. She had no memory of this and Revan, the leader of everything, did. She was officially the worst not-Jedi ever, wasn't she?
The Exile felt her face flush in mortification. "I-I'm so sorry but I'm afraid I don't remember you."

"I tend to blend into the background," Bao-Dur said self-deprecatingly. "Besides, it's not like I was the only Iridonian on Malachor with you or anything."

"No, definitely not," Revan agreed dryly. "And while we're at it, I might as well inform you that he was definitely not the one who built the Mass Shadow Generator and thus allowed us to win the war."

"But…I never thought that he was," the Exile said, confused.

Bao-Dur coughed awkwardly. "Well, never mind that. Nobody wants to talk about the war anyway. What are you doing here, General? This has got to be about the last place in the galaxy I would have thought to look for you."

"Where did you think I would be?" the Exile asked, puzzled.

Bao-Dur shrugged. "Off begging the Jedi to forgive you for saving their asses, honestly. But, again, never mind that. What are you doing here?" he repeated.

"Oh, well I was looking for the ship I'm travelling in, the Ebon Hawk," the Exile explained. "The Ithorians said you might be able to help. How did we end up crashing practically on top of you anyway?"

"The will of the Force?" Bao-Dur suggested. "But then, I wouldn't know. I'm not a Jedi."

Atton and Kreia awoke simultaneously then.

"This feels just like the last time I was on Telos," Atton remarked as he struggled to his feet.

"Did you crash then, too?" Bao-Dur asked, clearly expecting the answer to be yes.

"No, actually. Little known fact, if someone responsible is around you're generally not allowed to pilot drunk," Atton replied. "Not that I was drunk when I was piloting this, by any means. I just… Pazaak. Last time it was Pazaak."

"I don't know how you play Pazaak, Atton, but it sounds awesome," Revan declared. "I'm thinking when we get my ship back we should play sometime."

"What makes you think I'm hanging around?" Atton demanded, crossing his arms.

"Because there's no way I'm flying the ship, it would be cruel to force T3 to do so, HK would massacre every ship he came across, Kreia won't do it, and I really wouldn't trust the Exile with my ship," Revan explained. "And did I mention she's staying with me?"


"Do we really want him to stay?" Kreia spoke up. "He's clearly a terrible pilot. That's twice he's piloted now and twice he's messed up. First he blew up the Peragus mining facility thus crippling Citadel Station and echoing across the rest of the galaxy and now he crashed our only means of transportation."
"Oh give me a break," Atton snapped. "Both times we were being shot at! If I weren't such a great pilot, we'd be dead right now both times."

"It's never your fault is it?" Kreia asked reprovingly.

"Don't psychoanalyze me, you old-" Atton began angrily.

"Look, since this is Czerka even if they hadn't shot us down I think it would be safe to assume they're doing something they shouldn't be," Revan interrupted. "And since they're absolutely worthless at this restoration stuff and incompetence is the one thing I wouldn't accuse them of, it's a fifty-fifty chance they're doing something illegal."

"What else do you think they could be doing?" Bao-Dur asked him.

"Absolutely nothing and just pocketing the money," Revan replied promptly. "But since they did shoot us down I think the former is just a bit more likely."

"We should go investigate," the Exile suggested.

Revan groaned. "Do we have to?"

"I understand your not wanting to waste our valuable time on this when we could just send the fool out to do it but I'm not sure I trust him not to mess it up or steal a ship and leave," Kreia told him. "Besides, we'd probably have to walk to wherever it is they found a new ship anyway."

"And yes, exploring does need to be done or else we'll never find any way out of here," Bao-Dur added.

"Any ideas?" Atton asked.

"We'll need to go back to the compound. It's an old Ithorian research station. Czerka modified it but I have access to their shield network so we should be fine," Bao-Dur assured them. "Would now be a good time to mention that I've got dozens of mercs after me?"

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The way to the base was rather tedious with mines, wild animals, and mercenaries everywhere. At several points they could probably have just snuck by the mercenaries but Kreia wouldn't hear of it so they attacked them head on. Chances were, she only disapproved of that plan because Bao-Dur had suggested it and he was clearly the Ithorians biggest fan. Kreia claimed that all the peace one could feel in the restoration zone was just because of the Force and the Ithorians might as well not have even bothered. Revan rather thought it was a mixture of the two viewpoints and Bao-Dur seemed to be showing signs of Force sensitivity.

The mercenaries actually at the base were some of the stupidest they'd encountered yet. They'd been warned that Revan and company were dangerous and yet they assumed that they had just 'scared off' their men and thus would be easy pickings. Well, the leader had assumed that, at any rate. He was wrong, of course, and now he was dead.

"Excellent, my pass codes still work," Bao-Dur said in the same even, measured tone he used for just about every occasion. "I was worried that after I betrayed them and made no secret that I was still among the living, they'd think to lock me out."

"Wait, you betrayed Czerka?" the Exile asked uncertainly. She didn't like the working for Czerka part or the betraying anybody part.
"Sure but betraying Czerka is just like betraying the Sith," Bao-Dur claimed. "No one really holds it against you. In fact, they usually ask what took you so long and why you thought getting involved was a good idea in the first place."

"Why did you think it was a good idea in the first place?" Atton asked.

Bao-Dur shrugged. "They have some great publicity."

"So you think you can find my ship?" Revan asked. "The TSF said it wasn't at any landing sites."

"The TSF are incompetent," Atton pointed out.

"That is true," Bao-Dur agreed. "They probably think that they ship could have just landed anywhere but that's because they know practically nothing about the planet. There are only so many restoration zones currently active and anything outside of the zones has an atmosphere of acidic vapor. There must be some unsanctioned landing site somewhere and if I can just find an unexpected power draw…found it. Your ship is in the polar reasons."

"You know, it's one thing to just think the TSF is incompetent but to actually see their incompetence juxtaposed with such amazing competency…it's really something else," Atton marveled.

"I think Grenn's really lucky we won't be back for awhile," Revan remarked.

"I really need to get back to Citadel, though," Bao-Dur told them apologetically.

"We'd be happy to help you!" the Exile promised while Atton and Revan exchanged a skeptical look.

"How will we get to this polar region?" Kreia inquired.

"Well…I've got good news and bad news," Bao-Dur told them hesitantly.

"Oh, tell us the bad news first," the Exile requested. "That way the good news will be all the better."

"That was months ago," Bao-Dur said obligingly.

"Maybe you should tell us the good news, too, so we actually understand what that means," Revan suggested.

"Czerka logs do say that there is a shuttle in its hanger bay," Bao-Dur continued.

"So it might not even still be there or still work," Atton surmised. "Perfect."

"I don't really think that that's perfect," the Exile disagreed, frowning.

"And Czerka crews haven't been coming back from inside the research base," Bao-Dur added. "But, you know, I'm sure we'll be fine. It's not like we really have any options, anyway."

"We never do," Revan complained.

Revan had to admit that if someone was going to lose an arm, replacing it with something that would deactivate shields just by touching it was almost worth it. In fact, maybe he should look into
that. Bao-Dur easily broke them past security and generally made Revan wish he had found him years ago.

They also found a lot of wardroids that they had to destroy but since they were Czerka droids Revan almost felt that they didn't count.

They had found the shuttle easily enough and then he had volunteered to keep an eye on it while Atton and the Exile went off to get the ignition codes and Kreia and Bao-Dur got the hanger doors open. That arrangement initially worked out quite well for Revan but it had gotten him into trouble when out of nowhere a tank droid came to life and started trying to kill him. Fortunately, it couldn't aim very well, Revan was in possession of Force Speed to deal with its more accurate blasts, and the droid couldn't fit in the doorway of the room Revan stayed firmly in throughout the entire battle.

It really could have been worse.

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The Exile, Revan, Atton, and Kreia all regained consciousness at around the same time.

"Force, Atton, again?" Revan complained. "I mean really?"

"I was shot down!" Atton protested.

"That's what you said last time," Kreia reminded him.

"I was shot down then, too!" Atton insisted.

"And we're really supposed to just believe that?" Revan demanded, crossing his arms.

"You are when it's true," Atton said defensively. "Look, I can't help it if every time I've tried to fly something since meeting you guys something has gone horribly wrong."

"Particularly not when you're such a terrible pilot," Kreia agreed. "Really, if the Force didn't have such a vested interest in the members of this crew who are not you, fool, then we'd likely all be dead by now."

"I hate to say it, Atton, but maybe you're just terrible luck," Revan told him.

"Could be," Atton said breezily. "But then, if I don't pilot, who will?"

"On second thought, that's all a bunch of nonsensical superstitions anyway," Revan said hastily.

"Thought so," Atton said smugly.

"Hey, what's wrong with Bao-Dur?" the Exile asked, concerned. She poked at Bao-Dur's prone figure with her foot.

"Well, he did just get into a major crash," Revan said reasonably.

"So did we," the Exile pointed out. "In fact, in the past three hours we've been in two and yet we seem to be perfectly fine."

"Maybe it's because, unlike Revan, you, and Kreia, Bao-Dur is a normal person," Atton suggested.

"He replaced his arm with a shield-deactivator and he likes droids more than people," Revan
"Look, you know it's all about relativism," Atton said flatly. "None of you are anything approaching normal."

"And you are?" Revan asked incredulously.

"Didn't I just say that this was all about relativism?" Atton shot back.

"Irritated Demand: Stop ignoring us, organics," a robotic voice ordered.

The conscious quartet looked up from their personal problems to see three HK-50s standing not twenty feet from them.

"I bet they shot us down," Atton said triumphantly.

"No one's buying it," Revan informed him.

"But…but it's true," Atton objected.

"Annoyed declaration: You have been quite difficult to track down, Jedi," the HK-50 in front declared.

"Obvious lie: We put a lot of work into this and in no way just followed the path of death and destruction you leave everywhere you go," the one on the left added.

"Quick clarification: But now that we have found you, we hope that we can facilitate communications," the one on the right said.

"Unnecessary addendum: And put an end…to hostilities," the leader said menacingly.

"I think that maybe if you're going to say something that you yourself recognize as unnecessary then perhaps you should really rethink whether or not it needs to be said at all," the Exile suggested.

"Affronted statement: We do not need advice from an organic!" the leader said indignantly.

Revan's eye began to twitch. "Meatbag. The term is 'meatbag.' All this 'organic' business is quite ridiculous."

"I think we should find out why they're here," the Exile opined.

"And I think we should just kill them since they obviously want the same thing that the HK-50 on Peragus wanted and they are really getting on my nerves," Revan countered. "All in favor?"

Atton and Kreia immediately raised their hands and the battle was on.

Once it was over, the Exile and Atton (otherwise known as, the two who could be bothered since the Exile really cared and Atton wanted to stay on her good side) carried Bao-Dur over to the entrance to whatever compound was hidden up at the polar region.

There were three pale woman dressed all in white and with white hair who were waiting for them when they got in, having probably seen them on security cameras though not caring enough to get involved with the earlier altercation.

"Lay down your weapons and you shall not be harmed," one of them who looked just a little
different than the other two promised.

"Funny," Atton said, shaking his head. "In my experience, you stand a much better chance of not being hurt if you're armed."

"Oh, mine too!" the Exile exclaimed.

"I don't actually feel that the rules apply to me," Revan said. "And though it would be a drag to have to do so, kindly tell Atris that if she goes near my weapons then I will kill every last one of you."

The three woman huddled together for a moment to confer.

Finally, the different one introduced herself. "You may call me the Handmaiden. We are the Echani sisters, dedicated to serving Mistress Atris. You and the Exile may keep your weapons as long as we can put the old woman, the man, and the Iridonian in a Force cage."

Revan shrugged. "Works for me."

"Hey!" Atton protested.

"You know, I think I got a bruise in one of those two crashes you got me into today," Revan remarked, rubbing his back dramatically.

Atton just rolled his eyes. "You don't let reality get in the way of what you choose to believe, do you?"

"No," Revan admitted. "But then, neither does the Exile and you don't seem to mind with her. And at least I do it far less often than she does and am far more self-aware about it."

"That's not always a good thing," Atton muttered. "Come on, Revan! You can't leave me alone with Kreia of all people."

"I'm sure you'll be fine," Revan said dismissively. "Kreia, you wouldn't kill or otherwise permanently incapacitate our only pilot, would you?"

"Of course not," Kreia was quick to assure him. "But then, you'd be surprised what the human body can end-"

"Right, that's quite enough of that," Revan hastily cut her off.

"Why aren't you asking me for help?" the Exile asked quietly, looking a little hurt.

"Oh." Atton looked taken aback. "I, uh, kind of thought you'd insist on doing what they said."

"I will," the Exile agreed. "But it still hurts that you didn't ask."

"I'll keep that in mind," Atton said, shaking his head in bemusement. "Revan, I hope you know that if I didn't severely worry about my future if I was just with Kreia and someone who would be inclined to believe Kreia's assurances that everything was fine, I would be very put out with you right now."

"But then, if Kreia weren't like that you wouldn't need to be put out with me, now would you?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"Hey, what about Bao-Dur?" the Exile asked suddenly. "I really think that he needs some medical
attention, not to get locked in a Force cage."

"He'll be fine," the Handmaiden assured her. "And if not, well that's hardly our problem. Now, I'm going to take you and Revan to Atris while my sisters deal with your friends."

Revan laughed. "As if. Exile, I wrote down a list of things to say to Atris in specific situations. Kindly read them to her when the situation in question arises."

"Okay," the Exile said, accepting the bit of paper Revan handed to her.

Revan nodded his appreciation. "Now, if you guys need me...don't."
The Handmaiden directed the Exile to a small room that she had to take a very long ram to get to. She could clearly see a figure in white standing at the top of another ramp directly across from her and wondered if it was Atris so she quickly started descending the ramp. Only when she reached the bottom and was looking up expectantly at the figure did the woman began to leisurely make her way down her own ramp. How very inefficient.

"I did not expect to see you again after the day of your sentencing," Atris said briskly when she was halfway down, apparently not having the patience to wait until she was standing at the bottom.

"Why, hello to you to, Atris," the Exile greeted her. "Did you know that everyone thinks you're dead?"

"Really?" Atris asked innocently. "I can't imagine why that is. It's not like I called a meeting on the Miraluka world of Katarr, never showed up, and told the Sith where it was in an effort to draw the Sith out thus accidentally leading to the destruction of most of the Order."

"I'm glad because that would be a very Sith thing to do," the Exile said gratefully.

Atris' eyes flashed. "IT WOULD NOT BE! I TOLD YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT." She coughed. "I mean, um…"

"If it makes you feel any better, Atris, Revan doesn't think you're dead," the Exile said reassuringly.

Atris nodded. "It does, actually. But speaking of, I heard he was here as well. Why is he not with you?"

The Exile checked Revan's note-card. "Oh, he said he was busy but he left me some things to tell you."

"Like what?" Atris asked, intrigued.

"Like if you asked about him I'm supposed to say 'Sorry, Atris. I don't want to see you anyway but I'm on a rescue mission so you can't even complain unless you're ready to stop pretending you're not a Sith'," the Exile read. "Oh, and if you mentioned Katarr then I'm supposed to say 'I was actually supposed to be there, you know, but your blatant idiocy didn't manage to kill me because I decided a meeting of Jedi would just give me a headache and make me want to start another war.' Wow, even just reading these makes me feel mean…"

"Rescue mission?" Atris asked, pointedly ignoring the second part. "What does he mean 'rescue mission'?"

The Exile scanned the card. "Sorry, he didn't specify."

"He's probably just making excuses," Atris said, frowning. "Tell me, Exile. Why have you returned here? I thought you were trying to cling to the last of your Jedi honor and accepting your Exile."

The Exile's eyes widened. "B-but I did! For ten years I wandered the galaxy! It's just that I was trying to get to Illium – which is not part of the Republic – and the ship took me to Republic space instead. I got drugged, my ship got attacked by Sith, I was kidnapped, the mining facility I was taken to was massacred, and then the only place we could go to was Telos. You stole Revan's ship"
"I think you're leaving out something rather pertinent to this discussion," Atris said curtly. "The Peragus Mining Facility blew up and Telos and countless other worlds may suffer because of this."

"That…well, that was kind of an accident," the Exile said sheepishly. "Oh, and Revan said to tell you that 'I suppose I'll take care of it because Force knows you'll just sit here sulking about how un-Jedi-like everyone else is while they save people.'"

Atris laughed derisively. "An 'accident', she says. Oh, but she has yet to actually take responsibility for her actions."

"I'm right here, no need to refer to me in the third person," the Exile said, a little annoyed. "And it's true! There was nothing…well, technically I suppose I could have just died but that's hardly fair to expect, now is it?"

"Just tell me what happened," Atris ordered.

"It's like I told you. I was on a ship that was supposed to take me to a planet not in the Republic. I was being lied to and taken to Telos for…something. I don't know, we kind of left Citadel Station before hearing that part. I think Revan might know but he didn't tell me," the Exile explained. "I was lured into the medical bay and drugged by an assassin droid posing as a protocol droid."

Atris snorted. "Please. There's no such thing as an assassin droid."

"Since you stole Revan's ship, you have one in your possession right now," the Exile pointed out. "And Revan said he was never very subtle about the fact that he owned one since killing Malak."

"I will believe as I choose," Atris declared, sticking her nose in the air.

"Revan said 'I might just be channeling Atton and Kreia but how very Jedi-like of you',' the Exile read.

"That's sweet of him," Atris said, surprised and continuing to believe as she liked.

"I'm not really clear on the next part since I was unconscious," the Exile warned. "I'm told that I happened to be taken onto Revan's ship with him and Kreia after Sith attacked and the ship went to the Peragus Mining Facility. The miners found out I was a Jedi and were going to sell me to the Exchange."

"But you're not," Atris cut her off frostily.

"I know that," the Exile assured her. "But I wasn't the one who told them that. The assassin droid who snuck about Revan's ship felt the need to let them know for whatever reason. He then proceeded to kill everyone in the facility but Atton who was in a Force cage and Revan and Kreia who were in the morgue. I was in a Kolto tank and he poisoned me to keep me unconscious. I woke up, found out what happened, and did what I had to to get to the Ebon Hawk."

"I'm going to assume that 'what you had to' means mundane things like getting to different parts of the facility and reaching the Ebon Hawk," Atris said.

"And killing the assassin droid," the Exile added. "But that was mostly Revan."

"Revan killing a droid?" Atris couldn't believe it. "And it's not like this was an unsophisticated one, either."
"That was my reaction!" the Exile exclaimed. "But apparently it was a blatant rip-off of his own droid and he took offense."

"What happened next?" Atris demanded.

"Well, the ship I had been initially traveling on showed up which was good for us in a way because that meant we could access the Ebon Hawk. Unfortunately, there was a Sith Lord there named Darth Sion who killed everyone on board and he had a bunch of Sith minions," the Exile continued. "He started shooting at us once we were on the Ebon Hawk and so our pilot figured we'd be safest in the asteroid field. Sion started shooting and, well, you can guess what happened next."

"And so once again you put yourself above the galaxy, above the Jedi," Atris said contemptuously.

"Hey, it's not like I was piloting," the Exile pointed out.

"And there it is again!" Atris exclaimed. "Have you even conceded that we were right to cast you out?"

"I conceded it then," the Exile reminded her. "I mean, I was very upset about it and everything and, if it had been up to me, I wouldn't have thought that what I did merited being exiled but it was the will of the Jedi Council and you know that I have nothing but the utmost respect for them."

Atris' eye twitched. "Do you have any idea how difficult it is to make you out to have fallen when you insist on saying things like that?"

The Exile just blinked. "No but Revan said 'You're unbelievable, you know that? It's hardly her fault you're in love with her.' Who is this 'her' we're referring to?"

Atris colored. "I am not in love with anyone! It goes against the Jedi Code!"

"I know," the Exile agreed. "I was just curious about who Revan was talking about. He didn't specify, you see."

"Of course you should have been exiled! You went off to go have a merry old adventure with Revan, never caring about the fact you were all becoming Sith!" Atris seethed.

"Technically, no one became a Sith until Revan and the others who weren't me went off to the Outer Rim looking for the Mandalorians," the Exile corrected.

"Oh please, no one actually believes that they were doing that," Atris scoffed.

"And while this should in no way influence my sentence, I didn't go off because I wanted an adventure," the Exile said quietly.

Atris crossed her arms, clearly not believing a word of it. "Really."

"Really," the Exile confirmed earnestly. "People were dying. I knew enough about the Mandalorians to know that they were trying to draw us into war. They felt that the burden of keeping our citizens from being massacred fell to us and we should stop hiding our military resources and outposts among them. They wouldn't stop just because we weren't fighting back. They wanted to face the Jedi and they wouldn't stop killing until they did."

"They fought no Jedi!" Atris roared.

"They seemed to think otherwise," the Exile said mildly. "And no one was publicly removed from
the Order until after the war was over so technically they were fighting members of the Jedi Order. I wasn't fighting them for that, though; I just wanted to help people!"

"A likely story," Atris sneered.

The Exile faced her unwaveringly. "I wanted to help them and I did. I fought the war and gave them a proper target, not just helpless civilians. I helped end the war on Malachor and saved countless lives. I don't know if the damage Revan entering the war did after that is worse than the damage staying out of it would have led to but I wasn't a part of that and I did save lives." There was a pause. "Besides, I didn't actually know I wasn't supposed to go…"

Atris had nothing to say to the first part of that and so eagerly seized upon the second. "Is that so? You 'didn't know' about the fact that the Jedi had vowed to stay out of it even though that was the single biggest bit of news out there, even overshadowing the continued Mandalorian threat?"

The Exile shrugged. "I don't really listen to gossip and Malak swore up and down that though the full Order was not being committed, he and Revan had permission to take volunteers to help out the Republic."

"Then why didn't you ever mention this at your trial?" Atris demanded.

"Because by then I knew I was wrong," the Exile said simply.

Triumph lit up Atris' face. "You were wrong to go?" she asked eagerly.

The Exile shook her head. "I was wrong about being allowed to go. Look, the past is the past. Debating it won't do much good. The Sith are hunting Jedi and so is the Exchange. I want to help."

"Help?" Atris said incredulously. "You, an exile, help the last of the Jedi?"

"What about Revan?" the Exile asked immediately. "He's a Jedi, too."

"Not really," Atris said disdainfully. "He turned away from the Order like everyone else did. I am all that remains."

"I'm pretty sure he would have mentioned something like that, particularly with all the trouble we've had from bounty hunters," the Exile said skeptically. "How many other Jedi that 'turned away from the Order' are there?"

"I don't remember," Atris said, not meeting the Exile's eyes. "But if you truly want to help then there are four that you could track down for me. That T3 droid of yours has the information."

"He's Revan's droid, not mine," the Exile corrected. "But I will. I promise."

"Right. Now that that's settled, I'm leaving. You can hurry up and get out of my base," Atris declared, starting back up the ramp again. "Try not to let the door hit you on your way out."

"I think that went well," the Exile said to the Handmaiden who seemed to come from nowhere to lead her away from the room.

"Well neither of you are dead so I suppose that's something," one of the Echani said.

"Hey, where are my friends anyway?" the Exile asked. "And why were they locked up?"

"For their protection," the Echani explained.
"…How is locking them up for their own protection? It's not like there's anything here that could have hurt them," the Exile pointed out.

"We were afraid you'd have them attack us and so we'd be forced to kill them," the Handmaiden replied. "The male could have given us trouble if he wanted to. He masked it well but when he saw that you were in danger, his stance revealed that he has some Echani training."

"Really?" the Exile's eyes started shining. "Do you think this means he can teach me?"

The sisters looked at each other.

"Maybe we should teach you, just to make sure you've got it right," one of them said finally.

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Revan strolled into the room where Atton, Kreia, and a now-conscious Bao-Dur were still in their Force cages.

"I'm sorry I lost consciousness in the crash," Bao-Dur apologized.

Revan waved him off. "Please, if anyone should be apologizing for that it's Atton for getting us crashed in the first place."

"Hey!" Atton protested.

"Did you find what you came for?" Kreia asked cryptically.

"Yep," Revan said, beaming. "T3 and HK say that they're fine and that no one really messed with the Ebon Hawk. T3 also downloaded a bunch of files Atris probably wouldn't have wanted us to see so we can watch that later."

"That wasn't quite what I meant…" Kreia admitted.

Revan shrugged. "If you want something more philosophical, ask the Exile when she's done with Atris."

"I will," Kreia declared. "After all, there is something from the Exile's past here and I sense we did not come here by chance."

Revan snorted. "Really? Did you get that from the fact that Atris stole our ship or the fact we hunted her down and got it back?"

Kreia chose to ignore this. "How very curious that Atris has no students and surrounds herself by those who cannot feel the Force and whose minds are trained to resist tricks of the Force."

"Read their minds, huh?" Revan asked, unsurprised.

"Invading the mind of another?" Kreia sounded almost shocked. "That is not something to be done lightly, particularly when there is nothing to be gained."

"Would now be a good time to mention that Kreia did that to me while you were gone and is threatening to tell the Exile about my time as…" Atton trailed off, glancing in Bao-Dur's direction. "Well, about my past if I don't do what she wants."

Revan looked surprised. "Really? Why not just threaten to kill him if he doesn't do what you want?"
"Because I find this way to be far more satisfying," Kreia replied. "Not to mention that if the Exile were to find out about a death threat she would not only turn away from me but might try to protect him. No, this way is much better."

"NEVER LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HER AGAIN!" Atton shouted.

Revan winced and rubbed his ears. "Alright, alright. But seriously, you should just tell her. As long as you promise that your Sith days are behind you, she'll forgive you. She might even be touched that you'd trust her with that."

"I tortured Jedi to death for a living!" Atton exclaimed.

"Am I supposed to be hearing this?" Bao-Dur wondered aloud.

"So?" Revan asked flippantly. "All of that was done on Malak or my orders anyway and she knows I used to be a Sith and yet she's completely forgiven me for it despite the fact I really don't care what she thinks of it."

"Yeah, but you're Revan," Atton said reverently. "Everyone always forgives you for everything."

Revan sighed. "So if you won't tell her, what do you expect me to do about it?"

"Get Kreia to back off," Atton said hopefully.

"Kreia, how much effort would that take?" Revan demanded.

"More effort than you've expended our entire time on Telos," Kreia answered promptly.

Revan looked apologetically at Atton. "Sorry, you're on your own."
"It was to the Jedi traitor Revan," one of the handmaidens was telling the Exile when Revan, Bao-Dur, Kreia, and Atton finally located her.

"So people are talking about me again," Revan remarked. "Joy."

"Revan wasn't a traitor!" the Exile cried out. "Take that back!"

"I kind of was," Revan disagreed.

"Don't let the non-believers poison your view of yourself, Revan," the Exile said passionately. Revan sighed. "Whatever…"

"Perhaps he had a point about the Exile," Atton mused. "Still, best not to risk it."

"What were you saying about Revan?" Bao-Dur asked.

"I was talking about how people can communicate through combat," the Handmaiden explained.

"Like, when they're talking?" Atton asked. "Because yeah, everyone can do that."

"No, I mean they communicate through combat," the Handmaiden corrected.

"News to me," Revan announced.

"But it's true!" the Handmaiden insisted. "Take Malak's destruction of Telos-"

"It's so nice to be able to hear about that without listening to angry vows of vengeance, even after we killed Saul," Revan said serenely.

"It was brutal and lacking in finesse and yet it showed that he was committed to destroying the Jedi," the Handmaiden said earnestly.

"I should hope so," Bao-Dur said dryly. "He did destroy an entire planet."

"With Revan it was different. Revan was also committed to defeating the Jedi yet he was much more subtle," the Handmaiden continued. "He was so eloquent in battle and taught us so much. I believe he was speaking to Malak in that final battle, though few knew it. Imagine all the pain and anger and betrayal he must have been feeling!"

"You know, that's really not how I remember it," Revan replied.

"What arrogance!" Kreia burst out. "Claiming to know anything at all of Revan…"

"Don't you do that exact same thing all the time?" Atton demanded.

"That's different," Kreia insisted. "I understand him."

"Kreia is very wise," the Exile said loyally.

"And how do you know that Revan even had a choice in the matter?" Kreia inquired. "Sometimes the Force just, well, forces you down a path and there's nothing you can do but fulfill your destiny."
"If by 'the Force' you mean 'Carth and Bastila' then I think you might actually understand me more than this handmaiden does," Revan declared.

"But what about free will?" the Handmaiden challenged.

"Can we table the philosophical debate?" Revan implored. "No one really cares."

"I care," the Exile argued.

"Then you can listen to them going at it later," Revan replied.

"Why are you staring at the Exile?" Atton inquired. "It's kind of disturbing."

"It doesn't bother me," the Exile told him.

"Well I'm creeped out for your sake," Atton countered.

The Exile beamed at him. "That's so sweet."

The Handmaiden flushed. "Sorry. I didn't mean to. I just…Atris told us all about you."

"This will be good," Revan said, rolling his eyes.

"She said that you betrayed everybody, including yourself, by going to war and have no loyalty to anyone or anything but your own animal impulses as well as the reason you fell to the dark side," the Handmaiden revealed.

"Wait, how could she have betrayed herself by going to war?" Bao-Dur wanted to know. "It wasn't like she made herself a promise not to go or she told herself not to go and didn't listen to herself."

"I only know what Atris told me," the Handmaiden replied, shrugging.

"She said that you betrayed everybody, including yourself, by going to war and have no loyalty to anyone or anything but your own animal impulses as well as the reason you fell to the dark side," the Handmaiden revealed.

"Wait, how could she have betrayed herself by going to war?" Bao-Dur wanted to know. "It wasn't like she made herself a promise not to go or she told herself not to go and didn't listen to herself."

"I only know what Atris told me," the Handmaiden replied, shrugging.

"The Exile is far too firmly attached to the light side and the Jedi Order for anyone to think that she's not loyal," Kreia scoffed. "Even now, ten years after she was exiled, she still reveres that defunct order."

"But she hasn't stayed away like Atris, the only Jedi remaining, wishes her to," the Handmaiden tried to explain.

"Dark side?" Revan couldn't believe it. "The Exile? Really? Did you miss the fact that she seems to literally have a halo?"

"Atris mentioned that the Exile was very good at fooling others," the Handmaiden answered.

"Including the Force itself, apparently, as I have no other idea where she got that thing," Revan muttered.

"I'm not one to disagree with Jedi," the Exile spoke up hesitantly. "But I do have to wonder why I wouldn't just keep fighting with Revan if I were a Sith."

"Atris says it's because you've fallen so far you can no longer feel the Force," the Handmaiden offered.

Revan shook her head. "And that just continues to prove that Atris is full of it. You can't turn so evil that you suddenly just lose your connection to the Force. Trust me, I knew Sion."
"Just how much time did Atris spend talking about the Exile?" Atton demanded, still disturbed on
the Exile's behalf.

"So…I've always been curious about the Force," the Handmaiden said awkwardly. "Does anyone
want to tell me what it's like?"

The Exile promptly burst into tears.

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"Does that handmaiden really think that we didn't notice her sneaking aboard the ship?" Atton
demanded.

"Eager offer: I would gladly kill her for you, Master," HK proposed.

"Maybe later if she won't tell us her name," Revan said vaguely.

"Belated lie: It is so good to see all of you once again," HK continued.

"What shall we do now?" Bao-Dur wondered.

"Well, I need a lightsaber before we do anything else since Atton has convinced me that I wasn't
actually banned from using one and that if other non-Jedi could use them safely than they would be
allowed to use lightsabers as well," the Exile announced.

"If you can find the parts somewhere in this vast galaxy then I will help you construct one," Bao-
Dur offered. "I may not be a Jedi but I am very good at building things."

Revan wrinkled his nose. "An intergalactic scavenger hunt? No way."

"The Exile needs a lightsaber and I don't see a better way of getting it," Bao-Dur retorted, his tone
slightly frosty.

"Exile, you can use any of the four or so dozen lightsabers that we found during our hunt for the
Star Maps or you can build your own with the parts I have in the garage area," Revan told her.

"What Star Maps?" Kreia inquired.

Revan waved his hand. "Oh, you know. Part of defeating Malak and whatnot. It was another
intergalactic scavenger hunt and I vowed never again."

"Could I?" the Exile exclaimed, touched. "You have no idea what this means to me!"

Atton glared at Revan.

"What?" Revan asked defensively. "I'm supposed to be mean to her just because you want to date
her?"

T3 beeped suddenly.

"Jealous mutter: Oh, of course you 'just happened' to find the secret trial record for the Exile that
could answer all of her questions and give her many more," HK said disgustedly.

"I really wish you two would just get along," Revan said, sighing.

"Petulant complaint: I asked you once which one of us you loved more and you told me T3 without
even hesitating!"

Everyone turned to look at Revan.

"What?" he asked innocently. "I was just being honest! It's not my fault he can't handle the truth."

"Perhaps you should play this record," Kreia suggested.

The Exile started shivering. "Perhaps we shouldn't do that. I mean…that was a very painful time in my life and I just don't see how reliving it will help at all."

"It has to have been made secret for a reason," Atton said logically. "You don't have to be here when we watch it but it might be something important."

"I agree," Bao-Dur said, nodding. "And you'll need to face your past at some point if you wish to move on."

"I guess you're right," the Exile said bravely. She took a deep breath. "Play the tape."

T3 began projecting the image of the trial for them.

"Do you know why we have called you here?" Vrook began, his tone harsh and unforgiving.

"I assumed it was because you heard that I landed on the planet," the Exile replied matter-of-factly.

"This is no joking matter!" Kavar told her gravely.

"But…I wasn't," the Exile protested.

"Why would you defy us?" Zez-Kai Ell asked, sounding honestly stumped. "The Jedi are guardians of the peace and have been for centuries. Going to war goes against everything we stand for!"

"Well, yeah," the Exile agreed. "But…there was a war going on."

"And it was not your place to fight!" Vrook burst out. "You were a Jedi and Jedi have no place on the battlefield."

"There is a long precedent of this not being the case," the Exile pointed out. "We're not supposed to start wars or fight for frivolous causes but if it's important – and this was so important – then we are allowed to fight to maintain the peace. That's why they call us 'guardians of the peace' in the first place. I mean, if we even just look at what happened with Exar Kun-"

"Your arrogance is astounding!" Atris snapped. "I am the Jedi Historian here, not you."

The Exile blinked, confused. "I…apologize if I came off as arrogant. I was only trying to explain that the Mandalorians were killing people and they needed to be stopped. I help stop them. I don't know what would have happened if we hadn't gone off but at the very least, the war would have gone on for far longer."

"There were others that could have fought," Zez-Kai Ell pointed out.

"And the Mandalorians were killing civilians because they were trying to bait the Jedi into going to war," the Exile countered. "We had to give them what they wanted or they'd just continue to kill the innocent."

"No Jedi went to war!" Vrook thundered.
"The Mandalorians beg to differ," the Exile said politely.

"Do you even believe that you've done anything wrong?" Atris challenged her. "Why did you even come back?"

The Exile bowed her head. "Of course I do. I wasn't allowed to go to war and I did so anyway. By my actions, I have disgraced the Jedi Order for all that I also helped save the Republic. I went to war to stop the Mandalorians and now that they are stopped, I am done with battle. I will accept any punishment that you see fit to give me."

"Your arrogance is astounding!" Atris bristled.

"I think you're kind of reaching," Vash opined.

"Well no one asked you," Atris snapped.

"By being a member of this council, my opinion is sought by default," Vash shot back.

"I'm glad that you see the error of you ways," Kavar said loudly. "Perhaps you will also accept that you must leave."

"Wait, I don't understand," the Exile objected. "Why are you exiling me? Why must I leave?"

"Never mind that," Vash said quickly. "You're just exiled, is all."

"From now on, we will refer to you only as 'the Exile'," Vrook announced. "Now kindly surrender your lightsaber on your way out."

The Exile promptly stabbed her lightsaber into the pillar at the center of the room and walked out without a glance back.

"Okay, now that was kind of impressive," Kavar said the minute she was gone.

"What arrog-" Atris started to say.

Zez-Kai Ell sighed. "Yes, we know. You think she's arrogant."

"...She breathes arrogantly," Atris said quietly.

"We really should do something about her Exile issues," Vash told them.

"No point now, the Exile is gone and we'll never see her again," Vrook disagreed.

"I don't have Exile issues!" Atris denied.

There was a beep and Vash looked down at her communicator. "Revan just sent me a message assuring me that you do, in fact, have Exile issues."

"How does he even know what we're talking about?" Atris demanded. "That man is infuriating."

"Do you think we should have told the Exile that we exiled her because she was a giant gaping hole in the Force and it freaked us out?" Vash inquired.

"I don't see why," Vrook replied. "It's not like it matters to her any longer."

"It's not even like she's a Jedi," Atris sniped. "She tried to be like Revan and she's just not good
"And with Revan returning we really don't have time to deal with the Exile right now, much as I might have liked to be able to help her somehow," Kavar said ruefully.

"Do you think that maybe our teachings might have had something to do with Revan falling, half of the order joining him, and this kind of thing going on every generations?" Zez-Kai Ell wondered aloud.

"Don't be preposterous!" Vrook ordered. "We are doing nothing wrong. Those who fell clearly just weren't cut out for this kind of life."

"It's all Kae's fault anyway," Atris announced. "We should exile her, too."

"We'll see," Kavar said tolerantly.

"And we should have killed the Exile, too," Atris continued. "Clearly she's evil and will just go and join Revan again."

"She won't be much use to Revan without the Force," Vash pointed out. "And Jedi do not kill their prisoners. Still, I wish we could have been honest with her. She deserved it."

"Maybe one day we'll explain it to her and help her to heal," Kavar said almost wistfully. "If we have time. If not, well, we'll live."

The recording ended.

"Now do you see why I hate the Jedi and their lies?" Atton asked rhetorically.

The Exile stood frozen. "I...I can't believe it. All this time I had thought that they were the ones who cut off my connection to the Force. Now I find out that it's not true but that they do know what happened to me, even though I don't?"

"Didn't you feel that you were cut off from the Force after Malachor but before you showed up for your trial?" Revan asked curiously.

The Exile shrugged. "I don't even remember. I was still in shock from Malachor, I think."

"What did happen at-" Atton started to ask.

"I don't want to talk about it!" the Exile said quickly.

T3 beeped again.

"According to T3, if for whatever reason we had any desire to track any of those people down, Vrook is on Dantooine, Zez-Kai Ell is on Nar Shaddaa, Kavar is on Onderon, and Vash is on Korriban and thus is probably either dead or evil," Revan translated.

"All of the Jedi that were there when the Exile was sentenced...that is a strange coincidence indeed," Bao-Dur said quietly.

"There are no coincidences with the Force," Kreia declared. "This is clearly a trap."

"Has anyone ever told you how paranoid you are?" Atton asked her.

"I don't really feel like tracking anyone done but we were planning to go to Nar Shaddaa anyway so
I guess that we might as well see if we can see any sign of Zez-Kai Ell while we're there," Revan suggested.

"Those are Atris' records you have stolen!" the Handmaiden said, outraged, as she stormed her way through the ship and up to them.

"And it was my ship and droids that Atris stole and then you who stole aboard my ship," Revan countered. "Deal with it."

"What the hell are you doing on our ship?" Atton demanded.

"I came to join you. I can help you against this threat," the Handmaiden assured them.

"Well, Atton and Kreia are the only ones who might think that the Jedi are a threat and now that Bao-Dur is here we outnumber them," the Exile said apologetically. "Sorry."

"I was actually talking about the Sith," the Handmaiden corrected her.

"Oh."

"That's not really our problem," Revan argued.

"They could wipe out all life everywhere!" the Handmaiden cried out.

"I don't care," Revan said flatly.

"Well I do!" the Exile disagreed.

"I agree with the Exile because she said it," Atton voted.

"I need some form of atonement," Bao-Dur explained.

"We have no free will so we might as well give in and lull it into a false sense of security before brutally murdering it when it least suspects it," Kreia declared.

The Handmaiden stared at her. "Out of curiosity, are you talking about me or the Force?"


"Good," the Handmaiden said, relieved. "That still makes you crazy but much less likely to snap and kill me. I think."

"I wouldn't count on it," Atton said darkly.

"Look, if you want to travel with us then you're going to have to tell us your name," Revan said firmly. "It's bad enough that she insists on being called the Exile but at least she was actually exiled first. We're not calling you the Handmaiden."

"I can't tell you my name," the Handmaiden said, biting her lip.

"We'll drop you off at Citadel Station then," Revan declared.

"Okay, fine, it's Brianna," Brianna admitted.

"See, was that so hard?" Revan asked, pleased.

"I might get exiled for this!" Brianna exclaimed.
"Well, you'd better not steal my title," the Exile warned her.
"Word of warning," Atton said as they stepped out onto the platform. "Watch where you step or you'll fall for hours."

"Oh, don't worry," the Exile assured him. "I may not always pay attention to where I'm going but I used to be a Jedi."

"Are Jedi immune to gravity now?" Atton asked rhetorically.

To his surprise, the Exile nodded. "Revan taught me how to fly."

"In what universe did that seem like a good idea?" Atton demanded.

"In the universe where I fully expect her to fall off the edge of Nar Shaddaa at least twice," Revan replied. "Probably more."

"I wish I could fly," Brianna said enviously. "Sadly, I am forbidden from ever learning how to be a Jedi and – as Atton could tell you – Echani teachings don't make you fly."

"Sure I could tell you," Atton agreed without missing a beat. "But that's hardly expert testimony."

"Oh, do you know any Echani teachings?" the Exile asked curiously.

"I got the workout video," Atton deadpanned.

"You are a fool," Kreia declared, turning around and heading back. "I will go back and watch the ship so that no one steals it again."

"And so you can avoid helping," Atton muttered.

"You're really being ungenerous, Atton," the Exile said disapprovingly. "Last time we left the ship alone, it got stolen, remember?"

"I'd like to be able to fly, too," Bao-Dur admitted. "My remote assures me that there's nothing quite like it."

"I could teach you to use the Force," the Exile offered.

"A few months ago I would have refused your offer," Bao-Dur replied. "I would have been too afraid of the blood on my hands and my own anger to risk becoming a Jedi and then, perhaps, a Sith. But it's difficult to wallow in your own guilt when you're around, General, so I think I'll give it a try."

"Okay, meditate with me here," the Exile instructed.

"Are you going to sit down?" Brianna asked, wrinkling her nose. "That floor is filthy!"

"No, we can stand," the Exile told her. "Your anger fills you and consumes you. You feel it every time you think of Malachor. But you must find a way to let it go. Let the Force heal you and protect you. Open yourself to it."

Bao-Dur nodded. "I can feel the Force! Am I a Jedi now?"
Revan nodded. "Well, you're a Force user at any rate. Whether you qualify as a Jedi is a rather complicated philosophical debate that, quite frankly, I'd really rather not get involved in."

"Don't feel bad if anybody says you aren't really a Jedi," the Exile said earnestly. "I'm not either and so I understand."

"It really doesn't matter to me what they call me," Bao-Dur assured her.

Atton almost fell over. "Really? All that talk from the Jedi about how it will take years of study and they absolutely have to take only those under the age of five or it won't work and it just takes two sentences from you?"

"And meditation," the Exile pointed out. "Don't forget that. It's very important and you have to be capable of being a Jedi first."

"The Jedi are kind of full of themselves," Revan confided. "And they mostly do that to try and prevent Jedi from falling. I'd say it really has the opposite effect but, well, you know the Council."

"The Council is very wise," the Exile insisted.

"Maybe," Revan allowed. "But they're still kind of morons."

"Now that I'm a Jedi, can I fly?" Bao-Dur inquired.

"I'll teach you later," the Exile promised. "You should probably get a lightsaber."

"Already have one," Bao-Dur said, pulling two short ones out and activating one in each hand. "I was studying them earlier and just slipped them into my pocket."

"Are you guys going to be recruiting?" Atton asked suspiciously. "Because now Brianna and I are the only non-Jedi aboard and she's taken vows against that kind of thing."

"What happens in Nar Shaddaa stays in Nar Shaddaa," Revan declared. "Unless it's a disease or a huge gambling debt or something."

"Then why didn't you say 'unless there are any lasting consequences of your actions then what happens in Nar Shaddaa stays in Nar Shaddaa'?" the Exile wanted to know.

Brianna nodded seriously. "Yes, I'd also like to know that. You could really confuse people."

"Because most people do not take things so literally," Revan said, rolling his eyes. "Why are we letting her stay again?"

"Because you didn't want to deal with Atris again," Atton reminded her.

"Bored complaint: Can't we go kill something already? Pointed reminder: We've been here for twenty minutes already!" HK whined.

T3 beeped something.

"That's sweet," the Exile said, smiling at him. "I'm sure that if any bounty hunter that is situated on this planet is after me, I can take care of myself."

"I suggest that we get the Ebon Hawk's ID signature changed while we're here so that we don't get ambushed every time we go anywhere," Atton told them.
"It's not up to you," Brianna sniped. "Revan, Exile, what are your plans?"

"To get wasted and make a ton of money on Pazaak," Revan replied. "And since it's not easy to get drunk when you're a Jedi, I really should get started soon."

"Brianna, that wasn't very nice," the Exile scolded. "Atton was just trying to help and I happen to think it's very sensible advice. I'm not sure what Atris' policy was towards suggestions but here we welcome them with open arms."

"We wouldn't get much done if we didn't," Revan explained. "Although, thinking on it, would that really be so bad?"

"Approving statement: I like this Pazaak plan as you are so good, Master, that sooner or later someone will think you were cheating and a fight will break out," HK said happily.

T3 beeped.

"Not to worry, T3. I never get kicked out of Pazaak dens. It's a combination of my charming personality and the fact that I have the Force," Revan remarked.

"Does the Force really work on droids?" Bao-Dur wondered.

"Not Force Persuade," Revan admitted. "But there are other methods."

"We should also look for Zez-Kai Ell," the Exile said. "I'm not sure how to find him."

"If he's like any of the other Jedi I've known – and the trial footage indicated he is – then don't even bother looking for him," Atton advised. "Just go around doing good deeds and sooner or later he'll show up to tell you how you're doing it all wrong."

"I'm sure that he won't unless I really was doing them wrong and then it would be nice to know," the Exile replied. "But that's a good plan. Making a difference is always a good idea and if I make enough of a difference then he'll probably hear of me."

"See?" Atton said smugly to Brianna. "That's twice she's said I had a good idea."

"I'm beginning to get an idea of why Atris ordered me to watch you specifically," Brianna said shrewdly. "And here I was just thinking that it was because you knew all of our moves."

"Atton already explained that," the Exile reminded her. "He saw a video."

"Hey!" the angry Toydarian owner of the landing area cried out, flying over to them. "What gives? I have someone else scheduled for this spot!"

"Did I forget to call ahead?" Atton asked innocently. "Whoops…"

"Whatever," the Toydarian said, shrugging. "You two can duke it out when the others get here."

"Did he just come all the way over here to lightly complain and then not even try to make us move?" Bao-Dur couldn't believe it. "It's not like we managed to intimidate him and Toydarians are notoriously resistant to Jedi mind tricks."

"And, of course, I didn't even say anything," Revan pointed out.

"I'm sure you can use a Jedi mind trick nonverbally," Brianna said, her eyes shining.
Revan rolled his eyes. "Let's just get going. We're in the refugee sector, right? I hate this part. Everyone tries to make you so guilty just for existing."

"Existing and not helping," Atton qualified.

"Same thing, really," Revan said dismissively.

They soon encountered a bunch of Exchange thugs intimidating a starving refugee.

"More humans?" one of them asked disgustedly. "I guess we'll need to drag them back to the refugee sector, too."

"We're hardly refugees," Brianna said angrily.

"Is there a reason you brought six of you to deal with one unarmed human?" Atton wondered. "It just seems sort of like overkill."

"It was so if we ran into any more, we could take you back!" another one declared.

"Try to take us 'back' to a Force-forsaken place like that where we've never even been and you're losing something. Likely, your head," Revan warned.

"Please help!" the refugee begged. "We're too overcrowded down there. We can't survive!"

"That isn't our problem," someone said flatly. "We just get paid to enforce the order. You have a problem with it, take it up with management."

"How are we supposed to do that if you won't let us out of the refugee sector?" the refugee demanded.

"That is also something to take up with management," one of the thugs said before swinging his weapon at the refugee. The Exile's lightsaber neatly blocked the blow and the thirty-second battle was on.

"Thanks for that," the refugee said when it was over. "Visquis has really been clamping down on us refugees lately and they would have killed me for sure if you hadn't come by."

"Visquis?" Brianna asked blankly.

"He's one of the Exchange crime bosses," the refugee explained before running off.

"Maybe if we run into the Exchange leaders we can find out more about that bounty," Bao-Dur suggested.

"Sure, if they happen to come up to us for no reason while we're off doing our thing then we could certainly ask about that," Revan agreed.

"Hey," another refugee waved them over. "I saw what you did to those Exchange thugs. Can you give me ten credits?"

"Why would we?" Atton asked rudely.

"I don't see why not," the Exile said kindly, reaching into her pack and pulling out a ten-credit chip.

"And this is why we don't let her handle most of our money," Revan explained.
Suddenly, Kreia's voice was in the Exile's head. "Why did you do such a thing? Such kindness was unearned and will ultimately mean nothing."

"Kreia?" the Exile asked, surprised. "Are you spying on me or something?"

Atton shot her a weird look. "Kreia's not here, Exile."

"They have a Force bond and thus can communicate telepathically," Revan explained. "I guess the Exile is choosing to do it out loud. But then, it's been quite some time since she's felt the Force."

"No, I'm just observing your progress," Kreia claimed. "It's really not the same thing."

"Well...I didn't really need the money and he probably did. Even if it won't change his life, at least it will ensure that he gets to eat today," the Exile said, taken aback at the question.

"Would that really be such a good thing?" Kreia asked thoughtfully.

"People not starving usually is," the Exile replied.

"But his life is horrible so forcing him to live it really can't be a kindness," Kreia realized.

"If he didn't want to live it then he would just stop eating or kill himself or something," the Exile reasoned. "And I don't think it matters if you or I think that his life is worth it because he clearly does and it's his decision."

"Kreia must be telling the Exile that it would have been better to just allow that refugee she helped to starve to death," Revan told the others.

"Kreia's kind of a bitch," Atton said bluntly.

"What if by living just even one more day he brings a greater darkness upon another?" Kreia challenged.

"What happens, happens," the Exile said simply. "I prefer to hope for the best."

"You might have even made this man a target because he has money," Kreia said pointedly.

"That's only if he's naïve enough to let everyone know that he has enough money for food," the Exile replied. "And even I know that that would not be a good idea so I'm sure he'll be fine."

"Seeing another elevated often brings the eyes of those who suffer. In the end, perhaps all you have brought is more pain," Kreia concluded.

"It's a ten-credit piece. I didn't buy him an apartment or anything," the Exile said flatly. "It's REALLY not that big of a deal."

"You can actually do more harm with kindness than with cruelty, you know," Kreia informed her.

"...No, no you can't," the Exile disagreed. "I can see that by trying to be kind you can cause problems but it will never be more problems than you get by trying to be a horrible person."

"I just want you to keep an open mind and fully think through your beliefs," Kreia claimed.

"I did that back when I was still training to be a Jedi and again after my exile," the Exile announced. "I think I'm pretty much set in my beliefs by now."
There was silence from the other end. Clearly Kreia was not happy with what she had heard.

The group made their way into ship parts shop owned by a mostly-blind Sullustan named Tienn.

"Is it safe for you to be attempting to fix ships or to work with droids when you can't see?" Bao-Dur asked uncertainly.

"I haven't heard any complaints," Tienn said dismissively.

"My thirty-one predecessors all exploded or simply stopped working long before they could lodge a complaint," Tienn's droid added.

"See, what did I tell you?" Tienn asked. "No complaints."

"Not living long enough to complain really doesn't fill me with much confidence in your abilities," Atton said flatly.

"Well no one asked you," Tienn said rudely. "Now, did you guys actually want something or did you just in here to complain?"

"Actually, we came in here because the only way into the other parts of Nar Shaddaa from the landing pad we docked on is through here," Brianna explained.

Tienn sighed. "That sounded like such a wonderful opportunity when I first heard about that but no one ever buys anything!"

"Be less obviously blind," Revan recommended.

"We do actually want something, though," the Exile remembered. "Do you have any way to change the ID signature on the Ebon Hawk?"

"Well, it's not legal-" Tienn started to say.

"Oh no!" the Exile cried out, horrified. "I accidentally asked someone to do something illegal!"

"He means that it's not legal if you don't fill out the proper permits which we are absolutely going to do," Atton said quickly, glaring at Tienn. "Right?"

"Whatever," Tienn said, shrugging. "Listen, I don't have the parts here so if you want the job done then I'll need you to bring them. Transponder cards are permanent once written so I'll need a new transponder card whose signature you wish to use or else a blank one and an ID signature."

"Exasperated cry: not another bloody scavenger hunt!" HK complained. "Clarification: And by 'bloody' I meant 'tragically not really bloody but annoying.'"

"Where would we even find one?" Brianna asked.

"Not to worry," Revan assured them. "Normally I wouldn't bother because that sounds like a lot of work but the Ebon Hawk was originally a smuggler's vessel so I have all sorts of transponder cards with me. Would you rather be a pleasure vessel or from Tatooine?"

"Is that a serious question?" Atton asked, laughing. "Who in the Republic would want to be from Tatooine?"
"You are brave to walk the surface of Nar Shaddaa, Jedi," someone said as the group walked past. "Brave and foolish."

"I've been described like that before," the Exile replied. "But I'm not a Jedi."

"That won't stop the bounty," the man told her. "Everyone's convinced that you are and there are so few Jedi left that even being a former Jedi won't make you any less of a prize."

Atton tensed immediately. "Are you a bounty hunter?"

"I was, once, but they all sold out so I left," the man explained.

"Oh, what are you?" Revan asked, annoyed. "A hipster?"

The man ignored him. "I just wanted to let you know that there is a very fragile treaty imposed by Goto that you shall not be harmed while walking the Smuggler's Moon. Of course, the Twin Suns pointed out that Goto never said anything about your companions so expect them to be attacked at any moment so that your death can be considered 'self-defense.' Although between the two of us, I doubt Goto would accept self-defense as a good enough reason to disobey his orders."

"Um…thank you for the warning, I guess," the Exile said uncertainly. "I think this is a good thing but the fact that you are all in danger for just knowing me is kind of upsetting."

"We can take care of ourselves," Brianna assured her. "And it's not like we're in any more danger for knowing you now than we generally are for the fact that you exist and are a walking disaster-magnet."

"Did Atris tell you that?" Bao-Dur inquired.

"Oh, no. She put it much less diplomatically," Brianna answered.

"I suppose that's something," Atton muttered.

"Incredulous cry: Upsetting? Eager plea: Now that something interesting might happen, for the love of all that is gory please do not try to take that from me!" HK begged.

"He is seriously disturbed," Atton said, shaking his head.

"I don't know," Revan disagreed. "I find his enthusiasm makes a great deal less work for me."

"But he's crazy," Atton protested.

"Says the man whose willing to work for Kreia because he's worried that someone who has repeatedly forgiven people for being Sith won't forgive him for that exact same thing." Revan said quietly.

"I don't want to talk about it!" Atton said, covering his ears.

"That doesn't actually stop you from hearing me, you know," Revan pointed out.

"Leave me alone; I'm deaf!" Atton shouted.
"We should probably go find a medic to look into that," the Exile said, concerned.

"Oh, that she hears," Revan said, rolling his eyes.

"Hey!" another man said, running up to them. "You stole my ship!"

"I'm sorry, what are you talking about?" the Exile asked politely.

"The Ebon Hawk, right? It was stolen from me during the Mandalorian Wars," the man explained.

"We happened to come across the ship a few years back on Taris so I think it's safe to say that we didn't steal it from you," Revan told him.

"If it's really his then we have to give it back," the Exile said seriously.

"Says who?" Atton demanded.

"Did you file the proper insurance claim when it was stolen?" Bao-Dur inquired.

The man colored. "Well…yeah. But it's still my ship and it's a nice ship so I'd like it back."

"Could we buy it from you?" Brianna asked him.

"I need a way off of this planet far more than I need any amount of money," the man said, shaking his head.

"Well in that case I really do think that we have to give it back," the Exile said reluctantly.

"Oh come on!" Atton protested. "It's our ship and he was even compensated for losing it!"

"But it's not right," the Exile said earnestly.

"I'm glad you're not going to challenge me on this," the man said. "It makes everything so much-"

"Hold on," Revan interrupted. "The Ebon Hawk isn't actually hers, you know. It's mine and I'm not giving it back. I wouldn't even give it back if you didn't get the insurance money for it, much less since you did."

"But I hate Nar Shaddaa!" the man whined.

"I don't care," Revan said flatly. "And since I suspect that you might try to just steal the ship, let me point out to you that my name is Revan – yes, that Revan – and that there's an ex-Sith waiting back on the ship and who has recently insisted that being kind causes more damage than outright cruelty."

The man paled. "I would never steal anything. I swear."

"Can we at least give him a ride somewhere?" the Exile pleaded.

"Well, we're probably going to end up going to Korriban, Dantooine, and Onderon at some point," Atton pointed out.

"I'm sure Onderon is a lovely place and I would dearly love to be allowed to go there," the man said desperately.

Revan sighed. "Whatever. Kavar is supposed to be there and I always liked him. Come to think of
it, I've always liked Vash and Vrook, too. It's only Zez-Kai Ell that I can't stand."

"I'll go wait by the docking area until you decide to leave," the man said before hurrying away.

They walked through a room that apparently had some sort of illegal activity going down in it.

"Two cases?" one of the parties was asking indignantly. "I asked for two dozen! What am I supposed to do with two cases?"

"Either use them or sell them," the other replied dryly. "I had sort of figured that you'd rather have the two than none at all."

"Hey, look! Someone that I did not expect to see coming into the room!" the first one cried out. "I'm sure this could just be somebody randomly walking through this room on their way to another part of Nar Shaddaa but I have decided that this is, in fact, a set-up by you! Kill everybody!"

"Talk about a moron," Atton said as he took out his blaster and started shooting people.

"If anybody asks about the high crime rate on this planet, I think we've found the answer right here," Revan said, shaking his head ruefully. "Rampant stupidity and the ready availability of lethal weapons."

"Your thoughts are disturbed. I can feel them from a great distance, like a shiver running through you," Kreia said suddenly.

"Okay, now I know you're spying on me," the Exile complained. "Kreia, I really hate to say this but I think that you might be misusing our Force Bond."

"Is she really talking to somebody else or is she just going crazy?" Brianna inquired.

"Probably both," Revan replied, unfazed.

"If I ever get a Force Bond with someone, you'll need to teach me to do it silently when I'm not alone so that people don't start thinking that I'm disturbed," Bao-Dur requested. "Well…any more disturbed than they already think given my great interest in droids."

"Is that what you call it?" Atton asked innocently.

"I am not!" Kreia insisted. "It's just…You feel the real Nar Shaddaa, don't you? So many people, so much anger and desperation and greed…it makes it hard to focus, doesn't it?"

"Um…not really," the Exile disagreed. "Sorry but I feel just fine."

"Oh. Well…you will," Kreia promised.

"Hey look, they have your credits right there!" a refugee being harassed by some thugs shouted, pointing towards them.

"Can't we walk more than ten feet without running into someone who insists on bothering us?" Atton demanded.

"Excuse me but would you like to get involved in a trade war?" a Duros asked, coming up to them.

"NO!" everyone but the Exile cried out.

"Fine, fine…" the Duros muttered, walking away.
"Is this true?" the thug asked suspiciously. "Do you have his money?"

"I'll handle this," Revan said, to everyone's surprise. "Okay, you two look me in the eye and listen carefully: He has already paid off his debt. All of it."

"Oh yeah, silly of us to forget," one of the thugs said. "Sorry about that. Man, we need to keep better records…"

"Wow. Um, thanks for that," the man said, surprised. "Please don't kill me for putting you on the spot like that."

"Oh, just go away," Revan said tiredly.

"Sweet!" the man exclaimed before turning and practically sprinting away from them.

"I don't really understand what that accomplished," Atton announced.

"I do," the Exile insisted. "It saved a man's life."

"It made annoying people who wouldn't leave me alone go away," Revan said quietly.

"But wouldn't telling the thugs that you didn't know that guy have the same effect?" Atton asked.

"Well, aside from the fact that they would probably be just as likely to assume that I was lying and attack me, I count the Exile among those annoying people who won't leave me alone," Revan explained.

"I don't. The Exile is amazing," Atton defended.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Not everyone has a thing for her, Atton."

"And thank the Force for that," Atton murmured.

T3 beeped something.

"Huh? Where?" Revan asked. "Excuse me for a second." He said before rushing off, followed closely by T3.

"What's he doing?" Bao-Dur wondered.

"Jealous mutter: He always takes that useless utility droid," HK complained.

"You could have always followed him as well," Brianna pointed out.

"Self-pitying sigh: He wouldn't have really wanted me there," HK sulked.

"I just can't believe that he ran off so quickly," Atton marveled, shaking his head.

"It must be a good cause," the Exile said optimistically.

"Your faith is truly remarkable," Atton said diplomatically.

"Hey guys, I'm back," Revan said, leisurely walking up to him.

"Where did you go?" the Exile asked him.

Revan shrugged. "Oh, T3 said that there was a droid over there who had been viciously kidnapped
and needed rescuing. I gave the guy 500 credits for him and he went back to his owner."

"And you didn't get a reimbursement?" Atton couldn't believe it.

Revan shot him a look. "It was for a good cause."

"See, told you," the Exile said, pleased to be right.

"I never should have doubted you," Atton replied.

"Of course, I also signed up to swoop race against a droid," Revan announced. "No one can beat him because he has faster reacting times and doesn't have to worry about getting himself killed."

"This should be interesting," Bao-Dur said, intrigued.

"You really should write out a will or something," Atton complained. "What's going to happen to all of us once you get killed one day?"

"I'll worry about that should the Force and I ever have a fight," Revan replied flippantly.

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Revan won the swoop race easily proving, once again, that the Force had some unnatural attachment to him. A Twi'lek who had been trying to buy the swoop gallery was put-out that Revan had won without sabotaging the droid but it wasn't like he particularly cared that she had to pay more money than she wanted to for it.

When Revan went to go see that the droid that he had rescued had made it back safely, the protocol droid there had insisted on giving them a nice new prototype shield for someone reason which just reinforced Revan's belief that it always paid to help a droid in need.

"Hey look, someone looking frustrated!" the Exile exclaimed. "Let's go see if he needs help. Hello! Do you need any help!"

"I need all sorts of help," the blue Twi'lek grumbled. "My name is Fassa and I work for Vogga the Hutt. Goto keeps hijacking all his freighters so business is pretty terrible and he's getting pretty angry."

"Well that sucks," Revan said apathetically.

"It does!" Fassa exclaimed. "And on top of all of that my pylon power supply is damaged so only one ship can land at a time and I can't bring these freighters in fast enough, even considering all the hijacked ones! And I can't just let them land in the order they show up, no. I have to let them land in the order in which they are prioritized, as indicated by their ID signature. And I can't even tell the full signature on the freighters!"

"Do you get paid anywhere near enough to make your job worth it?" Atton asked bluntly.

Fassa shook his head miserably. "Still, it's a job and this is Nar Shaddaa. What can you do?"

"I would love to help!" the Exile said immediately. "Tell me where to go to help work this out and I'll do it."

"And I will wait here because I don't care," Revan announced.

"I'm with Revan," Brianna agreed.
"Maybe I can help fix the supply line," Bao-Dur suggested.

"I'll go too," Atton said immediately. "For, uh, moral support."

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"You'll never guess what happened!" the Exile exclaimed as she ran back over to them.

"No and that's because I don't care," Revan said flatly.

"Bao-Dur fixed all the Pylons but I organized the landing order anyway," the Exile told him. "Then there was this Bith scientist that was about to be murdered by this giant droid. We killed that and then the Bith went into hiding because there's this huge conspiracy afoot and we think that Goto might actually be a droid and-

Revan yawned. "Yes, that's very fascinating. Hey, do you guys want to go loot the apartments?"

"But-but wouldn't that be wrong?" the Exile asked, sounding upset.

"It's not as if we're going to be harassing the refugees," Revan pointed out.

"Well…as long as we ask them about their problems," the Exile agreed.

"Fantastic," Revan said, making his way over to the apartments nearby. "Hello," he said as he entered the first one he saw. "While I steal everything in here, are there any problems you need taken care of?"

"Yeah, our captain sealed himself inside the Jekk'Jeek Tarr because he's an idiot and an addict and we can't go in there because it's toxic to us," one of the men said. "We either need him back or just somebody that knows how to pilot the ship because Nar Shaddaa really sucks if you can't leave and we missed our departure date a week ago."

"Should we ever feel the need to go into a bar that can kill us or find someone looking for a ship to pilot, we'll send them your way," Revan promised. "I mean, I probably won't remember or care enough to but I'm sure the Exile will."

The next room had an Ithorian in it. "I can't imagine why anyone would be visiting me since I haven't actually made an effort to talk to anyone so you must be part of the docking authority. If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times. I don't have the money for the 'exit fee.'"

"Oh, we can take care of that for you!" the Exile assured him. "What do you need us to do?"

"Talk to Fassa about letting me leave already," the Ithorian instructed. "Although I don't know or trust why you would want to help a complete stranger like this."

"Neither do we but it's kind of her thing," Atton explained.

"If you help me, I'll give you a power cell from my cargo," the Ithorian promised.

"I don't know who you are but you picked the wrong room to break into," a man said flatly in the next room.

"Sorry, who are you?" the Exile asked.

"My name is Lootra," Lootra said shortly.
"We didn't know anyone was in here," Revan lied.

"That's great but why are you sticking my possessions in your pouch?" Lootra demanded.

"So tell me, do you have any problems that you need help with?" Revan asked hastily.

"Aside from the ridiculously blatant looting...yes, actually. My wife, Aaida, might be here on Nar Shaddaa. We got separated after our home, Telos, was bombed. If she is, though, she's in the refugee sector so I can't get in to see her and she can't get out. She probably doesn't even know I'm here," Lootra said dejectedly.

"Well, we're going to head over there soon enough so if we find her we'll tell her about you and help her get out," the Exile promised.

"In exchange for what?" Lootra asked flatly.

"We're trying to rack up good deeds so that someone we're looking for will come talk to us," Brianna explained.

"I'd recommend you cut the looting then," Lootra advised.

"We'll certainly take that under advisement," Atton said dryly, watching as Revan stole the man's watch.
Annoying, the group found out that not only were the Exchange guards trying to keep refugees in the refugee sector but they wouldn't even let anybody into it without a bribe...or without being violently killed which was what actually ended up happening.

The moment that they stepped into the refugee sector, they almost ran into a pale, coughing man who was standing right at the entrance.

"Keep back," he wheezed. "I'm...contagious, the...others say."

"You are the one standing right in front of the entrance," Brianna pointed out. "Are you trying to block our entrance?"

"Not to worry, sir," the Exile said soothingly. "In my ongoing quest to bring nothing but joy and laughter to this universe, I've studied extensively with healers."

Revan rolled his eyes. "Of course you have."

"That's not a requirement of being a Jedi, is it?" Bao-Dur asked worriedly.

Revan shook his head. "Don't worry about it, no. And anyway, there's not much of an order to require things of people anymore."

"How did you get sick?" the Exile asked professionally. "And how long has it been?"

"I...don't know," the man replied. "I was feeling just fine yesterday and now I think I'm going to die."

"What a drama queen," Atton muttered.

"Atton, he could be really sick!" the Exile exclaimed, surprised.

"Is he?" Atton asked her.

"Well...no," the Exile conceded. "Actually, he's just got the flu. I can heal that pretty easily. Observe." She placed her hands on either side of the man's head and concentrated.

Almost immediately, his color returned. "I feel wonderful! Oh, this is a miracle! Thank you so much, whoever you are!"

"You're welcome," the Exile said, beaming.

"That was amazing," Atton admitted. "I didn't know you could heal."

"Revan can heal, too," the Exile said, nodding Revan's way.

Atton glanced at him. "Well yeah, but getting him to actually use it on anybody but himself is so unlikely that he might as well not even be able to heal."

"Not true," Revan refuted. "I would also heal Bastila without question."

"Who is Bastila?" Brianna inquired.
"My girlfriend," Revan answered.

"Well that's all fine and good but she's not here so she doesn't count," Atton told him.

T3 beeped something.

"Incredulous statement: There is no way you can tell that just by looking!" HK said disbelievingly.

"What did he say?" Brianna demanded.

"He said that that man looks like he's in charge," Revan translated, gesturing towards a bald man with a red beard.

"Hello, are you in charge?" the Exile asked pleasantly, approaching the man.

The man looked surprised. "Well, I suppose I am. Not officially, of course, but folks need someone to look to to keep things organized and they usually come to me. The name's Hussef and I don't know if you strangers are here to stay or not but I'd recommend being careful and staying close to the camp either way. It's just not safe."

Revan looked offended. "Tell me we don't look like refugees!"

"Well…not really," Hussef admitted. "But I don't like to judge and imagine how embarrassing it would be for you if you were planning on staying and I just assumed that you weren't."

"We're going about Nar Shaddaa attempting to find somebody and the best way to do that is to do all manner of good deeds so is there anything you can think of that might need doing?" the Exile asked him.

Revan groaned.

"She's not going to change," Atton told him.

Revan nodded. "Oh, I know. The worst part is that I can't even really complain because we need to get this done. Well…sort of need. Why are we looking for him again?"

Hussef looked surprised by their offer to help. "Well, whatever your reasons, if you truly wish to help then I'm grateful. Our main problem is that we're being slowly crushed on two fronts. The Exchange is pushing us in on one side and the Serroco refugees are pushing in the other. If you could convince them to give us just a bit more space…"

"We'll kill them both, sure," Revan agreed, resignedly.

The Exile looked horrified. "Revan, why would you say that?"

"Because you're going to make us get involved in this at all and there's no point trying to reason with either group since it'll just end up with us killing them," Revan explained patiently. "So I say, why not just cut to the chase?"

"I don't see what you mean," the Exile confessed, looking lost.

"The Exchange is a group of criminals who like to hurt people and have no morals," Atton jumped into the conversation. "And they're all out to kill you so that's just going to end in us killing them in self-defense the minute you go near them."

"That might be true," the Exile said, biting on her lip. "But what about those poor refugees? Surely
they will be more reasonable."

Revan looked a little awkward. "They won't be, really."

"Why not?" the Exile pressed.

"These refugees are from the Mandalorian War," Bao-Dur informed them.

"Well, if they fought the Mandalorians and you saved everybody from the Mandalorian then shouldn't they like you?" the Exile asked, surprisingly reasonable.

"Well…they would but…" Revan trailed off.

"Revan had their First Patriarch, Lelin-Dor, assassinated," Brianna revealed.

"Are you sure this wasn't Malak?" Bao-Dur asked skeptically.

"Oh no, that one was me," Revan admitted.

"Proud clarification: Or rather, that one was me," HK said smugly.

"Why would you do such a heinous thing?" the Exile couldn't believe it.

Revan shrugged. "He was a destabilizing influence. It had to be done. But needless to say, they are not pleased with me."

"And yet you said it anyway," Atton noted.

"Well yeah, but I didn't have to," Revan agreed.

"Then why did you?" Atton pressed.

"Because it's not like there's a word moratorium," Revan said with an air of finality.

"Well…good luck with that," Hussef said uncertainly. "And please try to keep us out of it, whatever you do."

"Some people can be so ungrateful," Revan said with mock sadness.

"One more thing," the Exile said suddenly. "There was a woman we were looking for. Her name was…Aaida, I think. Do you know her?"

Hussef nodded. "Oh, yes, I do. She's actually the woman standing about three feet behind me and to the left."

"Thank you," the Exile said with a smile as they moved on.

"Don't you think this is all just a bit…convenient?" Atton asked hesitantly.

"As a matter of fact, no," Revan disagreed. "I find this very inconveniencing indeed."

"I mean, this could all be a lot harder than it is," Atton clarified.


"What ever do you mean?" the Exile asked, confused.
"We're still within the line of sight from the entrance we came in and already we found one sick man to help, the leader of the refugees who told us how to help them and attract that Jedi's attention, AND not only does he know who Aaida is but she is standing right near him," Atton pointed out. "Things like that don't usually happen."

"They don't?" the Exile asked surprised. "They always do to me. What do you think, Revan?"

"They happen to me even more frequently than they do to you," Revan replied. "Kae used to tell me that it was because the Force knew that I wasn't even willing to meet it halfway."

"So the Force is responsible for this?" the Exile inquired. "Well that's certainly nice of it. Although I'm really not sure that that's true because it was like that for me even back when I didn't have the Force."

"Did you people want something?" Aaida asked, a bit annoyed. "Or were you just going to stand there talking about how easy your lives are? I was going to ask if you were other refugees but not I'm starting to doubt it."

"Good," Revan said, relieved. "I hate being mistaken for a poor person. I really should just wear a sign around my neck saying 'I'm not a refugee.' Are all of these people literate?"

"We're here to help," the Exile said, getting right back on track. "Your husband, Lootra, is on Nar Shaddaa and looking for you."

"He also blew all of your savings and is this close to accepting a job in the Exchange so how happy you should be is really up for debate," Atton told her.

"W-what? Lootra is here?" Aaida couldn't believe it. "Please, you have to help me get to him!"

"I really feel like you should be doing some of this yourself," Brianna said disapprovingly.

"But I can't! I don't know where he is and the Exchange won't let anyone out of here!" Aaida protested.

"It occurs to me that passage must have been freer in the past for there to be refugees in the first place and if they are really literally not allowed to leave then they will not only starve but they won't be of any use to the Exchange," Bao-Dur remarked.

"Never let it be said that criminal organizations have any sense," Revan said sagely.

"Is that a yes or a no?" Aaida asked impatiently.

"Look, we killed the guards to that entrance right behind us and you'll find your husband in one of the apartments off the docks," Atton told her.

Aaida's eyes lit up and she ran off without even taking the time to thank them.

"Well that was rude," Revan complained.

They walked past a frantic-looking woman who stopped them by shouting out, "Are you one of Sasquesh's men? Did you take my daughter?"

"Do you begin all conversations this way?" Revan asked rhetorically. "Because I'll give you points for originality but strangely this topic does not really make me what to talk to you."

"Please, tell us what happened," the Exile requested before the woman could respond to Revan.
"The Overseer, that's Sasquesh, ordered his men to sell my daughter to the Hutts all because I could not pay his debt," the woman said, heartbroken.

"That's surprisingly civilized," Revan remarked.

Brianna stared at him. "It's human trafficking and in a Republic world, to boot. How is that even remotely civilized?"

"Because he waited until her mother couldn't pay before snatching the child," Revan replied.

Brianna waited. "Aren't you going to say that you're not in support of human trafficking?"

"I would because I'm not but I've learned over the years that there are some clarifications that will really not help you and 'I do not support human trafficking' is one of them," Revan replied.

"How much is your debt?" Bao-Dur inquired.

"600 credits!" the woman sobbed.

"Atton spent 600 credits on a new blaster just a few hours ago," the Exile told her. "Of course we'll cover your debt for you."

"In my defense, it was an amazing weapon," Atton informed them all. "And we'll probably make more than 600 credits off the corpses' of the people we'll have to kill to get the kid back, anyway."

"Oh, I don't want any trouble," the woman said, looking suddenly very nervous.

"Well your kid has been taken into slavery so tough, you're getting trouble," Atton said bluntly. "What's her name? And what's your name? This might be useful when talking to what's-his-name."

"I'm Nadaa and my daughter is Adana," Nadaa informed them.

Another ten feet before they were confronted with an older-looking woman. "Greetings, I am Kahranna. Are you the spacer we were told about?"

"There is a very good chance of that, depending on what you were told," Revan replied. "Details, please."

"We were expecting one of the pilots from the docks to come and take our family off of Nar Shaddaa. Some guy named Planore said that he had a pilot friend who could take us away from here for 500 credits. We gave him the money, of course, but his friend is...three months late," Kahranna informed them.

Revan winced. "Massive stupidity gives me migraines."

"What do you mean?" Kahranna asked, frowning.

"You have been deceived," Bao-Dur informed her. "He just ripped you off."

"W-what?" Kahranna couldn't believe it. "That was all that we had! And now we're just stuck here?"

"We know an Ithorian with a ship who will owe us as soon as we tell him that we took care of his exit fee," the Exile told her gently. "We'll make sure to send him down to help you, okay?"

Kahranna looked suspicious. "In exchange for what, exactly? I have no more money."
"We don't want money," the Exile promised.

"Maybe you don't," Revan muttered.

Kahranna's face softened. "Well…thank you, then. I eagerly await your return."

"Hey, Spacer, you work at the docks?" a man asked hopefully as they passed by him.

"No," the Exile told him. "But maybe I can help anyway."

"I have a lot of experience as a ship captain and so I'm really hoping that, unlikely as this is, some crew with a ship will need a captain," the man replied. "I flew during the Mandalorian Wars and the Jedi Civil War."

"I really wish that they wouldn't call it that," the Exile said absently. "It wasn't a civil war at all! It was the Jedi and the Sith."

"It's always the Jedi and the Sith," Revan replied. "And what does your average person know about the subtle ideological differences between those two sects?"

" 'Subtle ideological-"' the Exile broke off. "Revan, the Sith are mass-murderers who hurt and kill people for power or for their own amusement! Um, no offence."

"None taken," Revan said breezily. "But Atton, do you want to take this one?"

Atton glared at him. "No, no I do not."

"Then why aren't you still flying?" Bao-Dur inquired.

"You need a pilot's license to fly the freighters here and they're tough to get without sponsorship," the man replied. "So…?"

"As a matter of fact, we do have something," the Exile said brightly. "There's a crew waiting in one of apartments on the docks. They technically already have a captain but they're looking to get rid of him because he won't leave the Jekk'Jekk Tarr and they were supposed to leave a week ago. I'm sure they'll be glad to have you."

The man thanked them and ran off, clearly having no problem figuring out how to get out of the Refugee Sector despite Aaida's difficulties.

"You realize that those were criminals you sent him to, right?" Brianna asked rhetorically.

The Exile blinked. "What?"

They continued walking and two of the Twi'lek refugees started following them around.

"What are they doing?" Revan asked quietly.

"I don't know but it's kind of freaking me out," Atton replied.

"You are right - it is him. He is different," one of them said.

"Let us watch and see what he does," the second replied.

"Do you think he will recognize us?"
"He never saw us before, he will not recognize us now - we may approach safely without detection."

"Yeah, maybe if they weren't talking about it," Revan murmured. "Who do you think they're talking about: you, me, or Bao-Dur?"

"You have done much kindness here in the Refuge Sector so we feel we must pay you in return," the blue Twi'lek said, addressing himself to the Exile.

"Oh, thank you," she said, startled. "I'm happy to help."

"But it is for your ears alone, not for an audience," the red one said seriously.

Obligingly, the Exile walked forward about five feet and still well-within the hearing distance of the rest of the group.

"Should we tell her-" Brianna started to ask.

"Don't be silly, of course not," Revan cut her off. "This makes eavesdropping so much easier."

"That one - your human companion, the male one, we have seen him here before," the red Twi'lek began.

"That's hardly groundbreaking," Bao-Dur noted. "You both have admitted to spending time here."

"Who?" the Exile inquired. "Atton?"

"Yes! She thought of me before Revan!" Atton cheered.

"That was the name we knew him by," the red one said slowly. "That one came to the smuggler's moon years into the Jedi Civil War, claimed he'd been displaced by the war. Don't trust him. He is not a soldier - he is a killer, tried and true."

The Exile's eyes widened.

"How in the world could they possibly know that if you were supposed to be laying low?" Revan wondered.

"This is a disaster!" Atton cried out, completely ignoring Revan's perfectly sensible question. "Maybe she won't ask me about it."

"She will," Revan told him bluntly. "She'll probably take 'I don't want to talk about it' as an answer but then you know she won't know that you repented or whatever and who knows what she'll think of you? I don't see why you'd care, either, but since you clearly do…"

"I can give you nothing more than that warning - the rest is up to you," the red one said solemnly. "Now let's get out of here before he hears us and comes to kill us."

"I can already hear you," Atton called loudly.

"Run!" the blue one shouted and the pair ran off.

The Exile looked questioningly at Atton. "Atton…"

Atton made a split-second decision. "Not here. If you guys want to deal with the Exchange and maybe the Serroco while we're gone, that would be great."
"Not really," Revan said flatly.

"I'll make sure it gets done," Brianna said firmly.

"We'll see," Revan said as if he highly doubted she'd convince him.

"If you don't do it while we're gone, the Exile will be doing it with you later," Atton pointed out.

Revan made a face at him.

Atton gestured for the Exile to follow him. "Come on, we're going to need some privacy."
Atton's Fail Confession

The Exile followed Atton into a private room at the back of the Cantina.

"Why are we here?" she asked, puzzled. "Wouldn't the Ebon Hawk be more suitable?"

"It would be if that witch weren't waiting on it," Atton muttered.

The Exile frowned disapprovingly. "You mean Kreia? Atton, you really should be nicer to her. She's very old and very wise and thus deserves our respect."

"She doesn't treat me with any respect," Atton pointed out.

"The old also deserve our indulgence," the Exile continued.

"Is being old an excuse for everything?" Atton asked, annoyed.

The Exile shrugged. "It is for a good many things, at least."

"And even if it weren't for Kreia," Atton said her name for slowly and deliberately, barely restraining from making a face at it, "I still think that this isn't a conversation I should be having completely sober."

"Well I'll need to be sober," the Exile told him. "After all, it's dangerous and irresponsible for someone who is a living weapon every moment that they're conscious to get drunk. Not to mention that due to my training in toxin immunity, what it takes to get me drunk is enough to kill several normal people."

"And that would likely be obscenely expensive," Atton remarked. And since he liked her, he would undoubtedly offer to pay for said drinks so her not drinking really worked for him.

The pair sat there in mildly awkward silence for a few minutes while Atton started drinking.

"So..." the Exile began slowly. "Was there anything that you wanted to tell me?"

"No, because you're asking about it - if I wanted to tell you anything, I would have come and told you. Anything else?" Atton snapped.

The Exile blinked, taken aback. "I-I'm sorry," she immediately apologized. "I don't know what I was thinking. Your private business is your private business and I'll just leave you alone now."

Atton sighed. "No, wait. I was the one who asked you to come here so I could talk to you. It's not your fault that those idiot Twi'leks decided to go around gossiping about me."

"I'm sure they were trying to help," the Exile said optimistically.

"It doesn't really matter if they do because they're severely inconveniencing me," Atton grumbled. "Look...there's no easy way to say this."

"Atton, it's okay," the Exile said earnestly. "You don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to. I understand. We all have our pasts and I'm certainly not in a position to judge anybody for theirs'."

Atton narrowed his eyes. "Is this an interrogation? If so, you're terrible at it, especially for an ex-Jedi...or whatever you are."
The Exile's eyes began to fill with tears. "No, it's really not. I just...I'm sorry, I'm really not sure what I'm doing wrong here. I just said that you didn't have to tell me and I mean that. I'm not trying to trick you or anything."

"Why don't you just crawl in my head and try to dig out whatever you're looking for rather than asking about it?" Atton demanded. If she tried, she'd have a difficult time indeed. It had taken Kreia quite awhile when using her full concentration and she had far more experience with that type of thing than did the Exile.

The Exile looked horrified. "Atton, you've got to believe me that I would never...You know what, maybe I should just go..."

Atton sighed again. This topic was an uncomfortable one but none of this was the Exile's fault and he had to stop taking it out on her. She was probably the only one who would really get upset by it and also the least deserving of his anger. Even Revan couldn't be bothered to stand between him and Kreia. And maybe this way he'd be free of Kreia's control...not like she had actually asked him to do anything yet but it was really the principle of the thing. "You see...I was once a soldier."

Immediately, the Exile reached out and grasped his hand. "That's okay, Atton. You know, I actually used to be a soldier, too. I got exiled for it..." Now she was looking all depressed again and he'd barely even started! He should have just pestered Revan into telling her. Sure, he'd be blunt but it wasn't like Atton himself was doing any better.

"I wasn't just a soldier in the Mandalorian War," Atton admitted. "I was one of the ones that stayed with Revan once he left the Republic."

The Exile stopped breathing. "Is that your way of saying that you were a Sith?"

Atton nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

The Exile closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Well that's...that's not okay, really, but it's not the end of the world. A lot of good people stuck with Revan. Loyalty is a powerful motivator and Force knows that Revan can be very persuasive."

"I wasn't a good person," Atton said bitterly. "And my name wasn't even Atton, then."

"What was it?" the Exile asked, curious despite herself.

"Jaq," Atton said shortly. "But when I left the Sith, I was trying to get away with all of that and make it harder for them to find me all at the same time so I decided to try on a new identity."

The Exile nodded sagely. "The Sith isn't really something that people can just walk away from. I mean, I know a ton of people who have fallen at some point and redeemed themselves, for all the Council hasn't officially admitted is possible, and they often have to kill a lot of people in the process of returning to the light."

"How do you live with yourself?" Atton asked abruptly. He wasn't sure if this was the best way to get the Exile to understand but he was at a loss for how else to do it.

The Exile faltered. "I...what?"

"How do you live with yourself?" Atton repeated. "I've never really asked you about that. I've heard about what you did, though. Everybody has. Serroco. Dxun. Malachor V. I know that you've got a lot to answer for, like all Jedi."

He paused. "Perhaps a little less than most. But is that why you went back to the Jedi Council? Were you hoping that they would kill you? But then, Jedi don't"
kill their prisoners, do they? That's part of their sanctimonious moral code. Was that why you did it? You thought they would kill you so you surrendered first to force them to spare you?"

The Exile was quiet for a moment as she tried to figure out how to answer. "I went to war because people were dying and it didn't look like that would stop anytime soon. Malak told me that though the Council had officially refused to get involved, we were allowed to go off to fight the war."

"And you believed him?" Atton couldn't believe it.

"I trusted him," the Exile said simply. "And I wanted so badly for it to be true. And then, when the war was over, I went back. Of course I went back. I had only left to go fight the war and now the war was over. It didn't even occur to me not to go back. I didn't think they would kill me. I didn't really know what they would do with me. Things were easier before Malachor. Afterwards I was just…numb. I couldn't feel anything. I might have even lost my connection with the Force before I went back and I honestly have no idea.

"As for how I live with myself, I guess I just try to live the best life I can and to help as many people as possible," the Exile told him. "I don't know if it will ever make up for what I've done but I'm trying and I don't know how else to go about it. And not being able to fix things is no excuse not to try, you know. Besides, when you get right down to it I lived and others did not. They may have deserved to live more than me but they're not still here and I am. I feel like I have an obligation to go out there and make the most out of my life because they've got that chance robbed from them."

"You make it sound so simple," Atton said wistfully.

"Simple doesn't mean easy," the Exile replied.

"The Jedi deserved it," the Exile replied.

The Exile started. "Of course they didn't. Why would you even say that?"

"Because the Jedi lie," Atton said stoically. "And they manipulate. And every act of charity or kindness they do, you can drag it out squirming into the light and see it for what it is."

"That's not what the Jedi are," the Exile declared passionately. "Or at least it's not what it's supposed to be. I have no idea what your experience with the Jedi was but perhaps mistakes were made. The Jedi are supposed to do good for the sake of doing good and protect people for the sake of protecting them. Not…not anything you said."

"You don't get it, do you?" Atton asked rhetorically. "The Jedi or the Sith…what does most of the galaxy know about your little religious squabbles? All they can see is that people die while you fight."

"We have to fight," the Exile objected. "Otherwise the Sith would kill even more people. And it's not really fair to call it a 'religious squabble' since it's really about whether or not you should use your power to kill a lot of people and take over the galaxy or to protect people…or at the very least fail to do that first part."

"That's the problem right there," Atton said triumphantly. "You people just have too much power."

"Well…it's not like we can help that," the Exile pointed out. "We can't help being what we are."

"Maybe not," Atton conceded. "But you can help everything else. For all of the Siths' flaws, at least they're honest. They'll tell you upfront that you're probably going to be killed by your fellows in
order to gain a minor promotion or moment of recognition. Strangely, this doesn't really have a negative impact on recruitment. The Jedi are pacifists except in times of war. They believe in honesty except when it comes to telling their students the truth."

"But weren't they being pacifists when they refused to fight the Mandalorians and angered the rest of the galaxy?" the Exile asked. "And I'm sure they had their reasons."

Atton shook his head. "You sound like one of them."

The Exile looked straight at him then and, for all her claims about not using the Force on him, Atton could swear that she was looking straight through him. "What did you do?"

Atton looked away. "What does it matter?"

"You're the one who wanted to tell me," the Exile pointed out. "I'm here if you want to talk and I'm here if you don't. I'm just really worried about you."

"That's not a good idea," Atton admitted. "I have a bad habit of deserting."

"Why?" the Exile inquired simply.

"Soldiers follow orders," Atton replied. "It would be so simple to blame it on that but it was more than that. It was loyalty to Revan and his leadership and resentment at the Jedi for doing nothing and punishing those that helped. It was anger at the Republic for being so weak and impossible to believe in anymore. Who do you turn to when everything you believed in falls apart right in front of you?"

"Revan," the Exile answered quietly.

Atton nodded. "Revan. After we left the Republic, the Sith teachings started spreading like wildfire through the ranks. And I discovered that I had a…a gift, if you will."

"What kind of gift?" The Exile asked, looking like she honestly wasn't sure if she wanted to know.

Moment of truth. "A gift for torturing and breaking Jedi, for killing Jedi."

Atton had never seen her look so appalled. "No. Just…no."

"I did," Atton insisted. "And you know what? It was easy. You just have to be smart about it. If you go straight up against a Jedi then yeah, they can kill you all day. But use poisons or gases, go after civilians, go after their allies…it can be done. And Jedi can be so complacent. They'll just scan your surface thoughts so if you throw up a wall of strong emotions they'll buy into it and won't look for anything deeper. Of course, killing them wasn't as fun as breaking them. Revan preferred to make them see his side of things anyway."

"Why are you telling me this?" the Exile whispered.

"Because you've killed Jedi, too," Atton told her. "The situation was different but you have to understand. You've killed far more than I ever could."

"Why did you leave?" the Exile inquired.

"There was a woman, a Jedi," Atton said blankly. "She came to me, said she had come to save me. She was either a liar or an idiot. I did to her what I did to all Jedi. Then, when I thought she couldn't take it anymore, she forced her way into my mind and showed me the Force. Showed me how I
was so good at what I did because I was one of them. I killed her. I had to. If I hadn't then they would have known and there would have been no escape for me. So I left."

"And came to Nar Shaddaa," the Exile concluded.

"And came to Nar Shaddaa," Atton echoed. "Look, I've been traveling with you long enough to know that you and Revan have history and those that travel with you two don't. And maybe I want somebody to know who I was in case a story needs to be set straight."

"I will," the Exile promised fiercely. "Force knows that I will."

"I didn't want to tell you any of this in case you couldn't tell," Atton said awkwardly. "But I had to. Because if something happens, I can't let you think I was doing it for something other than the past."

The minute those words left his mouth, Atton knew he had said the wrong thing even if he wasn't sure why.

Hurt flashed across the Exile's face. Apparently it was this of all things that she had taken issue with. "Of course not. Force forbid you might have some other reason to help."

"Exile-" Atton started to say.

She shook her head. "Look, I know you didn't ask for any forgiveness but I'm going to give it to you anyway."

"Just like that?" Atton couldn't believe that it was really as easy as everyone kept telling him it would be.

"Just like that," she confirmed. "You're clearly no longer a Sith. You feel bad about what happened and you're doing what you can to make up for it. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go find the others."

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"So did you guys actually get anything done while we were gone?" Atton asked once he and the Exile had located the rest of their group. They had technically walked back together but the Exile was steadfastly refusing to acknowledge his presence.

"Yep, loads," Revan said, sounding pleased.

Atton blinked. "I'm a little confused as to why you sound so pleased about it."

"Well he wasn't the one actually doing any of it," Bao-Dur clarified.

"Satisfied confirmation: No he was not. I went on a massive killing spree and this is the best day I have had in a good long while," HK informed them.

"He killed all the Serroco refugees and the Exchange, thus freeing Adana, and then it turned out that those people whose landing spot the Ebon Hawk is in invaded our ship so he killed them, too," Brianna explained.

"Enraptured declaration: It was absolutely beautiful and had I ever thought anything bad about my master I would be taking it back now," HK announced.

"So how did the talk go?" Revan asked.
The Exile smiled tightly at him. "Fine."

Revan nodded and glanced Atton's way. "So how did it really go?" he asked quietly, signaling for HK to distract the Exile.

Atton groaned. "I don't know what I did wrong. I mean, I started by yelling at her a lot in the beginning even though I was the one to ask to talk to her but things seemed to be okay. Then I told her that I wanted her to know that I'm only here because of a woman I killed five years ago and suddenly she's not speaking to me."

Revan rolled his eyes. "Gee, I wonder why…"

"So do I," Atton said, rubbing his eyes.

Revan stared at him. "What, seriously? You seriously don't know?"

"No, I don't," Atton confirmed. "Why, do you think you have some idea?"

"You know how you've been hopelessly in love with her for no reason that I can figure out since practically the minute you met?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"I did notice this, yes," Atton said dryly.

"Well you basically told her that the reason you're helping and being so nice to her is not because you care at all about her but because of someone you murdered five years ago," Revan explained.

Atton winced. "Well that's really not how I meant it-"

"Yeah, I don't care," Revan interrupted. "Go tell her."

Atton chanced a look at the Exile, who still looked unhappy. "Maybe I'll give her a little time first…"
T3 beeped something.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Oh, right. Someone called Visquis called earlier. He's apparently with the Exchange. He wants the Exile to walk into an obvious trap in the Jekk'Jekk Tarr by herself, supposedly because he really hates humans. He never said anything about droids or Zabraks or even Echani so if, for whatever reason, you decided to oblige him and only send one human you hardly had to go alone."

"Droids don't function properly in there," Bao-Dur was quick to remind him.

"Ah, right," Revan said dismissively. "Well Bao-Dur and Brianna presumably do."

"I don't go anywhere my Remote can't come," Bao-Dur insisted.

"It can come," Revan replied. "It just won't work properly."

The Exile's eyebrows shot up. "He told me he wanted me to walk into a trap?"

"Actually, what he said was that he had a business opportunity for you and wanted to discuss it in private," Brianna explained. "But since we know about the bounty on your head, we were immediately suspicious."

"And also because some of us are not idiots," Revan continued. "I wouldn't go anyway but…"

"I think I should go," the Exile decided.

Bao-Dur started. "General?"

"It would be rude to keep him waiting or, worse, to stand him up," the Exile explained.

"But he wants to kill you," Atton pointed out.

"You don't know that," she replied, not looking at him. "Not everybody likes to assume the worst of others, Atton."

"This is all your fault," Atton muttered to Revan.

Revan shook his head. "Somehow, I very much doubt that. If you want to blame somebody, blame Kreia."

"I always blame Kreia," Atton explained. "It's very therapeutic. You should try it sometime."

"Reluctant inquiry: Does anybody actually have a sane reason why this meatbag should go?" HK demanded.

"I've got nothing," Bao-Dur told them.

"She could always…gather information?" Brianna suggested tentatively.

The Exile nodded. "Yes, gathering information is always important."

"But the air in the Jekk'Jekk Tarr is poisonous," Atton pointed out. "The Exile can't just go in
unprotected. Do we have a suit or something?"

"We still have that one from Peragus," the Exile offered.

Revan shook his head. "Please. You don't need that suit. It's bulky and inconvenient and any tear means you're dead."

"Well I can't just not go," the Exile pointed out.

"Actually you could but I can see that that's not going to happen," Revan replied. "All you need to do is use breath control."

"I have never heard of this," the Exile announced.

"Oh, how annoying," Revan said, put-out. "Well…ask Kreia. I'm pretty sure she knows how to do it."

The Exile nodded and closed her eyes.

"You can't just teach her?" Atton demanded.

"I could," Revan allowed. "And I might even have done it if I hadn't known for a fact that Kreia could, as well. Besides, I'm making her feel useful. Surely that's a Jedi-like thing to do."

"You're a terrible person," Atton declared.

"Normally I'd agree but you're just saying that because I sent her to Kreia," Revan countered.

"Okay, I can do it," the Exile announced excitedly. "My, I just love learning new Force powers!"

"Do you want me to come with you?" Brianna inquired.

The Exile shook her head. "That's sweet but no thanks. Visquis asked to meet with me alone and I will be a guest of his so it just wouldn't be right."

"If you die, I'm telling you right now that I'm not avenging your murder," Revan warned.

The Exile smiled at him. "That's so wonderfully Jedi-like of you, Revan. I know that instead you'll bring them to justice."

"Not worth it," Revan decided.

"I'll see you guys later, okay?" the Exile said as she started off towards the Jekk'Jekk Tarr.

Atton ran after her. "Look, Exile…I just wanted to say…"

"Yes?" the Exile asked, tilting her head quizzically.

"Be careful in there, okay?" he said quickly. It clearly wasn't what he had intended to say. "If anything happens to you then you won't be able to let us know and Visquis knows it. As much as I hate that you'll be on your own, if you won't bring anybody else then I'm not sure what we can do."

"I'll be fine," the Exile promised. "Thank you. For your concern, of course."

Atton nodded and, looking a little uncertain, left her.

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"Bad news," Atton reported, returning to the ship. "I just killed two bounty hunters in the Cantina. Apparently they're trying to get around the bounty hunter truce by coming after us instead so the Exile would seek vengeance on them."

"Fools," Kreia, who had deigned to stand outside of the ship, said scornfully. "They've never met the Exile, have they? She is too much of a Jedi for that."

"That won't stop them," Atton warned.

Sure enough, a group of what appeared to be bounty hunters started advancing on them.

"Ah..look. Refugees. Here. On the landing pad. Are you lost?" one of them said.

Revan's eye twitched. "We are not refugees!"

"No matter. Tell us where the Exile is or we will kill you," the same bounty hunter declared.

"I…don't actually speak their language," Atton said, looking a little embarrassed.

"Don't worry about it," Revan said, patting him on the shoulder. "When I travelled with Carth, I'm not sure he understood anything that wasn't Basic."

"He wants us to give up the general to his poorly trained collection of bounty-hunters," Bao-Dur translated.

"Ah. So we're going to be killing them then?" Atton asked matter-of-factly.

"You can kill them if you want, I don't really feel like dealing with this," Revan told them, starting to head back to the ship.

"You can't just leave us to kill these people on our own!" Brianna objected.

"HK?" Revan asked without looking behind him.

"Enthusiastic affirmation: Yes, Master!"

----

A woman stepped out of the shadows and into the Exile's path. She had been going uncharacteristically slowly because she wasn't quite sure what to say to Visquis when she got there.

"You know, I had actually thought that Jedi were supposed to be smart and yet here you are sticking your lightsaber into everyone's business," the woman said, shaking her head.

"I'm sorry, you are?" the Exile inquired.

"I'm Mira. And you're the Exile, of course," Mira said, nodding. "I don't know your real name but then I can't find anybody who does."

"If you mean my former name then Revan and Bao-Dur do," the Exile replied. "But that's really not the point. While I don't feel I've acted unintelligently, people are made Jedi on the basis of whether or not they are discovered with enough Force ability early enough to be trained."

"You don't feel you're acting like an idiot?" Mira laughed. "Do you really think you can save everybody on Nar Shaddaa?"
"Not by myself, no," the Exile conceded. "But that's no excuse for not helping who I can. Such apathy won't do anybody any favors."

"You're not doing yourself any favors," Mira shot back. "Do you have any idea how much attention you're attracting?"

"That's rather the point," the Exile explained. "While I would do my best to help these people regardless, I'm supposed to be attracting attention. I'm looking for a Jedi and my friends and I figured that it would be easier if we just announced our presence to everyone here so hopefully he would come look me up."

"Well that's one way of doing it," Mira murmured. "Of course, there's a huge bounty on your head so it's still a stupid plan."

The Exile tilted her head up. "I refuse to let a bunch of criminals tell me how to live my life."

"I'm actually a bounty hunter, you know," Mira told her.

"Oh," the Exile said awkwardly. She peered closely at Mira. "Are you a criminal?"

"I don't think so, no," Mira replied. "Look, I know that Visquis sent you a message and he's trying to trap you."

"I have heard that opinion," the Exile informed her. "But I'm going anyway. For...information. And manners, we can't forget about that. They're very important."

"If you say so," Mira said, giving her a strange look. "Look, he's going to start a fight, wrap you up, and then deliver you to Goto claiming you attacked him."

"You don't think I can take him?" the Exile asked, sounding hurt.

"Maybe you can, maybe you can't," Mira said dismissively. "That won't matter. He'll have enough back-up and all sorts of cheap tricks that you can't possibly win."

"But I win impossible fights all the time," the Exile protested.

Mira looked like she dearly wanted to strangle something. "Not to underestimate myself but if I know about your meeting with Visquis then everyone else does, too, or will soon. That means that the bounty hunter truce is off. Your friends are going to be in a lot of trouble."

"I trust my friends to be able to take care of themselves," the Exile said serenely. "They've got Revan, after all, and HK just managed to slaughter his way through the Exchange in the Refugee Sector, the Serroco refugees, and some thugs who were trying to steal our ship or something."

"Well...I guess they will be fine, after all," Mira said, looking surprised. "So, how would you like to follow me back to one of my safe-houses where no one will be able to see you for no apparent reason?"

"It might make me late for my meeting with Visquis," the Exile fretted.

"I'm sure he'll understand," Mira assured her.

The Exile smiled at her. "Then I see no reason not to trust you."
"What is wrong with you?" Mira finally exploded.

The Exile blinked. "What do you mean?"

"Do you have olfactory blockers or something?" Mira demanded.

"Um…no," the Exile replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because this area is mildly toxic so any human without them should have long since passed out," Mira explained. "Why haven't you passed out?"

"You wanted me to pass out?" the Exile returned. "Why?"

"So I could steal your suit and go to meet with Visquis instead since he's trying to cut the bounty hunters out of his deal with Goto about turning you over," Mira explained. "Pretty stupid of him, if you ask me."

"I don't know," the Exile said slowly. "It seems pretty brilliant to capture me himself so he doesn't have to pay anybody else and why should he pay someone who doesn't succeed? You're just mad that you thought you'd be the one to capture me and think he's taking your money."

"Well I will be," Mira declared boldly. "In fact, I did."

"I don't look captured," the Exile pointed out.

"Yeah, why don't you, anyway?" Mira pressed.

The Exile ignored her. "And if anything is stupid, it's meeting with Visquis on your own when you're not a Jedi and he doesn't even want to meet with you. And you already think me going is a bad idea so why wouldn't you going in be?"

"Because…um…I could tell him where you are?" Mira suggested lamely.

"I could go anyway like I was planning to, perhaps even to rescue you," the Exile pointed out.

"Not if you were unconscious now like you were supposed to be!" Mira exclaimed. "Why aren't you?"

"Oh, well the minute I got in here I detected that the atmosphere was mildly toxic since I am a Jedi and do have training in such things," the Exile explained. "Normally there wouldn't have been anything that I could have done except leave but Kreia recently taught me how to stop myself from needing to breathe so that I wouldn't need a suit for the Jekk'Jekk Tarr. So I guess you're out of luck on both counts."

"Well then what am I supposed to do?" Mira demanded.

"You could always just wait two hours and then go find my friends and tell them that they were right and it was a trap," the Exile offered.

"Why would I do that?" Mira challenged.

The Exile shrugged. "I don't know. But this will probably all end with Visquis dead and if you don't have a suit of your own there's no way you're getting into the Jekk'Jekk Tarr."
It was a very sad thing but the Exile had been forced to slaughter her way through the Jekk'Jekk Tarr and Visquis' hidden hideout before she had been able to meet with him as they had agreed. She wasn't entirely sure why the meeting had turned out to be a trap before she even got there but then she was sure that he had his reasons. She was especially upset about the death of those poor Ubese bounty hunters who had no doubt turned to a life of crime after that…unpleasantness involving their world. If she had been a Jedi on the council she would have voted that the Republic do something but she hadn't been and so it wasn't up to her.

"I'm here," the Exile announced finally as she came face to face with him. "I expected you an hour ago," Visquis said, unimpressed.

"Well, sorry," the Exile apologized. "Some bounty hunter named Mira detained me and I had to fight my way here. Oh, and then there was the fact that I didn't even get your message after the fact!"

"Hm. Perhaps I should have let my people know that you were coming," Visquis mused. "Wait, you didn't kill everyone, did you?"

"No, just the people who were coming after me," the Exile replied. "Which, to clarify, was everyone in this base and everyone in the Jekk'Jekk Tarr except the Twi'lek serving girls and this old drunk captain who I think is now out of a job thanks to me."

"I had hoped for a civilized discussion so please do not violate any etiquette," Visquis requested. "You don't feel that it violated etiquette when you had all your people attack me?" the Exile inquired.

"I told you, that was an oversight," Visquis explained. "And anyway, no I do not. This is the Exchange, after all."

"Good point," the Exile conceded. "So what did you want?"

"I run the Refugee Sector and you have caused a great deal of trouble there," Visquis accused. "Why?"

"Well, actually that was mostly Revan's droid," the Exile corrected. "And I think it was mostly because Revan didn't want to deal with it and HK wanted to kill things."

"Why did you take part in this?" Visquis pressed.

"I wasn't actually there for most of it," the Exile insisted. "But I was trying to attract the attention of…somebody. Oh, and then – of course – there's my burning need to help people."

"How very dull," Visquis said disapprovingly. "I think I liked those other two motivations better."

"Well I've never been very good at apathy or bloodthirsty murder," the Exile said apologetically. "I've been putting pressure on those humans for a long time so why are you just doing something now?" Visquis wondered.

"Well…I only just found out about it," the Exile replied.

"The Jedi are always so slow to act," Visquis said in a complete non-sequitur.

"No, didn't you just hear me?" the Exile inquired, eyeing him with clear confusion. "I just heard
about this…earlier today, actually. Even the most impulsive and fast-acting of people can't do anything about a problem before they are aware of it."

"Excuses, excuses. You know, I would have expected you to tell me that it's because I put a bounty on your head," Visquis continued.

The Exile shrugged. "I believe that was Goto, actually. And like any liability, it's something I'm learning to live with."

"Is there another Jedi on Nar Shaddaa?" Visquis demanded suddenly.

The Exile shrugged. "I honestly have no idea. I haven't seen anyone else. Unless, of course, you mean Revan, Kreia, and Bao-Dur who are all travelling with me in which case yes, yes there are three actual Jedi. Not three additional Jedi because I'm not actually a Jedi."

"So…do you want to help me kill my boss? We'll pretend that we're presenting you to him to fulfill the bounty. Surely he'll appear at that even if no one's actually seen him in person before and then I can kill him and you can go or whatever," Visquis offered.

The Exile considered. "Hm…that sounds rather sneaky. I'm not sure I like that. And besides, if you've listened to the gossip then he's probably a droid anyway which means that you probably see him all the time."

Suddenly the gas in the room became much more toxic.

The Exile rolled her eyes. "Be original! If that didn't work the first two times…"

Bounty hunters appeared in the room, revealed they had always worked for Goto who did – in fact – have a way of monitoring what went on there, and killed Visquis while she was distracted.

"What an amusing Jedi specimen you are," Goto's disembodied voice noted.

"Am I?" the Exile asked, surprised. She sensed the danger before it came and quickly got out of the path of the lightning that would have struck where she was standing from four sides.

"I…had actually expected that to work," Goto admitted. "Tell you what: why don't you come with me onto my yacht and we can talk?"

"I see no reason not to trust you," the Exile said agreeably and followed his bounty hunters out of the room.
The Exile followed the bounty hunters into a large room with several black floating droids in it and one blue holographic human with a very distracting beard.

"Welcome aboard," the man said in a rather tinny voice. "You should feel honored. Not everyone gets the chance to visit my yacht."

"Goto, I presume?" the Exile asked rhetorically.

Goto nodded. "Indeed. And you are the Exile. It hasn't been easy but I eventually managed to track down that your real name is A-

"Please, 'the Exile' is fine," the Exile cut him off with a tight smile.

"As you wish," Goto said indifferently. "I would like to thank you for agreeing to speak with me. You coming voluntarily does make things so much easier. As you may be aware, I am a representative of a percentage of non-sanctioned trading in Y'Toub system and Republic space."

"You're a smuggler," the Exile concluded.

"Please, let's not be gauche," Goto urged.

"My apologies," the Exile told him. "Now what did you want to see me about?"

"There is a question that I want to ask you," Goto replied. "Are you a Jedi?"

A pained expression crossed the Exile's face. "Not anymore, no. I used to be but it's been about a decade now since the Order and I parted ways."

"That is unfortunate," Goto said, frowning. "Though perhaps not surprising since I have seen your records and you go by 'the Exile.'"

"If you really need a Jedi then I have a few friends who are Jedi," the Exile offered. "One of them is even Revan and I'm sure he'd be happy to assist you in any way you need."

"Be that as it may you are here and they are not," Goto replied. "It would be inefficient to dismiss you and summon them. If you agree to take on this job for me, they will likely aid you anyway."

"Job?" the Exile repeated, confused.

"Yes, I have a job for you," Goto explained. "It is why I have gone to considerable lengths to bring you here."

"Is that why you put a bounty on me?" the Exile inquired. "Why couldn't you have just asked for my help?"

"Well, it wasn't you in particular that I wanted," Goto replied. "I just needed a Jedi and as I am a member of something that the Jedi typically disapprove of, simply asking for help did not seem a wise course of action."

"But by placing a bounty on Jedi you've done much to wipe out the Order," the Exile pointed out. "And it was already weakened from years of war and...something else."
"An unfortunate side effect," Goto conceded. "I had specified that the Jedi were to be brought back alive but if people will not listen then nothing can be done. Even only paying half price for dead Jedi didn't seem to help. I would have refused to pay at all but being seen to go back on your word doesn't do you many favors. And besides, if a Jedi can be brought down by common bounty hunters then they are not right for the task that I have in mind."

"And what is that?" the Exile asked, intrigued. She was still unhappy about all the needless Jedi deaths but she had already known that the Jedi weren't supposed to be killed and so it all seemed like a horrible accident.

"There is something precious to me that must be protected. I have tried to do so alone but the facts have shown that I cannot do it by myself," Goto revealed. "The Republic is broken and I need it to be fixed."

The Exile's eyebrows rose. "You want to protect the Republic? But…you're a bad guy."

"I don't like those kinds of labels," Goto sniffed. "And just because I dislike some of the Republic's trading policies doesn't mean that I want to see it collapse. And it will. In one solid month, the Republic will be destroyed not by war or secession but because of the collapse of its infrastructure. Though many believe otherwise, it was the Sith who really won the Jedi Civil War."

The Exile frowned. "Are you sure? I mean, I wasn't there of course but I believed that the Sith were all either killed or arrested for treason, with a few managing to fade into the background and escape prosecution. But does a few Sith escaping justice really make them the winners? There's never any war where everyone on the losing side is caught and punished."

"That wasn't what I meant," Goto told her. "The Jedi Civil War left the Republic on the brink of collapse and it hasn't recovered sufficiently in the years since it ended. If Revan hadn't left known space then he could have been a great help as he would have been able to help solidify the Republic as a figure to rally behind. And even now that he is back he hasn't done anything to try to stop this catastrophe."

"I'm sure Revan has his reasons," the Exile assured him.

"His reasons do not matter, only his actions," Goto claimed. "Or, to be more precise, his inaction. The Republic was recovering slowly but the events on Peragus have set into motion a chain of events that are undoing all of that. I have been studying this problem for weeks now and no logical solution is forthcoming. I am beginning to believe that there is not one and that is why my search for a Jedi is even more pressing. When nothing predictable is readily available, it is time to turn to unconventional methods."

"I still don't see what you want me to do," the Exile protested. "I don't want to see the Republic collapse any more than the next person but I'm no politician. I don't know how to fix it."

"I will tell you," Goto promised. "There is something moving in this galaxy that is beyond my powers to predict. I believe that it is some remnant of the Sith but I have been unable to determine the source. It has been striking at key figures throughout the Republic for some time and it has also somehow been destroying worlds such as Katarr where many Jedi were lost. I cannot find any pattern and can only speculate that perhaps the Jedi were in some way involved."

"If they were involved then it was only as a target to be hunted," the Exile insisted. "But if you want me to stop the Sith then that's already my plan."

"No, I'm not particularly invested in the destruction of the Sith," Goto clarified. "It's just that the
Jedi or the Sith have to go."

The Exile frowned. "And I volunteered to wipe out the Sith. Why are you telling me that you don't care either way?"

"Because I wouldn't want to make it look like I was taking sides in a religious conflict that really must be resolved," Goto replied promptly.

The Exile closed her eyes. "Again with the 'religious conflict.' The fight between the Jedi and the Sith is not a 'religious conflict and I really wish that people would stop calling it that! It's not like we're fighting over whether or not Jedi should be allowed to marry and have children or about the cut-off age for recruitment or anything! We're fighting over the fact that the Sith want to be free to use their power to hurt and kill whatever they want to whenever they want to and the Jedi are trying to protect the galaxy! Maybe they don't always succeed but that doesn't trivialize their effort! Why can't people understand that?"

"So many who were once Jedi turn to the Sith and, though much less common, some Sith go over to the Jedi," Goto answered. "Most people have never so much as met a Jedi or a Sith and so they can't see the differences. To them, a Jedi is someone who can wield the Force so when two Force users fight then it is a fight between Jedi. The Force is also something that is not easy for most people to comprehend and it is something on which both Jedi and Sith base their lives around. The best comparison that non-Force users have is that it is a separate religion. Any conflict between Force users thus becomes a religious conflict."

The Exile nodded slowly, seeing the sense in that but not liking it one bit and certainly not agreeing with it. "Should the Order survive this they are definitely going to need some better PR. But since you seem to understand the difference then why don't you care which side wins?"

"The conflict between the Jedi and the Sith is tearing apart the galaxy, as this last war so neatly illustrated," Goto said matter-of-factly. "If one side is no longer present then there would be nothing more to fight about."

"I don't think it's that easy," the Exile told him. "There's always the risk that a Jedi will fall even if there are no Sith to tempt them. I don't understand why but it could happen. Still, it's less risky than leaving the Sith in charge. Their whole philosophy is betrayal and death and so they will continue to wage bloody war against themselves."

"If they do that then the Republic should be safe," Goto reasoned. "At least for the time being while the Sith struggled amongst themselves. The galaxy needs a break from these constant conflicts."

The Exile shook her head. "You'd think so, but it wouldn't be. The Sith wouldn't have to hide except from each other and they could still attack the Republic knowing that there is no one to stop them. The Sith don't care to protect the Republic. And sooner or later, one Sith might emerge victorious and take command of a new Sith Empire that would most certainly destroy the Republic. And what of new Force users? They'd either be lured to the Sith or else train themselves and start up their own order. If you don't want instability then you can't rely on the Sith."

"You would be the one stopping one side or the other so the decision is yours," Goto said diplomatically.

"Why are you only getting involved now?" the Exile wondered. "You look plenty old enough to have helped with the Sith War or the Mandalorian War."
Goto looked awkward. "I was not in possession at the time of the resources that I currently have," he admitted. "But I am hoping to make up for that lack of service now. And it's the Jedi Civil War."

"Not a civil war," the Exile said stubbornly. "So…was there anything else?"

"No, that about covers it," Goto replied. "Even though it doesn't matter to me which side wins, if the Sith were to win then the galaxy would be to fall under their influence and then all would be lost."

"Alright so if you'll just tell me how to get back down to Nar Shaddaa then I can get right to work on stopping the Sith," the Exile told him.

"Ah, that is where we are at cross-purposes," Goto said apologetically. "I can't set you free."

"If you can't set me free then how in the world am I supposed to be able to help you stop the Sith?" the Exile demanded.

Goto hesitated. "I…suppose that we could wait for the Sith to invade this vessel and you could kill them then?"

"No one can find this vessel, it's cloaked," the Exile pointed out. "And why wouldn't they just blow up the ship?"

"That's not really the Sith way," Goto answered.

"Malak did it," the Exile countered. "And why won't you let me go?"

"You're a destabilizing influence, I'm afraid," Goto informed her disapprovingly. "I would really like to keep those to a minimum as the galaxy is a very fragile place right now. I just need the Republic to grow whether it's supported by the Jedi or ruled by the Sith who seek to destroy it really doesn't matter to me."

"I'm starting to suspect that you're not quite well in the head," the Exile said slowly.

"Many people have said the same about you," Goto replied.

"I really don't know what you're talking about with me being a destabilizing influence," the Exile protested, ignoring him.

"You singlehandedly started all of this mess when you destroyed the Peragus mining facility," Goto accused. "And then you've completely upset the rule of the Exchange here on Nar Shaddaa."

"I wasn't even there when the Exchange was wiped out!" the Exile objected. "And since they were oppressing the refugees the status quo really wasn't the best thing for Nar Shaddaa."

"That oppression was nice and orderly," Goto disagreed. "Now who knows what will happen with the refugees?"

"If the fact that you can't figure out how to fix the Republic is supposed to mean it's that badly off then you should be able to predict that," the Exile reasoned. "And Peragus was so not my fault!"

"Wasn't it?" Goto asked rhetorically. "Peragus was just fine until you showed up. Then within a matter of days it blew up and took out the fuel supply of many worlds with it."

"I think you're forgetting the part where I was unconscious when I arrived," the Exile said
pointedly. "And where one of the HK-50 assassin droids that you employ followed me to collect my bounty, having first drugged me so that was unconscious and then poisoning me so that I stayed that way. He told the miners about your bounty so they planned to turn me over to the Exchange. Then the HK-50 killed everyone in Peragus to stop that from happening and when I woke up he attempted to kill me as well all for your bounty. I think you bear far more of the blame than I do."

"That assassin droid acted on its own and did not blow up anything," Goto insisted.

"No," the Exile conceded. "But neither did we. Given how long I was incapacitated by your bounty hunter, a Sith managed to track me to the facility and blew up the asteroid field trying to get to us."

"So it's your fault for hiding in the asteroid field in the first place," Goto concluded.

"No, it's not," the Exile disagreed. "We didn't think he'd chase us there and if I had just let myself be killed then that wouldn't solve your problem now would it?"

"I need to think on this," Goto declared before promptly disappearing.

The Exile looked around for a moment before shrugging and heading off to find some way off of the yacht.

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"I just don't understand what is wrong with you people!" Mira was exclaiming as the Exile neared the Ebon Hawke. "I tell you your friend has probably been taken by Goto hours ago and none of you seem to care!"

"We care a great deal," Atton argued.

"Well you're not acting like it!" Mira snapped. "And now Goto's yacht has gone and blown up and your friend is probably dead and you still don't seem all that concerned."

"I'm actually not blown up," the Exile declared, stepping into sight. "And like I keep telling Goto, I'm really sorry about the yacht. I was trying to find my way off of the yacht and must have pressed the wrong button or something."

"I'm not Goto, I'm G0-T0," the new droid insisted.

"Preemptive jealous muttering: Urge to kill rising…” HK said darkly. "Clarification: And not in a good way."

"Is it ever?" Brianna asked.

Revan peered at the new droid. "Hey, aren't you that droid Carth commissioned to help rebuild Telos? He wouldn't shut up about your disappearance."

"No, I'm not," it denied. "But for the record, the task set was impossible."

"Where have you been, General?" Bao-Dur inquired.

The Exile shrugged. "Goto invited me to his yacht and then he asked me to help protect the Republic and then refused to let me leave to do so because he blames me for the actions of the Sith and his own men."

"How annoying," Revan noted. "Good thing we didn't go."
"I'm not Goto!" Goto lied unconvincingly.

"And yet we're going to call you that anyway," Revan told him.

"Aren't you at all concerned that your friends didn't care about your disappearance?" Mira demanded.

The Exile looked surprised. "No, not really. They have faith in me, you see."

"That's one way of putting it," Revan remarked. "Not a particularly accurate way but one way nonetheless."

"Well I, for one, am really glad that you're okay," Atton announced.

"I'm glad to hear it," the Exile replied.

"Well what am I supposed to do now?" Mira complained.

"You could always come with us," the Exile offered.

"Why would I want to do that?" Mira asked, confused.

"Why wouldn't you want to?" the Exile retorted.

Mira shrugged. "Fair enough. Hey, do you think you could teach me to be a Jedi?"

"Maybe later," the Exile told her. "For now I have to go looking for that Jedi Master I was trying to find earlier."

"Oh, him?" Mira asked. "I can take you to him. I could the whole time. You guys really should have said something."
That Was No Help

"So you've returned from exile, Exile," Zez-Kai Ell noted the Exile and Revan had been led to him. "Kavar thought that you might if only to go sight-seeing."

"I didn't actually mean to come back, honest!" the Exile said.

"You…accidentally came back to the Republic?" Zez-Kai Ell asked dubiously.

"Actually, yes," the Exile confirmed. "It's a bit of a long story."

"Well I wouldn't have thought you'd come here to Nar Shaddaa even if you had returned," Zez-Kai Ell told her. "I mean…it's Nar Shaddaa. Why would anyone come here willingly?"

"You did," Revan pointed out.

"True," Zez-Kai Ell agreed. "But I don't think that counts because I'm only here to hide from—"

"Me?" the Exile cut him off, tearing up. "Why does everybody hate me?"

"I have a few theories," Revan said helpfully.

"I actually was going to say the Sith," Zez-Kai Ell corrected. "Although now that I think about it I'm a Jedi Master and really shouldn't be using the term 'hiding' even if that's absolutely what happened."

"Oh," the Exile said, drying her eyes. "Well that's okay then. We came here looking for you, you know. We probably would never have come to this planet, despite its great need, if it hadn't been for that."

"With Atton as our pilot I'm sure we would have ended up here regardless," Revan opined.

"Am I to take it that now that you've returned you've finished dealing with the True Sith in the unknown regions?" Zez-Kai Ell asked, turning to him.

Revan frowned. "True Sith? What in the name of the Force are you talking about?"

"Everyone knows that you left the Republic to go chasing after the True Sith and that that's where you've been the last five years," Zez-Kai Ell said matter-of-factly. "And rumors about you simply being on vacation, including the extensive picture journal that your droid kept and turned into a best-selling book, are merely vicious, vicious lies."

"A best-selling book?" Revan repeated, rubbing his chin. "I wonder if I got a share of the royalties."

"I knew that you were lying when you said you were on vacation!" the Exile exclaimed happily. She paused. "No, wait, lie is the wrong word. You're a Jedi. You were…being modest and trying not to draw attention to your marvelous accomplishment!"

"If you say so," Revan said indifferently. "But I wouldn't write those 'True Sith' off just yet if you know what I mean."

"I think we do," Zez-Kai Ell said with a sly wink.
"I really don't think you do, actually," Revan replied, shaking his head.

"Why did you go into hiding?" the Exile inquired. "And by 'hiding' I mean 'bravely going into seclusion for the good of the galaxy in some way that I may not yet see but you are about to explain to me.'"

"Excellent question," Zez-Kai Ell began. "We learned after that fiasco at Katarr that where Jedi gather, Jedi die. Katarr was even a secret location so it's not like this threat needs advanced warning of our meetings."

"Am I the only one who remembers how news of the planned meeting was splashed all across the Holonet about a week before everyone died?" Revan demanded. "And that Atris was conspicuously absent even though she was on the guest list?"

"Don't be silly, Atris is dead," Zez-Kai Ell assured him.

"Actually, she's not. She sent us to find you and the other three that happened to be at my trial," the Exile said, wincing as she was forced to correct a Jedi Master.

"Oh," Zez-Kai Ell said quietly. "Well…this can only be a good thing and I'm sure she has a completely logical explanation for this."

"Yeah, like 'Atris was the one who sold you out'," Revan muttered.

"You're so cynical," Zez-Kai Ell complained.

"And I've managed to stay alive without going into hiding," Revan shot back.

"We weren't going into hiding!" Zez-Kai Ell said, completely contradicting his own earlier words. "We were exploring the galaxy looking for spots where there's been a lot of death or where there are dense populations so we could try to understand what had happened with the Exile and how she somehow became a creepy hole in the Force."

"And yet for some reason you thought it was a good idea to banish the Exile herself instead of studying her or even asking her a few basic questions?" Revan demanded. "I'm beginning to remember why Malak had an easier time than he probably should have talking me into becoming a Sith…"

"Um…actually I kind of sort of wanted to talk to you about my trial," the Exile said in a small voice.

Zez-Kai Ell turned back to her, grateful for the change of subject. "What about it?"

"Why did you exile me?" the Exile asked bluntly.

"We told you why we did it but you must have doubts or you wouldn't ask again," Zez-Kai Ell said wisely.

"Actually, I didn't have any doubts at all until I saw a secret recording of after I left where you all were speaking of how you lied to me about the reason I was exiled," the Exile corrected.

"Well…I really don't want to tell you, actually," Zez-Kai Ell said apologetically.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Typical."

"I'll tell you what, though. If you can hunt down Vash, Vrook, and Kavar and – if they still live –
have them meet me at the ruins of our old enclave on Dantooine then I can't make any promises but I will seriously consider telling you and I'm sure that they will do the same," Zez-Kai Ell offered.

"Seriously?" Revan couldn't believe it. "You'd rather take a trip across the Republic and force us to look for three other people in hiding and convince them to take a trip across the Republic rather than just telling her that she was exiled because you were freaked out by the fact that she's a wound in the Force and you think that her presence will somehow cause the Force to die? What's next, stripping her of the Force because her feeling it again is 'strange' and 'unnatural'?"

Zez-Kai Ell didn't meet his eyes. "No…"

"If I were any more invested in this I'd have my eye on you," Revan warned. "I hate idiocy. It always makes so much more work for me."

"I'm not being an idiot!" Zez-Kai Ell snapped. "I just really think this is the best plan. And since you just told the Exile the answer then why do you even have to follow my plan anyway?"

"I wouldn't trust it coming from anyone but the Jedi Council," the Exile explained.

"I suppose a little more time to think of an answer for why we threw you out would be appreciated," Zez-Kai Ell admitted. "I mean, we weren't really sure. Looking back, I think you're right about why but who really knows?"

"Now you don't even know why you did it?" Revan looked pained. "What is wrong with you people?"

Zez-Kai Ell looked surprised. "Nothing. Why do you ask?"

"There's one more thing," the Exile said slowly. "I have a powerful Force bond with another and, though I haven't actually seen any proof of this, she claims that if one of us goes through some severe pain then the other will feel it and if one of us dies…well, she is kind of old. Is there anything I can do about this?"

"Hm…I've never heard of such a strong and unnatural bond," Zez-Kai Ell replied. "Revan, however, spent several years studying Force bonds if I'm remembering correctly."

"I got the audio recordings," Revan explained. "It really helped to pass the time during those long flights. It was also great when I couldn't fall asleep. Malak always used to question if I should really use my insomnia-cure while piloting."

"So…do you know anything about this?" the Exile asked hopefully.

"I know that Kreia is full of it and only telling you this because she's worried that someone might kill her for being a Sith Lord and, well, very annoying and she hopes that whoever it is will stay their hand out of affection and misplaced concern for you," Revan answered promptly.

"Kreia wouldn't do something like that and she has assured me that her Sith days are long behind her!" the Exile said hotly.

"What was this about you travelling with a Sith?" Zez-Kai Ell asked, alarmed.

"Oh, don't worry about," Revan said dismissively. "It's not like you'd actually do anything about it if you did."
"So what's it going to be?" Zez-Kai Ell inquired. "Are you going to go looking for everyone else or are you going to kill me now?"

"I…wasn't aware that those were the only two options," the Exile said uncertainly. "But of course I'll go look for the other Jedi-"

"Oh, no. Not me. I am no Jedi and after this I plan to go retire somewhere nice," Zez-Kai Ell corrected her. "It's finally dawned on me that it's probably in some way our fault that we have so many pupils turn on us and go over to the dark side."

Revan snorted. "I'll say."

"But…you must reconsider!" the Exile said, shocked. It was clear that to her there was no worse fate than turning one's back on the Jedi. "Revan redeemed himself and he was the one who began this all! Surely that must give you comfort!"

"Did I?" Revan asked rhetorically. "I mean, not that it matters but ending a war that I might have played some part in starting doesn't really strike me as very 'redeemed.'"

"It brings me no comfort whatsoever for reasons that I'm not going to tell you," Zez-Kai Ell said mysteriously.

"You do realize that I never actually have amnesia, right?" Revan asked him.

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"Revan, why do you think everyone's passed out on the floor?" the Exile called out as she explored the Ebon Hawk looking for some sign of what happened.

"I don't," Revan replied.

"But…they really are all passed out," the Exile protested.

"Oh, it's not that I don't believe you," Revan clarified. "I just don't care to speculate on it. Whatever this is, as long as they don't attack me then it's not my problem."

"Your faith in me is touching," the Exile said sincerely. She reached her quarters to find someone kneeling as if in mediation. "Um…hello. Who are you?"

In response, the woman silently got to her feet and activated her red single-bladed lightsaber.

The Exile had no idea who this was or why she was attacking but was forced to defend herself. She aimed her attacks at the other woman's lightsaber in the hopes of ending the fight without being forced to resort to hurting her.

Sure enough when the red lightsaber broke, the woman fell to her knees. "My lightsaber…you have destroyed it."

"I'm sorry!" the Exile apologized reflexively even though that had been her intention all along.

"I yield...Master. It is as I heard through the Force," the woman continued as if the Exile had not spoken.

"Whoa, I think we need to slow down here. Did you just call me 'master'?" the Exile asked, uncomfortable.
"Yes, I did. You beat me and now you must kill me," the woman insisted.

"I don't like killing," the Exile said stubbornly.

"But if you don't kill me then somebody else will!" the woman cried out.

"Why don't you travel with me?" the Exile offered. "I can protect you."

"You realize that I incapacitated your crew almost effortlessly, right?" the woman asked rhetorically. "Well…except for the old woman. She was already taking a nap when I got here."

"What's your name?" the Exile asked gently.

"Visas," Visas replied before passing out.

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"Alright so now what?" Atton asked once everyone was but Visas was conscious again.

"Now Zez-Kai Ell wants us to hunt down Vash, Kavar, and Vrook before he'll tell us anything," Revan complained. "Now, Vrook – much as I love him – will probably say the same thing. Kavar might nor might not, it depends. Vash, though, she'll answer all of your questions. I guarantee it."

"You seem to have a high opinion of this 'Vash'," Brianna noted.

Revan shrugged. "Well, she's really hot and we never lost touch until my 'accident.'"

"Isn't she on Korriban?" Bao-Dur asked.

"That does sound perfect," Revan said brightly.

"Hey, you promised to take me to Onderon," the anonymous ex-owner of the Ebon Hawk complained.

"We'll get their eventually," Atton said idly. "What is going on? You seem surprisingly gung-ho about this."

"Have I mentioned that I have so many sad memories of Korriban and do not trust myself not to fall if I step foot outside the ship while we're there?" Revan asked innocently.

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"So um…we're almost there," Atton said awkwardly as the Exile wandered into the cockpit.

"Oh, that's good," the Exile said, relieved. "Or, well, I'm not sure 'good' is the right word since we're going to Korriban but I just want to hurry up and find everybody so I can get some answers. Would you say it's cheating if Master Zez-Kai Ell said I had to find everybody but Revan thinks Vash would just tell me?"

"I'm sure that if she, as a wise Jedi Master, feels differently than Zez-Kai Ell than it's not your fault or cheating at all," Atton assured her. "I mean, she's a Jedi and whatnot, right?"

"Okay," the Exile nodded. "Visas is still unconscious."

"That's a little odd, isn't it?" Atton asked her. "I mean, it's strange enough that a Miraluka survived Katarr at all but for one to be trained in the Force, attack you, and yet seem to want you to kill her
is just really weird."

The Exile shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you. I don't really understand it either. I guess we'll just have to wait for her to wake up before we'll get our answers."

Atton hesitated. "Look, I'm really not in the habit of suggesting that we kill someone who isn't even conscious or abandon them somewhere but she already took us all out once. What happens if she wakes up when you're out there on Korriban?"

"Well...if I can beat her then Revan will be able to," the Exile reasoned. "He's always been far more powerful than I am. And while he said that he didn't want to get involved earlier I'm sure that if you make him see that you truly need help then he'd be glad to lend a hand."

"So in other words if she wakes up and tries to kill us then keep complaining about it until Revan does something about it," Atton translated. "Do you think he'll really stay on the ship this whole time?"

The Exile nodded gravely. "Yes and he should do so. If he really has doubts about going to Korriban than he should let others who don't have his baggage go in his place. I know that I have never actually fallen and neither has Bao-Dur so the two of us should be all the Jedi we take. I don't want to cause any problems for you and Kreia."

"That's sweet," Atton told her. "I don't think it's necessary but if it means I don't have to trudge around Korriban for a few hours than I'm not complaining."

An awkward silence fell over them.

"Listen, I'd better g-" the Exile started to say finally.

"I'm sorry," Atton cut her off.

The Exile blinked. "What?"

"What I said to you when I was trying to explain about my past as a Sith...it was uncalled for and I'm sorry. I don't even know why I said it. Revan swore up and down that you wouldn't care about my past and you certainly didn't seem to care about anybody else's pasts as long as you believed that they were in the past but...I don't know," Atton said lamely. "I guess I just sort of expected you to reject me anyway so I was trying to reject you first. And it's not the easiest subject to discuss anyway."

The Exile's eyes softened. "Atton...it's alright. I mean, no of course what you said was completely uncalled for but I forgive you and I think I understand."

"This may not be the best time to ask but I think that if I don't do it now then I never will." Atton took a deep breath. "Will you teach me how to be a Jedi?"

The Exile's eyes lit up. "Of course I will!"

"Even though I used to be a Sith?" Atton asked incredulously.

"It's all in the past," the Exile said simply. "Just close your eyes. And open your mind. You must learn to feel it all around you, feel its currents, its eddies. Listen to the echo of your thoughts, your heart - separated from war, separated from hate. Think of what you felt when you felt the need to help me, to protect me. And at last, Atton...awaken."
Atton's eyes flew open. For a moment, he looked around disoriented before his eyes settled on hers. He grinned. "Wow, that really was easy, wasn't it?"
"I'm just saying, I'm not sure that that's the best idea," Bastila cautioned him.

"You're just saying that because you disapprove of me doing nothing," Revan accused.

"That's not the only reason!" Bastila insisted, not even bothering to deny that that was part of it. "It's just that the Exile is new to having the Force again and sending a Jedi off to Korriban alone – or anyone, really, but especially a Jedi – is never a good idea."

"She's not alone," Revan pointed out. "She took everyone who hasn't in some way been associated with the Sith. And also HK but that was because he insisted."

"Oh, I see how it is," Bastila said shrewdly. "You told her you were worried about falling to the Sith. I suppose you also neglected to mention that you've been to Korriban since then and you were fine?"

"She didn't ask," Revan said innocently.

"You're not in danger of falling to the dark side, Revan," Bastila said flatly.

"Your faith in me is touching but you haven't actually seen me since a little before this whole mess started," Revan pointed out.

"I know," Bastila said, narrowing her eyes. Belatedly, Revan remembered that that could, in some ways, be considered his fault. "But Revan, you turned down the chance to be a Sith Lord even when I promised you wouldn't have to do anything and you were so in love with me that you had actually been doing some things."

Revan shuddered. "Oh, I remember."

"Are you shuddering because it still freaks you out that you voluntarily did things or because of T3's threat?" Bastila asked knowingly.

"The first," Revan said quickly. "Definitely the first."

"And even if you were tempted, isn't T3 still with you?" Bastila reminded him. "If nothing else, he'll keep you honest."

"Well what's done is done and they've already left," Revan said cheerfully.

"And they may very well come back Sith," Bastila countered.

Revan shook his head. "Not the Exile. She's too stupidly idealistic to ever fall. Did you know that she still believes I've been off fighting the 'true Sith'?"

"So does most of the galaxy," Bastila pointed out.

Revan snorted. "Ask me what I think about most of the galaxy."

"Revan!" Atton said, bursting into Revan's room.

Revan reluctantly took his eyes off of the screen and turned to glare at him. "I'm busy."
"Yes, but that Sith woman woke up and-" Atton started to explain.

"BUSY," Revan said louder.

"It's quite alright, Revan," Bastila assured him. "This really does sound serious and you know that our duty as Jedi must come first."

Revan sighed. "If you say so…"

"I'll call you later," she promised. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Revan replied before cutting off the connection. He stood up. "This had better be important."

As they started towards Visas, Atton frowned, confused. "You have doubts? I just told you that Sith woman woke up."

"And Visas isn't currently trying to kill us so it doesn't really sound like an emergency," Revan said curtly.

"Then why are you coming with me?" Atton asked. "I mean, I haven't even started to annoy you yet."

Revan snorted. "I think you'll find you're wrong there. And Bastila's already gone and the med bay is right by the food."

"So you two have been keeping in contact?" Atton asked, curiously.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Obviously."

"That sounds like a lot of work for you," Atton continued.

"Surprisingly, no," Revan told him. "Especially since she's always the one who calls me. I just make sure to only have my communicator on when I'm not busy."

"But what if someone who isn't what's-her-name-" Atton began

"Bastila," Revan interrupted.

Atton nodded. "Right, her. What if someone besides Bastila needs to contact you?"

"They don't," Revan said serenely.

"Are you sure? Because-" Atton began.

"Yes, I am," Revan said firmly.

"Okay, then," Atton gave in, shrugging. "But can you at least tell me that if she's a Jedi and not really in hiding from what I can tell why no one is really going after her? Or even mention her among the list of remaining Jedi?"

"No idea," Revan replied. "They don't really go after me, either."

"Yeah but you're Revan," Atton reminded him.

"I do remember," Revan said, amused. "And the Sith are always kind of hyperbolic. They know
about me and about Kae and Bastila and might have even heard of Bao-Dur – probably not you, yet – and they still call the Exile the last of the Jedi. Oh." He snapped his fingers. "There was that one time I made a public announcement to the galaxy at large that if they even thought of hurting Bastila then I would personally hunt them down and rip them limb from limb no matter how much effort it took. Do you think that had something to do with it?"

Atton shivered. "Probably."

"I mean, I know that she can take care of herself but this was right after we got her back after Malak turned her evil and I was still kind of upset about that," Revan explained.

"And…we're here," Atton said, pointedly stopping a few feet from the med bay. "Good luck!"

Revan rolled his eyes. "Wonderful." He briefly considered just turning back and going to his room but reasoned that that would be more trouble than simply having this conversation would be and so, with a great sigh, he entered.

Visas was sitting on the examining table and glanced over at him. The Miraluka couldn't properly see, he vaguely recalled, but they could see through the Force. "You're not the Exile."

"I am not," Revan agreed.

"Where is she? I must speak with her," Visas informed him.

Revan gestured vaguely. "Oh, she's on Korriban somewhere doing something."

Visas looked alarmed. "But I can sense Darth Sion there."

Revan nodded. "So can I. Don't worry; she'll be fine. So…any particular reason you attacked everyone?"

"My Master wanted me to destroy the Exile," Visas explained. "He does not understand her."

Revan laughed. "No one understands her." He winced. "Do you…know where your Master is or whatever? Will we have to fight him?"

"Eventually," Visas replied. "But I cannot take you to him now. The Exile is not ready."

Revan's face brightened. "I like you."

"…Thank you," Visas said uncertainly. "Don't you have any questions for me? Like how I found you or what I want?"

"I assume you found the Exile through the Force and you either want to spy on her and possibly kill her when she's not paying attention or you want to escape Darth Nihilus. He is your Master, isn't he?" Revan asked almost as an afterthought.

Visas nodded. "Yes to both. And I…I think I want to stay with the Exile. There is something truly great about her and it stems not from the Force but in who she is."

Revan groaned. "Oh, not you, too! I should warn you, though, that if you're going to develop a thing for her then Atton got there first and he used to be a Sith, too, so be aware."

Visas didn't appear to know how to respond to that. "How can you possibly trust me after I tried to kill the Exile?"
"Well, you didn't try to kill me and if she gets herself killed then it will be less work for me," Revan reasoned. "Besides, HK is usually on board and he's never let anyone travelling with me been killed by someone I didn't authorize yet."

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"I'm just saying that I feel kind of guilty," the Exile said as she and the others made their way to the only room in the entire Sith Academy that they hadn't searched for Vash in. The fact that that room was the torture room was not reassuring. "Those poor animals can't help that they're sort of evil and they weren't bothering anyone. They made this place their home and then I come in and kill them all."

"Annoyed statement: My Master wouldn't have cared," HK said, his irritation almost dampening the joy he had felt at slaughtering them all.

"They chose to attack," Mira said, not sympathetic in the slightest.

"That's not very Jedi-like, Mira," the Exile said disapprovingly.

Mira shrugged. "Well, I've been a Jedi for less than an hour and I only asked because this is really boring. I'll get there. Probably."

"I am surprised that you sought to become a Jedi," Bao-Dur told Brianna. "I had thought that the Echani rejected the Force."

"We do," Brianna explained a little awkwardly. "But my mother was a Jedi and Revan helped me through my doubts."

"Shocked and horrified demand: He did?" HK couldn't believe it.

Brianna nodded. "Oh, yes. He's a very good listener and he nodded in all the right places. He did start drooling at one point but it was pretty close to dinner."

T3 beeped something.

"Relieved statement: Yes, my Master was probably napping. That he can accomplish things even while sleeping is truly remarkable. Query: If I were capable of sleep, could I still kill meatbags?" HK wondered.

"Of course, he also insisted that Kreia was my mother," Brianna continued. "Or at least I think he was talking about Kreia. He called her 'Kae' but doesn't he call Kreia that?"

The Exile shrugged. "I don't know. You should ask her about that."

"That's probably not the best idea, General," Bao-Dur told her. "Kreia is very…dark."

"Oh, she's not that bad," the Exile said stubbornly.

"Joyous Proclamation: That is a lot of blood!" HK cheered.

"Between us, I think he'll be more upset by the fact your little game of hide and seek has to
continue," Mira opined.

"Revan did say that Vash was 'hot'," Brianna spoke up.

Mira stared at the body. "Well…it's a little hard to tell since she's dead and has clearly been tortured and all but I guess I can see it."

"We should get out of here," the Exile said grimly. "Whoever did this might still be around."

They quickly hurried towards the ship but were stopped shortly before the entrance by the sight of Sion and several of his men. Sion approached her.

"Did you come here looking for answers?" he inquired. "There are none here."

The Exile nodded. "Yes, I did notice that Master Vash is dead."

"I have studied you, you know," Sion said almost conversationally. "And I have to say, I find you inexplicably fascinating. I almost don't want to kill you but I know that I must."

"Is it just me or does he have a thing for the Exile?" Mira muttered.

"Why must you kill me?" the Exile asked, her eyes wide.

"Because you are important to Kreia and I want to see her dead. She was my Sith Master, you see, and it's embarrassing that she's still among the living," Sion explained. "And it's not like she's Revan or anything so I don't even have that as an excuse for why she yet lives."

"Please not that I do not want to see Kreia – or anyone – die but why do you have to kill me to kill Kreia?" the Exile asked, confused.

"I suppose I don't, really," Sion admitted. "But I want her to suffer first and I'm kind of jealous that she is ignoring all my calls and has decided to train you instead. She wants to train one to be as great as Revan and apparently, despite the fact that I am stronger than her, I'm not good enough. Also, she doesn't know how to train people without really messing them up – you've met Revan – and I'm feeling strangely protective towards you."

"So you want to kill me to protect me?" the Exile asked incredulously.

"Is anybody else hearing wedding bells?" Mira asked rhetorically. "Evil ones but still."

"I am sorry but I must end this," Sion said, sounding truly regretful. He took out his lightsaber and waited until the Exile had done the same before he attacked her. Red versus cyan made their fight look very much the tradition Jedi versus Sith conflict despite the fact that she wasn't really a Jedi.

The Exile fought him for a few minutes before Kreia's voice in her head instructed her to flee and fight him again when she wasn't on a Sith planet. It seemed to be sound advice so the Exile abruptly ran away, her confused party members following behind her shortly afterwards.

"I'm just saying," Mira said as they ran back towards the ship. "Next time give us a little warning why don't you!"

"I couldn't," the Exile explained. "If I had then Sion would have heard."

"He told the others that they weren't to harm you because you were special and had 'earned' it," Brianna corrected.
"Oh," the Exile said, surprised. "Well, that's really weird. I guess I could have told you, though."

"There is a tomb up ahead," Kreia announced. "You can go in there and explore it and have hallucinations about your past and current moral dilemma if you'd like."

The Exile's eyes lit up. "A chance to prove that, while I'm still not a Jedi, I haven't forsaken the light side! Of course I'll go!"

The others eyed her strangely.

"Kreia again?" Bao-Dur asked tentatively.

The Exile nodded. "She wants me to go in that cave."

"You have to go alone," Kreia added.

"And I have to go alone," the Exile repeated.

"Yes!" Mira cheered. "Meet you back at the ship, Exile."

"Dejected Mutter: I never get to do anything fun…"

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The Exile explored the cave for awhile (and killed everything in her path, not that she'd tell HK that) before she found a tomb and decided to see what was in there.

She had barely entered when she saw her first hallucination. Malak – non-evil fully jawed Malak – was standing in front of a group of Jedi including Bastila. There was a space in the group for her and so she obligingly took her spot.

"Do not heed the words of the Jedi Council," Malak said persuasively. "The Republic will fall if we do not act now."

"It's so ironic to hear you say that given what you did afterwards," the Exile mused.

"Join Revan and I and we will stand against this menace!" Malak entreated.

The Jedi standing beside her began to move over to Malak as he spoke.

"I have heard of you. Your Masters speak well of your skill in battle. Join us," Malak requested.

"You lied to me," the Exile accused. "You told me that the Jedi Council would not officially take sides but that we were free to get involved."

"You were free to get involved even though the Council did not approve since you clearly did and they clearly didn't," Malak pointed out. "Did I really lie to you?"

The Exile glared at him. "YES."

"You joined up before. What were your reasons?" Malak asked her. "Would you join us again?"

The Exile looked conflicted. "I…I don't know. Fighting was the right thing to do because innocents had to be protected and the Mandalorians were never going to stop but listening to the Jedi Council is also the right thing to do."
"We knew that you might not follow us if you didn't believe that the Council was allowing it and we needed your skill so we had to deceive you," Malak said unapologetically. "We spared you years of angsting."

"But I got exiled over it," the Exile pointed out.

Malak shrugged. "And? I turned evil, was paranoid enough to think that Revan might try to kill me, lost my jaw, and then was actually killed by Revan. I still think it was worth it. Can you really say any different?"

"Well…no," the Exile admitted. "I mean, I'm not saying that it was right it just wasn't wrong, you know?"

"I do," Malak agreed, nodding. "There are no easy answers in war."

"I should really stop agreeing with a Sith, shouldn't I?" the Exile asked rhetorically.

"If it makes you feel better, these are pre-Sith days for me," Malak explained. "And I sort of turned back towards the light when I was dying. I certainly put more effort into it than Revan did but that's really not saying much."

"I guess there is that," the Exile conceded.

"But still, you really should stop mindlessly following the Jedi Council," Malak advised. "Revan and I may have fallen but at least we made our own choices and always did what we thought was right. We couldn't have won the war without you and yet you hesitate to commit to even doing what you know you had to."

"But I can't ignore them!" the Exile said desperately. "I just can't."

"I've been away from your company for too long," Malak realized. "My tolerance has gone way down."

"Hey, Bastila didn't join us then!" the Exile objected as Bastila walked over to Malak's side. "This isn't historically accurate!"

"Yes well neither is the two of us debating about the ending of the war that has barely begun," Malak snapped. He took out his lightsaber and charged at her, followed by the four at his side.

"And that was definitely not what happened," the Exile muttered after she had defeated them all. "I really hope that Revan doesn't find out that I killed a hallucination of his girlfriend…"

She walked further into the tomb, killing the various creatures in her way. Soon she came upon another hallucination.

"I know that we have our orders to charge the line but it's really heavily mined and our droid guinea pigs have all been destroyed already. We really don't want to commit suicide," a Republic soldier told her.

"Um…Dxun?" the Exile guessed.

The soldier stared at her incredulously. "You don't know. I'm getting a bad feeling about this."

"That might be relevant if you were a Jedi," the Exile said absently. "And give me a break; it's been ten years! Damn, the losses were catastrophic that day."
"That's not what I want to hear, General," the soldier said, frowning. "And we just don't have enough men to accomplish our objective."

"Since this is just a hallucination do I really have to do this again?" the Exile wondered aloud. "But wait…would it be really arrogant of me if I just cleared all the mines myself? I've gotten a lot better at that since Dxun."

"No, General, I think that's a wonderful idea and not even vaguely arrogant. Very Jedi-like," the soldier assured her.

"Well…okay then," the Exile said, beaming, before she proceeded to do just that. She vaguely remembered this battle. It was particularly bad but after so much time in war things just began to blur together. The worst part of losing all the men was that there were dozens of feints, perhaps as many as a hundred. She never knew if her soldiers' sacrifice was worth it. She had to believe that it was, though. She had to.

"Now we fight!" the soldier cried out to her men as they charged up the mine-free path all healthy and whole.

"Oh, if only…" the Exile said wistfully.

She helped the hallucination soldiers against the hallucination Mandalorians before she went in search of the next hallucination. On her way to it, she found a datapad on a dead Jedi showing that once again Kreia proved her wisdom in telling her to go it alone because the Jedi in question was driven crazy by his visions and killed those accompanying him before dying himself. She idly wondered what kind of visions he had because hers really weren't that bad so far. Still, it was probably for the best that she had come alone.

Kreia stood in the next room she came to. "You are to be commended for making it this far," she complimented, her voice sounding faintly sinister.

"Kreia, I thought we agreed that you were going to stay on the ship with Revan and Atton so as not to be exposed to the temptation that Korriban represents," the Exile said disapprovingly. "And what happened to 'you must go in alone'?"

"Oh, I'm not really here," Kreia explained. "I'm just a hallucination." Okay, if hallucinations were going to be this clear about their status then it really did make no sense that the Jedi killed his friends. Unless his friends made the bad decision of pretending to be hallucinations themselves, of course.

"Get away from her!" Atton cried out suddenly, appearing out of nowhere a few feet away. "She's a dark Jedi!"

"The proper term for 'dark Jedi' is a 'Sith', Atton," the Exile corrected. "And I already knew that about Kreia's past. I don't judge, remember?"

"She's a Sith now," Atton said exasperatedly.

The Exile groaned. "Oh, not this again."

Kreia and Atton both ignited their lightsabers.

"I will protect myself from this foul-mouthed ruffian," Kreia said crisply.

"Please tell me you two aren't going to start attacking each other over a difference of opinion about
whether or not Kreia's a Sith!" the Exile begged.

"We are," Atton told her. "Sorry."

"Hey, what's going on?" Bao-Dur asked, appearing out of nowhere as well.

"Stay out of this, Bao-Dur. This is a personal dispute between Atton and myself," Kreia snapped.

"You're threatening Atton with a lightsaber and I'm supposed to just stay out of it?" Bao-Dur couldn't believe it. "No."

"Actually, I think to be more accurate they're threatening each other. And Atton started it," the Exile corrected.

T3 rolled in out of nowhere announcing his own inclination to fight Kreia.

"Oh come on!" the Exile complained. "This is getting ridiculous!"

"Your friends are ganging up on me!" Kreia tattled. "Help me!"

"But…I don't even know what's going on. And this is stupid. And I can't fight T3! And it's just a hallucination!" the Exile protested.

"So you'll help us then?" Atton inquired.

"But…she hasn't even done anything wrong. And it would be four on one. And I still don't know what's going on. And did I mention hallucination?" the Exile cried out.

"If I admit that I am, in fact, a Sith does that make you support me?" Kreia wondered.

The Exile stared at her. "Um…no. And where did everyone else come from?" The other party members, minus Revan who apparently she couldn't hallucinate being involved in this, had appeared as well.

"Never mind that," Mira said impatiently.

"I do want to redeem everyone on the dark side," the Exile said thoughtfully. "But killing a bunch of people who are not on the dark side to do it doesn't really seem like the Jedi way…"

"You're too indecisive," Kreia said contemptuously. "Apathy is death. Apathy is worse than death. At least a rotting corpse feeds the beasts and insects."

"I think that I'm feeding bacteria," the Exile argued.

"Not as many as if you were dead," Kreia countered.

"But this isn't even real and it never will be," the Exile objected. "Why should I choose?"

"Because…you know what, let's just fight!" Kreia said, attacking.

"Real Kreia is so much more wise," the Exile noted before, with a heavy heart, striking down the hallucinations of her friends. "And I'm pretty sure in real life apathy doesn't get you attacked all the time!"

In the final room she found Revan adorned in all his Sith glory.
"Revan?" the Exile asked, more confused than ever. "It was your idea to stay on the ship! And where did you even get that robe? And I thought you were a good guy now!"

"I could try to make this make sense but that would be a lot of effort," Revan told her.

"Are we going to fight now?" the Exile asked. "I've fought everyone else."

"We could," Revan agreed. "But personally I'd rather not. After all, that sounds like a great deal of work."

"I knew you weren't really a Sith again!" the Exile cried out joyously.

"Yeah, whatever…" Revan said before slowly fading away. "Remaining corporeal is such a drag…"
"So what next?" Atton asked, his hand outstretched and ready to enter the coordinates to their next destination. "Dantooine or Onderon?"

"Onderon, definitely," Revan said immediately.

"Because we promised to drop off the former owner of the Ebon Hawk there?" the Exile asked, pleased. "What a great idea!"

"Actually, it's because we're all supposed to meet up on Dantooine and I'll be damned if we go to Dantooine, solve all of their problems, travel to Onderon so solve all of their problems, and then have to head back to Dantooine because they won't talk without Kavar. And if Kavar is dead then there will be problems," Revan warned them.

"What makes you think we're going to be solving every problem Dantooine and Onderon have?" Aton asked him.

Revan snorted. "Experience. But by 'we' please note that I'm barely included in that."

"Will do," Atton agreed. "Onderon, here we come."

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Everyone was waiting impatiently for Atton when he sheepishly slunk out of the cockpit.

"Would you believe that that was not my fault?" he asked hopefully.

"No," Mira said flatly.

"I am truly unimpressed with your piloting skills," Bao-Dur told him. "This is twice in my company you've crashed and I've heard you blew up Peragus, as well."

"That wasn't entirely my doing!" Atton said defensively.

"I'm really starting to wonder if I should have just stayed on Nar Shaddaa," the former Ebon Hawk owner grumbled.

"I wish you would have," Atton shot back.

"What is it this time?" Brianna demanded. "Events beyond your control?"

"There were, actually," Atton insisted. "I was just getting in line at the Iziz spaceport when a Colonel Tobin said that his Sith Masters wanted us dead and he wanted the opportunity to kill Queen Talia's troops so he started shooting at us and started a huge space battle. We got hit – not too bad – and so I brought us here to one of the moons."

"As much as I hate to give the fool any credit at all, the Force must have brought us here for a reason," Kreia opined.

"Hopeful query: To kill people?" HK asked eagerly.

"Given that the Jedi Exile is involved the answer is almost certainly," G0-T0 replied.
"Profound statement: Some days it is truly good to be alive," HK said with a good deal of satisfaction.

"Which moon are we on?" the Exile inquired.

Atton shrugged. "I don't know. There are a few clearings but other than that it's all grassy."

"Well, if the Mandalorians I'm sensing are any indication then we're on Dxun," Revan announced.

"Dxun!" the Exile's eyes went wide. "That's where the Mandalorian Wars started and where we had that really epic battle."

"It was?" Revan asked, frowning. "Huh. I was more referring to the fact that after I ditched my friend Canderous – not easy but I gave him a helmet to play with – he said something about heading here to rebuild the Mandalorians so that they might one day achieve their dream of crushing our pathetic Republic."

"Revan!" the Exile cried, upset. "The Republic is not pathetic!"

"Not really the part of that I would have taken issue with, actually," Atton muttered.

"If there are Mandalorians here then they may know a way to get to Onderon," Visas spoke up. "They won't let the Ebon Hawk on their planet."

"And the Hawk is grounded for right now anyway," Atton told them. "I'm going to stay behind to fix it. You guys can...search out Mandalorians and get them to help you or something."

"Excellent idea," Revan said enthusiastically. He stopped and considered that that tone really didn't suit him before continuing, "I'll stay here and help. If anyone tries to attack the ship, I'll get rid of them. Really."

"You can't stay on the ship!" Atton protested vehemently.

"Why not? I did a great job on Korriban," Revan pointed out.

"If you know these Mandalorians we're going to need you to help convince them," Mira said reasonably.

"And you can't just let the Exile go off without either of us watching her!" Atton exclaimed.

"Why not? We did on Korriban," Revan replied.

"That was different," Atton said dismissively. "She's far more likely to run into Mandalorians here."

"The Sith she fought at Korriban are, of course, completely inconsequential," Revan said dryly. "Fine, whatever. HK, you'll kill anything that needs killing so I don't have to, right?"

"Joyous promise: Of course I will, Master!" HK agreed.

"Atton, since you're going to stay on the ship anyway and we appear to have agreed that we're going to Onderon but not using the Ebon Hawk, I'm not entirely that I even need to threaten you but I think that I will anyway just to be thorough," Kreia said loudly. "Don't tell everyone that the ship is fixed until we're done on Onderon."

"Or what?" Atton challenged. "I already told the Exile that I used to be a Sith and she doesn't care."
"Yes but you still used to be evil," Kreia said in a tone that suggested she thought that that was a persuasive argument.

"Is there really any need to let us know when the ship's done until we're finished on Onderon since we won't be leaving anyway?" Bao-Dur asked logically.

Atton sighed. "Fine. I don't really need to get into it with a Sith Lord anyway."

----

The walk to the edge of the Mandalorian camp was fairly peaceful if you didn't count the ships that had followed them to Dxun and thus needed to be taken out or the aggressive indigenous life forms that didn't have the sense to stay away from them. Since Revan was not required to lift a finger to take care of them (that was a benefit of travelling with other people even if they were usually the reason he got into these positions in the first place), he didn't count it.

"Hold it right there," a Mandalorian called out as he and several other Mandalorians materialized around them. "We've got you surrounded."

The Force-sensitive among their party (meaning everyone but the former owner of the Ebon Hawk and the droids) and those who were equipped to see through stealth (meaning everyone but the non-droids) had already been aware of this. At least one of them was surprised.

"What are you doing here?" the Mandalorian demanded of them.

The Exile opened her mouth to answer but was interrupted before she could do so.

"Wait," one of the other Mandalorians said excitedly. "Is that Revan?"

Revan answered with a question of his own. "If I say 'yes' will I have to do anything?"

"It is!" the Mandalorian enthused. "Mandalore has a framed picture with you that you signed. He takes it with him everywhere."

"That's…nice," Revan said, clearly not meaning it.

"We're going to take you back to camp right now!" one of the other Mandalorians declared.

They were dutifully led back to camp and told to wait while Mandalore was summoned.

"You seem pretty popular among the Mandalorians," Mira said, surprised. "Kind of hard to believe considering, well, you utterly annihilating them. And for that matter, that's kind of hard to believe given that I've actually met you."

Revan shrugged. "There's a lot in my past. More than I want."

"Regrets are a waste of time and effort," Kreia counseled. "Accept what has come and try to move forward."

"Oh, I don't waste anything on regrets," Revan assured her. "I just look back and can't believe how much I've actually done."

"Jedi should be more modest," Brianna said reprovingly.

Revan laughed. "You think I'm happy about all of it?"
"Now it sounds like you mean regrets again," Visas said, confused.

Revan sighed. "Atton would understand."

"I am Mandalore, leader of the Mandalorians," an armored Mandalorian sounding suspiciously like Canderous declared as he came out to meet them.

"Really?" Revan asked, surprised. "When did this happen?"

"When you gave me Mandalore's helmet, Revan," Canderous replied. "I knew that you had a great destiny in mind for me."

"Oh, was that what that was?" Revan asked absent-mindedly. "Malak and I had just been using it to store trail mix until that unfortunate jaw incident and we put it in storage."

"How do you know Mandalore, Revan?" the Exile asked curiously.

"Oh, Canderous and I go way back. He helped me steal the Ebon Hawk," Revan explained.

"And kill a lot of people and inadvertently save the galaxy," Canderous added proudly. "I was even there when you were forced to admit that you never had amnesia."

"I don't know about that," Revan demurred. "I probably could have kept it going. Maybe claimed that that knock on the head or whatever the Jedi tried to do had caused me to forget what Malak said."

"Fond greeting: Hello again, my fellow blood knight," HK said happily. "Hopeful suggestion: Might we violently kill a lot of people for old times' sake?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Canderous said agreeably. "So. What brings you lot here?"

"The Exile was being really annoying so I sent her to command the troops of questionably loyal or annoying troops that were going to die on Malachor V," Revan explained. "She was forced to turn away from the Force in order to survive what we did there but she hasn't quite grasped this so she's trying to find a few Jedi Masters so they tell her why she was without a Force connection for a decade. The only one who might have talked without us gathering all of them on Dantooine is dead so she wants to get to Onderon and get Kavar to travel there."

"That sounds really stupid," Canderous said after a moment.

"It is," Revan agreed. "But it's my ship and so far I haven't had to do much. And there's been a lot of death and destruction."

"Well, I'm in," Canderous said brightly.

"What do you mean 'you're in'?" the Exile asked, puzzled.

"I'm officially joining your party," Canderous explained.

T3 beeped at him.

"Translation anybody?" Canderous requested.

"Translation: He wants to know how you can be Mandalore leading the Mandalorians here on Dxun and still travel with us," HK translated with surprisingly more accuracy than Mission had ever managed.
Canderous shrugged. "I don't believe in compromise."

"The Mandalorians are so firm and unyielding." Visas mused.

"Is anyone but me seeing sparks?" Mira wondered, glancing between the two.

"The Miraluka certainly isn't," Bao-Dur said wryly.

"I was originally going to make you pull your weight and prove yourselves worthy of me taking you to Onderon but since Revan's here I'm just going to assume that you all are and take you anyway," Canderous announced. "I have to warn you that while we do have a Basilisk war droid and I sincerely wish to use it to invade Onderon, we're saving it for a more dramatic time. We can all take my shuttle instead."

"A Basilisk war droid, huh?" Revan asked, rubbing his chin. "Didn't you say you wanted to build one after fixing the Ebon Hawk? I just love it when dreams come true."

"Since Revan is right here and you're helping us anyway this is probably unnecessary but I think that I will say this anyway just to be thorough," Kreia told him. "Revan abandoned you and the Mandalorians have really fallen terribly far. There probably won't be any new Mandalorian golden age. The only Mandalorian worth a damn in the future will be called Boba and I hope that you'll not take offense at what I'm unnecessarily telling you and you'll keep the Exile safe."

Canderous stared at her for a moment before turning to Revan. "What is she talking about?"

"I don't know," Revan said, shrugging. "But she's a Sith so maybe we're not supposed to know."

Suddenly shots rang out through the camp.

"I sense Sith," Brianna told them.

HK was delighted. "Joyous proclamation: What a wonderful going away party!"

----

"It might be best if you do the talking here," Canderous suggested as they made their way towards the city. "The Onderonians are still pissy because we conquered their world and enslaved them."

"Some people, huh?" Revan said, shaking his head.

"Halt, off-worlder. What is your business on Iziz?" the guard to the city demanded of them.

"I'm scouting out Iziz for another invasion while also hoping to help Revan kill people," Canderous replied.

"Just stay out of trouble," the apathetic guard told him. "Here, take this visa. It's the only way you'll be allowed out of the city."

"Can I have a visa, too?" the Exile asked hopefully.

"You really don't need one-" the guard started to say.

"B-but I want one!" the Exile protested.

Revan rolled his eyes and glanced at the guard. "Give her one. No, give her five just to be on the safe side."
The guard silently did as commanded. "Have a nice day."

"Statement: Master, you should have just killed him," HK told him.

"I know but since the whole point was to stop the Exile from whining I think that would have been rather counter-productive," Revan explained.

"I'm going to go find nice people who need visas to give these to!" the Exile said happily. "I love being a good guy!"

"Someone take our visa before she gives that away, too," Brianna instructed.

Mandalore plucked one of the visas out of the Exile's hands before she ran off on a noble do-gooding mission.

"Shouldn't we have some plan to meet up with her?" Bao-Dur asked.

Revan shrugged. "She'll find us when the Force wills her to and hopefully no sooner."

Kreia frowned. "The will of the Force..."

"I'd thank you for finally getting me to Onderon if this wasn't the single most harrowing journey I've ever had," the former owner of the Ebon Hawk said, shaking his head.

"Oh, you're still here, huh?" Mira asked, having clearly forgotten all about him.

"Yes I'm still here," the man said, annoyed. "Not for long, though. Surely the Sith apparently being behind the brewing Civil War can't possibly be any more disastrous than your company."

"What an ungrateful snot," Mira said, watching him stalk off. "Why did we let him come again?"

"The Exile tried to give him my ship," Revan explained simply.

"Let's go see what this mob is up to," Mandalore said excitedly.

"Observation: This does look like it could very well end in violence," HK noted. "Approving statement: Good choice, meat-bag."

"I'm glad you approve," Canderous replied.

As they got closer, they could hear the words the man at the center of the mob was shouting. "Being in the Republic really isn't working out for us. Since we joined the Republic we had to deal with the Mandalorians conquering us and Revan and Malak deciding we weren't worthy of being conquered. I mean, seriously, why should we put up with this? We didn't have to put up with it before becoming a part of the Republic."

"That's because those two events happened chronologically after Onderon joined the Republic," Bao-Dur told him.

"So?" the man asked. "The facts are facts and it probably wouldn't have happened if we weren't part of the Republic."

"I'll be the first to tell you that we absolutely would have attacked your planet anyway," Mandalore assured him.

Strangely, this didn't seem to pacify the crowd.
"And we would have ignored your world either way," Revan told him. "It was, um, a calculated move because we wanted to be able to, er, repair the ecosystems of the surrounding worlds. And stuff. Also, Malak would have wanted to explore all those Sith tombs on Dxun and that sounded like a drag."

"But if we weren't part of the Republic then it wouldn't be so hurtful that we weren't subjugated!"

the man insisted.

"I do not understand," Visas told him, sounding confused. "You are unhappy when you are conquered and you are upset when you're not."

The man looked lost for a moment before quickly rallying. "We wouldn't have to make sense if we weren't part of the Republic!"

That was when HK decided to take matters into his own hands and started blasting.
They had managed to escape responsibility for starting that massacre by killing all of the witnesses and were making their way through the city when they were stopped by two bickering aliens. 

"Off-worlder," one of them said. "We cannot decide if General Vaklu or Queen Talia would make a better ruler of Onderon. What do you think?"

"Why do you care what I think?" Revan countered.

"We don't, really, but we've been at this ever since Talia took the throne so we would really like to have someone break the stalemate. And we figured, 'hey, who better to ask than a random stranger off of the street?'," the other explained.

"Well, I really know nothing about your planet's politics and care even less but Vaklu has tried to kill me and as far as I know Talia has not so I'm going to have to go with her," Revan replied.

"Hm," the first one said. "That is true. Not trying to kill your subjects is very important."

"But he is clearly not even a subject of Onderon!" the other protested.

"If we're not going to kill them then let's just leave," Canderous advised.

"This is fascinating," Kreia objected. "I love how there is no clear answer."

"I kind of think that there is," Mira disagreed. "This Vaklu sounds like a complete tool who, like Revan said, tried to kill us. Talia's only problem seems to be that she hasn't shot him yet."

Kreia sighed. "Is this really the future of the Jedi Order? It's...actually looking more promising than the Order's past."

As they were walking past what appeared to be a shoddily-run clinic, a man leaning against the wall called out to them. "You looking for Dhagon Ghent?"

"I don't think so, no," Revan replied. "Who is that?"

"Dhagon Ghent..." Canderous repeated slowly. "He's really well-connected in this city so maybe we should ask him to find...whatever it is that we're here for."

"I don't even remember," Revan said, shrugging.

"We're looking for Jedi Master Kavar," Brianna reminded them helpfully.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Thank you so much for that."

"I do what I can," Brianna responded, sounding perfectly sincere. You could never quite tell with her, though.

"Just don't let him operate on you," Canderous warned. "He never practices medicine sober."

"How does he still have his license?" Bao-Dur asked, horrified.

Canderous shrugged. "Onderon is a bit on the corrupt side."
"I'd survive," Revan said carelessly. "The will of the Force and whatnot."

"How clever of you to use such a terrible, terrible construct as the Force to your advantage," Kreia praised.

Revan stared at her strangely. "I'm pretty sure anyone with an ounce of Force sensitivity that is also aware of this fact does just that, Kreia. Not everything I do is spectacular."

Kreia didn't appear to be listening, though.

"Look, do you guys want to know where Ghent is or not?" the man against the wall broke in.

"I think that a better question is why exactly you're so anxious to tell us," Mira said flatly.

"He owes me money but as long as he's being held as a suspect in a Cantina murder I can't get to him to collect," the man explained.

"We should solve this murder so that we may speak with Dhagon Ghent," Visas decided.

"Course, we could do that," Revan agreed. "On the other hand...where did you say Dhagon Ghent was again?"

----

On their way to the tower where Dhagon Ghent was being held, the holoscreen was showing General Vaklu making a boring speech.

"General Vaklu!" a man said, bursting in.

"I'm a little busy right now, Tobin," Vaklu said testily.

"But we found the crew of the Ebon Hawk! They are right here in Iziz! The Sith were right about them!" Tobin shouted.

"Don't be stupid, Tobin. Why would the crew of the Ebon Hawk risk everything just to come to Iziz?" Vaklu said dismissively.

"Revan's vacation journal said that he was planning on stopping here at some point if it was convenient," Tobin suggested.

"Don't be absurd, Tobin. Everyone knows that Revan's vacation journal, while full of wonderful photos, was just a pretense for him fighting the True Sith," Vaklu scoffed. "Clearly they are here to wipe out the Sith and win the hearts and minds of Onderon back for Talia and her precious Republic!"

"General Vaklu," a voice off-screen said. "Should we stop filming or-?"

Vaklu's eyes widened. "What? Of course, you imbecile!"

With that, the holoscreen went dark.

"Subtle," Mira muttered.

Brianna frowned. "I actually do not feel that that was at all subtle."

"What did those Echani do to you?" Kreia asked, shaking her head regretfully.
Revan looked near tears.

"What's wrong?" Bao-Dur asked.

"W-wipe out all of the Sith?" he asked, horrified. "And win the hearts and minds of the people of Onderon? I thought we just had to find one Jedi! Why does this keep happening?"

"Just because the bad guys said something doesn't mean you have to do it," Mira said, trying to console him.

"It will once the Exile gets back," Revan said sadly.

"Then I suggest that you hurry," Visas told him.

They did increase their walking speed just a little and soon came across a man dressed like an officer.

"Are you Captain Riken?" Revan asked hopefully.

Riken nodded. "I am indeed. Why?"

"Do you have a man named Dhagon Ghent in custody?" Revan inquired.

"We do," Riken confirmed. "He and several other people were picked up in connection with the grisly murder of the finest officer that I have ever had the pleasure of-"

"Yeah, that's great," Revan cut him off. He looked directly into Riken's eyes. "Ghent did not do it so let him go."

"Men, go let Dhagon Ghent go," Riken called out. "He is clearly innocent."

One of his men shrugged. "I see nothing strange about this."

Shortly afterwards, Dhagon Ghent came out of the tower looking miserable and hung-over.

"I don't owe you money, do I?" he asked, squinting suspiciously at them.

"No, we just need a favor. Could you maybe contact a Jedi Master for us?" Revan asked.

"I could, maybe," Ghent confirmed. "But not until this headache goes away and even then who knows how long it will take until I manage to get in contact with him. I'm not even positive that there is a Jedi Master here but if he is then he's in the palace."

"Take your time," Revan said magnanimously. "If you need us, we'll be in the Cantina."

----

Revan was merrily extracting every credit from every Pazaak shark in the Cantina when the Exile finally showed up, her face aglow with the satisfaction that comes from helping others.

"I just had the most wonderful day!" she exclaimed.

Everyone else looked at each other, no one really wanting to be the one to ask for an elaboration.

Finally, T3 bit the blaster shot and beeped at her.

"I was able to help so very many people get off of Onderon! First there was this Republic spy – but
I can't talk about it – and then there was this mother with two young children whose late husband was a strong Talia supporter. And then there was this-

"I hope I'm not interrupting," a tolerantly fond voice rang out from behind them.

Revan smiled at him. "I have honestly never been so happy to see a Jedi before."

The Exile beamed as well. "I'm so glad that you're finally getting into the spirit of things, Revan! And Master Kavar it is, as always, so very wonderful to see you!"

"After the way he exiled you with little explanation I find that a little surprising," Kavar admitted. "But then again, you always were the most...forgiving of my pupils. I cannot even begin to imagine what lengths you must have gone to to contact me. The palace is in full battle readiness so smuggling a message in must have been nearly impossible."

Revan shrugged. "If you say so. I just had to talk a man out of prison."

"Kavar...you know, we had planned our entire strategy based on the idea that we would be fighting you and not Revan here," Canderous said, nodding Revan's way. "We would have utterly crushed you, of course."

Revan snapped. "And that's why I was vaguely annoyed to see you again! Oh well, you saved me from the Exile ranting about how good it feels to help people – for now, at least – so I forgive you."

"How very generous," Kavar said dryly.

"Isn't it, though?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"I heard you were killed fighting Malak," Canderous said, an almost-accusation in his voice.

"Malak tried," Kavar admitted. "But then Revan came in asking if there was any way to make the light side Star Forge robes any less unholy and while he was distracted I left."

"Why didn't you go back to the Jedi?" Visas wondered.

"I was presumed dead and so I made for a wonderful undercover agent," Kavar explained. "Especially since Malak refused to admit that I got away because he was arguing with Revan about fabric."

"We never did manage to sort that one out," Revan said mournfully. "Not that it matters now, I guess."

"What are you doing on Onderon, anyway, Master Kavar?" the Exile inquired. "Are you preparing to wage war against Vaklu and his Sith Masters?"

"If they would ever hurry up and attack us, yes," Kavar confirmed. He frowned. "Actually, I probably shouldn't say it like that. A Jedi does not welcome battle, after all."

"I'll say," Revan muttered.

"Wheedling query: Even if it has been really boring?" HK asked.

"Even then," Kavar said firmly.

"This Jedi pacifism is disgusting," G0-T0 complained. "I'm beginning to remember why I decided
"you were all more of a threat to galactic threat than the Sith despite all evidence to the contrary."

"Why are you here?" Kavar asked. "Exile, I doubt you have any love for those on the Jedi Council
anymore, even an old friend."

"That's not true!" the Exile objected. "I absolutely adore the Jedi Council! You have to believe
me!"

"It's true," Revan confirmed. "She does. We have yet to figure out just why but she does."

"You know, some thought you were a spy when you came back to us," Kavar said idly. "I never
believed it, though. You were always too…forthright. Almost too forthright for your own good."

"'Almost'?' Mira asked, laughing.

"Can you please just explain how the Exile being a wound in the Force freaked you all out so you
banished her and hoped you'd never have to deal with it ever again?" Revan requested.

To everyone's surprise, Kavar nodded. "Why, certainly. You see, Exile, we-"

"Am I interrupting?" Tobin said as he strolled into the Cantina followed by several of his men.

Revan glared at him. "You are not going to stop Kavar from finally making the Exile acknowledge
she knows why she was exiled and ending this ridiculous scavenger hunt!"

"Actually, I am," Tobin said smugly.

"This is too dangerous," Kavar decided. "And I must alert the palace! I'll call you!"

With that, he took off.

"I've heard that before," Mira murmured.

Revan's eyes narrowed. "HK? Kill."

"Delighted exclamation: Finally!"

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After killing Tobin, all of his men, and everyone else who was armed from there until the shuttle,
the group finally made it back to the moon of Dxun.

Canderous predictably decided to keep following Revan around and still refused to see why this
was unpractical given that he was leading the Mandalorians there.

When they got back to the ship, they were greeted by Atton.

"The ship is finally finished being repaired," he announced.

"And it took all of that time to repair?" Revan asked skeptically.

"Absolutely," Atton swore.

"You have bed head," Mira pointed out.

"No I don't," Atton denied, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a comb to fix the problem.
"Did you even tell your people that you were going to be leaving them?" Bao-Dur asked.
Canderous shrugged. "Eh, they'll figure it out."

"So how did it go?" Atton asked them.
Revan merely glared at him.
Atton winced. "That well, huh?"

"We'll need to come back at some point," Brianna informed him.
Atton groaned. "Seriously? Why couldn't you just sort out of all your business on one trip?"

"A dead idiot interrupted us right when we were about to," Revan revealed.

"Why would a dead…oh. He wasn't dead then, was he?" Atton asked rhetorically. "So onward to Dantooine, I take it."

They had just left the planet's atmosphere when a message came in.

"Hey, Kavar managed to get in touch with us looking for you," one of the Mandalorians told them. "So come on back."

"But we haven't even left yet," Revan complained. "Why in the world did we have to get so close to leaving if we weren't actually going to be able to do it?"

"The Force can be quite sadistic sometimes," Kreia answered.

"Apparently the Queen had arranged for safe passage to Onderon for you," the Mandalorian continued.

Revan started twitching. "Safe passage that we wouldn't even need if it weren't for the fact that we left about an hour ago."

"Unfortunately, since receiving that message about five minutes ago, General Vaklu has met with the Council of Lords and declared Queen Talia a traitor so a civil war has broken out," the Mandalorian continued.

"Things move fast on Onderon," Atton noted.

"This is stupid," Revan complained. "If I didn't want to make sure that Kavar would actually tell the Exile what she needs to know then I would be waiting in the ship."

"The Queen is basically doomed so I really hope you didn't want to meet with her," the Mandalorian told them. "The palace is well-fortified and she has the support of most of the military and the civilians. She won't last the night."

"I'm no master tactician," Mira began, "but I sense a real dissonance here."

"Well, we're also taking into account the Sith troops that Vaklu has been publicly talking about for ages but has only now 'officially' revealed," the Mandalorian mentioned.

"Ah," Mira said, nodding. "That would do it."

"So we're all agreed that the rational thing to do would be to just write this off as a lost cause," the
Mandalorian told them. "Fortunately, we are Mandalorians."

"Is it just me or is this the perfect time to dramatically invade Onderon with our restored Basilisk war droid?" Canderous asked, elated.

"Just what I was thinking, Mandalore," the Mandalorian said approvingly.

"Unfortunately, it can only take three people," Canderous told them.

"Well we need four," Revan said, his voice leaving no room for compromise.

"I know that the more soldiers the better but there really isn't room-" Canderous tried to explain.

"It's your Basilisk and your dream to re-invade Onderon so you're going. The Exile is the one who needs to talk to Kavar so she's going. I need to make sure he actually talks and so I'm going," Revan explained.

"That's only three," Canderous pointed out.

"Yes but if I'm going then HK is going to kill whoever gets in my way," Revan said as if it were obvious.

"My men will see what they can do," Canderous promised. "Maybe since the last member of our party is to be a droid there will be more room for maneuverability."

"What about me?" Kreia asked indignantly.

"Why do you even want to come?" Canderous asked, surprised.

"I might need to threaten someone unnecessarily and in some cases self-sabotagingly or bring them back to life," Kreia explained.

"Well good luck bringing Tobin back to life after the number HK did on him," Revan told her. "Is there anyone else that would be worth it?"

Kreia sighed. "I suppose not. But I do so love standing right there and occasionally even saying something and having the Jedi Masters fail to register my presence."

"Maybe on Dantooine," the Exile said encouragingly.

"And what are the rest of us supposed to do?" Visas asked.

"I sense that there are Sith Lords in the ancient tombs and that unless they are all violently killed then there is no hope for Master Kavar and Queen Talia," Kreia announced.

"...How does that even work?" Atton demanded. "Oh, wait, don't tell me. The Force."

"I don't see why you persist in asking questions you already know the answer to. It makes you look even more of a fool than you already are and trust me when I say that you really cannot afford it," Kreia sniped.

"So that's perfect," the Exile said brightly. "We'll go off and save Onderon and you'll stay here and save Onderon!"

"Who's in charge?" Brianna inquired.
Revan looked surprised that they would even ask. "T3, naturally."
An Easy Revolution

The Onderon turrets attempted to shoot the Basilisk down as they plummeted towards Iziz. Not only was that rather pointless because they were landing anyway but even Queen Talia's royal forces were trying to kill the only people who could save them so that wasn't very well thought out. At least they kept missing, proving that they were, in fact, the supposed good guys in this conflict. As if the fact that Vaklu kept bragging about his new and wonderful Sith allies left much room for doubt.

"A Basilisk? A Basilisk here? Mandalorians are attacking the city!" someone shouted as they began to disembark.

"Bad things always happen in threes," someone else said superstitiously. "Let's hide before something else happens!"

"Your timing is terrible," another citizen critiqued.

"Finally! Revan invading us!" another citizen cheered.

"I think the population of Iziz might be slightly…schizophrenic," Revan remarked.

Canderous snorted. "Just Iziz? Try all of Onderon."

"Speculative query: Could Iziz be conquered with just one Basilisk?" HK asked.

Canderous nodded. "Frankly, it's probably overkill."

"Clearly this is Talia's work," an obvious Vaklu supporter concluded. "Who knows how they even got to this part of space? We surely would have noticed them had they been hiding out on Dxun or something."

With that, a fight mercifully broke out and they started to slaughter their way towards the palace.

"I've always wanted to visit a palace," the Exile said happily, looking around. "Everything is so nice here!"

Revan looked around as well at all the ruined finery surrounded them. "Well, it was."

"I have always wanted to slaughter my way through a palace myself," Canderous admitted. "Today is turning out to be a day to fulfill all sorts of childhood ambitions."

HK turned towards him. "Startled cry: It's not just me!"

"I really wonder if I should be worried about all of their bonding," Revan said slowly. He shrugged. "I'm sure it'll be fine."

They saw beasts pawing at a force field in front of them and a man shouted, "Close the outer door."

The door started to slam shut but Revan held up a hand and froze the door in its tracks.

"There is no way I am going to run all around the palace searching for a back way in," he growled. "I say that we kill everyone here for trying to put me through that."

"Innocent statement: The Master's honor must be defended," HK declared.
"B-but that door was made from the material that is used for the hull of capital class vessels!" the man protested.

"That doesn't make it immune to the Force," Revan pointed out. The minute he finished speaking, HK blew a hole in the man's head. He was so considerate to let Revan finish first.

"So now that we killed the beast trying to break into the throne room how do we get the shields down and get in there ourselves?" the Exile asked sensibly.

"That's actually a very good question," Revan said, surprised. "Well, I don't think the force-field is sound-proof so let's try just asking them to lower it and let us in."

The Exile nodded. "Good plan. HEY, EVERYONE. WE HAVE ARRIVED AND KILLED EVERYONE ON VAKLU'S SIDE TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE ROOM SO COULD YOU LET US IN? WE JUST WANT TO HELP!"

It took a few moments but the shields went down and they walked in to find Vaklu and Talia dueling with vibroblades while everyone else just sort of stood around watching them.

"Wait..." Revan said slowly. "If Vaklu and some of his men are already in here then how come Tobin's men needed beasts to get in? Even if the force field was put up after Vaklu got in here couldn't one of his men let the force field down like someone on the Queen's side did? And why is everyone just watching them fight?"

"It's the only honorable way to settle the succession issue," one of Vaklu's men explained.

"That makes sense to me," Canderous said, nodding.

"If you were looking for honor why not have an arena match instead of a bloody civil war?" Revan demanded.

"Says the man who fought a war with us and only at the end of it challenged Mandalore to a duel," Canderous said pointedly.

"We should help!" the Exile said worriedly.

Revan sat down. "You help. I'm going to just sit here."

"Oh, you're going to be using Battle Meditation? What a wonderful idea!" the Exile gushed.

"Wake me when it's over," Revan requested. "Or, you know, don't."

"Sorry I'm late!" Master Kavar shouted out, coming from out of nowhere to single-handedly kill ever Vaklu troop in the room.

"How does he do it?" the Exile breathed, awed.

"Why does he do it?" Revan asked, slightly disturbed.

Vaklu was breathing heavily when he drew back to catch his breath and taunt Talia. "Your time is at an end, Talia. Your people have abandoned you and your life is forfeit."

Talia, who hadn't appeared to break a sweat, narrowed her eyes at him. "Oh no. We are not using 'had a break from reality' to excuse your actions even if it would, in fact, explain why you thought any of this was a good idea instead of just trying to poison me or something."
Vaklu frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"The people are all on my side, the Jedi and Mandalorian that landed via Basilisk war droid took out most of your troops, Tobin died hours ago, and Kavar just personally wiped out all of your forces in this room," Talia pointed out. "And now I'm kicking your ass. No matter how you look at it, I'm winning."

"No you're not," Vaklu denied.

"I will not let you lay the grounds for an insanity defense!" Talia cried out, attacking Vaklu again. She considered. "Oh, and your ambitions would destroy everything, especially since the Sith you allied with are, well, Sith and thus prone to destroying everything."

"They're just misunderstood," Vaklu claimed.

"Not with dark side-induced ugliness, they're not," Revan spoke up.

"Nobody asked you!" Vaklu said, scowling. "And so what if I destroy everything? I'm trying to make things better here!"

"I'm pretty sure that if you want to make things better then 'destroying everything' is not really the route you want to go," Canderous advised. "Well, you can destroy everyone else's things but not your own. Trust me, we tried that and it really didn't work."

"Shouldn't we do something?" the Exile asked uncertainly.

"It would be rude to intervene before we're asked," Revan assured her.

Talia finally managed to knock the vibroblades out of Vaklu's hands and held her own blade at his throat.

"Your skill with a blade won't you from my men, Talia," Vaklu said contemptuously, even now unable or unwilling to face the fact that she had won. "Fire!"

Nothing happened.

Vaklu looked around. "I said fire!"

"Your men are all dead," Canderous said bluntly.

"It's not very Jedi-like to have killed all of my men, Kavar," Vaklu said, now forced to acknowledge this as well.

"It was self-defense," Kavar said smoothly.

"And how are you all still alive anyway?" Vaklu demanded. "I must have thrown dozens if not outright hundreds of men at you!"

"Proud statement: We killed them all!" HK rejoiced.

"Kill them and the Queen quickly, men!" Vaklu commanded. "They must not be allowed to live!"

"Your men haven't come back to life since the last time you ordered them to kill something," the Exile informed him.

"And even if they had, they weren't enough to kill us before so what makes you think they'd
succeed now?" Canderous challenged.

"Fine, I guess you've won the battle," Vaklu sulked. "But your reign won't be an easy one. The Republic is a sinking ship and you're too attached to it."

"Maybe it's because idiots like you decide that the Republic is too weak and try to tear it apart," Revan suggested helpfully. "Just a thought. Honestly, if it weren't for Bastila's decision that the Sith aren't for her after all I would seriously reconsider my alignment at this point."

Kavar sighed. "Revan, do you have to flaunt your utter disdain for the Jedi Code in our faces every time you turn around?"

"Seriously, where is that in the code?" Revan demanded.

"As distasteful as it is, Onderon won't be safe with him alive so I say kill him," Kreia's voice echoed in the Exile's head. She dutifully repeated it word for word.

"'Distasteful'?" Revan repeated, laughing. "I'm looking forward to his public execution."

"Do try to at least pretend to be committed to the light side, Revan," Kavar entreated.

"Go ahead, lock me up. My loyal forces will just let me out within the week and I'll be back to try this whole thing all over again," Vaklu freely confessed.

"Are you so sure of my decision, Vaklu?" Talia asked him. "I appreciate the Jedi's counsel but-"

"Wait," Kavar interrupted. "I'm so sorry but I realized that I haven't actually given you any counsel and Revan wants you to kill him. I feel obligated to remind you that killing someone, especially your kin, in cold-blood is very immoral."

"But he's freely admitted that he'll just cause trouble if left alive and frankly I don't need the hassle," Talia explained. "Plus this whole business has annoyed me, too. I think Revan's public execution suggestion is quite sensible. Unfortunately the longer he is alive the more danger we are all in so we'll just have to kill him now. Somebody turn on the holorecorders so we can broadcast this and hopefully end the fighting."

"You know, this is the kind of leader I can really get behind," Canderous said admiringly.

"I'm not sure what kind of moral authority she can claim if she does this," the Exile spoke up.

"Oh, who cares?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"But…that's not fair!" Vaklu protested. "What about my trial! I want a lawyer!"

"Well so did all those people your secret police were rounding up," the Exile told him. "I haven't heard an apology about that yet."

"A trial would just be a formality, Vaklu. Your little coup means everyone knows of your treason and the punishment for treason is death," Talia said coldly. "Goodbye, Vaklu. I never liked you."

With that, he was shot by every Talia man still in the room.

"Well, I'm off to get this broadcast and to give a speech to my people," Talia informed them. "While you are speaking to Kavar, I'll have one of my men grab some jewels for you to take with you as repayment for saving my life and winning this battle for me. Farewell."
"That's nice of her," the Exile said, smiling.

"You over Vaklu dying, then?" Revan asked.

"Well, she does seem like a nice person," the Exile said slowly. "And really, nobody's perfect."

Kavar came up to them. "How very noble-minded of you, Exile. I can only hope you'll be able to apply some of that same sentiment to me and the others on the council."

"Don't worry," Revan assured him. "She will."

"It's ironic, really. We spent all this time looking for you and now you've come to us," Kavar mused.

"Wait, wait, wait," the Exile said, her eyes wide. "You were looking for me?"

"Of course," Kavar confirmed, surprised. "Am I the only one you've found so far, then?"

"No, we found Zez-Kai Ell on Nar Shaddaa and he didn't mention it," Revan said, annoyed. "Vash had died by the time we got to Korriban, though."

Kavar closed his eyes. "Poor Vash. A death on Korriban couldn't have been a kind death."

"It wasn't," Revan confirmed grimly.

"I had suspected that you might return to Onderon which is part of why I came here," Kavar announced. "It looks like you did just in time."

"Well I only came here because you were here," the Exile informed him.

"However it happened, I'm glad you did. I was worried for a minute that you might support Vaklu out of spite," Kavar confessed.

"I'm not capable of spite," the Exile said matter-of-factly.

"Glum agreement: It's true," HK confirmed.

"Somehow we're being hunted and killed through the Force so we had to go into hiding," Kavar informed them. "And wounds in the Force keep appearing, both where Jedi die and where other violent events have happened. It reminded me of you."

"Touching," Canderous said dryly.

"Kavar's a romantic," Revan confided. "So, you will tell the Exile what happened to her, right?"

"Oh, yes, I was just about to do that when Tobin and his men interrupted us, wasn't I?" Kavar mused, rubbing his chin. "Alright, here goes. Exile, when you came before us that day you were already cut off from the Force. We didn't understand it but we knew that it was dangerous. We saw the death of the Force and of all life in you. We couldn't just kill you because you had surrendered and were thus our prisoner and we didn't have the time to investigate what happened with Revan returning to attack."

"Maybe if you had come back sometime in the three years between Malachor and our return," Revan hinted.

"I was working to come to terms with what had happened before returning to face the Council," the
Exile said virtuously.

"We were disturbed and didn't want you to complicate things by being a living hole in the Force so we sent you away," Kavar concluded.

The Exile's eyes were wide. "So that's what happened."

"That's what I've been saying all along," Revan said, exasperated. "Don't act like this is some new revelation."

"So now what?" the Exile asked. "Zez-Kai Ell wanted everyone to assemble on Dantooine before he told me anything and he's headed there but I already know so do I need to bring the Council together?"

"No, no we do absolutely not," Revan said loudly.

"It might be a good idea," Kavar disagreed. "After all, together we can try to work out what's happened since we've spent the last few years investigating and we can formulate a plan."

"I thought wherever Jedi gather, Jedi die," Revan said dryly.

Master Kavar smiled at that. "How many Jedi do you have on your ship, Revan?"

"Only the seven…" Revan said sheepishly.

"We'll be fine," Kavar said. "And if anything comes then it will give us a perfect opportunity to face down whatever is hunting us."

"And it will likely kill us," Revan pointed out.

"If it's going to kill us then it's going to kill us," Kavar reasoned. "So we might as well at least try to fight it. I would have died here without you, you know. My battle plan took the Sith into account but not the beasts."

"Revan's would have," Canderous said immediately.

Everyone looked at Revan.

"Well…yeah," he admitted. "But only because it's really obvious that on Onderon of all places they'd use beasts and because there have been problems with them for weeks."

"We've all been trying to find out what's happened for far longer than you have and yet somehow the two of you are the only ones making any progress," Kavar noted. "I wonder if I should be surprised by that."

"I wouldn't be," Revan told him. "Having people kill your way through everything in your past has remarkable results."

"I'm sorry that I defied my exile to come back here," the Exile burst out suddenly, apparently unable to keep that in for a single second longer.

Kavar looked startled. "Oh, don't worry about that. The exile was never supposed to be the punishment you thought it was and I thought you realized that. We had no real power to exile the only hero of the Mandalorian War who hadn't later died or become a Sith, after all."

The Exile frowned. "I don't follow."
"Of course you don't," Revan said, sighing.

"When I first sparred with you as a Padawan I could tell you were different," Kavar said wistfully. "And it wasn't just your strong connection to the Force."

"I'll say," Canderous muttered.

"It's a good thing Atton's not here," Revan remarked.

"So what now?" Kavar asked curiously. "Will you kill me and seek vengeance or shall we all meet up on Dantooine?"

"Why do people actually ask that like there's a chance she'll do anything less than perfect?" Revan wondered aloud.

"I don't believe in vengeance," the Exile said virtuously. "Since we're going to Dantooine as well, would you like to ride with us?"


With that, he took off again.

"Why does nobody want to spend a prolonged period of time with us?" the Exile wondered, hurt.
"So how did it go this time?" Atton asked, clearly hoping for better news than what he had gotten before. "Did you guys get what you wanted?"

"Sort of," Revan said, shrugging indifferently.

"We absolutely did!" the Exile exclaimed, predictably much more optimistic about how things had gone than Revan. "After we sorted everything out with Queen Talia and General Vaklu and the attempted coup, Master Kavar was able to me that I was actually exiled because Revan had just returned around the time that I did and they didn't have the time to deal with the threat that they worried that I represented at the same time as the threat that the knew Revan's fleet of Sith did."

"So this was all Revan's fault?" Brianna asked, eyes wide. She cast a speculative look Revan's way.

Revan glared at her. "Oh no! You are not blaming the massive idiocy of everyone involved in this on me!"

"So does that mean that we're done?" Bao-Dur asked uncertainly. It was all rather anticlimatic. "What are we supposed to do now? I'm not sure that I have satisfactorily resolved my personal issues enough to help rebuild the Jedi."

"Me either," Visas agreed.

"What would you need to do to satisfactorily resolve your personal issues?" Mira asked him curiously. She clarified, "Bao-Dur, not Visas. I probably don't want to know in your case."

"I would need to blow up a planet," Bao-Dur said solemnly.

Mira's unconsciously took a step back. "Okay, I see that I have seriously misjudged that one."

"It's mostly unoccupied," Bao-Dur added almost as an afterthought. "I think. But it actually wouldn't stop me either way. And I think that I have the perfect one in mind."

"Yes, we're absolutely done," Revan announced, absolutely uninterested in Bao-Dur's sudden and unexpected genocidal maniacal streak.

"I don't think that that's quite what Kavar said," Canderous disagreed, not about to be stopped from the opportunity to go more places and kill more people who may or may not deserve their fate.

"Whose side are you even on?" Revan demanded, throwing his hands up in the air.

"Yours, always," Canderous answered promptly like there was every any doubt. "But I also want to get a chance to go kill things on Dantooine."

"Why are we going off to kill things on Dantooine?" Kreia asked, interested. "And that is an idea…"

"I am glad to hear that this is not done," G0-T0 told them imperiously. "The galaxy is still not fixed, after all, nor even the Republic. Might I suggest killing all of the Jedi?"

"I will certainly consider it," Kreia said diplomatically. "Yes, yes, I can see how that would all tie together…"
"How does the Exile not realize that you're a Sith?" Atton demanded incredulously. "I mean, I don't understand it, I really don't."

"She doesn't judge people on their pasts," Kreia said virtuously.

"Five seconds ago is not 'the past'!" Atton cried out.

"Technically, I think you'll find that it is," Kreia corrected.

"By that logic, actual active Sith aren't Sith if they happen to be doing something non-evil when the Exile happens upon them," Atton pointed out.

"I'm not entirely certain that that is not her philosophy," Kreia replied.

"Masters Zez-Kai Ell and Kavar have agreed to go meet on Dantooine so they and Vrook can reconvene the Jedi Council and try to figure out what's been going on and what to do," the Exile explained.

"Not for nothing but why do they need us for that?" Mira asked.

"We need to save Vrook from whatever mess I'm sure he's gotten into and that he apparently can't be trusted to deal with by himself nor can Zez-Kai Ell or Kavar do it," Revan explained. "And I'm not convinced they won't try to blame the Exile for this new Sith threat and do something stupid like trying to exile her again."

"Over my dead body," Atton growled.

"Why?" Canderous asked. "It makes so much more sense to have them be the dead bodies."

"Explanation: humans are often irrational," HK spoke up.

"I'm not going to Dantooine," Revan informed them.

"Well we have to get there somewhere," Atton told him. "And at the very least we'll need a lift."

"I don't care," Revan told them.

"He'll come around," the Exile assured them.

"Especially after I put in a little call…” Canderous murmured.

"So how did your trip go?" the Exile asked politely.

Atton groaned. "I don't want to talk about it."

The Exile frowned, alarmed. "What happened?"

"Thank you so much for putting T3 in charge," Atton said sarcastically.

"I hold to that decision," Revan sniffed.

"Do you have any idea how difficult it is to take orders from someone when you don't even speak the language?" Atton demanded.

"Don't G0-T0 and Bao-Dur understand him?" the Exile inquired.

"I saw no need to aid him," G0-T0 explained.
"What about you? That doesn't seem very much like you," the Exile said, turning to Bao-Dur.

Bao-Dur shook his head. "It's not. Atton just never asked for a translation."

Atton swore. "What did you think all of my grumbling about not understanding and not having anyone around to translate was about?"

"Honestly, Atton, I thought you just liked to complain," Bao-Dur replied.

Atton was silent for a moment as the full weight of that indignity settled on him. Finally he visibly shook himself and continued, "And don't even get me started about when those Sith were trying to convert him to their side."

"Why would Sith want a droid?" Canderous wondered.

"Who wouldn't want someone like T3 on their side?" Revan asked, puzzled.

"I don't even know but let me tell you that hearing just one side of the conversation was really disturbing! I don't even know what he said to them but one of them committed suicide right then and the others were acting like he was demonic," Atton complained.

T3 just beeped innocently.

"T3 says that he was just trying to get them to see the errors of their ways and one was tragically so overwhelmed with guilt that he couldn't take it anymore," Revan translated. "And I, for one, believe him."

"I seriously don't trust that droid," Atton muttered, eyeing T3 suspiciously.

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Revan opened his eyes when his comlink went off. Once he had assured himself that it was Bastila, he picked up.

"Hello," he greeted her.

"Hello, Revan," Bastila replied. "What's this I hear about you not wanting to give anyone a ride to Dantooine so that the Jedi Council – long believed to be dead – can reconvene?"

Revan groaned. "How did you even…Canderous."

"Canderous," Bastila confirmed. "Is he okay? He wouldn't take off that helmet and that seems a little rude."

"I think he might be a bit too attached to that, personally," Revan confided. "Well, that or he can't get it off."

"But how does he eat with it on?" Bastila asked, fascinated.

Revan shrugged. "Malak managed."

"But how did he manage to eat like that?" Bastila pressed. "I always wondered but even during my ill-fated apprenticeship I never saw him eat. I'm assuming that you, as someone too…disinterested in life to worry about boundaries, would know."

"I do," Revan confirmed. "There are some things in life, Bastila, that you'll learn you don't want to
know too much about."

"Is this one of them?" Bastila asked him.

"So," Revan said loudly, changing the subject. "You really think that I should take everyone to Dantoonie?"

"More than that," Bastila replied. "I think that you should help them sort out whatever problem is inevitably going to crop up surrounding Vrook."

Revan winced. "Oh, come on! Not even the Exile has asked that of me." He paused. "Yet. Though knowing her she might think that it's just implied."

"I'll tell you what," Bastila offered, "you deal with Dantooine and I'll make sure to catch a ride there as well and we can catch up."

Revan considered it. He hadn't seen Bastila in quite some time and he doubted her being there would give him any more to do than what everyone wanted him to do anyway.

"No Carth?" he asked hopefully.

"No Carth," Bastila promised.

"I'll meet you there."

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"So I'm surprised that you agreed so quickly to take us here," Mira told him as they started to leave the Ebon Hawk. "I mean, I always sort of expected that you would do it eventually but your turnaround was remarkably quick. We didn't even have to do anything."

Canderous snorted. "Maybe you didn't."

"Revan," Bastila said, smiling at him.

Those who hadn't been with Revan during the ending of the war with Malak got to witness the rare sight of Revan's entire face lighting up.

"Okay, now they have to be a couple," Mira declared.

"They are," Canderous replied.

"I still can't believe Revan would be willing to date someone," Atton said, shaking his head. "It seems like it would be a lot of effort."

"You have no idea," Revan muttered as he hurried over to Bastila.

"I think we should tactfully ignore whatever they're doing at the back of the group and go see if we can find Vrook or if the other two Jedi have arrived yet," Visas opined.

"I like that plan," Bastila said, allowing herself to fall to the back of the group along with Revan.

"Malak's bombardment happened five years ago but since the Jedi never really recovered from that and the purge that came afterwards, I don't know how much they would have repaired the old enclave. The civilian areas probably fared better," Canderous theorized. "And I'm sure that there was a lot of pl-"
"Did someone say something about plundering the old Jedi enclave?" a young woman standing a few feet away asked, approaching them.

"I'm pretty sure that we didn't, no," the Exile said politely.

"Well I don't believe you because there is literally no other reason that I can think of why anyone would want to come to this backwards planet," the woman informed them. "Talk to Administrator Adare for your plundering license."

"Wait," Atton couldn't believe it. "Are you kidding me? You need a license to loot now?"

"But of course," the woman replied, not insulted. "Just because everything is falling to pieces and people won't stop stealing anything of value and selling it to the highest bidder far off-planet thus diminishing our precious free resources that we really could have used to rebuild our planet doesn't mean that we can't still try to regulate things and have some sort of a semblance of law and order."

"But you would think it would," Brianna remarked.

"I'm afraid you'll have to speak to Administrator Adare about that," the woman said apologetically. "If you follow me then I can take you to her."

As they were following her, two women were loudly having a discussion off to one side.

"Do you think there are really Jedi here?" the first woman asked.

"I don't think they would dare come back after what they did to us!" the second exclaimed. "Being here so inconsiderately when Malak was planning on bombing them, after all."

"It seems perfectly reasonable to blame them for that, I agree," the first concurred. "And they were so arrogant, too! Always requesting that we make an appointment instead of showing up in their stupid little meetings whenever we felt like it! Like they were ever doing anything important anyway."

"And they never even helped us out with our problems!" the second cried out. "Not once. Ever. I cannot think of a single time that a single Jedi has helped us out. Ever."

"That's it," Revan said, reluctantly tearing his attention away from Bastila by this painful dismissal of all of his forced hard work. "HK? Terrorize."

"Hopeful query: Might I make that 'kill'?" HK asked immediately.

Revan glanced questioningly at Bastila. "Best just make it terrorize."

"Revan, I really don't think that this is quite appropriate," Bastila began. "Or, you know, at all appropriate."

"I hear that there is a bounty on them. I hope that it's true so that I can go and murder a Jedi so that I might have extra spending money," the first one confided.

The second snorted. "You and every other perfectly grateful settler."

Bastila closed her eyes, trying to remain calm. "HK? Terrorize."

"I recommend we speed up," Revan announced to their guide who nodded and did as she was asked.
Mira openly flinched when she saw the administrator. "Oh, wow, you are ugly."

"That's not very nice, Mira," the Exile rebuked, frowning at her in clear disappointment.

Mira shrugged. "I call them like I see them."

"That is okay. I am used to this kind of reaction," the Cathar standing next to the administrator said. "Revan, Bastila, it is so good to see you again after all this time. Will you be staying long this time?"

Revan's attention was once again forced from Bastila and his eyes widened in horror. "No… it can't be."

"Juhani," Bastila said, smiling awkwardly. "I had no idea that you would still be here."

"And still be alive," Revan muttered.

"Well, you see once you abandoned me even though the Jedi Council told you to take me with you as a reminder to stay on the Light Side, I had nothing else to do but to stay here,"

"That's kind of sad," Canderous said, shaking his head piteously. "Cathar are boring. And as you can see, Revan still managed to fail to be a Sith without you."

"Some would call that 'succeeded in staying a Jedi'," Bastila pointed out.

"Yes," Canderous acknowledged, "but in this case I think 'failed to be a Sith' is more accurate."

"Mandalorian!" Juhani hissed. "Your people destroyed my planet!"

"Did we?" Canderous asked uncertainly.

"You don't even remember?" Juhani cried, scandalized.

Canderous shrugged apologetically. "I'm not saying that I don't believe you. It's just…we destroy a lot of worlds." He slumped suddenly. "Or at least we did."

Revan looked around but HK was apparently still terrorizing those settlers. "You'll have your day."

"Revan!" Bastila complained.

"Thanks, Revan, I appreciate it," Canderous said gratefully.

Juhani closed her eyes and took a few deep, steadying breaths. "Then when Malak bombed everyone I still had nothing better to do so I stayed and waited for you to come back. Even after the war ended I waited because I figured that you could not possibly have forgotten me forever. Eventually, Master Vrook returned but then he left again and finally you return. I bet it is for him."

"You freak me out," Revan said bluntly. "Find something to do with your time."

"Like vat?" Juhani inquired.

Revan shrugged. "I don't even care. Take up Pazaak or exhibition fighting or even drinking! Just stop waiting for me places for years on end without telling me so that I may avoid them."

"You must be mistaken, Juhani," the Exile said earnestly. "Your story is very sad but Revan would never do something like that!"
"It is hard for me to believe as well but I assure you that it indeed happened that way," Juhani said solemnly. "Even now he does not deny it."

"He probably is too disappointed that you would misjudge him so," the Exile said logically.

"Oh please," Revan mumbled.

Administrator Adare coughed loudly. "I don't mean to interrupt," she began, her body language suggesting otherwise, "but did you have some reason for wanting to meet with me?"

"Do you know where Master Vrook is?" the Exile asked.

"I was going to ask if you were a Jedi since you have a vessel associated with the Jedi back during the war but your recent conversation makes it clear that that is not necessary," Adare replied dryly. "And the last I heard of Vrook he had decided that since the mercenaries in the area was planning on attacking and killing us all and taking him back to Nar Shaddaa to collect the bounty on his head as a Jedi, it was only sensible to go and surrender to them so that we may be left defenseless. I think he hoped that if they achieved one of their goals they would go all the way to Nar Shaddaa and then forget about killing all of us instead of killing everyone and then taking him to Nar Shaddaa."

"Such complete idiocy isn't like Vrook," Revan said, genuinely concerned. "Has he suffered any head injuries or gotten senile in his old age?"

"We'll have to see once we rescue him," Bastila replied.

"Now we have to talk Revan into rescuing him, too?" Atton complained.

"Somehow, I don't think that will be necessary," Bastila said, smiling softly.

"Please try to keep the fact that some of you are Jedi a secret," Adare requested. "It will just cause problems if it gets out and-"

"I cannot bring myself to hide the fact that I was once a Jedi and that my friends are all Jedi!" the Exile interrupted. "I am so proud of them! Also, a few more Jedi are coming around to restart the Jedi Council. Have you seen any more Jedi besides us?"

Adare looked like she might have a heart attack. "No, I have not."

"Huh. You would have thought Zez-Kai Ell would have left before us," Atton said thoughtfully.

"Jedi are quite often useless," Kreia replied. "But that reminds me…Exile, would you like a prestige class?"

"Would it mean that I could call myself a Jedi Master despite technically still not being a Jedi?" the Exile asked hopefully.

"I don't see why not," Kreia replied. "Come over here and let us meditate."

The Exile went off to the side with Kreia.

"Well all of this is probably going to make the mercenaries attack all the sooner so cold you maybe try to help out with the defenses of Khoonda?" Adare entreated.

"What's Khoonda?" Brianna asked.
"It's what we call our settlement," Adare explained. "So…will you?"

"Any takers?" Revan asked. "Because I'm leaning towards 'no.'"

"Don't you feel any sentiment towards the place that was a safe haven for us during the war?" Bastila asked, surprised.

"No," Revan said simply. "They were really obnoxious about the dress code. And none of them seemed to have any idea about the Jedi Code despite having to be able to recite it before becoming a Padawan."

"I'll take a look and see what I can do," Bao-Dur volunteered.

"And I will stay as well and try to hack into your remote so that one day I can stop it from blowing up a planet for reasons that I have yet to determine," G0-T0 decided. "I mean…no, wait, that is actually what I mean."
"We should divide up the work so that this takes less time," Brianna suggested. "We don't know when the other Jedi will get here but it would be nice if we were ready for them."

"I would like to go explore the ruins of the Jedi Academy and see if there is anything there that may yet be salvaged," the Exile declared. "Is that okay?"

Revan shrugged. "Whatever."

"And I'll go with you," Atton announced. "Because I'm in love with you."

"So those two are going off alone," Bao-Dur summarized. "Now what about-"

"Vait!" Juhani interrupted.

"Why are you still here, Cathar?" Canderous asked, annoyed.

Juhani glared at him. "Vay to not know my name, Mandalorian. You people are terrible."

"Way to be a raging hypocrite, Juhani," Canderous sneered.

"...That proves nothing, Mandalorian," Juhani sniffed.

"You could at least call me Mandalore," Canderous told her. "It would be pretty easy to remember."

"I would rather die!" Juhani cried out.

"If you would rather die then you had better do it and decrease the surplus population of this group," Kreia told her.

"I am going with the Exile and Atton," Juhani said, ignoring her.

"Really?" Visas asked disapprovingly.

"Does she still hate love so much that she won't give anyone a moment?" Bastila asked, unnerved.

Revan glanced at her. "How would you know that? We never actually took her with us."

"She had a reputation for it back at the Academy," Bastila confided. "The Masters liked her because of that but only two of the students would actually talk to her. Ironically, they were both in love with her but I don't think that she ever noticed."

"No, I did notice that one vas in love with me," Juhani corrected. "I turned him down so he went to go join the Sith. Belaya isn't in love with me, though. I don't know vy you vould think that."

Revan groaned. "Was she the annoying one who wouldn't stop nagging me about the dress code?"

Bastila nodded. "The very same."

"Don't you think that we should give Atton and the Exile a little space so they can finally jump each other?" Mira suggested.

"No, no I do not," Juhani said frigidly. "Ve are supposed to be working and not 'jumping each
"Atton is in love with me?" the Exile realized belatedly.

"See," Mira said, gesturing to the Exile, "this is why they need time and space to work it out! I don't know why he really wants to be with her but, Force help me, I'm rooting for those crazy kids!"

"You root for everybody," Brianna pointed out.

"And this time I'm rooting for them," Mira explained.

"I'm not sure how I feel about this…" the Exile said slowly.

"Not sure in a good way?" Atton asked hopefully.

"Maybe," the Exile admitted. "I'm not sure, though. I need to think about it some more. Kreia, what do you think?"

Atton groaned. "Oh, don't ask her!"

"I think that he is a fool," Kreia said crisply.

"We've got that, yeah," Atton said, rolling his eyes.

"I was asked for my opinion and I gave it," Kreia countered.

"Well I think that since Atton has spent so much time with you already and hasn't changed his mind, the man has the patience of a saint and you should give him a chance," Revan opined. "And maybe sort all of this out away from us because we don't care. Well…they might. I don't."

"Really?" the Exile said consideringly. "Well, I guess I could-"

"Not vile ve are vorking!" Juhani interrupted.

"Go find some dark corner in the ruins," Mira advised. "Do not be afraid to 'accidentally' misaim a stun grenade, either."

"That doesn't sound ethical," the Exile said uncertainly.

"Of course it is! Just make sure that no one kills her while she's out," Mira told her. "In fact, why don't I come with you? I'll run interference."

"Let's go!" Juhani ordered, marching off.

"This should be…interesting," Atton muttered as he, Mira, and the Exile made to follow her.

"No need to worry about what I'm doing," Kreia told them. "I will be doing mysterious and possibly evil things and need no accompaniment."

"G0-T0 and I will be helping with Khoonda's defense," Bao-Dur reminded everybody.

"Alright, that still leaves T3, HK, Brianna, Visas, Canderous, Bastila, and I," Revan told them. "HK and Bastila are coming with me, naturally."

"Proud statement: Naturally."
"What are you planning on doing?" Brianna asked him. "Because if the answer is 'playing Pazaak' then I should remind you that we don't have much time."

"Somehow I find that I always have precisely the amount of time that I need," Revan disagreed. "But no, I'm going to go find Master Vrook."

"Really?" Visas was surprised.

"He and I go way back and I'm worried," Revan admitted. "But don't let this make you think I'm creating some sort of precedent here! I'd also like to hurry up and get this settled so I can stop this waste of time and get on with my life."

T3 beeped.

"Yes, a sequel might be in the works," Revan hinted. "Oh, and T3 wants to go with Bao-Dur and G0-T0 to aid in Khoonda's defense because he says that that's the kind of task he was originally designed for and not all this galaxy-gallivanting and best-seller-writing. Though, of course, he doesn't mind any of that."

"I've never failed to be impressed by how expressive T3 can be with just a single beep," Bastila marveled.

Revan beamed. "Neither am I."

"For old times' sake I think I want to go with Revan and Bastila," Canderous decided.

"We don't really need more people than that," Bastila said. "Is there anything else for Brianna and Visas to do?"

"There are always those crystal caves to loot," Revan suggested.

"That doesn't sound very epic," Brianna said uncertainly. "But I have heard of those caves as well and they are not far from Khoonda so we should be back in time for the epic battle."

"Well now that that's settled, let's go," Canderous urged. "I want to kill something."

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The Exile, Atton, Mira, and Juhani were making their way towards the ruins when an old woman ran after them from a group of huddled salvagers three hundred yards away.

"Hey…wait…" she huffed.

"We really don't have time for this," Atton told the group.

"Vat is it?" Juhani asked.

"I don't know but I don't need to to know that we don't have time for this," Atton said flatly.

"But Atton, it would be rude to let her run all the way over here and not at least hear her out," the Exile protested.

"I don't know about you but I don't remember inviting her," Mira spoke up.

"I am a Jedi and so people who need help need no invitation," the Exile said nobly.
"I thought you said you weren't a Jedi not twenty minutes ago," Atton said, confused.

"Well…technically I'm not but now that I'm a Jedi Master Kreia assures me that I can call myself a Jedi again!" the Exile exclaimed excitedly.

Atton considered this. "Well…if you're happy."

"Are you…a salvager?" the woman gasped out.

The Exile opened her mouth and then closed it again. "I don't know how to answer that question," she admitted. "I mean, I'm a Jedi coming to the ruins to see what is still there but if I find anything I will probably take it as Jedi property is supposed to be communal property and as everyone else is dead they don't need it anymore."

"We don't need any more salvagers!" the woman cried out, apparently not hearing the Exile's confession of being a Jedi if her lack of intention to collect the bounty was any indication. "But I feel compelled to tell you that most of the stuff's been taken from the upper level so if you want anything good you'll have to head to the sublevel. Of course, you'll need the administrator's permission to do that."

Atton tensed, waiting for the Exile to demand that they all turn back and ask Adare to please let them go to the sublevel. She surprised him, though.

"No, I don't," the Exile disagreed. "I'm a Jedi and can go wherever I want to in the ruins of the Jedi Academy. The Administrator, though a fine administrator and a good woman I am sure, has nothing to do with that."

"Well, if you're determined to go die then you're determined to go die," the woman said disinterestedly. "But hey, on the off chance that you don't die, how about you find a couple of salvager's bodies and bring them back to me. Or, if that's too much effort, just bring me back the datapad showing that they own a sizable claim so that I may doctor it in my favor and make a lot of money."

The Exile frowned. "That doesn't sound very ethical…"

"I'll give you five hundred credits," the woman promised.

"This is sounding less ethical by the minute," the Exile complained.

"We'll think about it," Atton promised as he grabbed the Exile's hand and pulled her away. "She's not going to change her mind and 'we'll think about it' is a polite way of saying 'no' without starting an argument."

The Exile smiled at him. "How very diplomatic! I will have to remember that one."

"Wait…up…" a younger man panted as he, too, ran after them from the salvager camp several hundred yards away.

"Since we're all Jedi, I recommend when we leave him we all go into Force run mode," Mira suggested.

"Seconded," Atton replied. He glanced at Juhani. "Why aren't you complaining about all these interruptions? You seemed in such a hurry earlier."

"A Jedi always has time to help others," Juhani said primly. "Always."
"So I found this Jedi holocron that is absolutely real and I am absolutely begging you to buy it from me for a thousand credits," the man said desperately once he had caught up to them and caught his breath.

"Scam," Atton and Mira said at the same time.

Juhani frowned disapprovingly. "You don't know that. Are you two sure that you are Jedi?"

"We were taught to use the Force," Mira offered. "It took about two minutes."

"It took a little longer for me because I had some personal problems to work out but yeah, it was pretty easy," Atton agreed. "I don't know why you lot are so selective."

"It's all about keeping power," Mira whispered conspiratorially.

"Will you buy it?" the man begged. "Please?"

"I'll need to examine the holocron first," the Exile told him, acting sensibly for once. "It might be broken."

"It's not, I swear!" the man vowed. "But here, look at it. Not too closely, mind you." He took the holocron out of his pack and held it out for the Exile to inspect.

The Exile barely glanced at it. "Fake."

Juhani leaned over to look at it. "Couldn't be faker."

"H-how did you know?" the man wailed, suddenly distraught.

"We're both Jedi," the Exile explained. "So are Atton and Mira, actually, but they had decided it was a fake even before seeing it. Nice use of Jedi instincts, guys."

"This isn't my fault!" the man cried.

"I think it is since you just tried to sell it to us and nobody is holding a blaster to your head," Mira countered.

"But I'm broke and I want to get off of this Force-forsaken planet!" the man burst out. "I spent all my money on this!"

"That's because you're an idiot," Atton said bluntly.

"Trying to put someone else in your same position isn't nice and I want to end this cycle of pain and deceit," the Exile said solemnly. "Give me the fake holocron and I will donate a thousand credits to get you home."

The man's eyes lit up and he couldn't hand over the artifact fast enough. "Really? Sweet!"

"You know, for as obscenely rich as we are now I can't help wondering just how wealthy we'd be if the Exile didn't keep doing stupid things like this," Mira muttered, shaking her head in disgust.

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"Mira, I am highly concerned about your aiming abilities," Juhani said seriously. "That was the seventeenth stun grenade that almost hit me. I had to call on every ounce of my Jedi-enhanced natural Cathar speed and agility to avoid the blast."
"So I noticed," Mira said through gritted teeth.

"Vare are Atton and the Exile anyway?" Juhani wondered.

"No idea," Mira lied.

"We're back!" the Exile announced merrily as she returned to them.

Atton, too, seemed to be in a far better mood than he had been earlier.

"I sense something behind this door," the Exile revealed, gesturing to the locked door beside them.

A blond somehow walrus-y man greeted them by silently bowing.

"Creepy," Mira declared. "Let's kill it!"

"No, Mira," the Exile said patiently. "We must talk to him first."

"I am a historian and a scientist working for the Republic," the man introduced.

"That's great, really," Atton said sarcastically. "But who are you?"

"You may call me the Disciple," the Disciple told him.

The Exile shook her head. "I'm sorry but we travel on Revan's ship making this more-or-less his mission and he has a rule that we must know your name in order to continue conversing with you."

The Disciple looked faintly panicked. He turned on his communicator. "I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but the Exile says that I must give her my name or she won't talk to me."

Carth's face appeared as a hologram. "Did she? She must have been talking to Revan. Well, do what you have to do, Mical."

"Do you think me contacting you means that they'll realize you sent me to spy on them?" Mical wondered.

Carth sighed. "Well if they didn't before them I'm sure at least some of them will have realized it because of what you just said," he said dryly. "But you spying isn't as important since Bastila met up with them. Is she there, by the way? Or Revan? Because I want to make it clear that me wanting to spy on the Exile has nothing to do with a lack of trust on my part and everything to do with what some have called 'paranoia.' Not that I really trust them…"

Mical looked questioningly at them.

"No," Juhani informed him.

Carth's eyes widened. "Wait…is that…? I've got to go…"

With that, his image faded.

"Well, I guess my big secret is out," Mical said glumly.

"You made a good effort," the Exile said encouragingly.

Atton laughed. "No he didn't."

"I used to be a Jedi hopeful but they decided that I wasn't good enough and so I was sent to be a
farmer. I wasn't very good at that either so I decided to become a scientist and historian," Mical said, for some reason launching into his back story.

"Because that is the natural course someone's life will take when they fail at farming," Mira deadpanned.

"And now I am trying to investigate what happened to the Jedi," Mical said importantly.

"Oh, that's easy," the Exile told him. "They died."

Mical blinked. "Yes but the question is why?"

"Someone killed them," the Exile answered.

"Yes but who?" Mical asked, a touch of irritation creeping into his voice.

"I suspect it is whoever sent Visas to kill me," the Exile replied.

"And that is…?" Mical prompted.

The Exile shrugged. "I don't know. I'm sure he'll try again at some point and we'll find out then."

Mical smiled at her suddenly. "Have I mentioned that I've always loved you?"

"How old were you when you were sent to be a farmer?" Atton asked, highly disturbed. He decided to glare at Mical just in case.

"Four," Mical admitted. "But when you know, you know!"

Mira nodded. "Juhani?"

"Ve don't have time for this!" Juhani cried out.

Mical smiled at her as well. "My apologies."

"I warn you that, while it does not matter because I am a celibate Jedi, I am also a lesbian so don't bother," Juhani said flatly.

"I don't know what you mean…" Mical said innocently. "I really want to be a Jedi and I just know you'll be able to help me. There are so very few Jedi left in the universe that I think you will need all the help you can get."

The Exile looked doubtful. "I don't know…you did say that the Jedi didn't think you were good enough."

"Well, no," Mical admitted. "But now that they're all dead I think standards might have fallen some, don't you?"

"I…" the Exile was torn between training someone else and increasing the number of Jedi and the fact that apparently Mical was truly terrible. "You can come with us for now. We'll see what Revan has to say."
"Are you sure we're doing the right thing letting Juhani go off with an ex-Sith while she's intending to ruin their moments?" Bastila asked worriedly.

"Did you really want her coming along with us and ruining any of our moments?" Revan asked rhetorically.

"No, of course not," Bastila told him. "But just the same...I'm worried."

"Because of Atton? Don't worry, he stopped being a Sith before I did," Revan assured her.

"Yes but you said that he was a real Sith and you...well, weren't," Bastila replied.

Revan looked amused. "Oh, you finally believe that, do you?"

"After spending as much time with you as I have, it's not really a question of belief," Bastila said frankly.

"And if anything does happen, well, how were we to know?" Revan asked innocently.

"Jealous mutter: Go press your slime-covered lips together somewhere else," HK groused.

Bastila frowned. "I really don't recall my lips having slime on them."

"Maybe 'slime' means something else in one of the infinite number of languages he speaks," Revan suggested.

"Not to doubt you or anything, Revan, because you know that I would never do that," Canderous began, "but how exactly are we going to find Vrook? We have nothing to go on. We don't even have a guarantee that he's still on Dantooine."

"You'd think since Goto's yacht was blown up by a Jedi that people would stop trying to collect that bounty," Revan remarked.

"Is it true that that party member of yours is both that missing Republic droid Carth said went missing awhile ago and the most infamous crime lord around?" Bastila asked, intrigued.

"Well, he was," Revan replied. "And to answer your question, Canderous, I am relying on the Force to take me where I want to go. To be honest, I'm not even really paying attention."

Canderous reached out a hand to stop Revan from walking into the side of a cave. "I certainly hope he's in here."

Revan shrugged. "Only one way to find out."

They entered the cave and fought their way through some kinrath.

"I don't see how anyone could have made it past these kinrath without killing them," Canderous announced.

"Well clearly some people did," Bastila said as they spotted a group of mercenaries standing around looking bored.
"It's Master Vrook!" Revan cheered, spotting Vrook in a Force cage in a corner of the area. "Hi, Master Vrook!"

Vrook said nothing. Since Force cages tended not to be sound-proof, the silence was likely out of embarrassment though whether it was embarrassment at Revan's barging in or on his own perilous predicament remained to be seen.

"Halt, settler," one of the mercenaries ordered. "This is a restricted area."

Bastila laughed. "You're not seriously trying to pass yourselves off as legitimate authorities, are you?"

"It was worth a try," the mercenary said sheepishly. "How in the world did you get through the kinrath? Wait, don't answer that because I don't want to face that same question. Just go away."

"I'm here to bring Vrook back with me," Revan explained.

The mercenary laughed at him. "We are highly trained, veteran mercenaries. You are just a couple of settlers with toy blasters."

"Actually, I'm the former Dark Lord Revan, this is the Republic's only hope Bastila, that's the new Mandalore over there, and finally we have the galaxy's most deadly assassin droid which I personally built," Revan said brightly. "Oh, and before you start getting any ideas about turning Vrook over to Goto you should know that another friend of my blew up his yacht and we worked out a deal so he sent a droid to travel with us to keep in touch."

The mercenaries all paled.

"On second thought, maybe we should get off this planet before you rip us limb from limb with your mind," the leader said and the three practically tripped over each other in their hurry to flee.

"Do you think that I could rip people limb from limb with just my mind?" Revan wondered.

"You could cut people limb from limb with your mind via your lightsaber," Bastila suggested. "That might not be the same thing, though."

"That's good enough," Revan decided. "Think how much effort trying to learn would be."

"The people you will kill in the future thank you for your consideration," Bastila said dryly.

"Complaint: Your name-dropping was very impressive, Master, but I wanted to kill them," HK objected.

"You'll have your chance once Khoonda is invaded," Revan promised.

"Mollified statement: I suppose we are pretty impressive, aren't we?" HK reasoned.

Bastila's eyes widened as she remembered something. "We should probably let Master Vrook out, shouldn't we?"

"I hope you're happy," Vrook said the minute he was released, his tone indicating that they had better not be. "This is the sort of behavior I would have expected from the Exile but not you, Revan. You're supposed to be a master strategist who thinks everything through! What, was it too much effort?"

"There's no need for that," Revan said stiffly.
"Khoonda is in danger and you've ruined the best chance for averting a full-scale conflict," Vrook accused.

"In addition to the fact that my friends and I are some of the most dangerous people in the entire galaxy, I have people clearing out whichever mercenaries are in the enclave, people killing whichever mercenaries they encounter over by the caves, and finally some experts fixing whatever flaws they find in Khoonda's defense system," Revan defended himself. "There's also the fact that the mercenaries want Khoonda and Administrator Adare's leadership gone so that they can use this place as they will so they attack was going to happen no matter what but they'd have you locked in a cage instead of helping to defend Khoonda and they could take you to Nar Shaddaa afterwards. And if you were hoping to find who put a bounty on the Jedi then that was Goto the crime lord because wanted to talk to a Jedi to help fix the galaxy and no one seems to know what 'I want him alive' means anymore. We've also dealt with that and sooner or later the news will spread to this backwater planet that the bounty has been called off."

Vrook was silent for a moment. "Okay, fine, I guess you have thought this through after all."

"Of course I have," Revan said, still annoyed. "Thinking requires very little effort."

"There had to be some reason Malak kept him around," Bastila opined. "After all, affection and nostalgia don't go very far once you turn evil."

"There was also my persuasive abilities, my Force abilities, and my skill as a figurehead who does nothing," Revan counted off on his fingers.

"What I can't understand is how a Jedi Master could possibly think that something like this was a good idea," Canderous spoke up. "I mean, is Revan right about you having gone senile?"

Vrook turned his rather intense glare on Revan who fought the urge to shrink back. "What?"

"It was just a theory!" Revan was quick to say, holding his hands up as if to protect himself from Vrook's ire. "Adare didn't put your decision to do this in a very good light either and we heard about it from her."

Vrook sighed, looking much older suddenly. "Well, I knew that it wasn't the best plan but it was the only hope that I had. I wanted to avert a massacre because even if Khoonda won it would still be a massacre. What was I supposed to do? Singlehandedly take down all the mercenaries by myself? I'm old."

"Well…I suppose I can understand that," Revan said indulgently. "Plus that plan was a lot easier."

"Since that plan is gone and you lot are here, I say we return to Khoonda and defend it with our lives," Vrook declared passionately. Or, well, as passionately as he ever said anything.

"I'm willing to do the first part," Revan said slowly. "But I think you might be a bit hasty about that second bit…"

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They were ambushed outside of the caves but this barely slowed them down and they soon were safely back in Khoonda where they discovered everyone else waiting for them with Adare.

"We've recruited everyone who knows how to use a blaster within a ten mile radius into the Khoonda militia and single-handedly turned this into a nigh-impregnable fortress," Bao-Dur announced. "As such, unless we would like be under siege – always an option for if things go badly
– I recommend fighting them outside."

"We salvaged some things, killed a crazy Padawan who kept the laigreks as pets, and met Mical who Admiral Onasi sent to spy on us," the Exile explained. "He wants to join us."

Revan took one look at him and winced. "We'll talk about that after the battle. We found Vrook and came back with him, naturally. Well, if that's all then-"

"Wait," Brianna cut him off. "Don't you want to hear about what we did? It was intense. There was this big conspiracy and we took out a majority of the mercenaries and-"

"Yeah, that's great," Revan said, stifling a yawn. "So is there anything else that needs to be done before the mercenaries attack?"

Zherron, the man in charge of the Khoonda militia, stepped forward. "Well…no one has given the man an inspiration speech yet."

"I can do that," Revan decided. "HK?"

Zherron led them out to where a much larger group than Revan had anticipated was waiting.

"I'll let you go first," Revan invited.

HK stepped forward.

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"…so really, there is hope for any of you and if you had any sense you'd turn your blasters on yourself," HK concluded after a stirring three hours.

The crowd looked faintly traumatized and some of them began reaching for their weapons.

"My turn," Revan announced. "Everyone, look me straight in the eye." He waited until everyone did. "Don't die."

"I think you might have given them some mixed messages," Zherron said uncertainly. "But then again, what do I know about public speaking?"

Since the speech was over, the other companions began approaching them.

"Atton, everyone who needs help is deserving of our help," the Exile said earnestly. "Provided, of course, that they are not bad people needing help doing bad things."

"If you say so," Atton said doubtfully. "I'm not sure I believe it."

"Why?" the Exile asked, genuinely perplexed.

"Because there's a lot of people who need help in the galaxy. If we stop to help each one, the Sith are going to be on us faster than anything," Atton responded. "Let's just accomplish our mission first then worry about everyone else."

The Exile looked starry-eyed the minute he mentioned helping everyone who needed help in the galaxy.

Atton cleared his throat.
The Exile jumped. "Oh, right. But Atton, our mission at this point is pretty much to get the Sith to attack us and thus show themselves so we can kill them. Assuming, of course, they don't repent. I mean, redeem themselves."

Atton just shook his head.

"I'm going to take off and go to the mercenary camp and delay them however I can," Vrook announced.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Oh, now you can take on all of the mercenaries by yourself."

Vrook chose not to answer him and strode purposefully away.

"The way I see it, the mercenaries will have two goals," Zherron announced to the world at large. "Kill me and kill the administrator. Without us, the settlers will go to pieces." He noticed all the settlers in the militia glaring at him. "Not that that's a problem. Most people just want to, er, make everyone happy and get along. And stuff."

"Worthless cowards," Canderous said contemptuously.

The settlers turned to glare at him…and then turned right back around.

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It was another two hours before anything happened. Even the terrified militiaman were starting to get bored.

Finally, some men began to make their way across the bridge. There weren't nearly as many as they had anticipated, though.

"I guess Vrook does good work," Bastila remarked.

Brianna looked near tears. "But we were the ones who-"

"Still don't care," Revan interrupted.

Once the men made it over the bridge a good number of them were felled by the mines and the turrets.

The ones who made it past there were outnumbered at least two-to-one by the militia.

"Wow," Canderous said, stunned. "If we don't hurry up, we won't get to kill anybody here!"

He and HK quickly ran over to 'assist.'

Revan decided not to move but did send his lightsaber out to cut a few mercenaries heads' off.

"I-Is it over?" one of the militiaman asked, surprised. "That was really easy. Why were we so scared again?"

"I have no idea," someone else replied. "I don't think we even suffered any casualties."

"I'm back and ready to pull you out of your predict-" Vrook started to say as he jogged up to them. "Huh. I guess it's over."

"You are a miracle worker," Juhani said admiringly to Bao-Dur.
"I just did my job," Bao-Dur said modestly. "T3 was a great help as well. I wish I could say the same for G0-T0 but he mostly just got in the way."

"That's what you think," G0-T0 muttered darkly.


The Administrator came out to speak with them. "Thank you for your aid. You can be sure that Dantooine will not forget how the Jedi protected us from this threat."

"Yeah, they will," Revan disagreed. "And far sooner than you'd think. I wouldn't be surprised if they've already written it out of their memories."

"Or at least written out the part about wanting to collect our bounty," Mira added. She paused. "It's really surreal to have a bounty on myself, let me tell you."

"Hopeful suggestion: May I be of assistance in ensuring that they remember, Master?" HK asked.

"Not right now," Revan told him.

"We're really poor but not so poor we can't give you 4000 credits," Adare said, pulling out a pouch that held presumably 4000 credits and attempting to hand it over.

"Oh, we couldn't possibly take this!" the Exile exclaimed, shocked.

"Why am I not surprised?" Canderous muttered.

"You came to Dantooine to look for me, right?" Vrook asked bluntly. "So what is it you want to talk about? Why the Exile was exiled?"

"Oh no," the Exile told him. She stopped. "Well…technically yes but Master Kavar explained all about that."

Vrook rolled his eyes. "He would. Of course, I would have to but since I didn't I get to pretend to be annoyed at him. I'm not surprised Zez-Kai Ell didn't. I'm a little surprised Vash didn't, though."

"Vash died," Revan explained. "And before you jump to conclusions, a Sith did it and we are not Sith. Except maybe Kreia."

"Maybe?" Kreia repeated.

"Kreia?" Vrook asked, confused. "I…never mind. If you didn't come for that then what did you come for?"

"Kavar and Zez-Kai Ell are going to meet in the Jedi Enclave and so we thought we'd let you know so you can attend the newly reconvened Jedi Council," Revan explained. "And then hopefully we can all move on with our lives."

"I wouldn't count on it," Atton said ominously.

Vrook shrugged. "Well, it's not like I have anything else I should be doing. I suppose I can spare the time. I'll meet you there."

He didn't move.

"Um…aren't you going to head over there?" the Exile asked uncertainly.
"No, no, I'll leave after you," Vrook told them.

"Well I guess we should go then," the Exile said, casting a last, confused glance Vrook's way.

"Vait," Juhani stopped them. "Vat about Mical and I? Vill you let us accompany you?"

Revan rubbed his temples, Juhani's voice already grating on his nerves. He remembered suddenly why all Vrook had to do to convince him to go find the Star Maps and stop Malak was threaten to send this woman after him.

"That sounds…nice," Revan lied. "But I think I have a more pressing task for you."

"Really?" Mical asked earnestly, his eyes as wide as saucers. Right, so he was annoying, too. Plus he looked like a walrus and they already had Zez-Kai Ell around for that and the fact that Zez-Kai Ell had a walrus mustache made that comparison make sense but Revan couldn't quite pinpoint what it was about Mical that made him so walrus-like.

"As you know," Revan began conversationally, "these past few years I've been off in the unknown regions fighting against the True Sith. Unfortunately, I can't go back there just yet because I have to deal with this threat to the Jedi but would you please go out there ahead of me and try to contain this horrid threat to the Republic? I wouldn't ask you this if it weren't really important and I didn't trust you completely."

"We would be honored!" Mical said blissfully.

Juhani was crying tears of joy. "Oh Revan, you do care!"

"We'll leave right this minute!" Mical shouted. "I have a ship that we can take."

The two rejected party members ran towards Mical's ship.

Bastila was decidedly unimpressed. "Really, Revan? The 'True Sith'?"

"Hey, you don't know what's out there," Revan defended. "Besides, everyone already thinks that was what I was doing so why not capitalize on it?"

"But what if they get themselves killed?" Bastila demanded.

Revan looked wistful. "We could only be so lucky..."
When the group reached the enclave only a few minutes after they set out, the Exile surprised them all by letting out a startled cry.

"What is it?" Visas asked, automatically scanning the area.

"The door to the main part of the enclave was completely caved in just six hours ago when we were here," the Exile said, shaken.

"Well, six hours is quite a long time," Bao-Dur reasoned.

"You did not see just how unreachable this level was," the Exile said, still clearly freaked out.

"They did use the Force," Bao-Dur persisted. "I'm assuming that would make clearing the path easier."

"I guess," the Exile said uncertainly, far from reassured.

"I can only suggest you ask the Council about it," Bao-Dur told her, shrugging.

The Exile's eyes widened and her hands began flailing. "I couldn't possibly do that! It would be terribly rude!"

"Then I suppose you'll never know," Bao-Dur said calmly.

"Listen. Exile, I've been thinking and I don't think that coming with you to this council meeting is a good idea," Atton said seriously.

The Exile's face fell. "But…why?"

"Well…I used to be a Sith and brutally murder Jedi," Atton reminded her.

The Exile shrugged that off. "Jedi are very forgiving."

Once the companions had managed to get a straight face again, Atton said, "I just think that it might be…awkward."

"Oh, that had never occurred to me," the Exile said, surprised. "Does anyone else want to sit this one out?"

Within seconds, everyone but the Exile herself, Bastila, and those without hands to raise had all risen their hands.

"I also wish no to go," Goto told them.

T3 beeped his agreement.

"Revan!" Bastila exclaimed. "You have to go!"

"I don't see why," Revan said, crossing his arms.

"The last time the Exile came before the Council, they threw her out of the galaxy," Bastila pointed out.
"And what am I supposed to do about that?" Revan demanded.

"Tell them not to," Bastila instructed.

"Why do you even care if she's thrown out of the galaxy again?" Revan wondered.

"Because she doesn't deserve it," Bastila replied.

"Why would they listen to me?" Revan asked.

"Because you can be very persuasive," Bastila hinted.

"Well, as long as I really don't have to do anything," Revan conceded.

"I'm going to wait at the ship," Atton announced. "Let me know how it goes." He gave the Exile's hand a brief, encouraging squeeze before turning and walking away.

Canderous, HK, T3, Goto, Visas, Mira, and Bao-Dur followed him out.

"I will wait here," Brianna announced. "I don't know why, though."

"I will also wait here in case the Council does something and stupid and must be killed," Kreia informed them.

Bastila nudged Revan. "See, that's why you're going."

Revan glanced at her. "Oh, I don't know. I think she's gotten the whole 'killing the Council' thing down pat."

The Exile put on a brave smile. "Well, nothing for it, I guess."

She headed into the Council chambers, flanked by Bastila and Revan.

The Council members weren't facing them when they walked in.

"Everything's changed," Zez-Kai Ell said solemnly.

"Of course it has! Malak bombed this place into oblivion and then it's been neglected for years so the wildlife has impertinently tried to reclaim it," Revan muttered.

"Maybe it's for the best," Kavar said quietly, sighing heavily.

"Are you kidding me?" Revan demanded. "This place is a dump!"

"This doesn't make sense!" the Exile complained.

Bastila turned towards her. "Oh?"

"Master Vrook made a point in only leaving after we did and we hurried and took the shortest route so how in the world did he beat us here?" the Exile cried out.

"The Force is mysterious indeed," Vrook said cryptically. He turned around to face her and, after a brief hesitation, Masters Zez-Kai Ell and Kavar did as well.

"Who are you, Kreia?" Revan asked sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

"Exile, do you have any questions for us?" Vrook asked, ignoring Revan. "I really don't want to
answer any but I figure that after you traversed the galaxy looking for us we might as well answer a few questions for you before….well, before."

The Exile bit her lip, thinking. "Well, earlier I had wanted to know why I was exiled but-"

"It was because you followed Revan to war and no other reason despite the fact that we welcomed Revan back with open arms," Vrook interrupted.

"The Vrook I remember was a bit more honest," Bastila noted disappointedly.

"Actually, Vrook, I told her the truth and she found a recording of her trial before that," Kavar declared.

Vrook's frown deepened. "So much for secrecy," he said sourly.

"I was against this from the start," Kavar pointed out.

"But you agreed to it regardless," Vrook countered.

"How did you know about that trial recording?" Revan asked suspiciously.

Kavar nodded to the Exile. "We've kept in touch. That reminds me: is it true that Atris is still alive?"

Zez-Kai Ell started. "Atris? I heard that she-"

"Went to Katarr, I know," Revan cut him off wearily. "Well, she didn't."

"In fact, we have reason to believe that she was the one to leak that location in the first place so as to draw out the Sith," Bastila revealed. "It sort of worked."

"She is also operating under the delusion that she's the only Jedi left alive despite the fact that she was the one to suggest that we go and find you," the Exile added.

The three masters exchanged a look.

"We might want to look into that," Zez-Kai Ell said finally.

" 'Might?'" Revan repeated, stunned. "Is it even possible for you people to be decisive?"

"Probably," Vrook responded wryly.

"I don't really have any questions, Masters, but we need to plan out how we are going to stop the Sith," the Exile said respectfully.

"No, we don't," Vrook said bluntly.

"Um…what?" To say that the Exile was a little taken aback was a huge understatement.

"What's going on?" Bastila whispered.

"I have a few ideas," Revan muttered back.

"We must wait for the real threat to reveal themselves," Kavar explained.

That didn't help matters. "But…they did. The Sith attacked Onderon, even! You were there."
"We must see the threat behind the threat…behind the threat," Zez-Kai Ell said sagely.

"If we don't act now then the Republic will fall!" the Exile burst out.

"The Republic doesn't matter," Vrook said bluntly.

"Finally! An acknowledgement," Revan said bitterly.

Bastila looked concerned. "Are you okay?"

Revan shook his head. "I'm getting déjà vu."

"We must wait. If Jedi gather, Jedi die," Vrook continued. "And then what good will we be?"

The Exile stood there for one long, terrible moment completely frozen. Then she steeled herself and began to speak.

"What good will you be if you do nothing?" she demanded. "You're Jedi! You're pledged to defend the Republic and destroy the Sith! Well, right now the Sith are out to destroy the Republic so I don't know what you think you have to wait for or how this could be more clearly your problem! If you're not going to fight this then you might as well not still be alive! And for the record, look around! As Master Kavar told me himself before his abrupt and frankly bizarre change of heart…Jedi have gathered and yet we're not dead! There are more than half a dozen of us that travel around together and somehow we're still alive!"

"What just happened?" Bastila asked blankly.

Revan shrugged. "Oh, she was never stupid, exactly. Just too devoted to the light for her own good."

Vrook narrowed his eyes at her. "How dare you?"

"How dare you?" the Exile countered, looking devastated as her idols fell.

"This is just like the Mandalorian War all over again," Revan spoke up. "Always, always waiting. You'll still be waiting when the galaxy is overrun."

"We explained our reasoning for that, Revan," Kavar said tersely.

"You did," Revan agreed. "But what never seems to occur to you is that, even if you believe there was a hidden threat that Malak and I and all the others fell to, the surface threat must still be dealt with."

"The cost was too high-" Zez-Kai Ell started to say.

"The cost is never too high," Revan insisted. "No matter what happens after, if everyone is killed then that more insidious hidden threat doesn't matter!"

"I can see how you can think that," Kavar allowed. "And to some extent, I agree. But just as you think that we go too far in one direction, you go too far in another. You never stop to consider the hidden threat and just assume that you can handle it when it comes up. The truth is, Revan, that no one can always handle everything unprepared. Not even you."

"I have so far," Revan said stubbornly. "And I'm not half as ignorant as you're implying."

"This debate is fascinating but ultimately meaningless," Vrook snapped. "We have a problem that
must be dealt with before we do anything else."

"Oh?" the Exile brightened, her faith restored again. "Are you going to do something after all? I knew it! I never should have doubted you."

Vrook nodded solemnly. "Exile, you are a menace to the galaxy."

Even Revan looked surprised. "I wouldn't go that far."

"They must have their reasons," Bastila said but she sounded far from certain.

"I...I don't understand!" the Exile whispered hollowly.

"When you came back from the Mandalorian War, you were a walking, talking hole in the Force," Kavar informed her. "You were...wrong. Everything exists within the Force but you didn't. Not anymore."

"But...I got my connection to the Force back," the Exile protested.

"And yet, troublingly, the wound in the Force remains," Zez-Kai Ell said. "And that's not all. These new Sith are wounds, too. They must have somehow learned this from you."

"But I've never even met any of them!" the Exile objected.

"You don't have to," Vrook told her. "You are the crucible that others learn from."

"They're losing me," Bastila admitted.

"He is going senile," Revan decided sadly. "I would have thought Zez-Kai Ell and Kavar were a little young, though."

"We worry that these wounds will spread and destroy all life," Kavar explained.

The Exile looked stricken. "Well, I certainly don't want that."

"That's something, at least," Vrook acknowledged. "But it's not enough. You, as you are now, are a danger to everyone around you."

"Okay, now they almost have a point," Revan reluctantly agreed.

"You feed on death, killing hundreds and growing stronger with each death. Did you never question this?" Vrook demanded.

The Exile blinked. "Not really, no. I hate killing and even before I lost my connection to the Force that was still how I grew stronger. I thought it worked that way for everybody; it certainly does for my companions."

"Ah, yes, your companions," crowed Vrook. "Haven't you wondered why they always follow you without question, even when it goes against their instincts or their own reason?"

"But...they don't," the Exile argued, confused. "If anything, some of them follow Revan like that and he has to be talked into doing everything. Everyone always questions me and flat-out disagrees with me. Sometimes, they don't even listen to me and do what they want."

"That's not true because it doesn't fit our theory," Zez-Kai Ell told her. "And they're still with you, aren't they? Even Revan keeps you with him and he never liked you."
The Exile teared up. "He…doesn't?" She spun around to face him. "Is it true?"

Revan closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

"From what I can tell, they're all there for their own reasons," Bastila spoke up hesitantly. "And if I know Revan, it was largely because of how bothersome kicking her out would be."

"Are you here for vengeance?" Vrook asked suddenly.

"Didn't I already promise you all that I wasn't?" the Exile asked rhetorically.

"If you aren't then you're too dangerous to let go. We must take away your Force powers. Don't think of this as a punishment even though this is the second harshest punishment we have," Kavar advised. The harshest punishment they had, of course, was what they had tried to do to Revan.

The Exile blinked. "I feel like I'm being punished for not seeking vengeance."

"You're not," Kavar assured her. "We'd try to kill you if you were trying to kill us so we had to be sure, though. Will you accept our judgment or do we have to put you in stasis? Actually, never mind. We're going to put you in stasis anyway. Please remember that we are very sorry about all of this."

The Masters all raised a hand and the Exile was frozen in place.

"Are we really just going to let this happen?" Bastila asked urgently.

"Who knows? They might be right," Revan replied.

Bastila shot him a disapproving look. "You don't believe that."

"I don't not believe it strongly enough to do anything," Revan countered.

The Masters, who had begun to call the Force to swirl around them, stopped as Kreia stepped daintily into the room.

"Arren Kae? I thought you had died!" Kavar cried, shocked.

"In case anyone cares, this is confirmation that she's Brianna's mother," Revan announced. He tilted his head. "Huh. I guess Atton wasn't so crazy when he said Kreia must have been hot once. Of course, Brianna will likely age terribly."

"She has brought you truth and you condemn it! The arrogance!" Kreia lectured.

"All we're trying to do is stop so many wounds from being torn into the Force that it destroys it altogether," Zez-Kai Ell said soothingly.

"Well maybe some of us want the Force to be destroyed. Have you ever thought about that?" Kreia demanded.

"To be honest…no," Vrook admitted. "Because that's crazy."

"Well if you're so afraid of life without the Force then I'll strip the Force from you. Of course, I highly doubt that you'll survive it," Kreia said menacingly.

The three Masters dropped into a fighting stance and ignited their lightsabers. Kreia raised a hand and froze them in stasis.
"Revan, do something!" Bastila urged. "You know she won't listen to me."

"But-" Revan started to protest.

"Think of what a gigantic waste of time this will be if she kills them now!" Bastila interrupted.

"Point," Revan admitted. He stepped forward. "Kreia, maybe you should let me try something before you resort to murdering the Council."

"Are you sure, Revan?" Kreia asked. "Personally, I think they're beyond hope."

"It wouldn't hurt to try," Revan said firmly. "And if I fail you can kill them then."

"Well…alright," Kreia agreed. "But make it quick. I'm on a tight schedule here and I don't intend to be made late because of these self-righteous fools."

Revan nodded his head. "Got it." He walked over to the three Masters and gestured so that the three of them were standing close enough together that they could all make eye contact with them.

"You three have served the Jedi Order faithfully for so very, very many years but your era has passed," Revan said persuasively. "It is time to step down now and allow the next generation to take over. Retire and celebrate that you're still alive. Be happy. And Kavar, go back to Onderon and see if there's not something between you and Talia. Leave the galaxy-saving to us and leave the Exile alone."

He stepped back. "That should do it."

Kreia released her stasis and they watched to see what the result would be.

"I really need to get back to Onderon," Kavar fretted. "I know the queen said that it was fine but I'd feel much better if I could see for myself."

"I think I'd like to see Coruscant again," Zez-Kai Ell said dreamily.

"I've always wanted to stop by Nar Shaddaa," Vrook admitted.

Everyone stared at him.

"What?" he asked self-consciously. "I haven't been there."

"You guys should get to that then," Revan hinted. "No time like the present."

The three Masters filed out.

Bastila approached Revan and took his hand. "Thank you." She kissed him.

Revan smiled back. "It was no trouble. Well…actually it kind of was but I'm okay with it."

"I guess your way worked, Revan," Kreia told them. "And it didn't take up too much of my time."

Just then, Brianna ran in. "What's going on? It's been too long since you went in here and I…Oh, Force! Is the Exile dead?"

Bastila shot her a strange look. "No, she's just in stasis."

Brianna fell to her knees. "No! She can't be dead!"
"She's really not," Bastila told her again.

"I think I loved her!" Brianna wailed.

"Don't tell Atton that," Revan advised. "And damn did that come out of nowhere."

"Take me to Atris," Kreia ordered her. "Not on the Ebon Hawk. When the Exile recovers she'll need that ship."

"Why should I take you to Atris?" Brianna asked curiously, appearing to once again not hear the part about the Exile still being alive.

"Because…this is…somehow her fault and she must be confronted on it," Kreia lied. "Also, I need to inform her that she's a Sith."

"I'm not sure where we can find a ship to take but I suppose that's a reasonable request," Brianna agreed. "I'm not sure why you need me, though, since you've been there in the past."

"Call it mother-daughter bonding time," Kreia said dryly.

That got Brianna's attention. "I…what? But…dead…"

Kreia took Brianna's arm. "We'll talk about it on the way."

As Kreia led Brianna off, Bastila turned to Revan. "I feel like maybe there was something we should have done about that."

Revan shrugged and waited until he saw the pair disappear around the corner. "It's a little late now, isn't it?"
Defining Sith

When the Exile had come out of stasis, she, Revan, and Bastila headed back to the Ebon Hawk.

The Exile was taking it pretty well all things considered.

"This can't be happening," she moaned. "The Council picked a terrible time to retire."

Bastila glanced at Revan who stared blankly back at her. It looked like it would be up to her to comfort the Exile then, at least until they got back to the ship. She had actually expected, from what she had seen of the Exile, that she would be practically comatose at this betrayal by both the Jedi Masters she had so admired (and, in Kavar's case, befriended) and by her brand new mentor who she had evidently been defending for months but no, she wasn't quite that far. Bastila wasn't very sure about what to do as it was and had even less of an idea of what she would have done if the Exile had taken the news poorly.

"I'm sure that this difficult decision was a long time in the planning and never would have been done if they didn't all have absolute faith in us," Bastila lied, hoping the Exile wouldn't notice that that wasn't at all what had just happened.

"Yes, but the Sith are headed for Telos…I think," the Exile looked confused for a moment but shook it off. "And Kreia turned out to be a Sith all along and is going after Atris now!"

"I'm sure Atris can take care of herself until we get there," Bastila assured her. "They don't have much of a head start."

"I can't believe Kreia the former Sith turned out to be Kreia the active Sith," the Exile said helplessly, shaking her head.

Bastila couldn't stop the surprise from flashing across her face for a moment and Revan shot her a knowing look. She had only met Kreia briefly but it had been rather obvious that she was evil.

"Really?" she asked finally. Maybe it wasn't the most helpful thing to say but it was the best she could do under the circumstances.

The Exile nodded miserably. "I trusted her completely! She was my mentor! Revan convinced me that she was mistaken about our life bond being lethal but nobody's right all of the time. If Kreia of all people is evil then how can I trust anyone ever again?"

"I…think the odds of running into anyone else like Kreia is very unlikely," Bastila said faintly.


"What?" Bastila asked, alarmed. She immediately began to scan for danger.

"Brianna and Kreia would need to get their things from the Ebon Hawk," the Exile explained. "What if they hurt someone?"

Privately, Bastila felt that it was rather more likely that if Kreia did stop by the ship it would be to do something to keep them from following too quickly. "We should hurry up then."

When they returned to the ship, it at first appeared to be devoid of life but eventually they found everyone they expected to – save Atton – in the cargo hold arguing loudly about a Pazaak match.
that Goto and T3 were supposedly playing despite the fact that they had no cards nor hands to hold them in.

Revan wanted to stay and watch (and figure out what in the world was happening) until Bastila suggested that they make sure that Atton was okay and then lock themselves in one of the many empty rooms on the ship.

They found Atton on the floor of the cockpit and slipped quietly away.

"Atton!" the Exile cried out, horrified.

Atton stirred. "Exile."

She dropped to her knees. "What happened?"

Atton tried to sit up and, with the Exile's assistance, eventually managed it, wincing a little.

"Kreia attacked me," Atton explained.

The Exile's face clouded. "I was afraid of that."

"I guess she's finally showing her true colors," Atton said with not a trace of satisfaction in his voice. "I'm sorry."

"So am I," the Exile said resolutely. "But we'll deal with her. Atton?"

"Yes?" Atton tilted his head her way.

"You've been saying that she was a Sith from the beginning and I never believed you but it turned out that you were right and I was wrong," the Exile said quietly. "So I just want to know...how did you know? How could I not?"

Atton hesitated and decided he couldn't possibly be honest with her. "It...er, I'm an ex-Sith as you know and once you're a Sith you just sort of know these things about people forever. I'm sure Revan knew as well."

The Exile frowned. "Well, he didn't seem very surprised, no. And neither did Bastila and I heard she was a Sith for about five minutes once." She brightened a bit. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Atton replied. "You know, Brianna was here as well and she seemed to think you were dead. I think she was going through your things and taking mementos. I would have stopped her but I was a little distracted by Kreia."

The Exile shrugged. "Some people just aren't very observant I guess. Are you okay?"

Atton nodded. "I'm fine. What about the others?"

The Exile considered her words carefully. "They're fine, too."

Atton peered closely at her. "Are you alright?"

"I...No, I'm not," she confessed.

"What's wrong?" Atton asked instantly. He paused. "Well...aside from the obvious, I mean."

"Yes," she answered his unspoken question. Her eyes were shining. "Bastila already helped me out
there. She is such a wise and noble Jedi! She and Revan are truly a wonderful couple!"

Atton wisely chose not to comment.

"But..." the Exile looked down. "Before the Council suddenly and abruptly decided to retire, they
told me that I'm accidentally controlling everyone around me."

Atton laughed; he couldn't help it.

The Exile's face flushed. "It's not funny."

"Sorry," Atton apologized. "It's just that anyone who has ever done anything with you and who
agrees with many of the things you do – which, trust me, is everyone no matter what they're like –
knows that that's completely ridiculous."

"But you still travel with me," the Exile pointed out, trying and failing to hide the desperation in
her voice. "You all do."

"Well, some of us have nothing better to do, some of us like killing things and know that this
journey will lead to massive death and destruction, Revan likes the ship and doesn't like expending
the effort necessary to kick people out, and I'm in love with you," Atton said earnestly.

Even with all she had learned, the Exile couldn't help but smile at that.

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When they landed at the arctic academy, the Exile gathered them all together.

"I don't know what I'm going to find here but I'm sure it's going to be dangerous so I'm going to
have to go it alone," the Exile said bravely. She looked suddenly hopeful. "Unless, of course,
Revan wants to-"

"Pass," Revan said, bored. "I'm going to stay here and, uh..."

"Continue making up for lost time with Bastila?" Mira asked innocently.

"No," Revan lied. "You know, the last time we were here, the Handmaidens stole our ship so I
must stay here to guard it."

"There are a lot of other people on the ship to do that," Canderous said innocently.

Revan decided that the best response was to feign sleep again.

"I'll be back," the Exile told them and left the ship.

She walked around for awhile until she came across Brianna lying at Atris' feet.

"The Exile doesn't love you!" Atris was yelling. "She doesn't love anyone! And you know what
else, she's dead! She died at Malachor and just hasn't noticed yet! She is the walking dead!"

"That's not nice," the Exile said, frowning. "Not true, either."

"Exile!" Brianna cried out, overjoyed. She made no move to get up. "You're alive!"

"You really should have gotten your facts straight before charging here with Kreia," the Exile told
her.
Brianna grimaced. "You're right. I'm sorry."

The Exile looked around. "Where is she, anyway?"

"I don't know," Brianna admitted. "She met with Atris and left and when I asked her about Kreia being permitted to leave when she was an admitted Sith, my half-sisters attacked me and I was forced to kill them all."

The Exile's hand flew to her mouth. "That's awful!"

"I never liked them anyway," Brianna said, unconcerned. "Between us, they were kind of bitches."

"I know where she is!" Atris practically shouted. "But I'm not telling! Stop ignoring me!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the Exile apologized. "I guess it was a little rude."

"I guess the Exile coming here looking for Kreia proves that she is capable of love after all and that, furthermore, she loves you, Brianna," Atris declared dramatically and a bit bitterly, heedless of the fact that the conversation had moved on.

Brianna's face lit up. "Oh, I'm so happy!"

The Exile coughed awkwardly. "I'm glad that you've realized that I am, in fact, capable of love but I don't love Brianna."

Brianna's face crumpled.

"I..." the Exile trailed off, uncertain of what to say to make this better. She turned to Atris. "So you said you know where Kreia is?"

Atris nodded. "I did. I'm not going to tell you, though, and I suspect this will end in a fight so let's go somewhere with a little less carnage." She spun on her heel and walked away.

The Exile hurried after her.

"Don't mind me," Brianna called after them forlornly. "I'm just heartbroken and I'm fine with lying here amidst all the bodies until one of you returns."

"Sounds good," the Exile said absently.

Atris suddenly stopped in a room that the Exile had never been in. There were hundreds of holocrons lining the walls, hissing intermittently in a strange tongue.

"Atris, what-" the Exile began, startled.

"I'm not Atris anymore," Atris announced. "I haven't been for quite some time, I think."

The Exile stopped. "I...did you change your name or something?"

Atris shook her head. "No, but I suppose I really need to. If I'm not going to be Atris then I need something for people to call me. It's really too bad that 'Darth Traya' is taken because I rather like that."

"Darth Traya?" the Exile was growing more alarmed by the second. "Atris, that's a Sith name."

"I know it is," Atris said calmly. "It's fitting since I'm a Sith."
"When did that happen?" the Exile demanded. "You weren't a Sith last time I was here – but you seemed pretty sure that I was one – and I doubt that you've left the academy up here since then. With only you and the Force-blind late Handmaiden sisters I don't see how you could have possibly fallen."

"I was probably a Sith then, too," Atris admitted freely.

"I think I'd have noticed if you were a Sith," the Exile said stubbornly.

"Like you noticed that Kreia was?" Atris challenged.

The Exile's eyes flashed. "I've been assured by a reliable source that that won't happen again!"

"And maybe it won't after me," Atris replied. "But that's twice it's happened so far."

"What makes you think you're a Sith?" the Exile challenged.

"Kreia told me I was and that she was Darth Traya and she made a very persuasive argument," Atris answered.

The Exile actually rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on! Someone can't just tell you that you're a Sith now! That has to be a decision you make for yourself. And Kreia's a Sith anyway so you really shouldn't trust that she has your best interests at heart."

"I think it was a decision that I made for myself long ago," Atris said softly. "Just not a conscious one. My actions have made it starkly apparent to me of late."

The Exile's eyes lit up. "Oh, actions! That's a good one. Sith do all sorts of terrible things. You can believe all of the Sith tenets but as long as you don't go out committing heinous crimes then I wouldn't call you a Sith."

"Exile, I leaked the secret Jedi meeting place on Katarr which led to the deaths of thousands of Jedi and the death of the entire native population of Miraluka as well as announcing to the galaxy that you were returning to the galaxy and thus putting a giant target on your back," Atris confessed. "I mean, I never actually expected you to come back and I wasn't even sure that you were even still alive but the point still stands."

That rocked the Exile for a moment. "That…why in the world would you do that? I mean Katarr, not me. If you really never expected me to come back then I was in no danger from you telling people that I existed."

"They were both done for the same reason," Atris responded. "I needed to draw the Sith out in order to deal with them. Unfortunately, Katarr snuffed out without anyone being any closer to finding out what had happened or who had done it and that was the final straw for the Jedi. The survivors all went their separate ways and have been picked off one by one over the years by either this Sith threat or opportunistic bounty hunter scum."

"I think that…while your actions were very, very wrong and certainly didn't help matters, if this Sith threat can track Jedi through the Force and kill them en masse then the people on Katarr would have died without your interference," the Exile said carefully. "Their deaths aren't all on you."

"It doesn't even matter because I was willing to sacrifice them and then you and I don't know how much else," Atris said bitterly. "I am a Sith, Exile, just accept it."
"I never accept that sort of thing," the Exile declared. "You should remember that, Atris."

"Then I shall simply have to make you," Atris said, her voice oddly devoid of emotion. She ignited her lightsaber.

The Exile stared uncomprehendingly at it for a moment. "Is that…my lightsaber?"

"It hasn't been yours in years," Atris scoffed. "And it certainly doesn't suit you anymore."

"Maybe but just the same I'm rather attached to it and would really like it back," the Exile said, igniting her own lightsaber. "And why are you even using mine in the first place?"

"To remind me of your betrayal," Atris hissed before swinging said lightsaber at the Exile's head. "Weren't you the one who thinks you betrayed everything?" the Exile wondered, neatly blocking the attack and launching one of her own.

Both of their blades were doubles but Atris' stolen lightsaber was a brilliant cyan while the Exile's was a vibrant purple. Atris' own lightsaber had been a single-blade and she had never had much opportunity to use it in her role as Jedi historian while these past few months had sometimes seemed to be one constant lightsaber battle for the Exile and it was clear from the beginning which one of them would be the victor.

Still, Atris put up a valiant effort before she finally fell to her knees, defeated and breathing hard. She switched off her lightsaber and threw it vaguely in the direction of the Exile.

"Fine, take it then," she spat. "For all the good attempting to reclaim the past will do you."

"I'm not trying to reclaim the past," the Exile corrected gently as she reached out a hand to catch it. "I just don't want to forget."

"What will you do with me?" Atris asked, not looking at her. "Are you going to kill me?"

"A Jedi does not kill her prisoners, no matter what their crimes," the Exile recited. "And honestly, I'm not particularly sold on yours."

"Am I your prisoner now?" Atris asked idly.

"You did surrender your weapon to me," the Exile said reasonably.

"Then what is your plan? I am a Sith, you know, and you can't just let me leave," Atris told her.

"That's debatable," the Exile said dryly. "But I think that I-

The Exile was interrupted by loud hissing from the holocrons.

She winced. "Can you turn that off?"

"Sorry," Atris said, making no move to silence or even quiet the holocrons. "They disapprove of all this talk of redemption."

The Exile blinked. "I never said anything about redemption."

"Perhaps not," Atris allowed. "But everyone knows you were about to."

"True," the Exile conceded. "Still, Atris holocrons are just recordings. They can't possibly object to
or approve of anything going on now even if the person recording them would have because they aren't sentient."

Atris got a far away look on her face. "I rather think they are."

"See, I'm betting that's part of your problem," the Exile said triumphantly. "You've been cooped up here for so very long with no one but your disturbing Echani clones and all these holocrons you never stop listening to and no wonder you went a little crazy!"

"I'm not crazy," Atris said furiously.

"No, just a Sith. My mistake," the Exile said sarcastically.

"If you're not going to kill me, what will you do?" Atris asked again.

"I…don't know. I really don't," the Exile admitted. "And frankly, I don't have the time to figure this out right now. Telos is under attack, after all. Probably. I'm actually not quite sure why I think that."

"Oh, it is. I told the Sith that you were going to be here."

As an afterthought, Atris added, "Sorry."

"Well that's that then, I guess," the Exile said, shrugging. "You've got to stop doning that. But in the meantime, I really need to go deal with that. It would be horrible if I couldn't save Telos no matter what but not being able to save it while I'm on the planet is just inexcusable."

"So you're just putting me off?" Atris demanded indignantly.

"I'm sorry but yes," the Exile said apologetically. "Someone will come back and get you the minute that things have settled down again and it can't be more than a few weeks, tops. Just stay here and try not to go any crazier since now you're still surrounded by Sith holocrons – seriously, maybe you could turn those off? – and the corpses of your Handmaidens."

"I could make an effort," Atris said grudgingly. "You should probably also be aware that Kreia is off on Malachor V threatening to murder herself and thus you if you don't come to her."

The Exile sighed. "That's inconvenient. I hope she'll give me enough time to save Telos and get there before killing herself. I'll survive, of course, but I really don't want to have her die when there's a chance that I could talk her down."

"If she truly has a Force bond with you I'm sure she'll be able to tell whether you're coming or not," Atris assured her.

"That's good," the Exile said, relieved.

There was an awkward silence.

"Well, I guess I'll just-"

"I'm sorry I called you a Sith," Atris interrupted. "I suppose that I always knew it wasn't true. I mean, virtually anyone else in the entire galaxy might be one but not you."

"But if you always knew that then why did you accuse me of being one?" The Exile didn't get it.

Atris shrugged. "I think that I might have been projecting. I wished that I could have gone off to war and defended the galaxy as you did but I missed my chance and so I needed to convince myself that it was the wrong one. And also, I'm in love with you."
The Exile got a deer in the headlights look. "What does this keep happening?"

"I think I always have," Atris continued obliviously.

"I'm really really sorry but Atton told me first," the Exile said quickly, before turning and practically running out of the room. "We'll come back for you!"

Brianna was, as she had promised, still lying on the floor when the Exile returned.

"Um…you can get up now," the Exile told her.

Brianna nodded and climbed to her feet. "Is Atris dead?"

The Exile shook her head. "She submitted herself to my judgment and I didn't have any ideas and we're kind of in a hurry so I told her that I – or someone else, maybe – would be back later to deal with her."

"Pity," Brianna said coolly.

The Exile frowned at her. "Okay, first murdering all of your half-sisters and now this. What is with you today?"

Brianna shrugged. "Did you know that Kreia is my mother?"

The Exile's eyes widened in shock. "What? She is? I mean, um, remember that being a Sith is not genetic so do not feel like her unfortunate life choices have to dictate your life choices."

"Oh, I won't," Brianna assured her. "I'm just feeling weird and liberated and just a little bit sick. I had missed my home but things are just so different outside of Atris' domain. I started having flashbacks the minute I got close and my sisters, predictably, weren't helping matters."

The Exile was growing more concerned by the minute. "We should probably get you out of here."

She began to walk back to the ship and Brianna fell into step beside her.

"What are you going to tell the others?"

The Exile hesitated, torn between her desire to be honest and her desire to protect her friend.

"Nothing," she finally settled on.

"Nothing?" Brianna repeated, raising an eyebrow.

"Nothing unless they ask and they won't," the Exile said, sounding more confident of her decision.

Brianna bowed her head. "If that's what you feel is best. I don't think I turned into a Sith but it's kind of hard to notice sometimes," she admitted.

The Exile threw back her head and groaned. "Oh, not you, too! I refuse to believe it's possible to be a Sith and to not notice it. You have to do so pretty Sith-y things to qualify."

"Would multiple sororicide count?" Brianna wondered.
The Telos Invasion

When the party reached Citadel Station it was to find it already under attack. They quickly managed to locate Lieutenant Grenn who was, for some reason, giving orders to Zherron.

"What's going on?" Bastila asked immediately.

"The Sith came from out of nowhere," Grenn told them. "We could barely get out a distress message."

"Are you sure that they really came from out of nowhere?" Revan asked suspiciously. "There might have been plenty of obvious evidence if only you would have noticed."

"We've made a lot of leaps and bounds in security and overall competence since you were last here, Revan," Grenn claimed.

"And yet somehow the Sith seem to be everywhere. We killed several on our way in," Revan informed him.

"I'm confused," the Exile admitted.

"No kidding," Revan muttered.

"Interruption: I'm bored. Can I go kill Sith now?" HK requested.

Revan nodded absently. "Have at it."

HK didn't even bother to respond before hurrying away, his blasters firing even before any Sith were in his sights.

"It seems a little reckless to just let him go off on his own," Grenn said reprovingly.

"I don't see why it would be," Revan said blankly. "Besides, he'll get your Sith infestation problem cleared up in no time."

"How long has the station been under attack?" the Exile wondered.

"Oh, no more than an hour or two," Grenn told her. "We're doing all we can but there are a lot of them. Fortunately, in addition to Zherron's forces, Queen Talia sent some men as well."

Bao-Dur nodded. "I see where you are going with this. If the attack only started an hour or two ago then even if you immediately sent a message to Dantooine and Onderon, how could reinforcement possibly assemble and get here that fast?"

Grenn shrugged. "I'm sure I don't know but I'm not one to question my good fortune."

"Why did you decide to reach out to Dantooine and Onderon, anyway?" Atton wondered. "I mean, yeah, those are two planets who have a strong military force that can come to your aid and are indebted to us since we solved all of their problems for them but how could you possibly know that?"

Grenn shrugged again. "It just sort of seemed like a good idea at the time and it paid off."

"You are remarkably uncurious, aren't you?" Brianna asked, shaking her head.
"It's not my job to be curious," Grenn growled at them.

"I think that we have, at last, solved the great mystery of just why Lieutenant Grenn is so terrible at his job," Revan announced. "He has no idea what his job actually entails."

Grenn closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I'd ask what you were doing here-

"But not what anyone else is evidently," Revan cut in.

"But maybe I shouldn't be surprised. Whenever the Ebon Hawk shows up, things go to hell," Grenn complained. "You guys are like a bad omen or something."

"I think you might be mixing your causes and effects up," Bastila told him. "When things go bad, that's when the Ebon Hawk is directed by the Force to show up so as to do the most amount of good by showing up at a crucial moment."

"You'd think we'd do more good if we could ever show up before things spiraled out of control and contained the situation that way," Mira remarked.

Grenn nodded to her. "See, that's exactly what I'm saying."

Canderous snorted. "See, 'containing the situation' isn't really our forte. Killing lots and lots of people is."

"We are kind of on a time crunch here," Grenn said loudly.

Revan shrugged. "We usually are and the Force ensures we show up when we need to."

"I'm not sure that I like you using that as an excuse to never hurry," Grenn said darkly. "I don't have your faith."

"You should," Visas advised. "It's quite relaxing."

"It's not my job to relax," Grenn said tersely.

"Well, at least you know one part of your job," Revan allowed. "Maybe you really did make progress after all."

"Even if the Sith don't overrun us, we don't have enough fuel to keep the station in orbit and operational and fight their ships off at the same time," Grenn warned them. "At some point we're just going to fall out of the sky and crash and burn upon reentry."

Revan made a face. "Is this because of Peragus? Still?"

"Yes, still," Grenn said, annoyed. "Somebody never found me any replacement fuel!"

"It wasn't somebody's job," Revan insisted.

T3 beeped.

"What?" the Exile asked delightedly. "T3 says that after Goto's yacht blew up, he managed to work out a deal so that the Hutts will start supplying fuel to Citadel Station. They just need someone in charge here to call and finalize the contract the pair of them drew up."

Despite the fact that Revan hadn't actually cared about any of this not two minutes ago, he beamed. "I am so proud of you! It figures that you'd manage to sort this whole mess out if left alone for a
few minutes."

"Right well that will be a great help in the unlikely event we don't all fall out of the sky," Grenn noted. "But we really don't know how to win here short of killing everybody and more Sith are arriving by the minute."

"My Master is here," Visas took the time to share. "He's controlling this and he intends to do to Telos what he did to Katarr. The Exile really should kill him. She's the only one who can reliably stand up to his power to drain life because of her own wound in the Force status."

The Exile grinned. "Does this mean that that is finally coming in handy? I say we follow Visas' plan."

"Good idea," Grenn told her. "We need a miracle. And please try to keep collateral damage to a minimum while you're defending us."

"No promises," Canderous told him. He snapped his fingers. "But hey, that reminds me…This is a pretty epic battle and I always told the others back on Dxun that if any epic battles occurred in front of me that I'd let them know so that they may come and help. I think I'll go back to Dxun and bring them back here. I'll be back."

"But wait," Bastila asked. "Won't the battle be over then?"

Canderous shrugged. "You would think but I figure that if Talia can send forces from Onderon within minutes then I should be able to stop by Dxun, pick up my men, and head back. Unlike the Onderon forces, my men are always ready for battle."

"Hurry back!" the Exile told him as he began to walk away.

He waved a hand behind him in acknowledgement but did not slow down.

"Let's go catch up with HK," Revan suggested. "It should be pretty easy; just follow the trail of bodies and screaming."

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"Okay, I think this is how we get on to…where are we going, exactly?" Revan asked.

"The Ravager," Visas replied.

Revan rolled his eyes. "Cute."

The Exile was frowning. "Wait…wasn't the Ravager one of the ships that was lost at Malachor?"

"My Master, Darth Nihilus, was also lost at Malachor," Visas replied.

"I'm back!" Canderous announced, appearing suddenly with two Mandalorian beside him as they deactivated their stealth field generators. "And guess what? We're going to invade the ship and I've got a man who thinks he can actually blow it up while we're inside of it without killing any of us! Or at least most of us. Isn't that great?"

"It's wonderful," Bastila told him. "Perhaps you can work on clearing the way while we deal with the true threat?"

"I've got to say, Princess, that I wasn't very fond of you the last time we were travelling together but you've really improved a lot since then," Canderous told her. "I'm going to give the four charges
"you need to prime to you and let you deal with that."

"I'm going with the Exile to fight Nihilus because I was told she's the only who can actually fight him," Revan said immediately. "Anybody who actually wants to do anything should go with the charges."

In the end, that was Bao-Dur, HK, Mira, T3, Goto, and Brianna.

Bastila looked a little ill.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Revan asked.

She shuddered. "I know that was technically a compliment but…"

"Don't think too much about it," Revan advised.

"I am going with you," Visas told the Exile.

The Exile blinked. "I…know?"

"And don't tell the Republic forces we're going to blow the ship up," Canderous suggested.

"Why not?" Brianna asked innocently.

They couldn't actually see Canderous' face but it was still somehow evident that he was smirking at them. "Because think of how much fun the surprise will be. Besides, I heard Republic himself is up there."

"Great," Bastila and Revan said at the exact same time with the exact opposite tones.

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They were walking past the prison block on their way to what Visas had assured them was Nihilus (even if Revan had his doubts because it was taking forever to get there and he refused to believe that any ship could be designed so inefficiently) when Visas stopped suddenly.

"This door leads to my…cell," she said quietly. "I had forgotten."

"I knew that you didn't know where you were going!" Revan said triumphantly.

"Somehow I don't think that's what she means," Atton told him.

"We will have to agree to disagree," Revan replied.

"If you were being kept in a prison cell and were therefore clearly a prisoner, why did you try to kill me?" the Exile wondered.

"Let's go with 'Stockholm Syndrome'," Visas decided after a moment's contemplation.

"What's that?" Bastila asked, confused.

"Never mind," Visas said, shaking her head. "And notice that I did not try to kill you very hard."

"You only say that because you lost terribly and are trying to save face," Revan accused.

"Sensitivity, Revan!" Bastila exclaimed.
"No, I don't think that was particularly sensitive at all," Revan replied.

"Can I go back into my cell for awhile to try to center myself?" Visas requested.

"I don't know why you're asking me. I don't care," Revan told her bluntly.

Atton pushed open the door to her cell. "This is the prison cells? Man, why couldn't Peragus have set up a nice place like that? Well, then I'd probably be dead. Why couldn't Telos?"

"Because Telos is terrible," Revan replied. "And yes, I just might say that to Carth's face, Bastila."

"Why would you want to go back to your prison cell?" the Exile wondered.

"I can't explain it. I just do," Visas told her.

"I'm actually in favor of this if it means that we can all sit down and put off the 'watching the Exile fight Nihilus' bit until later," Revan voted.

"So it is decided," Visas said, disappearing into her cell.

"Should we be concerned about the gas that's coming from the floor?" Bastila wondered. "It can't be good for her."

"Well it doesn't seem to be killing her or knocking her out so I'm assuming that she's just getting high," Revan remarked.

"Prison cell my…I've had apartments that weren't as nice as this place!" Atton complained loudly.

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"This is where Nihilus is," Visas announced, pointing to the door in front of them.

"Are you sure this time?" Revan asked irritably.

"Yes, this time I'm positive," Visas agreed.

"And not just because there are no more bloody doors in this vessel to check?" Revan pressed.

"Yes," Visas repeated.

"I've been wondering something…why do we need to both kill the Sith Lord and blow up the ship?" Atton asked. "Shouldn't just blowing up the ship be enough?"

"Probably," Visas agreed. "But do you really want to take that chance with someone like Nihilus?"

Revan gasped in horror.

"What?" Bastila asked.

"I just realized that after I saved you I could have just left and trusted that Malak would blow up with the Star Forge!" Revan complained.

"It's a little late for regrets now, isn't it?" Atton asked pointedly.

They opened the door and stood at the ready to attack.

"Um…why isn't anybody doing anything?" the Exile asked, confused.
"Well, while my Master never actually intended to feed off of the ship’s crew – because then who
would operate the ship? – he cannot help but leech off of those he stays near for prolonged periods
of time. The Force sensitive strangely are more resistant to this passive leeching for all that they
are usually the target of his active draining," Visas explained. "By this point, the crew of the bridge
where he spends most of his time are practically zombies. They won't notice us."

"What about Nihilus himself?" Atton asked. "You'd think he'd have noticed the intrusion now that
we're quite plainly in the same room as him if he didn't when we were massacring our way through
the ship."

"My Master is used to seeing planets and galaxies and isn't so very good at noticing the minute
details of what goes on around him," Visas replied.

"Well hopefully he'll notice when we're killing him," Atton said. He frowned. "Actually, strike
that. If he doesn't notice then all the better for us."

"I also have to question how dangerous he can really be if he can't see in front of him to know that
he's under attack," Bastila admitted. "And why is he bothering to send in his soldiers instead of just
wiping out all life on Telos? There was certainly no battle for Katarr."

"Presumably Kreia told him that there would be Jedi here and he's looking for them," Revan
theorized. "But, again, that's no reason not to kill everyone you do know is there and worry about
finding Jedi later."

"Don't give him ideas!" Atton hissed, casting a worried glance at Nihilus.

"We're not," Revan replied. "Because he's not listening, remember? If he were, I definitely wouldn't
bring up the very valid possibility that while the Exile is fighting Nihilus he might decide to kill us
all and then focus on the fight with her."

"It doesn't matter if he's listening or not!" Atton cried, on the verge of a panic attack. "Don't
mention these things either way! What if he subconsciously is storing that information away?"

"Between us, my Master's never been particularly intelligent," Visas assured him. "I don't know
who or what he was before becoming a living void but it's consumed whatever qualities he had
before. He's barely sentient, you know. If he was then he wouldn't be killing the crew by inches."

"His not being particularly intelligent or able to control his own impulses does not actually help
matters," Atton pointed out. "If he was sentient then he might decide not to kill us for his own
reasons but since he's not he might decide to consume us to give himself a power up or just because
that's what he does."

"We should probably hurry before he decides to attack Telos directly," the Exile suggested.

"I agree," Visas concurred. "And I feel that I should probably warn you that I am fully willing and
able to kill myself to save you during the course of the fight."

The Exile gave her a strange look. "How in the world would killing yourself in the middle of the
fight possibly help me?"

"It could be a distraction," Atton suggested. "And she's warning you in advance so that it won't
work on you."

The Exile made a face. "I don't need that kind of distraction, trust me. And besides, we already
knows he doesn't pay any attention to anything that goes on around him so that would be no good."
"I'm not entirely sure of the circumstances where my sacrificing myself for you might be necessary but I thought that I'd throw that out there just in case," Visas clarified.

"Well…thank you, I guess," the Exile said uncomfortably. "It's a very lovely gesture but I'm really not comfortable with people dying for me at all or killing themselves and it's just that much worse when they kill themselves for my sake so let's try to avoid that, shall we?"

"I will consider it," Visas told her.

"You guys stay here," the Exile instructed. "Hopefully it will be far enough away that Nihilus won't come after you."

She began to walk towards Nihilus and Visas fell into step with her.

"You're supposed to stay back with the others," the Exile said.

"I want to be closer so I can tell when I might need to kill myself for you," Visas explained.

"Why…don't you ask me before doing anything like that?" the Exile asked her hopefully. "That way I can tell you if I think that it is necessary or not."

"I can do that," Visas agreed.

They reached Nihilus and stood in front of him. He didn't seem to notice them.

After a few minutes of waiting patiently, the Exile turned to Visas. "I know that you said it's hard for him to notice people and I respect that but, just the same, we can't stand here forever. How can we get his attention?"

"I don't know," Visas admitted. "Maybe we could throw something at him?"

"Good idea," the Exile said. It was terribly unsportsmanlike but she figured that if this didn't get his attention then nothing would. She ignited her lightsaber and used the Force to send it flying towards him.

Just when it looked like it was going to hit him, Nihilus came alive and sent the lightsaber flying back into her hand. If he'd been thinking (not that he even could anymore, apparently) then he would have kept her weapon.

Nihilus slowly turned around to face him. He was wearing a mask that covered his entire face.

"Aw…" the Exile said. "I wanted to see what a void in the Force looks like."

"Maybe you will get a chance once we kill him," Visas suggested.

"Good idea!" the Exile complimented. She suddenly felt a little dizzy. "Ah, what's that? I feel lightheaded."

"That would be my Master trying to absorb you. I guess he's retained enough of his sense to know that I'm sort of but not really on his side," Visas explained.

"Well I don't like it," the Exile said, frowning.

"I don't imagine that I would, either," Visas replied. "Of course, in my case it would likely be a bit more fatal than it was for you."
A Abruptly, the dizziness past.

"Kreia lied to you, didn't she? There are no Jedi here," the Exile said sagely. She paused. "I'm not sure what you expected, though, listening to someone who you knew was a Sith and didn't like you and who furthermore is apparently the Sith of betray or something. I didn't know Sith picked out vices to embody."

"She didn't lie entirely," Visas pointed out. "We're all here and even before that there was Atris."

"True," the Exile conceded. "Still, I can't help but think that that wasn't what Kreia meant."

Nihilus responded to this by shooting orange energy at the Exile.

"The dizziness!" she complained.

Nihilus fell to his knees.

"It wasn't that bad," the Exile said, eyeing him strangely.

"Trying and failing to feed on you is exhausting," Visas interpreted.

"Then maybe he should stop trying," the Exile hinted. "It's getting kind of annoying. And why isn't he say anything? Doesn't he speak?"

"In a way," Visas replied. "It's no language that I've ever heard of, though."

"Then how do you understand him?" the Exile wondered.

Visas shrugged. "I just sort of guess."

"You mean…he might not have even sent you after me at all?" the Exile asked, stunned.

"Perhaps," Visas allowed. "I did have a vision about you that I told him about and then he said… something and so I figured he wanted me to kill you. Or maybe spy on you. Either way, I've failed to do either so it really doesn't matter."

Nihilus chose that moment to agree with Visas by emitting a sound that didn't sound even vaguely human but continued for long enough to pass for speech. He also pulled out his lightsaber, ignited it, and waited.

The Exile lunged at him and, after a moment's indecision, Visas followed suit. He was powerful, certainly, but nothing that they couldn't handle especially when it was two-on-one.

To the Exile's great surprise, when she judged that Nihilus was about half-dead Visas suddenly pulled back.

"He's…too…powerful," she gasped.

"What are you talking about?" the Exile asked, honestly confused. "We're winning. We're really winning. I don't think we could be winning any more than we are right at this second."

"No…he's…very…powerful," Visas insisted.

A less trusting individual than the Exile would start to wonder if she wasn't trying to make him seem stronger to justify her letting him hold her prisoner all this time but that thought never crossed the Exile's mind.
"Don't panic on me now, Visas," she said instead. "Can you try to, er, disrupt his link with something or other? Or something?"

"I…will…try," Visas agreed.

They resumed their fighting and soon had driven Nihilus to his knees. He shuddered once before collapsing onto the floor.

Visas immediately went up to him.

"Be careful," the Exile called. "He might not be properly dead."

Visas merely nodded and knelt by his side.

"I want to look upon his face with the Force and my eyes," she said cryptically.

"Really?" Revan asked. "But you're a Miraluka."

The Exile turned to see that he and the others had come up to them once Nihilus had fallen.

"I don't see your point," Visas told him.

"Well…what did you 'see'?" Revan inquired.

"Just a man," Visas said succinctly. She stood up and returned to them.

"What happened to a living void?" Atton asked.

"He died," Visas answered.

"Well, you've got me there," Atton admitted.

"Is that Nihilus' mask?" Bastila asked, intrigued.

Revan glanced at Visas and saw that she was indeed holding his mask. "Let me see!" he cried, grabbing it.

Bastila sighed. "You're not about to relapse with your mask fetish again, are you?"

"No promises," Revan said. He examined the mask. "Damn!"

"What?" the Exile asked.

"It's form-fitting," Revan complained. "Aside from selling this as an object of curiosity or holding onto it for a fear years and then selling it to a museum."

"Most people donate to museums, Revan," Bastila pointed out.

"Well if they want this they'll have to buy it," Revan said stubbornly.

"Wasn't that Visas' mask?" the Exile asked pointedly.

"She doesn't mind, really," Revan said, not even bothering to ask her.

"Okay, what was that?" Atton demanded, pointing in the direction of Nihilus' body.

They all turned to look and saw that a red storm cloud had mysteriously materialized over the body.
and was completely incinerating it with red lightning.

"I...don't know," Visas admitted.

"I vote we never speak of this again," Bastila said.

"Agreed," the Exile and Revan said simultaneously.

"So...now what?" the Exile asked awkwardly. "Should we go or...?"

"Oh, that reminds me," Revan said, snapping his fingers. "Canderous called five minutes ago and said that we have ten minutes to get off this ship or he swears that he will blow us all up..."
"What the devil was that?" an enraged Lieutenant Grenn bellowed at them once they had returned to Citadel Station.

"I believe that was us saving you from a Sith invasion," Revan replied matter-of-factly. "Why, what did you think it was?"

"Some warning would be nice! We almost didn't get everyone out of the blast radius in time!" Grenn cried out.

"And yet you did," Revan pointed out.

"Were you really terrified?" Canderous asked eagerly.

Grenn coughed. "Well, I would say terrified, exactly-"

"That's Republic-speech for 'yes'," Canderous translated.

"Was there something you wanted?" Bastila asked politely.

Grenn started. "What? Oh yes. Admiral Onasi wants to see the Exile and has invited anyone who has actually met him before to come along as well."

"Well, let's get going then," Revan said, nodding firmly.

Everyone stared at him.

"What?" he asked, puzzled.

"Are you actually volunteering to go talk to someone?" Mira couldn't believe it. "But there's no way that not taking to him would in any way inconvenience you."

"True," Revan admitted. "But Carth and I are old friends."

Bastila stifled a laugh.

Revan turned to her. "What? We are."

"Yes but give us the real reason," Bastila instructed.

Revan sighed. "Fine. Has anyone noticed that Goto has been surprisingly silent since we got to Telos?"

"No," Bao-Dur answered. "But then, he's never around unless he's trying to sabotage my remote."

"Well I have," Atton announced. "I don't trust droids and I think he may be out to kill us."

"And as unlikely as that sounds, you may very well be right," Revan told him. "Goto is hiding and hoping that he doesn't run into anyone who would actually recognize him."

"Recognize him as what?" Brianna asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Goto spoke up. "I have never been to Telos in my life. This is absurd."
"Well, we'll just see about that," Revan said grimly.

"Even if he is…whatever it is that you think he is, why would you want to turn him in?" the Exile asked, surprised. "You love droids!"

Revan nodded. "I know. Somehow, though, I don't love this one and that's rather disturbing me. Well, we'll be off."

Goto didn't move. "I don't think I'll be going. I am not the Exile nor have I ever met this 'Admiral Onasi' before."

Revan snorted. "The hell you haven't. HK?"

Immediately, HK moved behind Goto and pointed his blaster at him.

"Gleeful taunt: I hope the trigger doesn't slip…"

Goto was silent for a moment.

"You win," he said finally.

"So it's going to be HK, Revan, the Exile, Goto and I?" Bastila asked. "Anyone else?"

"I'd go but this seems like it's going to be kind of boring," Atton confessed. "Plus I don't actually know the Admiral."

T3 beeped.

"That means yes," the Exile translated.

"What the hell? I'll go, too," Canderous announced. "I wonder how long it will take him to recognize me. Maybe I should start speaking Mandalorian and get a chance to call him racist…"

The group of seven started off after Grenn who had apparently decided that he had waited for them for long enough.

"The Admiral is racist?" the Exile asked, horrified.

Bastila winced. "It's…kind of a long story."

They were finally led to a rather spacious room with a lovely view of the outside of the Citadel.

Carth was standing with his back to them and gazing out the window. When he heard them arriving, he remarked, "It's a little beat up but its home."

"Citadel Station?" the Exile asked, confused. "I didn't know that you had ever lived here. I thought that you'd be a bit busy, you know, being an admiral and stuff."

"Oh, no, that's not what I mean at all," Carth clarified, turning around.

Revan's eyes bulged out upon seeing him and he started choking.

"Then what do you mean?" the Exile inquired.

"I'm talking about Telos," Carth clarified. "It's actually my home world, you know."

"Oh," the Exile said, blinking. "Sorry, I was confused because you were looking out the window
when you said that and you can't actually see Telos from here."

Carth shrugged. "I work with what I have and this was the room they gave me. I really don't like pulling rank."

"What's the point of having a rank if you don't get to pull it?" Canderous asked, honestly mystified.

"I don't know," Carth deadpanned. "I really don't."

"Not surprising," Canderous said derisively.

Carth finally glanced at Revan. "Is there a problem?"

Revan immediately straightened up and stopped choking. "What? Why would you think that?"

"You were choking for so long that I was beginning to think that you might actually be dying," Carth said dryly.

"I'm a very dedicated man," Revan said modestly.

"Well?" Carth asked pointedly. "Aren't you going to tell me what's the matter?"

"It's just…what are you wearing?" Revan demanded.

Carth groaned. "I should have known…"

"What?" the Exile asked blankly.

"Revan designed the Sith uniforms back during the war," Bastila explained. "And we've discovered that fashion is one area in which he really is quite dedicated."

"I don't see what's wrong with what I'm wearing," Carth claimed.

T3 beeped.

"T3 says that that's hardly surprising considering that orange monstrosity you used to wear during the war," Revan translated. He glanced at Canderous. "And also that you're a racist."

"Oh come on!" Carth complained. "What will it take to convince you people that I'm not racist?"

"Offended repetition: 'You people'?" HK asked, outraged.

"Th-that wasn't what I meant. I-" Carth stopped and shook his head. "Oh, never mind. And my jacket from the war was awesome. I wore it everywhere."

"We noticed," Bastila said delicately.

Suspicion slowly dawned in Carth's eyes. "Wait a second…that jacket didn't 'accidentally' catch on fire and refuse to be put out did it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Revan said virtuously.

"Um, Revan?" the Exile spoke up.

Revan turned to her. "Hm?"

"Weren't you saying something about Goto and Carth earlier?" she prompted.
If Goto could glare it was certain that he would be glaring at the Exile for that. "I should have killed you when I had the chance."

"You never really had the chance, though," the Exile pointed out. "Because if you did then you would have."

"I should have created a chance in which to kill you and then followed through with the killing of you," Goto amended.

Carth was frowning. "That voice…I know that I've heard that voice before."

"So tell me about that one droid that we had to deliver to the Ithorians," Revan requested.

"Him?" Carth asked, confused. "Well…He was nowhere near as capable as our original droid, G0-T0, but he mysteriously vanished and we don't have unlimited credits for buying new droids so we had to make due with a substandard – but still perfectly serviceable – lesser model."

"G0-T0…that sounds an awful lot like 'Goto', doesn't it?" Revan asked innocently.

Carth raised his eyebrows. "You know, that does…sound…G0-T0?"

"I have never heard that designation before," Goto lied.

"Are you seriously trying to tell me that our old droid, G0-T0, went to Nar Shaddaa and became one of the most successful crime lords in history?" Carth couldn't believe it. He cocked his head. "On the other hand, that droid was terribly expensive…"

"He told me that he was," the Exile spoke up. "And that the task that he was given to fix the Republic was impossible so he broke."

"You really should have thought about giving him a more specific and doable task," Bastila advised.

Carth rolled his eyes. "You think?"

"I would have said it back then if you'd consulted me," Bastila claimed.

"I'm not very good with droids," Carth said, flushing.

"You're not very good at a lot of things," Canderous noted.

"He said that he decided the only way that he could even begin to carry out his programming was to become a crime lord. No one would take an accounting droid seriously so he got a makeover and no one would listen to a droid crime boss so he invented 'Goto'," the Exile explained.

"Disapproving statement: People respect droid assassins just fine. Meatbags and their arbitrary prejudice make me angry," HK said darkly.

"And by 'angry' you mean 'homicidal'," Revan guessed.

HK drew back. "Surprised query: Doesn't everyone?"

"I don't recall telling you any of those things," Goto insisted. "And that's because none of them are true!"

"I don't know, those seem awfully specific and I'm not sure that the Exile has enough of an
"imagination to make them up," Carth countered.

"Oh, she does," Revan assured him. "But it doesn't run in that direction and I doubt she believes in lying, either."

The Exile opened her mouth.

"Not that there's any point in asking because the answer would be 'Of course I don't' either way," Bastila said reasonably.

"What are you going to do with him?" Canderous asked curiously.

"Well, first we'll restrain him and take him for questioning and in-depth observation to see if this claim of him being the droid that ran away from us is true," Carth began. "After that if he isn't then we'll release him but if we find that he is then we'll try to fix the defect in his programming, maybe mind-wipe him, and put him back to work."

Revan nodded, satisfied.

Bastila frowned. "I know that that's pretty standard treatment for a droid but I remember your reaction the last time someone suggested memory-wiping T3 and HK, Revan."

"How did he react?" the Exile asked curiously.

"He locked himself in his room for a week," Carth replied. "Though I'm not entirely sure that wasn't just his desire to do nothing for a week talking."

"I like to think that it was a mixture of both," Revan replied.

"So you had to know that this was coming for Goto and even now you don't seem at all concerned about that whereas you're normally staunchly anti-mind wipe. Don't you think that that's a little hypocritical?" Bastila inquired hesitantly.

Revan shook his head. "Nope."

"No?" Bastila repeated, frowning.

"I think that it's a lot hypocritical," Revan clarified.

"And that...doesn't bother you?" Bastila asked curiously.

Revan tilted his head. "No. Should it?"

"I'd say 'yes' but I'm not sure how to explain the whys of it," Bastila admitted, sighing. "So I guess not."

"HK, could you do me a favor and take G0-T0 to Lieutenant Grenn and then escort him wherever Grenn directs you?" Carth requested.

"That's quite different than you're treating G0-T0," the Exile noted.

Carth shrugged. "Revan wouldn't react well if I didn't."

"It's true," Revan agreed. "I wouldn't."

"Statement: I can do that. This is dull anyway," HK said. "Order: Let's go."
"I'm really not this 'G0-T0' of whom you speak," Goto tried one last time before allowing himself
to be lead out of the room at blasterpoint.

"So now that that's done, maybe you could tell me why you wanted to meet with me," the Exile
suggested.

Carth nodded. "Yes, of course. I-"

"Wait a minute!" Canderous interrupted.

Carth sighed. "Yes?"

"You're really racist," Canderous accused.

"What have I done now?" Carth asked exasperated. "No one has even said anything that I don't
understand! And if you're going to tell me that there are certain languages you don't even hear
unless you understand them then I'm calling foul right now."

"Nothing quite as dramatic as that," Canderous promised.

"Though it is an idea," Revan said thoughtfully.

"You didn't recognize me!" Canderous complained.

"Of course I recognized you, Cand-" Carth started to say.

"It's me, Canderous," Canderous interrupted. "All that time we spent together and I put on one little
– yet still epic – helmet and all of a sudden you have no idea who I am!"

"But I always knew who you were," Carth protested helplessly.

"Really?" Canderous challenged, crossing his arms. "Then why didn't you say anything?"

"I wasn't aware that I needed to," Carth replied.

"Why?" Canderous demanded. "Because you don't think that we Mandalorians are worthy of
differentiation?"

"No, it was actually because I thought it was rather obvious that you were Canderous – helmet or
no helmet – and I wasn't aware that you were testing me. Had you asked me to identify you then I
naturally would have," Carth said calmly.

That threw Canderous for a moment but he quickly recovered. "Because I'm the only Mandalorian
whose name you know, you racist!"

Carth sighed yet again. "You really missed getting to call people out for being racist, didn't you?"

"Oh, you have no idea…" Canderous said wistfully.

"About the reason I'm here?" the Exile said, once again attempting to bring them back on topic.

Carth coughed. "Right. That. Well, you've been travelling with Revan for a few months now and
I've heard a bit about what you've been up to from second-hand information Bastila passes along
from Revan. I just wanted to meet you and judge for myself what kind of a person you are."

The Exile's eyes were wide. "And what kind of person do you think I am?" she asked nervously.
Carth hesitated. Everyone always seemed to hesitate before answering the Exile when she asked a question like that. "I think that you're a very…light sided person."

The Exile beamed. "Oh, I'm so glad you think so! I just recently re-became a Jedi, you know."

"So I heard. Congratulations," Carth said, managing a genuine smile for her.

"You seem to know all about me and, while I'm sure it wasn't the intention of everyone in this room to make me feel ill-informed, I really don't know all that much about you," the Exile told him. "How do you know Revan, for instance?"

"Well…" Carth said awkwardly. "It's kind of a long story. Are you sure you have time for that? I mean, don't you have…something to do that will save the universe? Or did you already do that?"

"I might have already done it by killing Darth Nihilus," the Exile conceded. "But then Sion is still out there and who even knows what Kreia is capable of? She, at least, is waiting for me at Malachor. I have no idea where he is but if he's really trying to protect me from Kreia then he might be there, too."

"The Force gives us all the time we need," Revan said serenely.

"Maybe you," Carth muttered.

"It does," Revan assured him.

"You should just tell her," Bastila advised.

Carth sighed. "Fine. I met Revan a couple of months before the war ended-"

"Not quite true," Revan interrupted.

Carth studiously avoided looking at him. "Yes it is. Our ship, the Endar Spire, was attacked by Sith and we shared the last escape pod. He told me his name was Revan but I – and everyone who wasn't in the know – didn't actually think he was Revan because if he was then why would he be in on a Republic ship and why would he be so…unmotivated?"

"I don't understand," the Exile said, confused. "Was he undercover or something? Revan is incredibly motivated. He's going to save us all from the True Sith."

Carth frowned.

"Don't ask," Bastila told him. "I'll tell you about it later."

"We were on a Sith-occupied planet and had to find and rescue Bastila and escape," Carth continued.

"It was not a rescue," Bastila insisted.

Carth valiantly kept going. "We managed to escape while Malak was bombing the planet and we went to Dantooine. Revan became a Jedi again-"

"Wait, if Revan was already a Jedi then why did he have to train again?" the Exile wondered.

"They thought I had amnesia," Revan explained.

"So after that happened Revan had a memory of the Star Maps and Bastila, because of the Force
Bond, shared that memory. We sought out the Star Map on Dantooine and found there were more on other planets. We managed to track them all down and found the Star Forge which was the force producing all of Malak's ships and supplies," Carth concluded. "We destroyed it and though Bastila had been captured earlier on we managed to save her, too."

"Okay, that might have been a little bit of a rescue," Bastila conceded. "But only just."

"Of course," Revan said magnanimously.

"Wow…" the Exile said, her eyes shining. "You guys are all heroes!"

"I don't know about that," Carth said, but he sounded pleased.

"Well don't you worry," the Exile said seriously. "I'm going to be a hero, too. I'm going to go find Kreia and Sion and stop whatever they're planning so that the galaxy may once again be a safe place and the Jedi may flourish."

"Is the galaxy ever a 'safe place'?" Canderous asked, sounding disgusted at the very thought.

T3 beeped.

"True, some times are less safe than others," Revan agreed. "Or, well, at least less openly safe. Technically we've been at peace for five years now and yet the Jedi Order has been absolutely decimated."

"We should really go and deal with that right this very second," the Exile said, spurred into action by the tale of the heroics from the previous war. "Let's go."

"I thought you'd never ask," Canderous said happily.

The Exile turned to go and Canderous and T3 began to follow her.

"Revan?" Bastila said curiously.

He hadn't moved.

"What?" Revan asked her.

"It's time to go," Bastila said, nudging him.

"Oh, I'm not going," he replied.

"W-what?" the Exile asked, spinning back around.

"It's not that I don't want to go," Revan lied.

Carth snorted.

Revan valiantly ignored him. "It's just that, well…Malachor V is like Korriban. It is where the Mandalorian Wars ended and where so many, many people lost their lives. I don't know exactly how many people died but it is enough that feel their loss weighing on my soul every day."

"Is she seriously falling for this?" Carth asked, dumbfounded. "He's not even trying to be convincing."

"He doesn't need to be," Bastila, who was by default the expert in this scenario, said grimly.
And he didn't. The Exile was eating up every single word.

"Oh, I know just what you mean! Sometimes the weight of my crimes gets to be a little too much for me, too, and I have to remind myself that living a good life and doing good things is the only way to even begin to justify what I had to do in the name of protecting all life everywhere," the Exile said seriously.

"Korriban is an evil planet because of the eons that the Sith have ruled there and the ghosts of the Sith that remain there still and Malachor is evil in a different way," Revan declared passionately.

"I didn't know he could do passionate," Carth marveled.

"Stop interrupting! Revan's speeches are amazing!" Canderous gushed.

"Even when they're so completely disingenuous?" Carth inquired.

"Do you really think we could find a speech he made that wasn't?" Bastila asked rhetorically.

"Stop interrupting," Canderous ground out.

"I have done many, many things that I regret in this life even though all of them were for the greater good. Still, I am happy that I have a chance to be on the right path now and to make up for any damage that I might have caused. I only wish that my friend Malak had that same opportunity afforded to him," Revan soldiered on.

"I wish that, too!" the Exile exclaimed.

"I recognize that I am not infallible and that I am vulnerable to the same things that led me astray last time, though hopefully a little less so for the experience," Revan continued.

"Is that…a tear in his eye?" Carth could keep silent for no longer.

"Would it kill you to shut up for longer than two minutes?" Canderous exploded.

Carth jerked his head in Revan's direction. "It just might if he keeps carrying on like that."

"And as a Jedi I am always mindful of my own weaknesses and limitations. Just like how on Korriban I did not wish to set foot on the planet so that I would not put myself in a situation where I would be tempted needlessly, I think that it would be for the best if I did not go back to the place where my fall to darkness – or sacrifice, you know, whichever – began," Revan finished.

"But…what if I need you?" the Exile asked anxiously.

Revan smiled at her. "You won't. Believe me, you won't. I have complete faith in you, Exile." He paused. "At least in this matter."

When it was clear that he was finished, the Exile and Canderous immediately burst into a round of applause.

"There are no words," Carth marveled, shaking his head.

"I guess I'm not going to Malachor," Bastila said, unable to help being rather cheerful at the idea of missing it.

"I won't let you down," the Exile promised Revan, tears in her own eyes. "Come on everyone, let's go make Revan proud of us!"
"To Revan!" Canderous cheered.

The pair of them, along with T3 who left with a parting skeptical beep, exited the room.

Carth waited a beat.

"So really, you just couldn't be bothered, right?" he asked.

Revan smirked. "But of course. But hey, there's no need to disillusion them, is there?"

"Lying really isn't the Jedi way," Bastila chastened half-heartedly.

Revan shrugged. "Listen, Bastila, I've known the Exile and Canderous for years now. If they haven't gotten the picture yet then honestly I doubt it will ever happen…"
"Hey," Brianna said suddenly as they were closing in on Malachor V. "Revan's not on the ship!"

"Sarcastic praise: Very good, meatbag!" HK exclaimed.

"Where is he?" Brianna asked urgently. "And where's Bastila?"

"Bastila was only really here because Revan was," Canderous pointed out.

"And Revan wisely chose not to put himself in a position where he would have to struggle against his inner darkness," the Exile explained.

"That sounds like an excuse," Mira said skeptically.

The Exile walked over to her and placed a hand on her shoulder. "You are very fortunate, Mira, to not understand the sort of struggle that Revan faces every day. I sincerely hope that you never do."

Her skepticism not abating, Mira opened her mouth to respond when the ship started shaking.

"What's going on?" Visas asked, startled.

"I believe the ship is crashing," Bao-Dur reported calmly. "I would recommend that everybody hold on."

T3 beeped.

"Atton doesn't always crash," the Exile disagreed. "And I'm sure that, like all the other times, there is a perfectly good reason for this."

"'All the other times'?" Canderous repeated. "He sounds like he's as bad a pilot as Republic!"

The ship began to shake harder and lurch downwards and everyone scrabbled to grab onto something.

"I really wish this ship had better safety protocols," the Exile said wistfully. "Maybe places for us to strap in in the event of a crash."

There was one final crash and then the Ebon Hawk was still.

"Is it over?" Brianna asked hopefully.

"Are we dead?" Visas wondered.

Atton stumbled out into the main room.

"Don't tell me you were piloting drunk," Canderous said disgustedly. "Who do you think you are? Revan?"

"Could Revan pilot drunk?" Atton asked, frowning.

"I'm sure he could if he wanted to," Canderous sniffed.

"Enthusiastic agreement: Naturally! My master is the least meatbaggy meatbag I've ever encountered," HK chimed in.
"If we translate that into 'inhuman human' then I might agree," Atton mumbled.

"The Force does love him," Visas noted.

"I'm not drunk!" Atton snapped.

"As. So you're just a terrible pilot sober," Canderous realized. "That might be worse. At least you could stop drinking."

"It's not that!" Atton insisted. "The gravity on this planet…it's almost like it was trying to trap me."

"Oh, right, it was the planet's fault," Canderous mocked. "Next thing you know you'll claim there was some sort of disruptor beam."

"I have to go find Kreia," the Exile said solemnly. "And hopefully talk her out of suicide."

"And I need to go kill things," Canderous announced.

"Statement: I need to do that, too," HK agreed. "Clarification: That is the only reason I left my master to travel with you meatbags."

"Would it bother anyone if I were to blow this planet up?" Bao-Dur inquired.

"While we're on it?" Brianna asked, alarmed.

Bao-Dur shook his head. "Of course not! That would just be silly. I intend to send my remote out to locate four crashed ships, fix them, and then prime the mass shadow generator to explode literally seconds after we clear the atmosphere."

"With Atton as the pilot?" Canderous asked, horrified.

"I've heard good things about his ability to flee from explosions," Bao-Dur said, nodding respectfully Atton's way. "I heard about Peragus in particular."

"Of course you did," Atton muttered. "Did you also hear that that wasn't my fault?"

Everyone ignored him.

"Why do you wish to blow up the planet, anyway?" Visas wanted to know.

Bao-Dur shrugged. "I don't really know. I think it will be awesome."

"We can't go around blowing up planets because you think it will be fun," the Exile said reprovingly.

Bao-Dur looked put-out for a moment. "Any ideas?"

"Suggestion: Malachor V is an 'evil' planet and its existence harms the galaxy," HK suggested. "Exclamation: We should blow up Korriban, too!"

"I've actually never blown up a planet before," Canderous said musingly. He grinned. "I like it!"

"Well, I suppose they are both evil and unoccupied," the Exile said thoughtfully. "Hey, it just occurred to me that since Revan's not here nobody thought to ask about the remote."

"He'll explode," Bao-Dur answered matter-of-factly. "But it is a worthy sacrifice."
"Yes, definitely for the best he's not here," the Exile agreed.

"I'm going to go with you," Atton said suddenly but firmly. "I'm not just going to go out on the surface and kill things; I'm actually going with you."

"But Atton…I must go on alone at this point!" the Exile protested.

"Why?" Atton asked bluntly.

"I…don't…know," the Exile admitted.

"Then I'm going," Atton said as if that settled everything.

"Why would you want to, though?" the Exile asked him, confused. "This place is so dark side that even I don't want to go but I know that I have to."

Atton frowned. "Well…I don't, really, but I'm worried and I don't want you to have to go alone."

The Exile hesitated. "Alright. So Atton is going with me, Bao-Dur's remote is going off by itself, and HK and Canderous are going to go kill things. Is that everyone who wants to leave the ship?"

"I think that I would like to go and see the surface of the planet but that's it," Mira decided.

The six of them exited the Ebon Hawk to find a desolate wasteland of a planet.

"Well, there goes my curiosity," Mira muttered, turning to go back onto the ship.

"Mira!" growled a Wookie.

Mira froze. "Hanhaar?"

"I love how she automatically knows who it is," Atton remarked.

"Well, maybe he's the only Wookie that she knows," the Exile theorized.

"Hanhaar, I haven't seen you since Nar Shaddaa and that was months ago!" Mira cried out. She turned to face him and reached for her lightsaber.

"You left and I couldn't kill you," Hanhaar complained.

"You couldn't kill me anyway," Mira pointed out. "And of course I wouldn't seek your permission."

"The grey female brought me here," Hanhaar growled.

"…Why?" Mira asked him.

"I don't know," he admitted. "Something about making you stronger?"

"At least Kreia has faith in you," the Exile said, trying to be supportive.

Mira snorted. "I'm so grateful. Really, I am." She took out her lightsaber and quickly cut off both of Hanhaar's arms.

"Hey, that's cheating," Hanhaar protested, waving his stumps around.
"So?" Mira asked blankly.

Atton coughed something that sounded suspiciously like 'Jedi.'

"Oh, right. I'm a Jedi," Mira remembered. "Sort of."

"Hanhaar is right, you know," the Exile told her. "That's not very Jedi-like."

"It was self-defense!" Mira claimed.

"You'll have to kill me or I will hunt you forever," Hanhaar vowed. "And I do mean forever. I've really got nothing else to do for the rest of my life. At all. And I don't see that changing. Ever."

Mira shrugged. "Well, you heard the man."

Hanhaar's eyes widened. "Wait, what? You're actually going to kill me? What kind of a Jedi are y-"

He fell silent then as Mira cut him in half.

"You could have at least let him finish," the Exile pouted.

"Huh. I guess I could have," Mira realized. She looked around. "Hey, where are Canderous and HK?"

"Oh, they got bored watching someone else kill someone and so they went off to go start killing things of their own," the Exile explained.

"Well…good luck," Mira said a little awkwardly before practically fleeing to the ship.

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Atton and the Exile were about to enter the building (apparently called the Trayus Academy) when at least a dozen impassive Sith materialized in front of them.

They both dropped into a fighting stance and waited for the Sith to make the first move.

To their great surprise, however, the Sith merely dropped to their knees in two rows with space for the pair to walk between them.

"I don't understand what's going on," the Exile admitted.

"Neither do I but I think we should just go with it so we don't have to fight these people," Atton advised.

The Exile nodded. "Good idea."

Though the Sith waiting outside the Academy apparently were not hostile, everyone on the inside was and they had to hack and slash and Force lightning their way through the place.

"I really wish we had a map of some sort," Atton said grimacing as they walked through a room that – if the corpses littering the floor were any indication – they had been in before.

"Me, too," the Exile admitted. "Maybe…uh…that way?" She asked, pointing at random.

Atton shrugged. "I don't see why not."

Fortunately, the Exile had either gotten lucky or the Force had gotten tired of them failing so badly
and worked through them because that room did indeed contain Darth Sion.

"Is this a 'yay, we're making progress' moment or a 'crap, we just found Sion' moment?" Atton wondered.

"Maybe both," the Exile replied, shrugging.

"What is he doing here?" Sion hissed, glaring at Atton.

"He wouldn't take no for an answer," the Exile replied.

"He has no part to play in this," Sion said firmly.

"Actually 'he' does," Atton disagreed. "Maybe the Exile will have to face Kreia on her own or whatever but I can certainly help here."

"I refuse to acknowledge your presence further," Sion informed him before turning to the Exile. "You must go back the way you came."

"Why?" the Exile asked curiously, tilting her head.

"Because Kreia is going to destroy you and so you are better off dying on the surface of Malachor V," Sion replied.

"Actually, if I was planning on leaving then I wouldn't die on the surface of Malachor V because I'm not stupid. Instead, I would take the ship that I obviously arrived on and depart. And not die," the Exile explained. "But why do you want me to die, anyway? It's not very nice."

"I don't want you to die," Sion corrected her.

"But you just told me to," the Exile pointed out.

"Your death is inevitable," Sion revealed.

"Even if I go back to my ship?" the Exile asked.

Sion thought for a moment. "Yes."

"So you want me to go die on the surface because...?" the Exile prompted.

"Kreia will break you. It's really much kinder that you just get torn apart by the creatures or die from lack of food, water, or exposure," Sion promised.

"I don't believe you," the Exile told him. "And Kreia needs my help. Atris said she's a suicide risk."

"One such as her would never willingly choose to die," Sion said, scoffing at the very idea.

"Why are you so concerned about 'protecting' me from Kreia?" the Exile wondered. "I mean, your idea of protection is really, really skewed but the point still stands."

"You are beautiful to me," Sion revealed. "I hate you because you crawl inside my head like she does but you are just a presence and not hateful words and commands."

"Hate is the Sith equivalent of love, you know," Atton explained for the Exile. "And I'd just like to remind everybody that I got here first and the Exile and I are very happy."
The Exile nodded. "Indeed we are."

"You shouldn't even try to fight me," Sion warned. "After all, all that will happen is I will kill you or you will kill me and I will rise again. And if you kill me again then I will rise again. Each time you kill me I will rise again. You can't kill me forever and even if you could nothing would change and so it doesn't matter."

"Wow," the Exile breathed. "So if I lit you on fire you'd come back."

"I would," Sion agreed.

"And if I cut your head off, you'd return," the Exile continued.

"That is the case," Sion confirmed.

"And if I cut your chest open and pulled out your organs, you would still return to life," the Exile pressed.

Sion's eye twitched. "Is this going somewhere?"

The Exile nodded. "It is, actually. You only became immortal ten years ago at Malachor, yes?"

"You know that that is the case," Sion replied.

"Did any of those things I just mentioned happen to you? Or all three of them? Multiple times?" the Exile inquired.

"Why?" Sion asked suspiciously.

"It's just…it's great that you can't die and all but you've done some really hard living since then," the Exile answered. "I've spent the last ten years in exile and it was not an enjoyable experience but I have really got nothing on you. What have you been doing the past ten years?"

"Well, I did test my immortality for a bit," Sion began, "and my Master enjoyed testing it as well. Other people who may have been technically stronger than me killed me as well but, as you can see, I am here and they – I regret to inform you – are not."

"Is it really worth it, though?" the Exile asked, frowning.

"I…" Sion trailed off, blinking rapidly. "What do you mean?"

"You seen to have spent the last ten years dying all the time and it must have hurt like nobody's business. I have to think that you're still in constant pain. I doubt you can even see out of that one eye. And what do you have to show for it? A master who likes to kill you, who has already betrayed you, and who you mean nothing to?" the Exile asked rhetorically. "I am not in the habit of recommending suicide but at this point, Sion, I honestly have to ask what it is that you are living for."

Sion growled at her and for a moment there almost seemed to be color in his white as death cheeks. "You lie. My Master needs me and once you are out of the way then she will value me. She will have no choice."

But the Exile shook her head. "I hate to break it to you, Sion, but I think she would rather treasure nothing than treasure you."

There was a flicker in his eyes. "But…why? I do everything she asks! Everything! Why you and
"Let me answer that question with another one," the Exile said pleasantly. "Have you ever thought of turning away from the Force?"

"No, I have not," Sion answered honestly.

"Well there you go, then," the Exile said, shrugging.

"But I would die without the Force. I'm not exaggerating, really. I think that without the Force and my own willpower holding me together that I would literally die," Sion informed her.

"Kreia doesn't care, I don't think," the Exile responded. "If anything, it might make her hate you more. Kreia hates the Force and that's what you are: a living embodiment of the Force."

Sion suddenly slumped. "So I'll never get what I want," he said dejectedly. "And thinking on it, since Nihilus and I cast her out, I really don't know why I wanted what I wanted in the first place. I'm feeling so very lost and unfocused right now."

"Just let go," the Exile said invitingly. "You don't have to be in pain anymore, I promise. And I won't die, either. I'll face Kreia and I will prove victorious. I promise. It's alright."

"It's alright," Sion echoed, sounding very far away. "I'll hold you to that."

His good eye rolled back in his head and he collapsed suddenly like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

The Exile and Atton just stood there for a moment looking at each other.

"...Did you just talk a man into suicide?" Atton asked at last.

Wordlessly, the Exile nodded.

"Just checking," Atton told her.

"Listen, Atton, I appreciate that you want to come with me and help me but I think that facing Kreia might be too much," the Exile said gently. "I don't really know what I'll find but I know you two don't get along and I don't want any unexpected complications."

"I understand," Atton said solemnly. "Promise me that you'll keep that promise to Sion."

The Exile smiled at him. "You think I would lie to him and be honest with you?"

"I don't think you'd lie at all but I'd appreciate the extra bit of reassurance all the same," Atton confessed.

"I promise."

"I love you," he told her.

The Exile was strangely tempted to say 'I know' but fought the impulse. That wasn't very Jedi-like. "I love you, too."

She pulled Atton close for a quick kiss and then headed off to meet Kreia.

The Exile looked around at the rather creepy and decidedly evil settings. Kreia was standing in the
middle of a platform and though she was impatient to get things moving, she decided against shouting at her or hurrying to meet her. Instead, she continued her walk at a slow, leisurely pace.

"You look different," the Exile said in lieu of a greeting. "Did you change your hair?"

"I did," Kreia said, pleased. "So good of you to notice."

"Please don't kill yourself, Kreia," the Exile begged. "You've got so much to live for! And you apparently reconnected with you long-lost daughter and everything!"

"All that is true," Kreia said, nodding. "But I have no intention of killing myself."

That stopped the Exile cold. "You don't? Ah. I see I was misinformed then. What are you doing here, if I might ask?"

"You may," Kreia said tolerantly. "I'm waiting for you to kill me."

"And... why would I do that?" the Exile asked, confused.

"Because I am a Sith," Kreia told her.

"Former Sith," the Exile said pointedly. "You were doing so well for awhile there! I'm so sad to see that you've fallen off the wagon."

"I was never on the wagon, actually," Kreia corrected her. "Since before we even met I've been manipulating you. I even gave you the Force back though I feel that that was a mistake because you were more beautiful without it."

"You did?" the Exile asked, surprised. "I should thank you, then."

"You should," Kreia agreed.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," Kreia replied. "And before you ask, I didn't make Atris fall, I just pointed out she was already fallen and she reacted poorly. I did send Nihilus and Sion after you because they were a threat to the Republic and to me so I let you draw them out so you could kill them. And I hate the Force because I believe that following the will of the Force is akin to being a slave to it and so I want to see it die. It's entirely possible that this will wipe out most sentient life in the galaxy so maybe we should go slow. Either way, I know that you're the key to murdering the Force."

"N-no I'm not," the Exile denied, her voice shaking.

Kreia shrugged. "It does not matter to me whether or not you accept this because it is true regardless. And now it has come time to end this."

"Please reconsider, Kreia!" the Exile pleaded. "It's not too late for you!"

"Yes, it is," Kreia disagreed. "Even if you are too much of a Jedi to see it, I have chosen this path and I do not intend to turn from it now."

Without moving, Kreia used the Force to send three lightsabers she had hanging from her belt out in front of her and activated them.

Reluctantly, the Exile ignited her own lightsaber and prepared to do battle with the woman who
had taught her to feel the Force again.

Before she could get anywhere near Kreia, however, she first had to destroy two of the three lightsabers and they definitely didn't make it easy for her. Once she managed to get the first one destroyed, the second fell a little easier. The moment that the second was gone, the third flew back into Kreia's hand so she would not be defenseless. Fortunately, this meant that the Exile needn't concern herself with facing an armed opponent.

Eventually, the Exile got the opening she was looking for and plunged her lightsaber into Kreia's stomach.

"I am so sorry!" she apologized reflexively.

Kreia chuckled as she stumbled back. "Still such a Jedi. How the Council could have ever seen you as a threat is beyond me."

"Don't talk," the Exile entreated.

"I'm going to die; nothing will stop that now," Kreia told her. "And I wouldn't want to stop it even if I could. Would you like me to tell you about your friends?"

"What do you mean?" the Exile asked, puzzled. "I already know my friends pretty well."

"I can see into the future," Kreia revealed. "And I really doubt that you do."

"W-what?" the Exile asked startled. "Could you do this the whole time? If you could, why in the world didn't you do so earlier?"

Kreia shrugged. "I didn't want to. Is that a yes or a no?"

"Yes, please," the Exile said. "Tell me what happens to Revan."

"Revan will reluctantly take control of the new Jedi Order. His consolation will be, of course, that he makes it completely unrecognizable from the old Order. If nothing else, his new order boasts far less lust-induced falls to the dark side," Kreia revealed.

"Less people falling to the dark side is good," the Exile decided. "And Kavar?"

"He marries Queen Talia and counsels her during her long and prosperous reign. Their descendants will rule over Onderon for many a generation and ease their slide into the Republic," Kreia told her.

"And...Atton?" the Exile asked almost hesitantly.

Kreia laughed sardonically. "He is a fool and the Force watches out for those such as him. He has nothing to offer one such as you and he knows this all too well."

The Exile frowned. "Well that's just not true at all. I mean, if nothing else there's always the sex."

Kreia started coughing. "Wait, what? You're a Jedi!"

"It's simple," the Exile told her. "You said Revan is going to rebuild the Jedi Order and he is in love with Bastila and has apparently been in a relationship with her for quite some time. I can't imagine the 'no attachments' rule is going to stick around."

"And you're okay with that?" Kreia asked uncertainly.
The Exile nodded. "I always trust in the wisdom of the Council. But what about the Republic? What's going to happen with the true Sith?"

"I foresee that the Republic will be severely tested in three hundred years but, with any luck, it will ultimately stand," Kreia told her. "Now I really hope that that was the last of your questions."

The Exile nodded. "It was."

"Good because that's all the time I have to answer them," Kreia said, slowly sinking to her knees. In a few seconds, she had stopped breathing.

The Exile blinked. "Wow, that is convenient timing!"

The Exile nodded. "I always trust in the wisdom of the Council. But what about the Republic? What's going to happen with the true Sith?"

"I foresee that the Republic will be severely tested in three hundred years but, with any luck, it will ultimately stand," Kreia told her. "Now I really hope that that was the last of your questions."

The Exile nodded. "It was."

"Good because that's all the time I have to answer them," Kreia said, slowly sinking to her knees. In a few seconds, she had stopped breathing.

The Exile blinked. "Wow, that is convenient timing!"

Actually, wait, no it's not.

Because that would be stupid and not an ending.

To be continued so Review Please!
When the Ebon Hawk docked back with Citadel Station, the crew was met by Carth, Revan, Bastila, as well as three people most of them had never met before. There was an old, black human man wearing Jedi Robes, a peppy blue Twi'lek, and a Wookie.

Mira came out first. "Hanhaar? But I killed you."

"My name isn't Hanhaar, human, it's Zaalbar. I find the fact that you would just assume that any Wookie you see must be this 'Hanhaar' – particularly since he is apparently dead – racist," Zaalbar growled.

"At least I can understand you," Mira pointed out.

"True," Zaalbar agreed, glancing Carth's way.

Carth sighed. "Let me guess: I'm racist. Again."

"I think the proper term is 'still'," the Twi'lek said brightly. "But hey, at least you're self-aware."

"It's hard not to be after all this time, Mission," Carth said dryly.

The other people on the ship started to file out as well at this point.

"I'm going to hit the Cantina," Mira announced. "That journey was boring. Who want to see if they can drink me under the table?"

"I'm there," Canderous said immediately.

"Won't you have to remove your helmet?" the Exile asked curiously.

Canderous nodded. "Probably. Even if I did know how to drink without removing it, sooner or later I'd get too drunk to bother."

"I'm there," Atton and Bao-Dur said simultaneously.

Mira linked her arm through Visas'. "You should come, too. Live a little."

"I…don't understand," Visas admitted.

"Which is why you need to go," Mira urged.

"Very well," Visas agreed.

"I've never actually gotten drunk," Brianna admitted. "It was against the Echani Code."

Atton groaned in sympathy. "Everything is against the Echani Code! But you sort of killed everyone else so I think you're good for some alcohol."

"Okay," Brianna said uncertainly.

"This is going to be very interesting," Canderous said, cackling.
Revan winced. "T3, go with them and make sure they get back safely, will you?"

T3 beeped his confirmation and rolled off after the departing party.

"SO who are these people?" the Exile asked curiously.

Mission opened her mouth.

"And yes, I do remember that his name is Zaalbar," the Exile hastened to add, nodding towards Zaalbar. "And I think he said your name was Mission but that's really not what I meant."

"Yes, I'm Mission Vao," Mission introduced. She peered closely at her. "Out of curiosity, do you speak the Wookie language?"

"Of course I do. I'm a Jedi," the Exile said, practically bursting with pride.

"The three of us," Zaalbar said, gesturing to himself, Mission, and the man in the Jedi robes, "also travelled with Revan during the war and Mission wanted to visit him. I'm the Chieftain of my village right now so I shouldn't stay away for very long but I'm sure that they can get by without me for a little while."

"I'm here because I heard that you lot were planning on rebuilding the Jedi Order," the man explained.

"How did you even hear about that?" Revan demanded. "We didn't make an announcement." He eyed them all suspiciously. "Did we?"

"I didn't," the Exile told him. "I don't even know this person."

"I didn't either, Revan," Bastila promised him.

"Carth?" Revan asked pointedly.

Carth held up his hands defensively. "Hey, I try to stay out of Jedi matters."

"It was the will of the Force that I know," the man said cryptically.

"Oh, don't you start, Jolee," Revan said crossly. "We just got rid of Kreia!"

"What happened with that?" Carth asked, concerned. "Are we going to have another Sith Lord on our hands? Or even a redeemed or in the process of finding redemption Sith Lord?"

The Exile closed her eyes briefly in remembrance of her fallen mentor. "No. I tried to save her but she seemed quite willing to go. She tried to explain her plan to me but it was all 'the Force is controlling our lives' and 'I want to murder it and to use you to murder it' and I just don't get it."

"Maybe she was high at the time," Mission suggested. "I've seen druggies come up with some pretty interesting ideas."

The Exile shrugged. "I'm afraid I don't know. I wouldn't be able to recognize someone drugged if I saw them."

"So I guess we'll never know why she did all of this," Bastila said sadly.

"Statement: Perhaps not but I got to kill a lot of things so I don't care," HK informed them.
Bastila rolled her eyes. "Well of course you don't."

"Maybe she was going senile like Vrook," Revan suggested. He looked suddenly worried. "I hope he's alright going to Nar Shaddaa all by himself. I mean, I know he has a lightsaber and a lot of Force powers but he hasn't been showing the best judgment as of late."

Carth coughed conspicuously.

Everyone turned to look at him.

"Yes, Carth?" Mission asked.

"Actually..." Carth began awkwardly. "I'm pretty sure that I know exactly why Kreia did what she did. Or, well, at least part. I suppose she could have always had some other motivation."

"Why am I not surprised that you stalked her?" Zaalbar muttered.

"Exile, could you please translate that?" Carth asked before Mission could 'translate.'

The Exile nodded. "Certainly, Carth. Zaalbar said 'Why am I not surprised that you stalked her?'"

Carth flushed. "I am not stalking her!"

"Clearly not because she's dead," Mission said reasonably. "That's why Zaalbar said 'stalked' as in past-tense."

"Look, just because I ran a thorough background on everyone who travelled with you doesn't mean that I'm a stalker!" Carth said heatedly.

"I think it kind of does, actually," Revan disagreed. "But hey, tell them the good news about Goto."

"Well, I'm not sure it's 'good news', exactly," Bastila said slowly.

"G0-T0 has turned out to be our missing droid after all so with a memory wipe and some reprogramming – as well as much closer supervision – we have put him back to work restoring Telos," Carth said happily.

"Horrified exclamation: Master, that's dreadful! You are such a wonderful Master," HK praised.

"If he were anyone else I'd think he was just sucking up to try and avoid that kind of a fate but no, it's just HK and he has not changed a bit," Mission noted.

Revan beamed. "I know. I'm so lucky."

Mission snorted. "That's one word for it..."

"What did you find in the background check?" Bastila prompted.

Carth started. "Oh, right. I found her medical records and it turned out that about a month before Peragus blew up, Kreia was diagnosed with a terminal disease. If she hadn't been killed at Malachor she'd only have a few more weeks left anyway."

"So she's dying and she figures she might as well wreak havoc upon the galaxy before she goes?" Revan asked, unimpressed. "Maybe take the Force and all life down with her? Thank you so much for that, Kreia."
"Sincere echo: Thank you so much for that, meatbag," HK said gratefully.

"Poor Kreia," the Exile said softly.

Revan couldn't believe it. "Poor Kreia? Poor Kreia? All of this was her fault in the first place! People have died because she couldn't just die naturally or find an easier way to commit suicide! Not to mention that I had to actually do things!"

"Somehow, I thought that might be your primary concern," Bastila said dryly.

"At least she's in a better place now," the Exile said, trying to smile.

"Oh, she had better not be," Revan muttered darkly.

"I'm Jolee Bindo, by the way," Jolee introduced once everyone had fallen silent. "I'm a sort of Jedi. The Council never kicked me out even though they totally should have and actually kept trying to promote me with such tenacity that I ran away to live on Kashyyyk for twenty years to avoid having to serve on the Council."

The Exile frowned, trying to understand. "But if you went to such extreme measures to avoid being on the Council before then why in the world would you want to be on it now? Or do you want to help rebuild the Jedi without serving on the Council?"

"I am most definitely going to be on the Council," Jolee said firmly. "I'm too damn old to do anything else. And the difference is that that was someone else's Jedi Order with a bunch of stupid rules. This will be our Jedi Council."

The Exile bit her lip. "I was thinking about that, actually. What kind of changes are we planning on making? The old Council was very wise, you know."

Revan rolled his eyes. "We know that you think so, at any rate."

"Nothing extreme," Bastila promised her. "It's just that the old Council – the old Order – was founded quite some time ago and during the War with Exar Kun a half a century ago many changes were made. These changes were too reactionary and will not lead us down a good path. It needs to be changed, to go back to the glory days of our Order."

The Exile's eyes lit up. "Oh, I like that. Going back to before the Sith came and caused things to get so complicated and maybe make a few missteps."

"The very first thing that I insist upon is that we stop this nonsense about Jedi not being allowed to fall in love or get married," Jolee declared grandly. "Love itself will save you, not condemn you."

Carth rolled his eyes. "I've heard that one before."

"Yeah, stop quoting yourself," Mission ordered.

Jolee crossed his arms defiantly. "I will when I find someone else who says things that are quote-worthy or when I stop saying things that beg to be quoted practically before I say them."

"That will be never then," Zaalbar remarked.

"Besides, the Jedi Code never actually said anything about meaningless sex and I really don't think that that is more good and Jedi-like than love," Jolee added. "And don't think that those hormonal Jedi teenagers and twenty-year-olds – and older! – weren't fully aware of this loophole."
Revan threw his hands up in the air. "I have studied the Jedi Code extensively – all five lines of it – and looked at it from every possible interpretation! I have even resorted to asking random passerbys what they think and there is no way that 'There is no emotion there is peace, there is no ignorance there is knowledge, there is no passion there is serenity, there is no chaos there is harmony, there is no death there is the Force' could possibly mean don't fall in love or get married."

Bastila groaned. "Oh not this again! We're building our own Order, Revan, it doesn't even matter anymore!"

But Revan was, for once, unmoved. "Do you admit that I was right then?"

"Fine, whatever," Bastila said, annoyed.

"Success!" Revan cheered.

"Okay so Jedi are allowed to fall in love and get married, that's good," the Exile said, nodding. "What else?"

"Speaking as the parent of a Force-sensitive son, I think that you should really stop with the kidnapping of children and never letting them see their parents," Carth opined.

"It's not kidnap, Carth," the Exile corrected, her eyes wide. "We ask permission."

"Yeah but even so, it's pretty skeevy," Carth insisted. "What do you think, Bastila?"

Bastila hesitated. "I have enjoyed the chance to reconnect with my mother even if I don't think we'll ever get along and I was sorry to have never gotten the chance to see my father again. And I suppose that if we are going to allow for marriages then family connections should be acceptable as well."

"I'm so glad you think so," Revan told her. "Because this saves me the effort of having to use Force Persuade to convince people to let us keep any children that we might have because you just know that they will be Force sensitive and I will never believe anything else is possible."

Bastila raised an eyebrow. "Might?"

"It's always best to plan for all eventualities," Revan said serenely. "Incidentally, this also gets rid of the rule forcing Jedi to give up their children."

"Jedi had to give up their children?" Zaalbar couldn't believe it. "Why would anybody want to be a Jedi?"

"They usually don't have much of a choice. They're so young when their parents make the decision and the parents just want them to have a better life," Bastila explained quietly.

"That's another thing that strikes me," Mission spoke up.

"What's that?" Carth asks.

"What is the maximum cut-off age for Jedi training?" Mission asked.

Bastila frowned. "I'm not sure if there is really a maximum age. They liked to get the younglings as soon as possible."

"Also, why can't the Jedi just call them 'children' like normal people?" Zaalbar wondered.
"I don't know," Bastila conceded. "The Council liked to get the children as soon as they were identified and I don't think I ever saw or heard of someone being accepted who was over seven. Why?"

"I think that's a stupid policy in general because it only means that you're wasting a lot of potentially powerful Force users. It also means that if you want to be a Jedi and you're eight that you have to wait until you grow up, join the Sith, and then 'redeem' yourself after they train you," Mission complained. "And you can't afford it now even more than ever considering that the entire Jedi Order consists of our friends."

"Dustil might be interested, too," Carth offered. "Especially since you're getting rid of the reasons he never went to the Jedi after leaving Korriban."

The Exile snapped her fingers. "That reminds me! One of the reasons it took us so long to get back was because Bao-Dur felt that blowing up Malachor V did a lot to remove evil from this galaxy but not enough and so we also blew up Korriban."

"You blew up two planets?" Bastila asked, aghast.

"They were evil planets," the Exile explained.

"Proud declaration: It was my idea to blow up Korriban and to say it was because they were evil!" HK enthused.

"We might want to keep an eye on this 'Bao-Dur',' Carth said, a bit disturbed.

"Hey, who will be on the Council?" the Exile inquired.

"I'll do it," Revan volunteered immediately. "In fact, I think that I should be the Jedi Grand Master."

Everyone stared at him.

"What?" he asked. "Like Jolee said, when you're on the Council you never actually have to do anything. Plus this way I can make sure that the Council doesn't do stupid things like ignore huge threats to the Republic."

"But the Grand Master?" Bastila asked uncertainly. "That sounds like a lot of responsibility, Revan."

"Sure it sounds like it is," Revan agreed. "But it's not, really."

"Really?" Bastila repeated skeptically.

"It's called 'delegating', Bastila," Revan informed her. "I learned all about it during the war. You'll love it one day, too, I'm sure. And the more important your position is the more you can delegate."

"Jolee already said he was going to be on the Council and I think that you should be on it as well, Bastila," the Exile said seriously. "You three were Jedi before any of this started and so have the experience to run things in the early years."

"What bout you?" Mission asked curiously. "Don't you want to be on the Council?"

Revan glared at her but she ignored him.

The Exile smiled her way. "That's very sweet of you to ask but honestly I wouldn't feel comfortable
due to my exile."

"You don't see Jolee running away or Revan and Bastila both turning evil stop them," Mission pointed out.

"I don't think you're helping," Zaalbar spoke up.

"No, probably not," Mission agreed, unconcerned.

"And even if it weren't for that I've always been much happier helping people directly than helping to regulate things and watching others help people," the Exile admitted. "So thank you but no thanks."

"If that's your decision," Bastila said, secretly relieved. "And what about the other people you've trained?"

"Honestly, Bastila, I don't think any of them are quite Council material," Revan told her. "Bao-Dur apparently blows up planets now, Brianna committed multiple sororicide, Visas is still too codependent, Mira doesn't even bother to pretend to care about being a Jedi, and Atton hates Jedi."

"He does?" the Exile asked, shocked.

"I mean 'wouldn't want to be on the Council so that he may travel around the galaxy doing good with the Exile'," Revan corrected, hoping to avoid the Exile being troublesome and causing a scene.

The Exile grinned delightedly. "Really? That's so sweet! He's wonderful."

"He's got the patience of a saint, that's for sure," Revan agreed.

"So is that everything then?" Carth asked. "You're going to create a new Jedi Order that has virtually nothing in common with the old one?"

"Ours will be better," Revan said, shrugging. "It's kind of hard not to be."

"Or at the very least we'll like it better," Bastila tempered. "I do feel kind of guilty about Juhani and Mical, though. They'll probably meet their death out their searching for the 'True Sith' when they don't even exist."

"What?" Revan asked, surprised. "They're absolutely real. Malak and I met the Emperor right before he decided to conquer the galaxy. The Empire has been building up their forces ever since they were wiped off of Korriban and I don't even want to think about how they'll react to the planet being destroyed. We should really work to try and prepare the Republic for the eventual invasion."

Once again, everyone turned to stare at him in shock and horror.

"What?" he asked again. "Look, just because I couldn't be bothered to go out there and do something about it doesn't mean it's not a thing. Did I seriously not mention that?"

"No," Bastila said once she had finally found her voice, trying and failing to keep calm. "You did not."

Revan merely shrugged. "Oops."

It's the end so Review Please!
Chapter End Notes

I should probably mention that the Exile and Revan won't be going to the unknown regions in my version of events. She doesn't really know what's even going on and does that really sound like something Revan would do?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!