Tra’an Reith 9059

Speaking Beyond the Veil

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Ronovi asked.

Staring into the void from the cargo bay of the Acclimator class Capitol Ship, *Wrath*, Tra’an Reith di Plagia found his mind drifting across the 30 or so odd years.

“Not particularly,” he responded laconically. “Coming face to face with the dead is never an easy thing.” The former Quaestor’s shoulders drooped as if under a tremendous weight. “But it must be done, if only to bring an end to the doubts that have plagued me for so many years.” He replied to Ronovi, shoulder squaring to once again carry the weight that had followed him for the better part of seven years.

“It’s time snake boy. Come lay down.” The Epicanthix slapped the side of the stasis chamber that she herself had been placed into, to pass the years until it was safe for her to emerge from her cryo-sleep.

The diPlagia shook his head, and disrobed down to his briefs, scales shining in the starlight, throwing odd reflections in the dim cargo bay. He climbed into the tube and lay down, letting himself drift as his form Aedile began the process of lowering his body temperature to bring him to the cusp of death. The former Quaestor of House Plagueis reached out with the Force and called into an altogether different sort of void from the one he had just been staring into, “Unus Domus, come to me” and drifted…

It seemed to have taken no time at all, before the Kaleesh opened his eyes and knew that something altogether different was happening. The majestic and soaring arches of the Ice Temple Ruins on Morroth rose above him. The blue-white ice sculptures and gracefully designed ruins were pristine, training mats and dojo implements neatly stacked away. Unlike how he’d last left it, covered in corpses.

Tra’an rose, dressed in his old Obelisk uniform, and strode to where he last remember putting Unus to rest, and found it empty. Though the face of his former lover, Libra Tzo, shone softly from her encapsulation in the ice next to the spot where Unus had come to rest.

“You have come a long way for a chat with a dead man, Quaestor.” Unus’ voice drawled lazily.

As the Augur turned, the Weequay stood before him hale and hearty, as if not a moment had passed since that last briefing before the appearance of the Star Weird in the Jusadih system. In an uncharacteristic moment, the Kaleesh let go of his composure and stepped forward ot hug his friend, only for his arms to pass right through.

“Just because I’m here, doesn’t *\*actually\** mean that I’m here.” He chuckled. His reddish brown skin flickered a little, momentarily shifting to his robes, before returning to his military uniform. “You however, are far from where you really are. What brings you here, to seek time with a dead man?” he asked.

It took a moment for the former Dread Lord to regain his composure, and remember why he’d come.

“You died, for nothing. In the end, you were left to rot on that ice moon, for *nothing*.” Tra’an hissed. It had been the one thing that he had regretted most. Unus’ death had been entirely preventable, but for the vain arrogance of a young Quaestor still young, and dumb.

The spirit looked at him, facial expressions transitioning from disbelief, to laughter rapidly, never quite getting it right. There was no sound at first, just the rictus of hilarity.

“You risked death, destruction, and the loss of the Force, to what, come here in grief because I died doing my job?” This time, the breezy almost wheezing laughter of a Weequay came through, the sound familiar despite the years since he’d last heard it. “I died that Plagueis might live. Even if my objective was not mission critical, my death was still in pursuit of the ultimate goal. Plagueis had to die to live. We had certainly discussed it often enough in the Summit chambers.”

Tra’an’s head snapped up at the reminder of this. He’d forgotten that Unus had been present, privy to, and involved in those far fetched discussions. They had just been dreams at the time, of leaving Jusadih to start over. The clan had grown fat and lazy. Even being reduced to House Plagueis from Clan PLagueis hadn’t been enough to bring about change.

“You remember now,” Unus responded again. “Good. Remember this if nothing else, you led us from our sedentary life into a life of intrigue and a return to the Darkness from which we were made. Plageuis was formed to follow in the steps of Darth Plagueis the Wise. Nothing was too Dark, too Esoteric, too Taboo for us. When all others sought to find balance or allow the Light to shine, we sought its extinction.” Tra’an opened his mouth, only to close it as Unus gave him the stare that had made the Weequay infamous as the Sargent for Battleteam Primus Pilus.

“Thanks to you, the House survived. Thanks to you, it thrived. I see from your mind and your reactions that we have re-Clanned. That is good. Remember to follow the example of our namesake and seek the darkness. For what it’s worth, I forgive you. Now go forth, and chase the Force wherever it leads.” Tra’an Reith opened his mouth, and then opened his eyes.

The chill penetrated deep into his bones, and the Kaleesh could not help but to thrash and shiver in the cold, barely able to pry himself out of the pod and onto the floor, landing with a thud. Ronovi lay a blanket over him and helped him to stand, the last few shivers dissipating in the ambient heat of the deck.

“Did you find what you were looking for?” the Epicanthix inquired.

“And then some,” the diPlagia replied. “It’s time we returned to our roots again. We have a War to win.”