

The Grandmaster stood before his squadron mates and with a sigh and heavy heart announced, "I will be retiring effective immediately to pursue my job as Grand Master, it pains me to announce this but it is the sacrifice I make as a Sith." Before any could speak and try to talk him out of it he slipped off and down the corridor to the galley.

With a smirk he looked to the head cook, "Well I survived you Didn't kill me off with your food, it shows who is the stronger one indeed." The cook just shook his head and continued to grind Tatooinian stink crawlers into the nights stew.

Leaving the galley, the Grandmaster walked to his chambers to gather his last personal effects, with a sigh he looked at each item to remember the significance.

The Grandmaster picked up an old weathered with age party hat, and smiled thinking back to the welcoming party he received when assuming command. The Squadron mates jumping out from hiding places in the meeting room they called him to for an 'important' meeting. He danced with a female squadron mates, laughed and sung poorly, eventually staggering away to collapse in his bunk.

Next the Grandmaster picked up a bouquet and smiles remembering the wedding of two of his Lt's. He had escorted the bride in her long white gown in the father of the bride role the husband wearing his dress uniform. Remembering how he had to give her a long talk to keep her from wearing her dress uniform instead of the dress and how he only convinced her by agreeing to escort her. A beautiful event amiss chaos and in the end he without realizing caught the bouquet she threw.

Looking down the Grandmaster saw a broken shot glass and remembered the day that rookie was transferred in, how he bought everyone at the cantina a round and got into a fight with a drunken stormtrooper. Both of them fought hard but then the stormtroopers friends joined in. However, the young rookie didn't care he just fought harder to prove himself. When one of the stormtroopers broke a chair over the rookies back the Grandmaster stepped in. A mere

ignition of a lightsaber would have stopped the fight but the Grandmaster instead fought with his hands. In the end he and the rookie was sitting back against an overturned table and the rookie grabbed two shot glasses from the floor, pouring them full of Corellian brandy from a nearby bottle and they both drunk to each others health.

Regretfully he then picked up a piece of scrap metal. Broken and twisted and burnt with laser fire. A tear almost came to the Grandmasters eye as he looked to it and thought back to that mission where he was disabled and about to be rammed and destroyed by a filthy pirate. As the pirate was almost upon him he saw a ship, its weapon ports destroyed ram the pirate exploding both into a ball of fire, the moment that happened the Grandmasters ship came back online. Turning to dodge debris he surveyed what happened. The rookie he had befriended in the cantina had sacrificed himself to save his commander. The debris was from the rookie's ship.

The Grandmaster then picked up a birthday candle to place in his bag. The black as Sith candle was on the center of the cake surrounded by the number of his age. He smiled as he thought back to the lavish cake the squadron mate's had made for him, not bought but handmade. Honestly, he would have preferred a bought one as that one tasted like bantha fodder. He laughed and put on a fake smile for the joyful squadron mates who put their hearts and souls into making the cake and were pleased to see the Grandmasters enjoyment.

Packing up the satchel of memories the Grandmaster turns to survey the room, he spent so much time in and turns the light off a final time before heading to the docking bay, a soft smile on his face as he sees his squadron mates lined up in attention to show their devotion for their leaving commander.

The Grandmaster turned to look at his squadron mates and gave them a final salute before turning and stepping on board his shuttle, "All good things must end one day, but more shall come on the horizon."

FM/LT Mirei Seppen/Delta 1-2/Wing I/ISDII Hammer  
SS/BS/PC/ISMx3/IS-3BW-2BR/LoC-CS-Rx1/LoS-IS/CoB/OV-17E [GALL]  
[Trainee] [Private 3rd]  
{IU:C/TC-C/DB-SM/3-AIM-BOT-BX-CBX-FLA-ICQ-LIN-LSC-SGBMC-WPN}  
BTM/NOV Mirei Seppen/Hyperion Flight Battleteam/Clan Drakonan  
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