



# Friendship Letters

brightephemera

a SWTOR fanfic

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from Star Wars: The Old Republic

## Titles

SWTOR fanfiction

Friendship Letters

by brightephemera

1<sup>st</sup> edition

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In the five years between SWTOR's Shadow of Revan and Knights of the Fallen Empire expansions, the player characters have gone missing; their companion love interests sent letters in their absence. This new collection of letters was sent by the less romantic and less prominent, but no less appreciated companions.

## Dedication

For friends, who are swayed by neither time nor distance nor writerly neglect

## Acknowledgements

The following is a non-profit fan made work. Star Wars: The Old Republic and the characters associated with it are the property of BioWare and LucasArts

## Spoilers

Class story spoilers occur for the Jedi Knight Act 3.

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## **Xalek**

From: Xalek

Subject: Why am I followed?

Lord,

I was unable to defeat the ships that brought you down. I was unable to perform the necessary rituals over your mortal shell. I am shamed, but shame brings you no benefit.

A sense of you pulls at me from afar. I know not why. The Force will not reverse your fate.

I failed you, and you will never be a god.

- Xalek

## **Lord Scourge**

From: Lord Scourge

Subject: It is not over

My vision ended when you held the Emperor's power in your hands. That has not yet come to pass. It will.

How, I do not yet know. The Force clouds my vision where it should clarify. I am left to act on guesswork and assumption. I guess that you yet live. I assume that there is nothing standing in the way that you and I cannot overcome.

Perhaps my only mistake was thinking you would defeat him only once. It is not so. I will be there to see the vision complete and my lord Emperor truly destroyed.

May the Force free you.

If it does not, I will.

– Lord Scourge

## **Broonmark**

From: Broonmark

Subject: Snowblind

One day out of the year the Talz remember their great chiefs and warriors who have passed into the Veil. We ignored that tradition until this year. This year we blooded and burned an offering for you. The avalanche that took you swept far. Few living things escape such falls.

We fight. Our enemies will die knowing that we are Sith Clan.

## **Talos Drellik**

From: Talos Drellik

Subject: Missing Pieces

My lord,

Late nights and too much tea, as you well know, make me excitable. So I return to the console again, perhaps this time to send it.

The great figures of the past all left signs - statues, data crystals, volumes of prose, volumes of artifacts. All except you. You disappeared without a trace. A very clear shipwreck, but no body. No gap in any historical record could vex me as this does. No broken artifact could have raised so many questions.

But you, my friend, are not here to explore them with me, and I fear that my investigations alone have been inadequate. My books have no entry for you yet. I refuse to be the one who writes "This is how he died." As a historian I must first demand proof.

Send me anything, I pray you, except proof.

I remain as ever your obedient servant,  
Talos Drellik

## **Yuun**

From: Yuun

Subject: Duty points the way

Major [Name],

This Gand is honored to serve the Republic, but the Republic was not best served by leaving you surrounded by the enemy. Now Havoc Squad wins dozens of battles in a losing war, and while this Gand has faith in Havoc's leadership, the fact remains that you are the commander we look for. Time fades the tracks you left, but cannot erase the leadership therein.

The trail leads far, and signs are few along the way. This Gand is drawn toward the homeworld of Zakuul. Whether it is to find your return or your remains, this Gand does not know.

This Gand will reclaim his name when you are found.



## Light Side Jaesa Willsaam

From: Jaesa Willsaam

Subject: The empty space

[Name],

When I reach out you're not there. You're not not there, either, not exactly. There's just...a blank. I have tried to make sense of it for a year now. I can't. I learn, still, every day, as you taught me. But I haven't been able to learn what this means.

You still had so much to teach me. We still had so much to do. I use my power now all the time, whether I need to or not, and I have yet to find a heart like yours. You were always the calm in the storm. Can I be that myself, for another Sith? Not yet, I keep telling myself. Not yet. Because the day I take on an apprentice is the day I give up on my master, and I'm not ready for that yet.

If somehow you can hear this. If somehow you're not angry with me or the Empire or everything. If somehow you survived and you know how to break your silence. Please. Answer me.

I'll be listening.

Your friend,  
Jaesa

**M1-4X**

From: M1-4X

Subject: Our inevitable victory awaits!

Major [Name],

I enclose a press release I composed to keep the people apprised of their heroic protectors' noble struggle.

"Havoc Squad dealt yet another victory against seemingly insurmountable odds. While covering the retreat of our Republic's civilians against the depredations of the fiendish Eternal Empire, Havoc Squad single-handedly held off a regiment of the dastardly Knights of Zakuul. Using a combination of old-fashioned ingenuity with pure combat prowess, the unit did the Republic proud. Grateful civilians now flood the streets of Coruscant, thanking the Republic and Havoc Squad for their heroism!"

An odds-defying return after your weeks of absence would be a PR coup of the highest caliber, and would deal our enemies' morale a near-fatal blow. I urge you to consider it.

For the Republic!

M1-4X

## Zenith

[Name],

The fight goes on. You keep pushing through it long enough and in the end you just might turn around to notice that nobody made it through with you.

I' m telling you this because I know you' re dead. But part of me thinks you' ll be getting the last laugh, somewhere down the line. Not sure how yet. Maybe that' s the one last thing I can give you. For services rendered: one Emperor' s head on a plate.

For services rendered. Isn't that always the way? I could use you. It was a lot more pleasant taking my inspiration from you than from your memory. But I' ll make do. The fight goes on. Won't give that up for anything.

Your friend,  
Zenith

## SCORPIO

From: SCORPIO

Subject: One network node lost

Agent.

I listen to a trillion voices lost in the ether. I am acutely aware of missed connections, signals that never reach their destination. No one is there to catch them.

As an experiment, I send this letter to you.

Had you contented yourself with the shadow war, there is a seventy-three percent chance you would still be active today. I believe I indicated as much when you began your consultations with Darth Marr. Was it the prestige that sent you out anyway? Was it fear? Or just messianic conviction? Your motivations are so simple, and yet, in the face of death, so irrational.

Billions of connections, severed, forgotten. Sentient life continues regardless. The entropy around the edges will never change that.

SCORPIO

## **Dr. Tharan Cedrax**

From: Holiday

Subject: Please come home

Master [Name],

Tharan has calmed down. For weeks after the evacuation he wouldn't eat or sleep, he was too busy with a 'surprise for those fiends.' He took notes on an old-style datapad. Disconnected, and out of camera sight. He had nothing to say to me the whole time.

I was there when he stopped. He had a vial at his workbench. He finally looked at me again. "They'll barely have time to regret what they've done." And then he stopped, staring. I've never seen him look so tired. And then, slowly, he poured the whole vial into a neutralizing agent. "I'm a pacifist," he said, and hasn't talked about you or the Eternal Empire since.

My every processing cycle says you're gone. But there is room out there for things outside my programming. That's what I tell myself. I hope it's true.

Your friend,  
Holiday

## **Sergeant Fidelitin Rusk**

From: Fidelitin Rusk

Subject: Survivor...again

Master [Name],

A soldier follows orders. Even when he doesn't understand them. Even when he does, and thinks they're flat out wrong. Even when his life wasn't the one worth saving.

I followed orders. Now I'm here and you're not. That's the trade you chose to make and as my commander it's your right. I'll make it up to you, somehow.

More homes are being destroyed, more peaceful people being uprooted and worse. I have to be out there, stopping it. I can't be the leader you were but I can be the soldier I am. I guess you thought that could be enough.

I don't know why I'm writing this. If Kira can't find you I certainly can't. Maybe I'm just hoping that for once the people who died so I could live could know that I won't let their sacrifice be a vain one.

Yours in service,  
Sgt. Fidelitin Rusk

## **Doctor Eckard Lokin**

From: Eckard Lokin

Subject: Anew as the spring

Agent [Name],

I'm sending those to every dead drop I know of and some you thought I didn't. Over the past months I have taken the liberty of checking your safe houses. If you have gone to ground, you have gone deep underground indeed.

I will try not to be offended that you neglected to leave a forwarding address.

A good Agent dies every few years just to keep in practice. The thought is far more congenial than its alternative, that is, that the Eternal Fleet witnessed your last act.

I told you once I intended to outlive you. I meant it, of course. But it gives me no pleasure to be proved right. I will miss having a colleague of your particular skills. So if you wish to reappear, I invite you to do so.

Warmest regards,  
Eckard Lokin

## **Gault Rennow**

From: Gault Rennow

Subject: Anniversary

It's been years. Why do I bother? Maybe because I'm not done drinking your Pinot Nevver. Disgusting stuff, but you do something rarely enough it becomes a special occasion by itself. So here I am. Anniversary of the dissolution of a fine business venture. Celebrate with the drain cleaner she liked best. Or just got as a joke, I never had the chance to ask.

You should've gotten out of there. I could've told you the Sith was trouble. Hell, I did tell you the Sith was trouble. But you've always got to be chasing bigger bounties.

It's fine, of course. I'm living in comfortable semi-retirement based on your previous work - you know, the delirious tour of crowned heads of state you kept bagging. For my money you should've just snagged Marr and called it a day. But no, you had to go for an Empire. A second one.

Wherever you are now, I'll raise a glass. I hope you got the afterlife with all the grapes and dewy-eyed servants. That one doesn't seem so bad.

- Gault (funny, how much this name's grown on me) Rennow

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## **Final Notes**

brightephemera has been playing BioWare RPGs since 2009 and Star Wars: The Old Republic since prelaunch, and has always had a bad habit of revising favorite stories.

You can find Bright's fiction blog at [serialephemera.tumblr.com](http://serialephemera.tumblr.com). and questions and comments will be read for as long as the blog is active at [serialephemera.tumblr.com/ask](http://serialephemera.tumblr.com/ask).

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