

# Alkyone

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*In 119 ABY, thirteen year-old Alkyone, a half-Arhan, half-Chiss Mandalorian and her family leave their home-planet, Mandalore to go to Nar Shadda when her uncle, a Jedi named Hyperion said that they may be in danger if they stay on Mandalore.*

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# 1 - Alkyone

119 ABY

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"Father, why must we leave *Manda'yamin*?"

"*Ad'ika*, We must go to Nar Shadda, your *ba'vodu* says that *Manda'yamin* is not safe for your *buir*"

"Why would mother be in *buruk*?"

"Your *ba'vodu* says the *aruetiise* may come to *Manda'yamin* one day"

"Oh, can I have a *bes'kad*?"

"In time."

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"*Ba'vodu*! Uncle!"

"Hey there sweetie, how are you? Have you been working on your Basic?"

"Yes, I have, and daddy is teaching me Cheunh and Minnisiat. But I like Mando'a better."

"Thats understandable. Hey I got you a present."

"Really?"

"Yeah, When I was in the Tapani sector, I managed to find a lightfoil for you."

"*Vor'e*!"

"Huh, sweetie you have to remember that I don't speak Mando'a"

"I said thanks. I love it!"

"I had the handle engraved, look"

"*To Alkyone, my beloved niece*"

"Thank you uncle, this means the world to me."

"Go play with your friends, I need to talk to your parents"

"Ok- *Vode, Ibac'ner*!"

"My strange little niece." He just shook his head.

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"Sister, I am here."

"Hyperion, my brother! It's good to see you"

"It is good to see you to, Gaiane" Hyperion said, he had missed his sister so much.

"We are preparing to leave for Nar Shadda, in a week, like you said."

"Good, I think it would be for the best, and your baby can be born there." Hyperion paused for a second. "But... I'm worried about Alkyone. I've never seen a Chiss look like her before, and with her Arhan blood, she looks much older than she is. There are a lot of shady people on Nar Shadda, they might try to kidnap her and sell her into slavery."

Gaiane snorted "Like anyone would dare touch her, Me and Basilius would rip them in half!"

"Ane, just think, she has blue skin and blonde hair! I'm worried about her. Maybe I could take her to Ossus, I have know that she is force-sensitive for awhile, she could become a great jedi."

"No. Never. My daughter is a Mandalorian, not a jedi. She shall come to Nar Shadda with us."

Hyperion sighed. "Fine, but I am going to stay here for the rest of the week. I will teach her how to mask her force-sensitivity."

"Very well"

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Basilius, you're a Chiss" Gaiane said.

"Really sweetheart, I hadn't noticed."

Gaiane rolled her eyes. "Hype says it might be too dangerous for Alkyone to come to Nar Shadda with us, because of what she looks like."

"If it's too dangerous for her, then what about this little one?" Basilius put his large, blue hands on her bulging belly.

"Exactly, and that's not all, he wants her to go to Ossus with him."

"To the Jedi Academy?"

"Yeah."

"That's ridiculous, she is a Mandalorian, not a jedi."

"That's exactly what I said."

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"Ragnvaldr, look!" Alkyone exclaimed.

"What?" He said.

"My *ba'vodu* got me a lightfoil!"

"*Ori nuh'la*, Alk."

"Really, see!" She ignited her lightfoil and started swinging it around.

"Wow, just like a *Jetii'kad!*"

"I know! Let's go get your vibrorapier and fight, *ori'vod!*"

"Ok!"

The two of them walked to Ragnvaldr's home.

"I'm gonna grab my sniper rifle and some *tihhaar*, do you want some?"

"Sure, I passed my *verd'goten*, so I'm an adult now!"

"I know, and I can't believe you're thirteen!"

"I can't believe you're fifteen."

They both started laughing.

"Wow, we're both old now." He said.

"Speaking of old, why do you like that dead-looking girl?"

"She's Nagai, they all look dead."

"But why do you like her, she's an *aruetii!*"

"So? I hear she's a strong fighter."

"But she doesn't even know how to speak Mando'a!" Alkyone whined.

"I barely know how to speak Mando'a, most of our friends barely know it either, you're the only one of us who **likes** speaking it."

"Well, you're human and she's Nagai."

"You're mom's Arhan and you're dad's Chiss."

"But- Okay you got me their. But I don't have to like her."

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Later That Day

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"Hello, Unlce!"

"Hey there Alk, what did you do with your friends?"

"I fought Ragnvaldr, but he won."

"Uh, ok?"

"He has a vibrorapier that his father gave to him, it's really cool."

"What ever you say Alk."

"When are you leaving?" She asked.

"At the end of the week."

"Really? Why."

"To train you how to escape dagerous situations.To keep you safe on Nar Shadda."

"But I'm a Mandalorian, I can keep myself safe."

"I know, but there are some shady people on Nar Shadda, you need to know how to sneak away from them."

"Can't I just pound their faces in?" She asked.

"No, you'll probably be outnubered."

"Mandalorians don't run away." She said stubbornly.

"Think of it as retreating, so you can fight another day."

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A few days later...

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"Hey you! Nagai! I hear you are a good fighter. I want to fight."

"Whatever." the Nagai girl said. She drew her vibroknife.

Alkyone snorted. "We must go to the dueling circle, *di'kut*"

The nagai girl nodded. They walked to the the dueling circle.

"Nagai, what is your name?" Alkyone asked.

"It is Night."

"I'm Alkyone. The dueling circle is empty, I will go fetch Ragnvaldr to oversee our duel."

"Ok."

Alkyone went to find him. A few minutes later he came to the dueling circle with Alkyone.

"Ragn, please over see our duel."

He nodded.

They stepped in the circle, and the fight began. Night pulled out her vibroknife with great speed, mildly surprising Alkyone. Alkyone ignited her lightfoil, which shocked Night. "I'm no jedi." Alkyone growled out. Alkyone struck first, narrowly missing Nights' left arm. Night took her knife and plunged it into Alkyones' shoulder while she was off-balanced.

"Argh! My Shoulder!" Alkyone screamed.

"Night, could you go get her uncle? He will be some were near the river."

"I will."

Night ran off to find Hyperion.

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About an hour later at Alkyones' house, when Alkyone was bandaged up she called Night and Ragnvaldr over to her.

"Nagai, Night, you fight good. You are going to be a good Mandalorian. How old are you?"

"Seventeen, why?" Night asked.

"You will face your right of passage soon, the *verd'goten*, and you will be considered an adult. Then you can marry Ragnvaldr."

Ragnvaldr blushed and Night raised an eyebrow.

"Ragn, stop being a pansy and ask her out."

"But doesn't he need to pass his... *verd'goten* too?"

Alkyone shook her head. "Usualy a Mandalorian has their *verd'goten* at thirteen, but because you're new, you'll have to face it at your age."

"By the way, Night, I'm going to call you *Kal*, which means knife. The name fits you."

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The next day  
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"Alk, I can't believe you're leaving."

"I know Ragn, I will miss you."

She hugged him.

"You are like a brother to me. *Aliit ori'shya tal'din.*"

"I know. *K'oyacyi.*"

"I will."

"Kal, what is that you have there?"

"I am giving you theese weapons, a punch-dagger and my *Tehk'la* blade. But, when you come back I ask that you return it."

"I will... friend."

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