

STAR ALTERNATIVE SAGA WARS

THE TRAGEDY

AN ALTERNATIVE SAGA STORY BY
BRANDON RHEA

BASED UPON 'STAR WARS'
BY GEORGE LUCAS

DEDICATION

To Solus. Now, you might be wondering why I'm dedicating a short story about a gruesome Sith murder legend to another human being, a human girl nonetheless. Well, since she likes to tell everyone she's the "killer mecha angel of death," it only seemed appropriate. Big thanks for continuing to help as my editor for my Alternative *Star Wars* Saga work.

FROM THE SECOND SAGA....
THE JOURNAL OF
THE WHILLS

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, countless legends were told about the past wars of history. The gallant forces of the Jedi Knights would face off against the so-called 'evil' empires of the Sith. These stories spanned tens of thousands of years and went back, in some cases, farther than recorded history. Some of these stories were never even told in most circles, resigned to be heard through word of mouth from only a select group of individuals. Above all the others, there was one Sith Lord whose story remained hidden for so long, at least that is what has been surmised, until it was documented in this journal.

Did you ever hear *The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise*?

I would be surprised if you did. It's not a story the Jedi would tell you, nor is it a story the Old Republic would have readily allow published, despite its inherent accuracy. That's the thing about a democracy. As free as you believe it may be, there are always sinister forces at work deep within the government, making sure only what they want you to hear is heard. An old Sith legend was not on the top of their recommended reading lists.

Darth Plagueis was a Dark Lord of the Sith, one so powerful and so wise he could even use the Force to keep the ones he cared about from dying, including himself. You see, the dark side of the Force is a pathway to many abilities some consider to be unnatural. When it comes to unlocking the secrets of immortality, there are very few things that could be considered even more unnatural.

Eventually, Plagueis became so powerful that the only thing he was afraid of was losing his power, which eventually, of course, he did. Actually, come to think of it, his fear of losing his power was what his apprentice, the ever-legendary 'Dark Lord,' wanted everyone to believe, but that was a lie.

It's ironic, really. He could save others from death and extend his own life by thousands of years, but when it came to saving himself from murder... Well, let's just say the man doesn't exactly live up to the legend that was constructed around him.

Our story, and indeed the story of the galaxy's salvation, ironically enough, begins where Plagueis's story ends....

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Pitter, patter, pitter, patter.

The rainstorm was weeks old. One could've gotten the impression that the sky had opened up and began to cry, mourning some great unknown loss. Day in and day out, week after week, the patter of rain seemed to be the only thing anyone could hear inside the ancient, deserted Sith academy on Dathomir.

Almost deserted, that is.

Sitting on the edge of a vast canyon, overlooking countless rivers and deep, dark forests, the academy grounds were a graveyard for the Brotherhood of Darkness. Many of its members were killed defending the fortress during the New Sith Wars; those who failed their tests of strength before the war even broke out also had remains that littered the ground. Broken skeletons still rested without peace within the dark woods, serving as a stark reminder of the consequences of failure.

By Human standards, Dathomir was peaceful, a temperate beauty that was ripe for colonization, despite the humidity. The rain storm disrupted that norm, of course, but that didn't change the awe of the diverse terrain. Even with that wonder, nearly ninety percent of the planet was unexplored. It was for that reason that Darth Bane, the founder of the modern Sith, chose to use Dathomir as one of his training grounds when he first created the Order of the Sith Lords and the Rule of Two, a simple guiding principle.

One master, one apprentice. No more, no less. One to embody power, the other to crave it.

There was one, in these times, that embodied the power. The Human called Darth Plagueis continued the traditions of Darth Bane as the Dark Lord of the Sith, training an apprentice, one he knew would be the Dark Lord one day, and one he knew had the potential to be what Plagueis never could be, at least not anymore: a force to be reckoned with, a god amongst men.

Once he was beloved by trillions, and now he stood alone in his chambers, looking out the window, accompanied only by a dying candle beside him.

He'd seen many atrocities and failures in his life. It would've only seemed natural that he would be used to the loneliness of the academy, but that couldn't have been further from the truth. Even before embracing the mantle as master of the Sith, he greatly appreciated beauty and warmth. His favorite time of day was when he could catch that first glimpse of the moonlight reflecting off of the distant lakes and rivers.

Plagueis lowered his head in a silent reverence, looking fondly back on some of his better memories, a trait uncharacteristic of most Sith, though he was never a normal member of the Order. He'd lived for nearly four thousand years, but it felt like he'd accomplished nothing. Even so, it was incredible how far he'd come and how much he'd changed. To begin one's life as a Jedi and to finish it off as the Dark Lord of the Sith was a rarity indeed.

His only lasting legacy, at least in his mind, was his power over death. He had the powers of immortality, yet he was prepared for what was coming. He knew that his apprentice was planning to strike him down, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Part of him welcomed the icy cold hand of death reaching out for him. There was no mystery in it for him anymore, and he had nothing left to do. His task was finished, and the knowledge of immortality safely remained with him.

It was strange, Plagueis deciding to just give up. He'd fought so hard for his life all those years ago only to fall so far and lose so very much. His lover, a princess on a far off world,

came to him with a vision of her own death, and he knew her visions always came true. She was a seer, after all. He swore he'd find a way to stop those he cared about from dying, and indeed he did, but he was too late—no, too *weak*—to save her. It was on that day that the dark path opened itself to him.

It was in those days that he always assumed he would die in battle. The great wars he fought in always prepared him for that. He'd defended territories, defended his people's right to exist, and secured the love that the son of his greatest friend held for the daughter of a ruthless tyrant in the Unknown Regions. And yet even with all of that, he now knew he would die in his sleep, but he would have the last laugh.

A smirk. It was such a simple gesture that crept across his face, one that often wasn't appreciated as it should've been. The slight curving of the lips was often dismissed as just a simple smile, an evocation of happiness or satisfaction at something that was happening. But it held a more sinister nature, that of self-satisfaction. Plagueis certainly was satisfied with himself. His apprentice's overconfidence of the knowledge he'd held and learned over these many years would be his undoing.

Suddenly he felt peaceful. It wasn't a permanent state of being, rather one that would be over momentarily, but it was welcomed anyway. The wind from the great emptiness that was Dathomir danced about outside his window before silently slipping through, gently rubbing its cool hands across his face. Its soft breath hit the candle beside him and nearly put it out. The wax was melting and it wouldn't last for much longer considering its constant use, but it was resilient. It wouldn't go easily, despite its battered state.

Plagueis, though, focused little on the candle. Instead he closed his eyes, taking in the moment, relishing its every detail, as all signs pointed to it being the final time he would feel that calm breeze.

But then something didn't feel right. He'd been so caught up in the moment that he hadn't even taken the time to feel where the wind came from. It hadn't pranced through the open hole on the wall, but rather it came from within. A gust of wind from inside a room... It didn't take the sheer intellect of Darth Plagueis to know what that meant, assuming one was accustomed to and aware of such a supernatural phenomena. After all, not many people in this galaxy could have simply appeared out of thin air, displacing the very fabric of the universe all around them.

"I should have known you would come, old friend," the dark one said softly to the man now standing behind him. "You never were one to miss a party."

Plagueis couldn't see it, but the man, too, let out a slight laugh, though this one wasn't a smirk that would signal fulfillment. It was a remorseful recollection of days long since passed, when things seemed much simpler, despite their immense complexity. He longed for those days, even though they were during a war, as strange as that may have sounded. They were days when he and the one now called Darth Plagueis were at the peak of their friendship, a friendship that defined them both for decades.

"It's tragic, really, seeing you like this," the man's voice called out from behind, one so full of sadness, of regret over what could have been but wasn't. "It's not too late, you know. You're the shatterpoint for everything destiny says is supposed to happen. Do the right thing and fate can be irrevocably changed from this point on."

Plagueis couldn't deny that, even if he'd wanted to. His old friend had told him about the coming days so long ago, but he'd dismissed it as a foolish man's deluded fantasy. Yet over the years, as events began to unfold, he'd come to realize that maybe everyone's fate was set in stone, that he'd been unknowingly guided down this road by the Force despite what he may have wanted.

And yet even so, part of him felt like he truly did want what was coming to him. Was that the Force playing with his mind, or did he have his own part to play in his ultimate destiny? He felt like he was making decisions, and his own wants and desires seemed to come from within, yet here was a man telling him that someone, or something, had decided that for him, but at the same time he could change it. It was enough to drive a man mad, though he'd already made his choice, even if it was futile.

"Once you start down the dark path," Plagueis told him, "it will forever dominate your destiny. You can't stop it from consuming you. My fate is sealed, not because someone wrote it thousands of years ago, but because I want this. I'm tired, and now I'm done."

"Please," his old friend pleaded, desperate to save the life he'd failed to save so many years ago, but also hell-bent on stopping what would come if Plagueis allowed his apprentice to kill him. "It doesn't have to be like this. You were always strong. Remember who you were and make the right choice."

"Do you remember when we were at that lake on Onderon?" Plagueis mused aloud with a halfhearted chuckle, almost talking to himself but also speaking to the presence behind him. "You were accusing me of being part of a conspiracy to keep you from finding the last of those ancient relics we spent years looking for. When I tried to calm you down, you told me not to waste my breath on sanctimonious platitudes."

Finally the Sith Lord turned around, facing his friend, his past, and his mistakes for the last time. The man standing before him looked just as he had thousands of years earlier; he called himself a shaman, yet he looked nothing like a shaman normally would. There were no ragged robes, no hood, no sacred texts resting safely in his arms, and no preacher-esque look that Plagueis would've expected to see.

Instead, the shaman wore a silk white turtleneck, partially covered by a thin black jacket, as opposed to the flowing robes one would expect from a former Jedi and current holy man. He still had the beard he'd sported for so long, and his frame, at one and three quarter meters, hadn't grown, shrunken, or changed at all. Plagueis never quite figured out how that worked, though he did have his similar tricks.

"I could say the same to you now, Ussej," Plagueis remorsefully told him, part of him wishing their friendship hadn't fallen apart, knowing full well that it was his actions, his pathetic decisions in the midst of his own selfish self-loathing, that led them both here.

Yet Plagueis couldn't help but be angry at his friend's own actions, continuing, "You could have stopped all of this if you just listened to me, but you chose to ignore me. You decided that your self-serving holy quest was more important. You chose a prophecy over your best friend and now...and now I don't care. Come what may."

Ussej Padric Bac looked at his old friend with a dumbfounded gaze. Like the Dark Lord of the Sith, the Shaman of the Whills had so much to regret. It was impossible for him to deny what he was saying. They'd all made mistakes during the war, many of which laid the path towards the present. Saying otherwise would've been a blatant lie, and he would have none

of that. He had enough deception from the choirs of destiny that sang out to him almost every day, telling him what it was that he needed to do to fulfill the galaxy's destiny.

But Ussej had atoned for the mistakes he'd made. His salvation had been on Kal'Shabbol, his true home, the planet where he'd built a home, a family...a real life with the Bendu. The Sith Lord he once thought of as his truest friend hadn't been so lucky, even when he did finally take his rightful place on Shaderon, but that Force-forsaken world did nothing but twist his mind until the man standing before him was nothing more than a poor imitation.

"You're right," Ussej admitted, the first time he'd really done so out loud for Plagueis to hear him. "A lot of this is my fault. I won't pretend it's not, but who's the one who trained that demon out there, plotting your death? Who's the one who gave him what he'd need to drown this galaxy in its own blood?"

He was right. Plagueis' heir apparent was a fool, one who couldn't see past his own tunnel vision desires to rule the galaxy and fulfill the promise of Darth Bane, but the chips were down. All of the pieces seemed to be in place for the Sith to rise again. After so many years, though, Plagueis didn't care. He could rid himself of an unsuspecting apprentice and rule the galaxy, but he didn't want to. It wasn't for him, and for that he took responsibility, despite his own indifference.

"I'm sorry," Plagueis muttered half-heartedly, just loud enough for Ussej to hear him.

"Sorry?" Ussej asked, perplexed by the total lack of sympathy that someone who had once been the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order was showing at the thought of galactic destruction. "Is that all you can really say to me?"

"Ussej Bac, always the overdramatic center of attention," Plagueis spit out, his first real sign of contempt for his old friend in millennia. "If you would like, I may be able to put a string quartet in the corner and play sad songs while letting my tears drown us both in this room. I just fail to see why I should."

"We're talking about the Apocalypse, damnit!" Ussej shouted, his own emotions overcoming him, his fears of tomorrow seeping into every fiber in his body on a daily basis. "It's what the Alsakan priest warned us about. How can you be so indifferent?"

"Because I won't be there for it," Plagueis reminded him, having firmly made up his mind about his impending demise.

Then that was that. There was little anyone, not even Ussej, whose shoulders sank under the weight of his old friend's words, could do to break the stranglehold of the dark side over Plagueis, even after all these years.

For some reason, though, it seemed to be more than just the dark side that had overtaken him. Something else permeated within that broken psyche that had somehow kept him from turning away from who he'd become, even after so many centuries had come and gone.

Was it complacency? No, that couldn't be it. He may have been satisfied that his apprentice would never know the fullest extent of the truths that Plagueis himself knew, but he certainly wasn't pleased with how his life had turned out. Even Ussej could see that. The volume of the remorse in Plagueis' words, but most importantly in his unspoken words, told the shaman that much.

It was fear.

The answer was so obvious now. Ussej straightened up, showing his own signs of indifference now, but these were directed at the impending fate of his friend. He still cared about him, even after all the years, and didn't want to see the monster destroy itself, but, at this point, what could he do? Nothing, it seemed, would work, not even this last-ditch effort to save the Sith Lord's life.

No, the apprentice would become the Dark Lord and unleash a new age of hell in the galaxy. If Corellian mythology was right, if there was a devil of the underworld, then the devil lived through the soon-to-be-Dark Lord.

There was hope, of course, a hope that destiny said would be born only one week after Plagueis was inevitably felled, but if there was a chance to end this now, if there was a chance to prevent all of that, then Ussej had to take it. That's why he'd seen his friend one more time, but he'd failed, yet again, to talk any sense into him.

So that was that. Ussej sighed, disappointed with what happened, letting go of his momentary show of indifference. If he'd tried to keep up that charade, if he'd tried to tell Plagueis that he truly no longer cared, he would've been living a lie, and he'd lived enough lies in his far-too-long existence. No more. It was over, and there was only one thing left to say, only one thing left he could say.

Nothing.

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Hours later, after Ussej silently disappeared into the night, Plagueis slipped into the realm of sleep, and his apprentice prepared to make his move. Darkness crept across the marble floor and thunder rolled through the canyon beside the academy. Though night had fallen, something darker than the night's shadows raced through the dimly lit halls. Not even a whisper escaped the heir to the Dark Lord as he made his way to his master's chambers.

At long last, Plagueis's apprentice stood above his master's bed as Plagueis slept, dreaming of his lost love. All remained silent and dark until a silver knife slid out from the sleeve of the apprentice's dark robes, reflecting the moonlight from the window beside his master's bed. But the light that it created lasted only an instant. In a flash, the blade pierced the heart of the Dark Lord as the apprentice thrust it into his master's chest. Like a hot poker through the snow, it slid into the flesh of his self-proclaimed father.

The Dark Lord's eyes felt like they'd been ripped open, interrupting him from his slumber, stealing his princess from him one last time. In the beginning, Plagueis felt no pain. No desire for it to end caught his somber pursuits. In the end, the absence was not eternal, and with a shocking scream his body lurched upright.

Plagueis' deep eyes took the gaze of his apprentice one final time as his face began to turn a shade much like crimson blood. Clawed hands reached up to savage his killer, and demonic hisses echoed throughout his halls. Plagueis had to keep up the guise of feeling betrayed, despite the fact that he knew what was to come, just as any good master would. He offered his apprentice the chance to feel fulfilled, and he most certainly took it, his smile, hidden under the shadows of his hood, beaming with pride.

His master had become weak, a thought the now-former apprentice kept repeating to himself as justification for finally fulfilling the destiny of all Sith: to become the master. The new Dark Lord brought his master in close, within an inch of his own face, watching the man's life slowly begin to fade away.

As Plagueis' life-force left him, he knew that his apprentice would realize that he made a mistake. Within hours, the new Dark Lord would question whether or not he should have snuck up on his master. He would feel ashamed that he didn't meet him in combat face-to-face. It would, without a doubt, make him feel as if he were a coward.

It was exactly what happened later, a thought that crept up on him in the hours and days that followed.

But these emotions had yet to enter the apprentice's unsuspecting mind. Instead, the new Dark Lord—indeed, *the* Dark Lord that history would remember above them all—watched intently while his master welcomed the chilling embrace of death. It would be the new Dark Lord's duty to care on the promise of Darth Bane and, perhaps someday, overthrow the Jedi Order and avenge the lives of all those who died at their hands.

Now he was the master, and he vowed to end the lives of all Jedi and not give up until he'd done so. With that promise, with that solemn dedication to the cause that Plagueis had never been able to truly feel, the Dark Lord watched as the final spark of life left the eyes of his master, offering one final parting nod to the corpse.

His insidious plot, so very long in the making, was finally complete, but the real saga was only just beginning to unfold.

He left his master's corpse, leaving it behind to rot away until a servant undoubtedly noticed the foul stench it would create. Holding himself in the highest regard—overconfidence was the way of the Sith—the Dark Lord could hear his footsteps as he strode mightily through the temple, *his* temple. His boots sounded like thunder as they impacted on the ground, at least to him. He would be the real legend.

At the end of the hall, the Dark Lord forced the doors to his new throne room opened, not physically but mentally, a show of his own power. The walls of macabre stone towered above him, emitting a pulse of darkness that compelled him towards the throne that Plagueis very rarely chose to sit upon. A faint sound seemed to emanate from the walls, as if a thousand voices wept at once, and as if a thousand more former Dark Lord were welcoming him into the fold.

He couldn't help but let a faint shiver journey up his spine as he slowly sank into the throne, taking what was rightfully his. He looked out towards the doorway of the dimly lit chamber, illuminated only by the faint flickering of the small torches that lined the walls. He allowed himself to grin, his face still shadowed by the hooded robe that he wore every day. He appeared immovable on the throne and yet aware, as if some dreadful spirit of vigilance abode within him, as if he was an unstoppable force that could control legions from where he sat.

Then the faint sound of footsteps echoed through the corridor outside the throne room. The Dark Lord considered closing himself off from the outside for a short time, enveloping himself into his meditations, but he was expecting this arrival.

It was someone whom he'd discovered some months ago, a lost wanderer searching for a purpose, a great tool of rage and hate that would strike out and maul, like an animal would maul, all those who crossed him. All the enemies of the Sith would come to fear him, come to know him as the Sith's greatest shadow hunter.

From the darkness of the corridor, the figure emerged, slowly, almost fearfully, making his way into the throne room. The figure wore the brown cloak of the Jedi, but he'd shed that mantra some time ago. In one final act of symbolic rejection of the old dogmatic ways of the so-called guardians of the peace, the figure threw off his cloak, throwing away the years of blind servitude that had for far too long shackled him to the dying order of simple, naïve worshipers of the light.

The figure was a Zabrak, a creature born on Iridonia, and a man discovered many years ago by the forces of the light and trained to be a follower of a corrupt council. His face showed little of the weapon that was waiting to claw itself out from within; though he was adorned with numerous horns, his pale tan face, covered with the traditional tattoos of his people, seemed innocent enough, but it was nothing more than a carefully-crafted illusion.

Beneath a humble exterior was a demon in the making, just as the Dark Lord had been decades earlier. The Zabrak finally took that first step as he knelt down before his new master's throne, a sign of subservience, hoping to gain favor with the Dark Lord, just as he'd been promised.

"What is thy bidding, my master?" the one who would become the new apprentice asked, eager to begin his tutelage in the dark side.

No words were needed to respond. This Dark Lord was a powerful being indeed. Why use words when one could simply showcase their power and speak through the dark side? His thoughts echoed through the Force when he commanded them to, playing out within the young Zabrak's mind.

"Yes, master," the apprentice replied gratefully, feeling a sense of confidence as his master entrusted him with such an important mission, "I will go there at once. Where can I find this woman?"

His master spoke again. The plan seemed simple enough. Find a pregnant woman in the Outer Rim deserts and murder her before her child could be born. Such a region was sparsely populated. If all went according to plan, he would find her quickly.

"And when the woman is dead?" the Zabrak asked, waiting for his master's reply, which came quickly and clearly through the Force. "Yes, master. The hermit will die."

The Dark Lord nodded, satisfied that his orders would be carried out, that the unborn child would never see the light of day, and that he would end this threat to his rule.

Plagueis had told him of the child of the desert, one chosen by the Force itself, who could destroy the Sith once and for all. It was a story that Darth Plagueis had never seemed too concerned about, but now it was time to ensure that it never happened.

Darth Plagueis wasn't strong enough to do what needed to be done, but the tragedy of his death, at least according to his apprentice, was that despite his incredible power it was not he who would rule forever as king, but his former student, the new Dark Lord, and that relied on the outcome of the Zabrak's mission.

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When the Dark Lord left his fallen master's body behind, he hadn't counted on the Shaman of the Whills having been watching, waiting to give Plagueis the respect the man he once was finally deserved. It wasn't to honor the Dark Lord of the Sith who was too cowardly to give up his destructive ways, but the Jedi Master who'd saved Ussej's life more times than he could ever count.

Indeed, that was why he actually had to say something, regretting the fact that no words had come to him before the new Dark Lord murdered Ussej's former friend. His friend—no, his brother—deserved better than that. And that's why he knew exactly what to say.

"Farewell...Damien."

That name, that man... Damien Nightblade hadn't existed for a very long time, and for good reason. Even before embracing the bleak existence that the dark side led him to, he saw himself as a broken shell of a man, a weak fool who'd been in over his head in the center seat of the Jedi High Council. Only a feeble waste of a life could've let the only woman he ever loved die when he knew exactly how and when it was going to happen.

That was when he realized who he really was, what he was truly made of. It was when he resigned himself to a fate not unlike the one his apprentice delivered.

It was funny, really. Even before he'd found Darth Eriis, even before he used the Dark Lady to introduce him to the ways of the Sith and came under her tutelage for a short time, he was Plagueis. Not in name, of course, but in soul, or at least in the empty pit where his soul should have been. Not even Ussej, despite all of his insistence over the millennia, not even after he'd found out that Plagueis had become the Dark Lord two hundred years earlier, could change that.

It came down to a simple reality, one that neither of them wanted but, in the end, one neither of them could escape. Despite everything that Ussej hoped to accomplish in Plagueis' temple, theirs was a friendship destined to be forsaken, an unfortunate foreshadowing of events yet to come. Fate brought Ussej Padric Bac and Damien Nightblade together for a purpose, and then, when it had used that friendship to its own ends, it tore them apart.

And then, with the body in tow, Ussej was gone, the breeze sweeping him away once again. The wind blew across the room again, the universe momentarily thrown out of balance by the shaman moving through time and space, but this time the candle beside the window couldn't bear it. This time, after so many trials, so many tribulations, it was sure of its fate. Like Plagueis only hours earlier, it accepted its destiny.

The fire died, and with it died Damien Nightblade—and, perhaps, the whole of the galaxy with him—once and for all.

Such was the tragedy of being the one tasked with watching over fate. Despite all of Ussej's incredible abilities, he was powerless to stop this. Despite everything he wanted, he was beginning to think that he was powerless to stop what was coming. Not even he, the guardian of forever, nor Plagueis, the master of immortality, could trump one's ultimate destiny.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Brandon Rhea is a *Star Wars* fan fiction author and, along with Wayne Lipman III and Victor Dorantes, a co-founder of the Alternative *Star Wars* Saga series. Although Dorantes is no longer a part of the project, Rhea and Lipman continue to work together and with others in producing the content of the series, which includes *Star Wars: Episode I – The Chosen One* and Lipman’s novel *Star Wars: The Alderaan Affair*.

Rhea has been part of the online *Star Wars* community since 2004, when he registered on TheForce.Net’s Jedi Council Boards and began participating in discussions, particularly in the Classic Trilogy board and the Fan Sites board. He was the manager of the Fan Sites board from 2008 to 2009, the co-manager of the Classic Trilogy board from 2008 to 2010, and the co-manager of the Fan Design board from 2009 to 2010. He is currently a Manager Emeritus.



In 2005, Rhea was invited to register at The *Star Wars* RP, a role-playing board then-powered by ProBoards, and become the moderator of the board about SuperShadow, a notorious *Star Wars* fan who claims to be good friends with George Lucas, the creator of the *Star Wars* Saga. As of the present day, Rhea is the Head Administrator of The *Star Wars* RP, which is now powered by vBulletin software at <http://www.thestarwarssrp.com/forum>.

Along with TheForce.Net and The *Star Wars* RP, Rhea is an administrator on *Star Wars* Fanon, the Wikia, Inc. *Star Wars* wiki of fan invention. He currently hosts his fan fiction on this wiki and uses it as an encyclopedia to document information about his work. He also serves on the Council of Seers, the good article and featured article review board. All of the Alternative *Star Wars* Saga work by Rhea, Lipman, and others can be found on the *Star Wars* Fanon Wiki for public viewing and download.

In his personal life, Rhea is an active member of the Boy Scouts of America and its national honor society, the Order of the Arrow. He currently serves as the Immediate Past Chief of the Order of the Arrow Section NE-7A. Rhea served on the 2009 National Order of the Arrow Conference Training Committee, as well as the Northeast Region Cub Scout Task Force. He is an Eagle Scout and a member of the National Eagle Scout Association, and a Vigil Honor member of the Order of the Arrow. Both honors are the highest anyone can achieve in the Boy Scouts of America and the Order of the Arrow, respectively.

Rhea lives in New Jersey with his family and is in his junior year of college, where he is studying to earn a degree in political science. He plans to attend law school following his graduation from college, and has a desire to attain elected office in the future.