

## HOME?

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**Kiast**  
**42 AHY**

Draca's first thought of the Jedi Praxeum was that it was too... *busy*. He had expected to share a lot of kinship with his fellow light-siders and had, surprisingly, found himself wanting.

That didn't mean the people weren't pleasant. Far from it. He was greeted cordially and accepted among them as a fellow Jedi. Yet, Draca had this impossible itch in the back of his mind that refused to be scratched. For whatever reason, something tugged at his hearts, creating a numbness that descended down his spine and into the depths of his soul.

He just didn't feel like he belonged. Granted, his circumstances were very unique. Here was a young barely-out-of-his-teens Zabrak with the kind of potential in the Force that Masters of the Order were envious of, suspicious of, and distanced themselves from. Draca wasn't sure whether it was because of his association with Anders. After all, being trained by a Sith was just as likely to leave a trace of the dark side within him, no matter how far he leaned towards the light. It didn't how much he tread the hallways and mosaic structures of the Praxeum, he felt the judging eyes of his fellow Jedi dig into the back of his skull.

Was this what it was like during the reign of the Old Republic before Order 66 nearly brought the Jedi to extinction? The young Zabrak had studied the era with a certain degree of admiration for their power, achievements, and comradery. Was it flawed? Absolutely. Their own hubris had led to their downfall and the rise of the Galactic Empire, but were they really this closed off from outsiders and other views of the Galaxy?

This is why Draca vastly preferred the Velestari Temple. It was a large structure not unlike the Praxeum. The nearby mountain peaks provided a view that took his breath away. The slight breeze in the air was gentle, peaceful, and he made himself a promise to bring Melissa here when and if he ever got the chance.

Best of all, it was quiet. There were few who wandered here. Those that did were here to pay respects to Odan-Urr heritage and paid Draca no mind. He preferred it this way. Anders had warned him about meeting his heroes and such a thing had apparently come to pass. The young Jedi was not a typical member of their order. He wasn't the type to stay in one place like this. Maybe at one time, but not anymore.

***'Be the change you want to see.'***

The sound of silence was deafening. No-one dared disturb it and it gave Draca a lot of time to think under the spares of the temple. He silently wondered as the rain drops began to fall

whether or not his ancestors, Jedi or otherwise, could see him. What would they think of all his decisions and choices? Would they be proud of him?

He hoped so.

When he left Kiast, he left with the knowledge that he was needed more out in the galaxy than rooted to one spot in a temple.

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