

The sound of the pen hitting the notebook gently reverberated through the room. The Epicanthix-Echani hybrid sat on a desk. Her legs were crossed and her hands rested in her lap. Her long white hair was pulled back into a low ponytail. Focused, dark emerald hues looked at the female before her, who was tapping her pen on the notebook. She wore a white doctor's coat with a golden name tag that read: 'Vursa Tyllire' on her upper left chest of the lab coat. Her montrals were soft purple and had white stripes.

"I am pleased with your progress in going into more social events, Ms. Wyvern, but you are not getting the message," Dr. Tyllire started.

"You said to try to be more social. I did exactly that."

"Yes, but you- hmm." Vursa paused, careful to choose her next wording.

"Tell me, in those social events, did you make any new friends?" inquired the doctor. Evelyn watched her carefully as she started to think back at the few social events. She had met many people. Befriended none of them. Slowly, the white haired female's head slowly lowered as she looked at her hands before taking a deep breath and glancing back up to the dark almond eyes of her therapist.

"I was friendly. But no, I befriended none of them," confirmed Evelyn as the therapist nodded and scribbled some notes onto the paper. Evelyn turned to look at the bookshelf. The same bookshelf. The bookshelf that drove her *nuts*. It wasn't in alphabetical order. Or height order. Or color order. It was just chaos. Was that dust forming-

"Okay. Let's try something new then," suggested the Togruta doctor. Evelyn's eyebrow rose. What could her therapist possibly suggest?

"I will list a few questions for you to go home and ponder over. It's not meant to be answered now. Do you really live your life to the fullest? Have you fulfilled your dreams? Even ones that you deemed silly or idiotic? Not just...careers and jobs. Such as going to dance classes. Maybe parachute jumping. Or places. Is there a place you always wanted to go to? Usually widows realize their life is too short and start to do things they always wanted to do with their spouse or

for themselves. It's okay to be a bit selfish. You just kept working after Aketa's death, Ms. Wyvern. You mentioned you had another grief that you will not tell me and that's okay. But that's two grievances that I noticed you never got over. The one you won't tell me and your wife's-" Evelyn's jaw muscles started to tighten as her hands curled into a fist. The therapist knew that meant she was starting to shut down. Best to end the session now.

"Death. That's all we have for today. Keep that in mind. I will see you next month, Ms. Wyvern."

This is idiotic. Insanely childish. Evelyn scoffed as she stared at the datapad. She was off for the next few days. Standing alone in the kitchen with a caf mug in her hands, she shook her head and walked over to the caf maker. Her datapad started to play. There was gentle orchestra music in the background.

The Brief Reign of Future Wraiths is seeking opera singers, actors, and actresses. If you love opera and always wanted to take part, please audition below. We will be visiting these planets on these dates. This is a one year commitment. We hope to see you soon. The orchestra cut off.

"That settles it. I cannot take off work for one year," Evelyn said out loud as she finished mixing her caf with honey and some species. She could feel her own judgemental brain being annoyed. She knew perfectly well that she was making up excuses. Her job would be fine for one year if this was something she wanted to do. Was it something she wanted to do, though?

Live life to the fullest. Evelyn scoffed as she ignored the datapad on the island and made her way into the living room. Still in her soft cotton pajamas, she sat down on the couch and looked up onto the mantle. Where there were pictures of her wife and herself. Pictures of Evelyn and her Siren Squad crew over time. Many now dead. It was considered lucky to get out like Minnie did or to retire. With a slow exhale, she looked down at her caf. It felt like the pictures were judging her, or encouraging her to do it. That they never got a chance to. Aketa always brought it up when she found out Evelyn was raised to be able to do opera if she wished. Evelyn and Aketa always went to plays and Aketa could sense a bit of envy towards the actors and actresses from Evelyn.

With a frustrated exhale, Evelyn brought the mug to her lips and took a sip. Okay. She was going to do it. With an extra pace in her step, she went back to the island and pulled the datapad closer to her.

Then she stopped.

No. My job needs me. My crew needs me. I cannot do this. Yet, she made no movement to find the information or turn it off. Evelyn exhaled, she could feel her irritation rise. Instead of finishing her caf, she dumped it into the sink and started to clean. Her home was already spotless. She did unnecessary cleaning. She could call Jax...no. He had been busy. She was not going to burden him with this. Maybe Matcha? Her new Lieutenant? No. She was a crew member, not a friend. Yet. Maybe. Minnie? After that situation with Bril, she figured Minnie might be too busy worrying about Bril or other things. Foxen? No. Ally and comrade, not a friend. She felt something warm go down her cheek. Her hand rose and wiped the tear away.

I am crying? Evelyn felt anger as she gripped the sides of the island and took several deep breaths. Her grief was bubbling at the surface again. Evelyn bitterly laughed and turned off the datapad.

She was not going to live her life to the fullest. She's too busy with her military life.