**CSE A'lora Kituri (Consular) / AED /**[**House Odan-Urr**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/317)**[GMRG: IV]**

GC / SC / DC-SiP / GN-BL / SN-BL / BN-BL / Cr:1R-1A-8S-6E-4T-1Q / PoB / CF-SF / CI-PC / SoL-TC / S:10Dec-6Aff-5Rn

{SA: MVF - DPE - DPV}

Dromund Kaas.

Bathed in a perpetual obscurity that never ceased, day or evening cycles were meaningless in this once imperative planet of the Sith Empire. Uninhabited for over millennia, nature had reclaimed much of the Empire’s attempt to tame the world’s savage jungles, absorbing sprawling outposts into the planet’s unique biome. Twisted, thorny vines clung to the remnants of the monolithic structure that has once served as the seat of power within the Sith Empire. The pinnacle of the once-grand Imperial Citadel now rested at its base, its lower half completely submerged within the surrounding swamp. Gathered around the base of the deteriorating landmark, the One Sith remained entrenched within the crumbling, decayed skyscrapers that had once formed the metropolis of Kaas City. Forbidden and arcane practices of the Force’s many uses had twisted the planet, transforming its vegetation and fauna into something horribly perverse. A’lora wondered what might have been, if the Sith had never occupied this world.

Arcs of lightning streaked through the clouds obscuring the sky, illuminating the landscape in ephemeral intervals of sapphire and disappearing back into the gloomy veil overhead. The delayed echoes of thunder clapped only an instant later; the Togruta could feel it thumping against her chest like the dull thrumming of a sublight drive while she stalked the jungle, rattling her bones violently. Indeed, the presence of the Dark Side of the Force was strong here. Even where she squatted, hidden in the undergrowth, she could feel the whispers and echoes of a lost civilization creeping into her thoughts, clawing at her mind, whispering to her in an intelligible language.

She sought a vision, a vision that brought her to her home in House Odan-Urr as she sought answers the Jedi Order could not provide. Led by a Force vision, her destiny had led her into the welcoming arms of the Knights of Odan-Urr as an outsider, and then a teacher. As days, weeks passed, she was furnished with a new knowledge, an understanding of the Brotherhood’s thirst for conquest as she was thrown into a conflict unwittingly.

“The Brotherhood is flawed. The followers of the Dark Side follow each other like antlered Nerfs, responding to the every whim of the Dark Council who would throw them to the Manka Cats for their own enjoyment. Even now they squabble over ancient grudges, exploiting each other whenever the opportunity presents itself. Old wounds run deep. The Dark Side will lead them to their own misfortune.” She had once addressed to the reigning High Councillor, Liam Torun during the Summit’s war council.

The High Councillor stared for a moment, clearing his throat before addressing the war council, “They are treacherous, this is true. Already, they have stormed New Tython by force, threatening its inhabitants and the existence of all who would follow the teachings of Odan-Urr. However, Muz Ashen is not without vision. We have been spared by his hand for a purpose; it is only a matter of time before we find out his intentions. During such a time, the Brotherhood was unified against a common enemy. This is why they must be stopped. If Muz Ashen is allowed to unite the Houses once more, it will not only be the ruin of us, but to all those who call themselves Jedi Knights.”

He turned to face her, his brow creased in a query, “You have seen this in your visions, have you not?”

A’lora nodded in acknowledgement, “The same vision that guided me here has revealed a great many things. I will see to it personally that they shall never prevail. If House Odan-Urr is brought to its last dying breath, I will remain vigilant. I will take command of the Kotahitanga-Unity Defense Force and sow pandemonium through their ranks. If they seek to establish order, we will throw them into anarchy. If they seek to dominate, we will turn them against each other.”

“An ambitious goal. But remember,” He started firmly, “Do not allow yourself to be consumed by this purpose, lest you seek your own crusade in the false pretenses of peace. Do not hate your enemy, for hate will start you down the path that will consume you. Remember the Jedi Code,” He began, taking a slow sip of his glass of the aged vintage beverage given to each member of the council. The cool, crimson liquid traced its way down his throat, soothing his vocal chords before he tore the cup from his lips.

“‘There is no emotion, there is peace.’ Hate will consume you, should you take this task under the influence of vengeance. Let the Force guide your actions, clear your mind before taking rash decisions. Do this, and you will resist the temptation of the Dark Side of the Force. Fail to heed this warning, and you risk becoming the same thing you swore to end. This also remains true to the third line, ‘There is no passion, there is serenity.’

‘There is no ignorance, there is knowledge.’ Be mindful of the repercussions of openly opposing the Dark Council. Do not make hasty decisions in the hopes that something good will come of it. Study the possible outcomes, analyze your visions. Search for alternate means rather than outright violence. If you remain ignorant of the will of the Force, it will lead to your doom.

‘There is no chaos, there is harmony.’ Not all choose to follow this teaching of the Jedi Code, however, whether or not it remains relevant is up to you. In your quest to disorganize the Brotherhood, do not allow your goals to become unclear. Doing so will conflict directly with the second line of the Jedi Code, and so too will we be thrown into a state of disarray.

‘There is no death, there is the Force.’ Your words remain true to the final teaching of the Jedi Code. We must remain vigilant and resist the Brotherhood’s plot, even if it leads to the destruction of us all.”

The High Councillor spoke true. In the events leading up to this moment as she reflected upon the encounter, a shiver traced its way down her semi-exposed spine. Had she strayed from the teachings of Odan-Urr, and sparked a crusade of her own making? Many questions would remain unanswered. Still, while she followed the path supplied to her by her visions, she only hoped it was the will of the Force that guided them.

The lavender-skinned Jedi darted across the boughs of the gnarled trees, moving unseen along the abnormally large branches and thick, durable vines. Shrouding herself in a veil of Force energy, what little light there was she warped around her naturally camouflaged figure, rendering her invisible in this position unless gazed upon directly by a pair of macrobinoculars. Perching atop what had once been an ancient statue carved in the visage of a long-dead Sith Lord, A’lora Kituri surveyed the clearing below her.

Two dark figures patrolled along the outskirts of a swampy lake, grasping their blaster rifles in the ready position. The Jedi didn’t need the Force to determine the two soldiers were on edge. It was not uncommon on Dromund Kaas for ordinary soldiers to fear what might lurk in the tropical forests. She had read several accounts of patrols lost to the hideous beasts that lie in waiting in the darkest corners of the jungle. The figures were clad completely in white armor reminiscent of the Imperial Stormtroopers; a weathered black mark adorned their uniform, that of two serpents, a blade and a star.

Rain pelted her patterned skin as she leapt from the shelter offered by the treetops into the clearing. Tucking her legs beneath her, she rolled with the momentum, her fall suppressed by the spongy ground beneath her. When she recovered, her naturally lavender skin was caked with mud. Both soldiers raised their sights, bringing their rifles to bear. A high-pitched squeal announced the ignition of A’lora’s lightsaber, an emerald blade extended from the irregular hilt of her lightsaber before disappearing into the Scholae guardsman’s abdomen. He collapsed, doubling over as the lethal beam protruded from his spine, pointing towards the sky as if it were a lightning rod.

The remaining guardsman was not so easily taken unawares. Reacting to the threat with reflexes earned from years of experience, he levelled the barrel of his baster towards the figure. Resting his finger over the trigger mechanism, he backed away several paces from the Togruta.

“Surrender, Jedi. Come with us peacefully and you will be treated with honor. I would prefer not to have my troops waste valuable resources.” The guard announced in a distinctly Corellian accent.

Ultrasonically, A’lora was able to detect the presence of several more troops behind her using her hornlike Montrals. The hollowed protrusions extending upwards from the base of her Lekku allowed her a sphere of spatial awareness. Another sense revealed an imminent threat emanating from the armor-clad figure before her. She drew her gaze from the frightening helmet to his waist – and the cylindrical shape of the weapon located there. Grimacing, her face contorted into a snarl that revealed her pointed, fanglike teeth to the lone Palatinaean facing her. An impulse sent through the Force shook her into action. The semicircle of soldiers raised their weapons in unison, opening the firing mechanism to unleash a torrent of blasterfire at the dishevelled woman.

Granted only mere milliseconds of insight through the Force, she tucked herself into a backwards roll, the unprecedented maneuver carrying her away from the focus of the barrage, but closer to the firing line of troops behind her. A burning sensation carried its way from her arm to her shoulder. Her right hand had gone numb and limp, hanging useless at her side while she brought the makeshift hilt around with the other. The green blade followed in, scoring the armored legs of the nearest guardsman and sending his unsupported body tumbling into the water and mud-filled lake.

Striding towards his crippled opponent, Kell Dante unclipped the lightsaber from his belt, igniting the weapon with a snap-hiss before bathing the darkened battlefield with the weapon’s blood red glow. The Dark Jedi willed his troops away from the vicious alien, and they responded by retreating several meters to set up a defensive position behind a log infested with a tumorous rot that oozed a sticky substance closely resembling a tree’s sap, if the smell had not been so incredibly potent.

“You lied.” She hissed, swirling around with the grace of a Twi’lek dancer to intercept the contrasting blade of the Dark Jedi.

“No. I responded in kind. You did not lie down your weapon, and so I shall put it down, myself.” He followed up with a series of overpowering strikes. Her defense weakened with the loss of an arm, A’lora Kituri swept a leg underneath her opponent, staggering him long enough to retreat several paces.

He surged forwards, his every movement fuelled by the fires of conflict that sparked his rage. A fire raged through his veins, strengthening his limbs as he leapt forwards, trailing a wide arc of pure plasma behind his descent. Having ducked out of the way by only a few centimeters, his opponent had avoided the impaling attack completely, causing the blade to sink into the quagmire so deep, he had thought for a moment that he might lose the hilt, as well.

Taking advantage of her opponent’s brief vulnerability, the Togruta unleashed a barrage of wild strikes at the lightsaber-wielding Stormtrooper, causing him to release the half-submerged hilt as he retreated back towards his troops. Discerning the brief opportunity, the soldiers released their anger in the form of a hailstorm of laser fire. Blue bolts of energy streaked towards the Jedi and she made a backpedaling defense with her one good hand to ward off the assault.

Summoning his lightsaber to bear, Kell Dante ignited the blade once more. Now tired to the point of exhaustion, the Aedile parried an overwhelming blow. The Palatinaean grinned beneath his mask, raising his free hand as a sharp pain – followed by a numbness slowly swelled within her body. He caught the falling Jedi, stuffing his sidearm blaster into its holster.

“You had your chance.” He whispered, “Now, I leave you to your fate.”

As darkness engulfed her and consciousness was torn from her, thoughts returned in the form of images – a memory – or was it a vision? of things long passed. The images swirled within her subconscious mind, so vivid in detail that she could recall them in nearly perfect clarity. She remembered her arrival to the fleet of Odan-Urr while New Tython was still besieged by the forces of Cy Thuron, an oppressive dictator who had named himself king over the world and its people.

Thrown immediately into an open war with little knowledge of the Brotherhood in general, the Togruta had seceded from the New Jedi Order. Over the subsequent weeks, the Brotherhood has shown its true colors. She learned of the Fall of New Tython, when Muz Ashen ordered the Houses to unite against the Knights of Odan-Urr, ultimately sparing them despite the disapproval of the Clans and Houses. She also learned of Cy Thuron’s takeover of New Tython, converting it into his own personal playground while he ruled its inhabitants with an iron fist. A’lora wondered if Cy’s annexation had anything to do with the Brotherhood or the Dark Council. Had they planted the Dark Jedi there in the hopes that he would destroy everything the Jedi had given their lives to defend? These questions plagued her like an unhealthy infection that mutated into similar uncertainties.

In her vision, the wedge-shaped hull of a Star Destroyer lumbered into view. A dozen such vessels gathered around a barren world, devoid of life. Lines of turbolaser fire darted from one ship to the next. Trails of sublight drive emissions streaked from their bellies as formations of TIE fighters soared towards enemy vessels like a flock of birds. A distant explosion rippled outwards like a supernova, one of the wedge-shaped Star Destroyers had vanished for a moment within the blinding light. When the radiance ceased, massive chunks of this once-grand ship fell from orbit. Torn in two, the front half of the vessel accelerated towards the desert planet below, streaming debris and flash-frozen crewmembers behind it as they became sucked into the cold, dark vacuum of space.

Why would the Brotherhood fight over such insignificant worlds? These worlds were absolutely devoid of sentient life; their power waned over the years of neglect until they became but a speck of dust, unimportant to the Galaxy. Resources and war materiel were drained in the struggle to achieve victory, to achieve conquest, but what victory was gained in conquering a planet already depleted? A’lora pondered on these questions, and contemplated whether the Grandmaster himself possessed any clandestine scheme, or if he had made a mistake that might cost him everything.

*Old wounds run deep. The Dark Side will lead them to their own misfortune.*

She had said these words before. Often she did not fully grasp the reality of their truth. It was always in the nature of the Sith to betray one another. Each time they united for a given purpose, it was always in their nature to hold onto some ulterior motive in a bid for power. Even now, the Houses pretended to unite against the One Sith, procuring resources from one another and making every effort to deceive their supposed allies.

She probed her mind for these answers, searching in desperation through her memories for some insight she might have missed. Her thoughts returned to her time spent in the New Jedi Order, to Liam Torun and to New Tython, a world she had never before visited. None of these distant memories served any insight; no hidden knowledge was contained within the teachings of those she entrusted. The vision faded, and then swirled back into an unfamiliar image. This time, the vision was so distinct, so powerful that she could experience more than mere images. Sounds, smells, even the feel of her bare feet against a durasteel surface resonated in perfect clarity.

A shadowy figure faced away from her, wrapped in robes as black as midnight. She couldn’t make out any of his features; an oversized hood sheathed many of his facial markings. She could only see the twisted corners of his lips, contorted into a grin that made her Lekku twitch uncontrollably in nervousness. His eyes gleamed in the limited light, two tiny orbs staring at her, piercing her soul with a cold intensity. The stench of death hung in the air, a sickly sweet unpleasantness that filled her nostrils. It took every muscle in her body to fight back the urge to vomit. A soft moaning could be heard in the room. A crumpled figure, writhing in agony lay at the feet of the mysterious Sith. He reached for the gleaming hilt of a lightsaber, grunting in pain as he reached for the familiar weapon. A’lora remained cross-legged on the floor, but she could not move, could only stare in horror as the cloaked figure planted a heel on the silver device and drew back his outer tunic to reveal a set of armor, form-fitting that served to restrict his movements as little as possible. The blackened hilt of a lightsaber darted from underneath his robes, landing in his outstretched palm before it activated. The screeching sound echoing through the bulkhead was deafening as the blade extended into the fallen Jedi’s back, piercing his heart and killing him instantly.

When the Togruta had regained control of her body, she looked away from the gruesome scene on impulse. It was then when she noticed the black scraps of clothing she wore, nearly identical to those she covered herself with in all aspects but their color. Her palms were darker than usual, she noted, before being illuminated by the crimson glow of the Dark Jedi’s lightsaber.

*Blood.*

The familiar hilt of her irregular-shaped lightsaber rested in her lap, its etched wooden surface barely visible in the dimly-lit space. However, it was unfamiliar in that most of the weapon was covered in scratches and burns, as if scored by multiple daggers and lightsabers. The weapon rose from her lap, as if guided by the Force. It rose until it was raised to eye level, rotated horizontally and then ignited. In place of the usual emerald glow was the artificial blood red blade of a Sith.

“You have done well, my apprentice. Have you sated your thirst for bloodshed, raised your ire to all who oppose the One Sith?” The voice called in a boisterous, Force-amplified tone. In her mind, the entire vision horrified her… all of it was wrong. Yet, she could not force herself to rise from the near-meditative state, to strike down the man who stood, grinning before her. Instead, she spoke.

“Yes, My Lord.” The words perplexed her, even though they dripped off her own tongue. No matter how much she struggled against the vision, the scene unfolded in a predetermined manner, “Those who seek to pervert the way of the True Sith will fall by my blade. I have seen their faults, their imperfections. No longer will they distort the teachings of the Sith to their own misguided benefit. I have foreseen their demise.”

“Excellent. Henceforth, you will be known and recognized among our ranks as a full-fledged Sith Lord. Your enemies will quake in fear at the sound of your voice.” He turned to look out of the panoramic viewport of the Star Destroyer’s bridge.

“As you have seen firsthand, the Brotherhood is flawed. Their leader is weak, pretending to carry the title of a Dark Lord of the Sith. Yet, he knows nothing about true leadership. Still, they remain fragmented, fighting amongst themselves like a pack of untrained Tuk’ata!” He shouted, his voice amplified in such a way that it jostled the ruined bridge, sending a few loosened pieces of equipment falling to the ground, shooting a bright display of sparks upwards when they shattered against the durasteel surface. A spray of the sparks had found their way along the Togruta’s arm and lower neck, though she found the searing sensation to be somewhat exhilarating. Her gratification at the stinging sensation reminded her of the Yuzhaan Vong she had reviled. The scars running along her back and spine, tracing their way towards her shoulders and hip throbbed at the recollection, a feeling unlike the previous, she did not delight. Shutting the thought from her mind, she turned her attention forward; to the angered Sith Lord she called Master.

“Yet, we remain united for a common purpose.” She responded, staring back down at her bare feet and charred hilt.

He stood silent for a moment, grinning as he regarded her with a deep admiration. He let his gaze drift over her athletic build, to her semi-exposed frame and observed her with approval. To his student, he felt a deep connection through the Force. He had liked to entertain the thought of how profound this relationship might be, but reserved any such notions in favor of more immediate concerns. All around them, the remnants of the Brotherhood’s fleet battled with all their might – or what remained of it. An explosion shook the ship, seizing it with such force that everything onboard – electronics, containers, bodies shifted starboard. The Dark Jedi planted his feet where he stood, unfazed by the sudden shift. A’lora, too, sat rigid, remaining in the same position she had been for the entirety of the vision.

A larger wave of energy crashed against the ship’s hull, a secondary explosion that rippled outwards from its point of origin. Her vision was bathed in a blinding orange glow, warmth seared her flesh as the fires engulfed them, forming a circle around them and closing in, contracting mere inches at a time. The Dark Jedi chortled before the wall of flame engulfed him, obscuring his form beneath a blanket of red and orange. A’lora screamed in anguish at the sensation of having her flesh burned as her body, too, was encased within the blazing inferno. She felt every nerve in her body suddenly light on fire, sending razor-sharp spikes into her brain. The smell of burning flesh filled her nostrils, a bittersweet stench as her lavender skin blistered and scalded, turning from a silky deep amethyst to a charred black.

She awoke, screaming in horror as the visualization was torn from her mind. Every sensation she felt in the vision still lingered as she regained consciousness. Her eyesight was blurred, only revealing the stark forms of multiple shapes as they moved towards her. Once again, her nerves ignited, sending a spike of pain up her spine. She began hallucinating as the figures twisted into her wildest fears, hidden in the deep recesses of her mind before being wrenched from that locker and warped into reality. The dreadfulness of being subject to another Yuzhaan Vong torturer was a nightmare far beyond torment. Struggling against the cuffs securing her to the inverted platform, she wasn’t able to break free. A smaller, orb like insect hovered at the Yuzhaan Vong’s side, a menacing creature that seemed to wear a permanent snarl as an expression.

“Tell us where your base is located, Jedi, and you will be spared from this punishment. Failure to do so will result in extreme measures.” The grotesque figure commanded. The lack of the pronunciation ‘Jeedai’ common among the Yuzhaan Vong struck her as unusual until her torturer stepped away, conversing with another person in barely audible whispers.

“She has so far resisted every method we have used to extract information. As we speak, I am operating under the assumption that either she truly has no useful information to share with us or that we need to move on to excessive force. Do you have any orders, Sir?” The voice said somewhere in the distance. The blurriness left the Togruta’s eyes. In the place of the orb like creature floated an ancient interrogation droid. While A’lora was too young to remember the Empire, and their use of the illegal torture devices, she had recognized it as an IT-O model from the tomes and volumes she had poured over on Yavin 4. Protruding from a thin metal holder on its side, two separate hypodermic needles glinted under the harsh light of the enclosed room. One of them, she recalled as the hallucinogen the droid must have injected into her. Whether or not she was under its influence throughout the vision, she could not remember. The other, longer needle, she guessed, might have been a truth serum of some sort.

Summoning the Force to influence her cells on the molecular level, she slowly purged the chemicals from her veins. The foreign substance burned as it coursed its way out of her system, causing her to struggle further against the harness. When the hallucinogen was completely removed from her body, her mind became sharp, the pain thinned to an uncomfortable thrumming.

The unknown voice at the far end of the room halted for a moment. The lingering silence hung in the room, an ominous stillness despite the humming and buzzing of the interrogation droid. Finally, the man spoke in a menacing tone, “Release her.” Was all he gave in reply.

“Sir?” The intelligence officer asked in puzzlement, obviously bewildered at the unwarranted act of mercy.

“Release her as I have commanded.” The Dark Jedi repeated, “The Dark Council will have our heads if they are made aware of what transpired here. As it stands, we have far too many conflicts already.” Stepping back into the overexposed lighting of the interrogation chamber, he turned to the prisoner, “My apologies.” He began, as sincere as possible while making eye contact, “It goes without saying that should you return here with an attack force, you will arrive to find an abandoned outpost. Any efforts to pursue me will result in the obliteration of your forces. However, I will release you on one condition, an offer I would like to extend.”

The Togruta stared into his eyes for a moment, a fiery hatred spreading over her face in an expression of pure defiance, “Is that the purpose of all of this, to force my agreement in exchange for my release?” She spat, before a sneer crossed her lips, “Or perhaps you wish to make me into your apprentice? To convert me against my will.”

He stepped back, ushering the droid away from his side, “I assure you our goals are very much aligned.” He stepped over to a console, depressing a button that released the restraints, unceremoniously sending her weakened body collapsing to the floor.

Recovering on unsteady legs, A’lora Kituri grabbed hold of the inverted platform, coercing herself to stand upright, “What then, are your intentions?”

“My intention,” He began, speaking in a voice both calm and even, “Is to instill a truce, of sorts. At least until this Crusade is ended. When my soldiers ambushed you, they were operating under the assumption that agents of the One Sith would be operating in this region. Obviously, we have been deceived. Our intelligence division has analyzed the intel, which appears to have been planted. We’re investigating matters as we speak. I don’t believe we have been formerly introduced. My name is [Xen'Mordin Vismorsus](http://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Xen%27Mordin_Vismorsus).”

A’lora nodded weakly, “You have my approval, then.”

The Palatinaean smiled, “Good. I will have my men escort you back into the jungle. Your lightsaber will be given to you upon your departure.”

Many hours had passed since that moment. Tired and exhausted, the female Jedi stalked through the jungles once again. She much preferred the feel of the forest floor against her bare feet, rather than the cold, hard surface of durasteel. As she traversed through the thick, murky swamps and darkened clearings, she pondered on the vision she had experienced in between the events of being ambushed and tortured. Could her gift of far-seeing have gained her some glimpse into the future? It would not have been the first time such a thing has happened. She had experienced one such vision in full detail before seeking out House Odan-Urr to lead their defense against the combined powers of the Dark Side.

*The future is always in motion. Ever-changing in its very nature. Ultimately, we must all choose own path.*

Those words A’lora had seen scrawled within one of the many tomes she had studies on the topic of Farsight, the ability to perceive the future. Usually, this gift allowed only for a few images or memories so indistinct, they could be taken out of context completely. However, whether it was a side-effect of the hallucinogen or not, the vision she had experienced only hours ago troubled her, gnawing at her mind, piercing her thoughts like a spear. What if these events came to pass? Would she commit herself as a slave to the Lords of the One Sith? More importantly, if she continued on her current path, could her hatred for the Brotherhood become the spark that will ultimately lead to her fall from her Jedi teachings?

For minutes she attempted to convince herself otherwise, that these events would not unfold. However, each argument she made was supressed by the horrible reality. These events would progress, unless she strayed from the path she had so carefully set. Xen'Mordin had provided her with an opportunity to break free of the prophesied destiny that awaited her. Mockingly, it plagued her every thought, until everything else became a blur. In her mind’s eye, the shrouded figure cackled with the same guttural rasping she had heard within the vision. Another thought crossed her mind, who was the mysterious figure from her vision? Based on the intelligence and reports House Odan-Urr had ‘procured’ from various outlets in the Brotherhood, there existed a Sith Lord, though nothing other than their name was known, Esoteric.

A chill fell over her body and she found herself shaking uncontrollably. It was then when she remembered it was raining. Seeking shelter from the cold, A’lora Kituri stumbled across a cave, marked with several unusual symbols. When the Togruta finally made it inside of the partially collapsed structure, she had realized that the markings were in fact the seams along individual plasteel panels in the irregular walls, and that the cave was not a cave after all. Weariness had set in before the Togruta spotted a dishevelled mattress. Flipping it upright, she decided to rest before making the inevitable journey back to her people.

She only hoped that the vision would not follow.