

It was that day, back when I was working for the New Republic, scouting out some of the planets in the Outer Rim, that I had my first Force experience. It was a planet called Harakoa, as I recall. We'd landed on the largest island - in a clearing not too far from the coordinates provided by Command. They'd received word from the colonists that the area seemed haunted and none of the native Harakoans nor the colonists ever ventured near that place. We took speeder bikes to the place, which was a settlement. Through the forests that we landed in, the settlement was in a vast clearing. Mighty walls stood before us and towers stood at intervals to the left and right of us.

But there was something not right. The walls looked dirty and dusty. There were scorch marks and bits of rubble lying around. After finding an opening in the side of the wall, we found ourselves blown away by the damage. There was almost no structures standing in the town. All the wooden and stone houses had been demolished or burnt. It was evident that the town had been under siege and had been ultimately destroyed. But even that conclusion didn't seem right to me or my superiors. This didn't seem old. Sure it was dirty, but it wasn't rotten or covered in vegetation. The debris that littered the ground was charred, but in certain places within the town, pillars of smoke still rose. This destruction hadn't happened an age ago or in any major conflict. This had happened recently.

Now, being a Miraluka I can't 'see' in the traditional sense. I see using the force to reach out and *feel* my surroundings. Also, the Miraluka have been known to 'see' the force ebbing from the bodies of Jedi and force sensitives. Standing in the desolation of this place, I started to experience that same phenomenon. I started to see a colourful mist rising from the ruins of a grand stone building. It was almost the only structure to remain standing, but it still looked pretty bad - the pillars were crooked and blackened by flame - the stone was disfigured and scratched. But there was a definite mist rising from the temple-like building. It was a colourful mist - full of gold, silver and a brilliant bronze, purples and blues and greens. It made me feel good - this vapour was touching everything and giving it life and harmony. But it was escaping. It was flooding from this temple; running away. I went over there to check it out.

As I got closer to the building, I saw the detail and precision that went into its manufacture. The engravings of epic battles and of lore and the grandeur of the doorway. The thing that caught my metaphorical eye was a symbol that was inset in the marble, but it had been disfigured and ruined by flame. Looking more closely, though, I realised that it was the symbol of the Force; four congruent triangles put together to make one large triangle. I ventured closer, to the doorway of the magnificent Jedi Temple that I had stumbled upon when I suddenly collapsed. I lost all the control that I had in my body; but my mind was being assaulted. I felt the resolve of a hundred men and women, their strength and their need for action. I felt their calm - each mind forcing their emotions out and keeping a cool head. It was fantastic to observe such control. But then it all changed. I started to see through their eyes what was happening. And so, I saw, through a hundred pairs of eyes, the destruction of the town. Great laser blasts rained down, then ten squads of commandos and Sith entered the city and slaughtered the survivors, then made for the Temple.

The Jedi gave a very strong fight - they kept the sith busy. But, the numbers of the sith were greater, and the Jedi were overcome. One by one, the minds that I was in touch with were silenced. Each one that I lost was replaced by one of the sith. I felt their hatred, their sense of victory. And their pride. That was the worst thing. To feel someone so full of hate, to feel proud about silencing another and killing. It was horrible. If I had had control over my body, I would be in a foetal position and sobbing. Losing the minds of the valiant was bad enough - it was like losing a limb, but the fact that each loss resulted in another twisted mind, writhing in the Dark Side. It was terrible.

I don't know when the vision stopped. It may have been a gradual decrease, or it could have been immediate, but I lay where I fell, and where the many other Jedi had fallen also, feeling utterly lost. I dwelled on what I had seen, and I decided that I would become like the Jedi in that Temple, if I could. Due to my family's distrust in the New Jedi Order, I went rogue and started searching for others like me. In a way, it was that Force experience that inspired me to find House Odan-Urr. The Force was my guide, all along.