A shadowy replica of Tasha’Vel stood before her in the dim light of the catacombs. The shadow being was entirely black except for its eyes which glowed brilliant red. Tasha put one foot back and one foot slightly forward in a front stance as she pulled her crimson lightsaber from her left side. In one swift motion, the shadowed figure mimicked her stance and glared back at her.

A cold chilling voice broke the silence. “We have met before Versea. I am the nightmare in your dreams made real. You know in your heart this is what you will become in time.”

“What would make me ever get that dark?” Tasha replied as she lit up the saber with a snapping hiss. “I would could never sink that low.”

A broken eerie laugh came from the doppelganger. “Take a real long look at yourself, Tasha. What has happened to you recently. Didn’t you lose someone dear to you. Oh what was it..” The Shadow mused. “Oh right, your dear sweet grandfather to an Anzat.”

“Shut up!” Tasha screamed as she charged and brought her blade down upon the nightmarish being.

Quickly, the dark being brought up a black-purple blade against hers and pushed her back a couple feet. Not only was this creature a perfect mimic in looks, but it appeared to be in abilities also.

“Did you think, I would just let you destroy me, Versea. I am stronger than you.”

“What makes you think that?”

“Quite simple, I AM you.”

Tasha hatefully glared back at this thing, her mouth curling into a sneer.

“You could never be me.” She spat as she took her blade, turned it sideways, and began to focus her mind.

“How pitiful, you think a mere conjuring of the force can destroy me? You are wrong. Just look at you, always trying to be the strongest of them all. You think that strength alone can defeat me? Be realistic.”

The creature raised its hands while a blue swirl of lightning crackled from its fingertips and spiraled towards Tasha.

Flipping to the side, she barely dodged the full onslaught of the lightning, however her right arm caught some of it. She screamed as red hot lancing pain coursed through the entrance point on her wrist and exited her elbow.

“Look at you, so weak, pathetic, and worthless. You’re a mess Versea, all of your emotions just running about with no clear direction. You have no focus.”

“I do have a focus and that is to become stronger and overcome anyone who dares to challenge me!”

“And that is your weakness.” Replied the Mimic as it moved closer to Tasha. “You always seek revenge for those who have wronged you. Can you really live with the consequences of your actions in retaliation for the hurt? Are you strong enough to handle the repercussions? Think about it, Tasha.”

Tasha thought for a moment about everything that had happened in her life, her decisions, what happened, and now what she was about to do. Her she was wanting to exact revenge on a fellow member of Naga Sadow. Someone, who in her eyes, fully deserved justice. But how far was she willing to go?

Her mind had slipped into thoughts of taking his loved one, making her suffer the same hurt, and finally relish in that sweet revenge. It made her rethink. *“What about that loved one? Had she ever done anything to deserve to die? Did she really need to be killed just for the sake of making Darkblade suffer ultimate pain? And finally, would it really bring her full satisfaction?”*

The thoughts troubled her slightly. *“Have I really brought myself down to his level?”*

*“What have I been thinking? I can’t take her life. She doesn’t know what Darkblade did and was never a part of his cruel act. There must be some other way, he can be punished. I can’t bring myself to kill her now. That is wrong and will drive me down a darker path.”*

While she had been thinking, the replica had already come close enough to touch Tasha. “Having second thoughts now?” It laughed evilly.

Without hesitation, Tasha thrust her blade straight into the Shadow’s heart. Surprised, it screeched. “How!”

Tasha smiled as she plunged the blade deeper into the creature all the way up to the hilt, while her face came close to its face.

“That question is quite easy to answer. You WERE me.”