Since her arrival at the Temple of Sorrow, things had been relatively quiet. Leeadra had made a few friends here and there, mostly with people of races she never would have encountered if she hadn’t left home. Her Quaestor, Keira, had been more than welcoming, going so far as to show the Pantoran to her quarters and introduce her to some of the others. Not that Leeadra could keep any of their names straight; she always had been awful with names.

 She quickly settled in and became accustomed to the routines of the temple within which she now resided. Occasionally she would run into one of the familiar faces that she had been introduced to over the last few weeks or be introduced to a new one. Soon, Leeadra was spending all her free time in the library, doing research of her own accord or research for a class at the Shadow Academy, learning all she could and taking advantage of the Dark Brotherhood’s academic benefits. But all the learning in the world could not have filled the empty space that Leeadra felt inside her, the empty space that was a panging reminder of home, of everything she left behind, of everything she had lost. So after a week of hoping to bury her sorrows in a mountain of books, Leeadra packed a bag and got on the first transport she could find back to her home, Pantora.

 Once the transport dropped her on Pantora, the first thing Leeadra did was collapse backward into a snow bank and, with the familiar chill of a fresh dusting of the powdery white substance on her back, flailed her arms and legs, the familiar shape of a snow angel taking form around her. The child-like joy she experienced almost distracting her from her past and, subsequently, her purpose for making the trip to her home world. When there was no more snow to be pushed about by her arms and legs, Leeadra returned to her feet, picked up the bag that she had dropped, and began the short walk to the outskirts of Capital City where she grew up.

 Walking the streets of the neighborhood she grew up in brought back many fond memories of her younger years; snowball fights, snowmen, snow angels, the special occasion when one parent would make hot chocolate for all the children playing outside. These were the things Leeadra would like to think about when people ask her about her home, about her childhood, but often they were the last thing she remembered. As she approached the place where her childhood home had stood, the usual memories began to play in her mind; the police officer outside of what was left of her home informing her that they suspected an electrical malfunction to be the source of ignition, the firemen standing near their trucks laughing at some joke that she had not heard, her feet pounding against the well-packed snow in her yard as she ran toward the burnt out shell of the place she called home, the tears streaming down her face as a police officer grabbed her from behind and pulled her back to the street, screaming for her parents and her younger brother as paramedics wrapped her in a shock blanket and told her that no one had made it out of the house. Leeadra remembered, at that point, thinking that it didn’t matter that she got kicked out of the police academy any more, she could always get a job elsewhere, what really mattered now was that she no longer had a home, or a family, or anything to her name other than the few things she had taken with her to the academy and the meager amount of credits she had been saving.

 The pain that she had felt four years ago resonated through her body anew as the tears streamed down her face, which was a paler shade of blue than usual, as she faced the ghosts of her past. Each step she took felt impossible, her feet weighed down by some invisible force known only to her. Each meter she walked seemed to be a thousand as she trudged through the snow to the three smooth, grey slabs of stone that memorialized the family that left her behind that day. Leeadra couldn’t count the number of times she had wished that she had been in the house that day, that there were four stones here rather than three, however life goes on and she had learned to deal with it as best she could. As she reached the stones, in the place where her family’s dining room should be, she sank to her knees, her sobbing wracking her whole body at this point. She slumped over her father’s stone, his name etched into it, all the years of his life reduced down to two numbers with a line drawn between them. The same was true of Leeadra’s mother and her younger brother, whose loss was always the hardest on her. He still had so many years ahead of him that he would never see.

 The sorrowful Pantoran remained in that position for what felt like millennia before she was able to calm her body enough to sit upright before them. There she sat and spoke aloud, as though her family were here with her, telling them all about her wonderful adventures since that day. The day she packed up her belongings and got on a transporter which would take her as far away from her home as her measly savings would allow. She told her parents of all the friends she had made, the unusual Zeltron woman who was quiet and reserved, the half Umbarian –half Human female who had been so kind to her upon her arrival. She told her brother stories of Wookiees and Gungans and all sorts of things an eight year old would find amusing.

 She went on and on until the tears started flowing again. Leeadra sat in silence, only the occasional sniffle daring to break it. She couldn’t even bear to look at them anymore. The Pantoran diverted her eyes to the ground beneath her legs and watched the tears falling from her face make tiny tunnels in the snow; her shoulders hunched forward, her whole body began to shake again. She was so trapped in her grief that she didn’t hear the footsteps coming up behind her and when her guest placed a hand on Leeadra’s shoulder, the Pantoran was startled. Turning around, Leeadra found Qyreia standing there, a solemn look adorning her strikingly beautiful face. Before Leeadra could say anything to the Zeltron, she was handed a dozen of the most beautiful roses she had ever seen. “H-h-h-how did ya-” the Pantoran sobbed before being cut off. “That’s not important. Why don’t you put those where they belong and let’s go home.”