Enemy Within

Ashes Fall Week 2 Fiction

Prophet Darth Vexatus (Sith)/Marka Ragnos of Naga Sadow, #188

The white is worse than dying.

I stood alone in nothing. The floor beneath me stretched out into the distance, infinite. I allowed a brief glance over my shoulder; the same awaited me in the opposite direction. Infinite white, stretching to the beginning and end of eternity- an endless, empty, white nothingness, without form or shape, purpose or reason, meaning or explanation. It simply was... and that was it.

I ran my hand over the hole in my chest... but found nothing. I was untouched.

It should have been little surprise, there in the empty nothingness betwixt life and what came after, what was seen and what was unseen- there, the world we lived in held no meaning, nor did the world that came after, if such a world exists, I am not a Jedi, I would not have known...

The Light had been blocked to me ever since the day I was pulled back to breathe once more...

I looked around again. Why? I do not know. I already knew there was nothing here. This was purgatory, for lack of a better word, the realm that tiptoed outside space and time, outside the quiet and chaotic currents of the Force itself, a world that just... was, or rather, *wasn’t*.

Death here- if ‘death’ had any meaning here- meant but one thing: oblivion.

I used to be terrified of such a thought. I clung so hard to life, too afraid to pass away...

Life, death and rebirth... all three are so conflicted to me. The Sith, they long to live forever, to never die, the Jedi long to return and be reborn into the energy that breathes life into more, but then there are those of us, those like me may... who lurk in the middle, uninterested in living forever in a doomed existence, and in refusal of the Force’s will to return and have our energy join with everyone else’s as one. I no longer know which of the three unsettles me more... which of the three paths, whether I was Jedi, Sith or... somewhere in between.

“I am.”

A voice.

I looked around.

I saw nothing.

“I am.”

Again. I looked... but still there was nothing.

The words echoed in my mind as I reflected on them. They were what? Who were they? What were they talking about? Who had said them? There was only the white. Nothing more.

Nobody else had come to join me on my path into the depths of nothing...

“I am who I am,” it said again.

I turned around to look back the way I had come... or not come... space had no meaning here... but wait... the voice... it was so familiar... so close...

“You have forgotten,” the voice said... and I realised who it was.

I turned around again... and in the white... came face to face with the one who had spoken.

The face I had forgotten stared back at me. I remembered.

I opened my eyes... and saw the statue again.

The End