Enemy Within  
Allistaire Von Drake

Dossier #14353  
  
Allistaire Von Drake decided immediately that she disliked the way her hair curled at the front as she stared down her mirror image. Though certainly not vain, she did have an image to uphold, after all, and that image did not include having childlike curls.   
  
"This is a nice trick," she said, her voice carrying clearly across the empty room. Her mirror self smirked, a rather animal-like expression that did not do her exotic beauty justice, and prowled forward, her footsteps eerily soundless.  
  
"A trick, hardly," she sneered. "So limited. With all that you could be capable of, you'd think you would see..." She trailed off and her eyes flashed; for the first time, Allistaire realized that her mirror self had vivid red eyes, like blood turned to a jewel. "I'd forgotten how stupid I was in the past," the false Allistaire continued, shaking her head in dismay. "How foolish I was to think that the best way to knowledge was balance! How simple I was in believing that something as far reaching as the Force could not be used for more knowledge and power than anyone could ever dream!"  
  
The room trembled as she uttered that last word, as if she were condemning the very universe for limiting itself. The true Allistaire watched herself pace and was overwhelmed with curiosity despite herself. She knew she did not possess the power dripping off of her mirror image, and indeed could not imagine ever gaining it.   
  
\*Isn't that what she--I?-- means?\* she wondered, \*that of course I can't grasp the concept of that much power...or can't I? Is she not me?\*   
  
"Don't you want to know how I did it?" The Other whispered. Her body seemed to vibrate with the urge to spill her secrets, as if she couldn't keep from telling everything she knew. Allistaire understood. She could hardly keep her desire to know more a secret from her own Master, let alone her own self.  
  
"How did you come by such power?" She finally asked.  
  
It was the signal her Other self had been waiting for. She extended her arms to the sky as if in prayer and closed her brilliantly red eyes, her lips moving soundlessly as if invoking a spell. Without warning the room rippled, and where they had stood in an abandoned section of the catacombs they were now on Antei's surface...but something was wrong. It was a smoking ruin and bodies were strewn everywhere amidst the smoke and stench of burning flesh. Some she recognized as fellow Sadowans, but others were nameless soldiers she'd never met.  
  
"Who did this?" The words fell from her lips in a hurried torrent.  
  
"Who do you think?" Allistaire turned to look at herself and saw the Other looking bored, staring nonchalantly at the wreckage. "You embraced your instincts. You sought knowledge and you found it...Methyas may have taken that Box from you, but everything you ever needed was in here." She tapped her temple and laughed as if it was all a game. "He put up the biggest fight, Methyas. Bravely delved the depths of the Force to pull me, us, back from the Abyss. But he was too late," she said, her red eyes flashing, "he perished on the eve of my promotion to Equite." She caught sight of the look on Allistaire's face and rolled her eyes. "I warned him to stay away," she snapped, "I warned him to go back and leave me be, that I knew secrets he did not. But he was always a foolish old man."   
  
Allistaire sank to her knees in sudden and overwhelming weakness, unable to stand. It couldn't be true. Couldn't be…   
  
"No..."  
  
Maniacal laughter echoed over the ruins as Allistaire screamed. A part of her would die that day and break off to float into the Abyss, and in that shard her inner self a pair  
Of blood red eyes was reflected...