“I need to overcome this... This just keeps getting worse and worse.” Alara admitted to herself, placing her head in her hands. She was visiting the meditation mountain that her Master, Shadow Nighthunter, recommended to her: *“Simple meditation won’t help you.. you need to go where you can meet the Force in a more powerful way...”*

“Okay, well I’m here. Now what?” Alara called out. Her voice echoed of f the strange formations of rock and sculpture around her. The Imperius sun of Judecca shone upon her face as it hung slightly lower than mid-day’s stance. “No Alara.. that’s not what you should do. You need to calm down. That’s the reason we are here. Your emotions aren’t helping you now. Your passion is fine, but you allow your anger to rule you.” Alara chastised herself.

She just couldn’t come to forgive her parents for throwing her away as a slave, especially her father. No matter what she thought up, there was no excuse good enough for their actions. This wasn’t just about her anymore though; this involved her sister too. She couldn’t betray her sister and master just for her own gain in vengeance.

“Shadow is all I have left.. I can’t lose her too... Ugh why do I suddenly require people and care about what they think of me?!” Alara growled loudly. The ensignia on the totem opposing her suddenly shone a powerful red. With this, Alara cocked her eyebrow, and walked towards the totem. She traced the writings with her finger, and quickly realized they were flame hot. She instinctively licked her finger to cool it, but kept looking at the writings.

“What is this, the totem of anger?” Alara asked herself. She edged closer and focused hard. “If only I could read this!” As if answering her request, she saw a vision of the writing form into words that she could undersand: Passion.

“Passion? What sparked this? My anger?” she tried to recollect what she stated to set the letters off. “Suddenly require people and care about what they think of me...” she paused, tapping her slightly burnt finger upon her lips, “Shadow.. I said I couldn’t lose her! That must be it!” Alara exclaimed. The dots started to connect in her head, and her eyes grew wide. “Do I... do I love Shadow?” She must love her. She figured that as a sister they would be closer, but she never dared to assume that she would love her in a sisterly sort of way.

“I hardly know her! How can I automatically assume that she is for me and not against me?” Alara bit her lip, looking down at her hands. “But I guess that’s what love does, isn’t it? It makes you feel things for people that might not necessarily feel back. Mother used to love me. I remember how she would look at me.” A tear flew down Alara’s face. She forgot what it was like to feel vulnerable to herself about these raw feelings.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do about my father, but I do know that I can’t hurt Shadow. Not right now. Perhaps I’ll soon learn that Shadow is against me, and my feelings will change; but until that happens, I have to respect her. I have to do as she would wish me to. She’s my sister.. I love her.”