Tasha’Vel stretched a bit before rising from her bed. As she rose, something felt rather strange. It was as if a part of her were missing. Stretching out her hand, she tried to open one of the drawers, but nothing happened. “What? This can't be.” Looking to her left, Tasha refocused her mind and tried to use the Force to move her vibrodagger from the stand. Still nothing happened. “It's gone!” She turned to the mirror and looked at her reflection. Her eyes widened as she pointed a finger at the vanity table and tried to zap it with lightning, but again nothing happened. “I can't believe this. I've lost all my powers. Even my telekinesis power that has been with me since I was a young Twi'lek on Ryloth. The very same power my Grandfather had discovered and helped me to get training for.”

Taking a few steps back, Tasha took a deep breath, grabbed her Echani Vibroblade that was also on the vanity table and glanced at the ornate blade. She began turning the blade over and over in her hands as tears welled up within her. “All the years of training I spent on making myself one of the most formidable warriors to be challenged…” She paused a moment as it slowly sank in. “Is now reduced to a martial arts specialist? Well Grandfather, I'm sure you are very disappointed in me now. I guess I never got to fulfill that honor of being the toughest warrior in our family. I am sorry.” She slammed the blade’s point into the ground as hot tears of anger poured out. “What is going to become of me now? Do I just waltz up to Sang and say hey, I've lost my force powers you know a way to get them back?” He probably won't have an answer, but I guess it's worth a shot.”

After she put up the blade and gathered up her things, Tasha made her way out of the room towards Sang’s office. “Still just feels so strange not having any Force powers.” She continued walking for awhile,(zig-zagging her way past a few halls and corridors), till she arrived at Sanguinius’s office door. Knocking a few times, she waited for his response.

 “Come in.”

She opened the door gently and stepped inside. The brown-haired Jedi was in his usual meditation pose. He looked up at Tasha and smiled. “Have a seat my Aedile. Tell me what brings you to my office?”

“Well you see, I am having some sort of problem. I seem to have lost all of my force powers. I was wondering if there was anything you could do that might help bring them back?” She watched as her Quaestor listened intently while he thought a moment before answering. His face was a picture of slight sadness.

“Unfortunately Tasha, I really cannot help you gain the power back. I have seen this happen before. Sometimes a huge traumatic experience or even a type of Force power called suppression can stifle someone’s ability to use the Force. The only advice I can give is that you will have to learn how to work and live without being able to utilize the Force. I am sorry.”

Sighing a bit, Tasha rose from her seat. “I somehow knew that would be the sort of answer that you would give. Thank you anyways, Sang. I will see about what I can do now.” Turning away, she walked out and closed the door.

 “I guess this means I am going to be trying to find a new way to live. Well Grandfather, despite losing my ability to connect with the Force, I will not give up trying to be the best warrior I can be. I promise to go on even without the Force to guide my actions. Someday and somehow I will make you proud.”