

*The Nighthawk*  
*Late Evening*  
*Vivibelle's Private Chambers*

*'I hate this place '*

Staring at the durasteel door, the woman lethargically punched in the code. This was the fifth time she tried to punch the code in. It was wrong every time. She wasn't forgetful, just tired. It was incredibly late in the evening and all she had wanted to do since after dinner was go back to her room... but she and the whole crew had more important things to do. Meetings, discussions, training exercises. Vivibelle was confused where all of these interactions with everyone were coming from but it was draining.

Especially for such a normal person like her.

Finally, the door opened. It only took a few steps for some of her stress to melt away, but no matter how often she stepped inside, everything felt so cold. So... artificial. Being in space made it difficult as well. A part of her hated still that she ended up on this ship. She would have been so much happier living where she escaped home from... even if it was just another planet of Sephi. At least things there were green.

But thanks to her last name and thanks to the sister she never met as such, she was stuck here among all of these strange people. First forced away from home by the stepmother she came to hate and then plucked away from the new home she almost settled in, Vivibelle was unable to ever feel settled. How long was it before she'd get taken from here? A thought always on her mind.

The door closed behind her as one of her hands clutched into a fist. Her lower lip quivered as she tried not to let the anger of it all and the exhaustion from the day get to her. She never was an angry person. Ever. Even when things were less than perfect back at home for the last decade she never got angry. But this place drove her blood to boil in ways she never expected.

Letting her clenched fist ease once she felt her fingernails digging into her palm, the half-breed walked over and sat herself on the floor in front of her plants.

It's a shame they were as artificial as everything else on this ship.

*'It's still green at least...'*

Vivi was told some day she'd get real ones, but the Nighthawk hadn't docked yet and she had to get a special type that wouldn't die from lack of sunlight. Usually those ones were ugly, but she had to settle for something. At least the fake ones were pretty...

Her eyes continued to watch the leaves, even if there wasn't any life to them. Her shoulders slowly sank and her body settled down from what all had happened today as she let herself go into some sort of tired trance. The woman's mind slowly wandered to thoughts of her childhood within her mother's garden at home. It was something she could always think of when she wanted to calm herself down.

Trying hard enough, she was able to close her eyes and put herself back in time. She was always able to remember her mother and father's faces as they ate lunch in the garden. Surrounded by plants and flowers she could remember the placement of every single one of them even as they changed over the years.

As a child she always found it soothing to listen to her mother talk about her research. Often Vivibelle would end up on her mother's lap while she worked. Those were innocent days when she wasn't aware of the situation of her birth and whom she was a child of... but now here she was alone in space surrounded with people she couldn't get close to.

A frown formed on her face. It wasn't out of anger, but sadness. She wanted to badly to be part of something and be important and useful, but it just didn't feel like the case right now. All she truly wanted was to be back home, but that was something she couldn't do either. Maybe someday, but not right now.

*'What can I do '*

Picking up the fake plant as she stood up and then sat down on her bed, it was placed on her lap as she closed her eyes again.

Perhaps her dream world was where she belonged. At least today.