

The Nighthawk
Late Afternoon
Somewhere in the Galaxy

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“I was asked about my goals...”

Sitting on the bed within her private chambers, Vivibelle hugged her knees and glanced time to time at the photo sitting on the nightstand. If one didn't know better, they'd think that the woman was talking to herself. In a way she was, but it was aimed more at the photo. The picture showed herself with her mother and father when she was a child. Her father looked a lot happier and less stressed out and her mother looked much healthier. Every time the photo was looked at, Vivibelle couldn't help but think about how poor her mother looked in the end.

“Or more about what I find important? What my life revolves around?”

Shifting, the half Sephi's eyes closed. It wasn't exactly something she thought about. She never actually had to think about it. Most of her life was just handed to her while she had to stay hidden due to who she was. Never once did she have to think about what was important to her or if she had goals or anything like that. She just lived.

“Shouldn't life not revolve around one thing or person?”

Her head eventually lowered to sit on her knees, a sigh coming from her mouth. Maybe everyone else in this place had something or someone, but Vivibelle didn't. Her mother was gone, her father was gone. Her stepmother drove her out. All she really had was a potential inheritance which she couldn't even get due to being where she was.

“What's the point...”

Nor had she experienced great friendship or love. There was no anything revolving around that. She loved her parents, but she knew better than to let her life revolve around something that wasn't there anymore. It wouldn't get her anywhere... just keep her stuck in the past. She was still sad over the death of her parents, but they didn't cause her to revolve and be stuck.

Vivibelle's hands ran through her hair, grabbing and gripping at the hair behind her neck. The subject was incredibly frustrating to her and it made her realize she just lives. All she does is live. No real thoughts filled her head on a daily basis. Nothing made her want to work harder.

At this point it was just like surviving.

“I wonder if my thoughts revolving around just surviving is an acceptable answer...”