

As Inyri walked down the sidewalks of Kar Alabrek, wearing a tan leather jacket over a black turtleneck and khaki slacks, she felt absolutely miserable. It was closing on that time of the year; Life Day. And with her parents dead and no one to call friend, Inyri was going to spend it alone. Her Master had disappeared almost immediately after she had been Knighted, and while everyone was perfectly fine calling upon her in battle, no one seemed to want anything to do with her. And given that Inyri had just suffered such a traumatic loss in her life, she needed friends, but she had none.

Inyri passed happy couples and families, the chaos that had gripped Kar Alabrek seemingly forgotten for a moment, and while she was happy to have played some part in restoring order, she was envious of what she couldn't have. There was little reason for her to even celebrate Life Day at this point, no reason to hang decorations or buy gifts. She had severed all ties to everyone else she had known on Corellia, and none of them seemed in a hurry to repair those ties, so she couldn't even go home.

Her head was hunkered down, and her gaze darted between the ground and watching ahead of her, while her hands were stuffed into her jacket pockets. Festive lights blinked all around her, and a few shops were even playing traditional music for the holiday. It brought Inyri back to thinking of the holidays she had spent with her parents, but instead of bringing happiness, it brought her even more sorrow, realizing that she would no longer have those moments to enjoy with them. It also brought a pang of hatred, she wanted so badly to bring whoever had killed them to justice, but there wasn't even a trail to investigate.

And so, the Sadowan Knight was left with her thoughts and own company as the Life Day festivities closed in. A time of general happiness and togetherness was instead just a time of misery and loneliness for Inyri. She was aware she wasn't the only person, and many here in this very city likely were sharing in that misery or perhaps didn't even have a roof over their heads, food in their stomachs or anything. But that only made her feel worse for being so selfish.

Inyri had no further desire to see what was going on, and started heading back towards the hidden bunker complex that was as close to home as she was going to get. She passed the troops guarding the way without a word, and made her way to her bunk, peeling off her jacket and boots before climbing up onto it, lying down and staring at the ceiling.

Reaching over to the nightstand, she pulled out her lightsaber hilt, and looked it over. She began to wonder if what she had done to earn it, to earn the right to carry it, if it had been worth it. There was the pang of regret, the feeling that if she hadn't left Corellia, just hid her Force sensitivity, she could have avoided all of this. But she had gone out to find some way to use her abilities to help others, to fight for justice and take the fight to the darkest corners of the galaxy. All it had gotten her, though, was this; regret, misery, loneliness and a slew of other negative emotions. She had done it because that's what her parents had taught her, to be part of something greater than herself, to put herself in harm's way for others who could not fight.

But coming here, becoming a part of the Brotherhood, becoming a Knight and a Shadow, fighting the seemingly unending conflicts on behalf of Clan Naga Sadow, Inyri had her moment of doubt. Was any of this worth the loss? And was it worth being simply used as a tool by her superiors?

There was an easy out, right here in her hand. Position the hilt emitter just right, hit the activation stud, and she likely wouldn't have heard the POP-HISS of the light blue blade activating before her life ended. But to what end? No one would care, they'd lament her passing long enough until someone else presented themselves to be used as she had been. She'd likely be lucky if her remains were even shipped back to Corellia to be buried with her parents, probably her body would either be incinerated or just dumped in an unmarked grave.

Inyri shook her head and put the lightsaber back in the nightstand. And at that point, she had only one truth; no one cared about her anymore. She was a tool to her Clan, to be used and then left where it belonged when not needed, and a target to Inquisitors. There was no point in ending her own life because it accomplished nothing, but that didn't mean that Inyri didn't want to die right now. All that was left was just to play her part out until the end, do what she could to try and make some sense of life along the way.

But for right now, Inyri just rolled over on her bunk, staring at the bulkhead, realizing that she was going to be spending Life Day by herself, in the depths of Level 9, forgotten and alone.

And no one cared.