

Dreamsong

by Zasati Tryezsh #9933

Hapes

Ta'a Chume'Dan

The Tryezsh Residence

[\[Song 1: Graham de Wilde - Private Investigator A\]](#)

She leaned against the wall of the lift, clutching a pair of heels in one hand as she flicked away the butt of a small cigara with the other. It had been a less than desirable evening, but she was thankful for the work. Zasati sighed quietly and shifted her blistered feet against the metal floor. The air was stale and heavy, but she didn't mind. It was no worse than the acrid curtain of smoke around the sabacc tables at the club. The old lift rumbled to a stop, its doors squeaking open only half-way. Why did it always get stuck? Grumbling, Zasati shimmied in between the two halves and out into the hallway.

The half-Hapan slipped down the brightly lit corridor, thankful that it was one of the few things the landlord truly kept up with. Zasati stopped at the third door on the left and rummaged around her clutch for a moment. Soon, nimble fingers produced a keycard. Giving it a little jerk until the door finally hissed open.

The apartment was modest but tidy, and Zakai had left the lights on for her. She smiled as she carefully set down her shoes and clutch by the door. Lapis eyes found the small boy curled on the couch; a nearly-ancient datapad clutched in his hands. He snored lightly, his lekku twitching as he dreamed. She stifled a laugh, her tattoo illuminating bright purple.

Careful not to wake her son, she spread a soft blanket over him and put the datapad on the side table. Zasati leaned down and kissed his forehead softly, taking a moment to enjoy his quiet breaths. He was her one constant joy. Her one light. Her sweetest melody.

Once in her room, Zasati quietly slipped out of her dress and into a loose-fitting nightgown. Slender fingers lifted cobalt hairpins from the elaborate coiffure coiled at the base of her neck. She set them on the modest vanity beside her bed and gently unwound the braid and pulled her fingers through the strands. A final shake set free waves of obsidian hair to tumble down around her shoulders.

The woman leaned before her vanity's mirror and began to wipe away the dark kohl from around her eyes. She studied her reflection, passing her fingertips over the dark circles and the few fine lines. Lapis eyes stared back; they were tired yet still held some brightness. At least, that's what Zasati told herself. She shook her head and moved away from the mirror, immediately flopping down onto the hard mattress.

[\[Song 2: Frozen Synapse- Audiomachine\]](#)

She lay there for what seemed like eons. The apartment was silent. No noise drifted in from the streets below, and the elderly neighbors were all asleep long before she arrived home in the small hours of the morning. Zasati hated the quiet. Each hot breath whistled against the sheets, reminding her that sleep had still not come. The woman curled on her side, wrapping her arms around her knees. She worked to clear her mind, gently humming her favorite lullaby as she meditated.

The notes she hummed reverberated through the haze of her thoughts, gradually filling the drifting silence with the distant chatter of a reverie. It began with the soft glow of red light, a familiar embrace. It thrummed in time with the beat of her heart: soft then bright and then soft again.

The melody of light danced, painting every corner of her mind with shape and sound and story. She moved forward. Just ahead, through the shimmer of every cadence, she saw it. Three lines and a circle, red. Red as her blood. Red as her sorrow. Red as her soul. The symbol that sang, three beats of her heart held together by a single point.

Why?

She touched the lines, listening to the pleasant song that blossomed beneath her fingers. It reminded her of home and how the crashing waves and the music of the breeze caressed the tall trees. Home. Was that home? Wasn't she home now? With Zakai? Suddenly, the lines rang out with discordant sound. She pulled away.

The light around her changed, a deep burning blue. Thunder boomed, rattling with a shudder through the dimness. It was cold. Why was it so cold? She reached out to the symbol again, into the black-blue light, but it was gone.

"Give her to me!"

The voice rang out like the dissonant cry of the red mark, and suddenly, she could taste it: the metallic sting of an electric spark across her tongue. Violet fire. The smoky scent of charred flesh. The cold. Why was it still so cold?

"Mom?"

So many voices competed for her attention. Familiar voices. Home? The crack of thunder filled her again. She felt terror rise in her as her vision blurred in fiery orange light that burst around her.

"Mom?"

Everything fell to black.

“M-Mom, wake up,” Zakai’s pleading words snapped his mother awake.

Zasati rose in a panic, the vivid orange glow of her tattoo slowly fading to indigo as she realized there was no real danger. Embarrassed, she rubbed the bridge of her nose. The dreams had been occurring all too frequently, each one more real than the last. The half-Hapan woman looked at her son, taking one of his red-brown hands into her ivory fingers. For a brief moment, her lapis eyes locked with his, a perfect reflection of her own.

“Forgive me, sweetheart. Did I frighten you?”

“You *felt* scared.”

She sighed and scooted back against the wall, patting the mattress and lifting back the blankets. Some day, she would have to explain things to him: explain the Song and its Force and why he was special- why they were different. But that lesson could wait, she told herself. It could wait forever for all she cared.

“Just a bad dream,” Zasati cooed, as he crawled into the small bed beside her. “Shall I sing for you?” She held his small hands and smiled when he nodded.

[\[Song 3: Song of the Sea\]](#)

“Upon the notes, upon the keys
Upon the endless melodies
Upon the verse, upon the strings

Hear my voice
A song for your dreams
Hear it gentle and soft
Leading you home again.
You home.”

Zasati’s voice, sweet and velvety, filled the bedroom, echoing off the bare walls. She opened her eyes, still humming the tune, as she watched Zakai drift off again. Laying in the stillness once more, she found her mind wandering again. The three lines and the circle were ever present in her thoughts. She longed to know them and their song. She shifted forward to kiss her son on the top of his head, whispering a quiet blessing before she followed him into the dreamsong once again.

Songs

1. Whose Line Narrate Film Noir - Graham de Wilde - Private Investigator A
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x_IImfpAlcI
2. Frozen Synapse- Audiomachine
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fsp6PgZjn4A>
3. Song of the Sea (The Song) Music by: Bruno Coulais | Piano arrangement: Jan Kolářek
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=67CtR3KJzIA>