Calindra’s face is hidden behind a silk-woven scarf that is rolled over her head, forcing people to look directly into her dark brown eyes. Hints of golden locks, pale skin and delicate brow peak out from under the silk; the rest of her clothes are dark and brown, tight fitting, molding and caressing an athletic figure. Dark leather boots trail up an athletic leg, giving way to torn fishnet stockings that caress her upper calves towards her thighs who are themselves cut off slightly after the knees by a dark billowing duster coat that hugs her lithe and petite frame.

Everything she has on her serves a distinct purpose, and an observer can easily distinguish her weapons. Her blaster is plainly visible; as is an electronic device attached to her right wrist, not to mention that the fingers of her right hand are delicately curled around an unlit lightsaber’s shaft.

As an afterthought, she pushes back the dark scarf to reveal her delicate and friendly face, full bodied lips, and slender neck; freeing by the same opportunity, her unruly golden tresses which are hastily tied together into a ponytail. She is elegant, attractive, youthful, and she moves with a grace that is both mesmerizing and alluring.