

The metal of the room surrounding a cloaked woman darkened slowly with the reflecting lights from above dimming. A hum of words escaped the mouth of the woman as she spoke out slowly each phrase. “Azzzzurrrr.... Zukkkaaaaahhhh”, she muttered more words after the beginning, almost becoming incomprehensible to anyone who might be spying. As the words echoed around her room, bouncing from one wall to another, there was darkness crawling from beneath her body which seemed to levitate her upwards. Ozosi gathered her mana as she meditated. “Azzuuuuthorr,” she hummed in a hushed tone, muttering words of an incantation until she felt a surge of mana. She could feel the energy of the world around her condensing... collecting around her. Her channelling ability became useful to her since her inevitable realization of a connection to magical energy within the galaxy. Faster the energy grew around her until she expelled it into the form of a large winged dragon above her, almost as if it were a cloak. As the mana formed a large dragon, she could feel the cloak of the energy envelope her body, transporting her to another location of which she had been meditating on. Once the energy disappeared from around her, Ozosi could see a new landscape surrounding her being. *Shili...* she thought as she moved from her meditative position on the ground to a standing one.

Ozosi’s body slowly uplifted from the ground and then in a flash, she vanished into a large shadow dragon and reemerged out of the shadow around a local tribe. She felt, via channeling, the emotions of others within the village, feeling almost as if she were with them now. Each member mourned the loss of their Grand Master for the village and Ozosi could feel this. Slowly she made her way towards the people, wanting to comfort them with whatever way she could, but the people began to worry as they felt something dark within her. Something of the dark side. This impression of worry became a visualized thought in Ozosi’s mind as she saw visions of herself via the villagers’ eyes. She was a large monster, filled with a spiraling darkness and then the vision changed to that of a large horned being, spreading its wings largely to frighten anyone who saw this form.

Large circles of symbols formed around her hands within this vision and words muttered from her lips, turning from a hushed mutter to a markedly louder surrounding and encasing physical form, standing against this beast. An internal struggle began between the two in this vision and soon enough, Ozosi found her body upon the ground, seemingly falling out of the vision into reality. *That monster...* she thought with a flashing glance towards the villagers. As she curled up protecting herself, she commanded for a large black shadow to envelope her body and transports her back to her metal encased room upon the grounds of Trepus. She gave a large sigh and contemplated what occurred before she brought herself back to her room.