

Knight Ozosi Vym (Jedi) / House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr PIN:15010

In the slowing of her heartbeat, Ozosi could feel her surroundings becoming abstracted, melting into almost complete nothingness. Darkness became her companion for the few moments until a spark of light erupted from the far corners of her eyes in a starry display of purity. Behind her, a picture-perfect world of Shili. Tall ever waving grass, occasional wild-beasts roamed and peered from around trees, and a neverending soft aroma of sweet blooming flowers were painted and etched as if it were stuck between a dream and reality. Changing and morphing around her, Ozosi could visualize the planet as if it were somehow programmed in her mind by the mere mention of key phrases by her mother as Zekash's voice echoed in a soft melody.

"Vitcehah non, ch'eo en'kin (Stop now, my child)," a male voice prowled thru the singing voice and Ozosi turned from the vision of Shili to see a world of chaotic energy. A mesmerizing hollow space with the silhouette of a person appeared from the darkness of this world. It was this person who spoke that which came forward and with him crept an ugly darkness as if it were Ch'un'eosi, the Krypt Monster of a Chiss-based child's story. Dripping ugly tentacles of pure unadulterated wickedness whipped and snapped towards Ozosi as large claws dug through the earth beneath this chaotic vision into the world of Shili, uncovering more negative space of echoing words and visions of the past. A snarl and snip from the form caught the attention of Ozosi as she witnessed the decaying appearance of a rather enormous wretch which morphed and shaped itself around the silhouette until a skull could be seen with the person standing upon the beast's tongue. From the body of this creature, a smoky fog rolled and settled around the image before her.

As the appearance of this person became clear, the being began to shape and form into what Ozosi desired the most to see, her father. Yet with this man came haunting imagery of previous encounters with said parent. Screaming words of hatred pierced through what was left of the peaceful veil from the pleasant vision of Shili. Words of which seemed to evolve further into deep rooted spite as holographic illusions display her attempts at beating her father in combat, but for reasons she knew were against the Jedi code.

Power... passion... revenge.

These were traits of the Sith way and Ozosi knew she could not allow herself to fall, but yet she felt the crawling sensation of emotions coming forth beneath her skin. Tears began to pour from the inner corners of her eyes until she dropped to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably. Fear was consuming her mind. Memories of happiness with her father blackened into hollow shells of anger and hostility. The one who protected her from the darkness had become her foe.

"Ek'kin. K'ir nah bicit hah. Sesvio't'san'ah to ch'acah Ch'ah bun (Child. Do not fight it. Embrace the love I give)," her father spoke out, taking a step towards Ozosi's quivering form until he was able to kneel and caress her. Softly he spoke words of Cheunh into her ear and visions of happiness returned, visions of overwhelming emotion where she and her father connected.

These were not the images of peaceful tranquility of which the illustrious Shili presented. Within her thoughts, Ozosi realized these were truthful moments she shared with her father.

“Father...,” she whispered, bringing her hands up away from her face to embrace her father’s form. She pulled back slightly after the initial embrace, seeing the details of his appearance. Blue skin and reddened eyes. A historically unique and damning set of traits for the Chiss. This version of her father smiled, but soon the imagery failed to compare to the real deal. His voice crawled under her skin as he continued to speak in Cheunh, digging up historical part of her childhood which called forth the joy until there was none left. When the joy was gone, then came the next emotion, bravery and so forth until again nothing was left.

“Enough,” Ozosi spoke softly, pushing her father’s form away until she could stand and step away.

Whatever creature of which stood before her now did not appreciate the rejection as it only seemed to be feeding her what she wanted to hear. Out came insults in Cheunh and Togruti, words that spoke of her neglectful and harmful adaptation of the Jedi code with the Sith. *Traitor... heretic... heathen*. All sorts of words were bleeding through the veil of momentary peace had with this hollow shell.

“Enough,” Ozosi exclaimed, this time with a sense of pride in her progress as a Jedi within Odan-Urr and her strength in blending the mantle of both organizations into one to allow freedom within herself. A familiar sound reverberated in Ozosi’s ears as an erupted single bladed cyan saber stayed now firm in her grip, materializing from her growing sense of self.

“You speak of treason, yet you betrayed your family... you left me alone upon a world which knew nothing about love and understanding,” the halfbreed screamed as the form of her father backed down in fear and agony as the purity Ozosi treasured came further in a sparkling light.

Echoed words of previous fights emerged as drumming sounds of a single heartbeat with the rough pattern of breathing filling the ambiance. Ozosi took a step closer to the darkness, dropping her blade upon the ground and collapsed to whatever plane she existed upon now. Her body fell through the ground as she touched until she found herself standing upon a memory or at least a dream she envisioned before. Her father stood tall with her mother before him and his hands laid softly upon her shoulders. The both wore white elegant clothing as the scenery brightly came to flourish within her sight. Many wildflowers, blooming and many still yet to form the flower they would become, laid around the scenery, encircling the couple as the continued to stare as Ozosi watched the pair glance at each other before her mother reached out.

Ozosi began to run towards the vision before it faded into darkness and she fell through the scenery, grasping as far as her reach could go where her parents once stood. Her breathing grew louder while her heartbeat raced faster in anxiety as everything became apparent of where her body now stayed. Opening her eyes, the halfbreed realized she was within her room.

