

Warden Celevon Edraven Erinos (Jedi) / QUA, House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr PIN:12004

Word Count: 1092 Words

Celevon's Dreamscape

Master Bedroom, Edraven Home, Kona'li Island

36 ABY; 0223 Local Time

The Onderonian was in the midst of a nice dream of a soothing walk along a natural pathway, yellow-green stalks of grass swaying in the strong breeze. His mercurial gaze was locked ahead of him, taking in the path that led upward toward the rim of a long-extinct volcano.

Celevon was well aware that it was a dream—perhaps some cryptic revelation from within his subconscious—as the landscape was completely unfamiliar to him, yet the half-Echani knew so much detail about the surrounding area. For all he knew, it was a planet he would come to visit at some point in the future.

Another point that revealed it to be a dream was that, seemingly seconds later, the Quaestor was only yards away from cresting the caldera rim.

At this point, the dream seemed to shatter around him as the Jedi fell through the ground, rocky surroundings blurring past as he continued the rapid descent. Something within seemed to have changed. In the fear and adrenaline that rushed throughout his system in that instant, the half-Echani forgot that this was a dream and reached out with both hands, drawing upon the Force to slow or cushion his fall.

Only, it didn't heed his call. The fathomless well of energy Celevon usually could grasp and bend to his will in a matter of nanoseconds didn't seem to be there. Not just beyond reach or with a barrier between, as it had felt when his ability to connect to the Force had been suppressed.

It was as though it had never existed at all.

The Onderonian struck something, breath driven from his lungs as he tumbled down and came to a stop.

Coughing, breathless and bruised, but alive.

As he glanced up toward a pinprick of light, the rational aspect of his slumbering mind distantly noted that a fall from that height would have killed him instantly without the assistance of the Force.

Caught within the unflinching grip of his subconscious, the stark horror of the presented situation, Celevon was completely unaware of that observation. In the pitch darkness of the ancient volcanic tube, the half-Echani pushed himself to his feet, waiting for his eyes to adjust to his surroundings.

Again, he was struck with the sensation of familiarity, as though the Jedi were intimately aware of every nook and cranny within the shrouded abyss.

“Hello Celevon, my old friend. Long time no see.”

Though the words were phrased in a friendly manner, the tone was distinctly cold, venom dripping with every utterance. A shudder went down his spine as he instantly recognized the voice, despite the lack of a discernible accent and the altered cadence of exaggerated syllables.

In a way, it was his own voice.

No, that's not possible...

As though he were controlling them, a figure seemed to materialize from the shadows. The only differences between them were minor. Where Celevon's ebony locks were cut short, bangs barely falling into his eyes, the other's was long, restrained by a silver clasp. Unlike Celevon's simple attire of a t-shirt, cargo pants and combat boots, his doppelgänger appeared to wear a cloak formed from the shadows themselves.

No, no, no... He's gone...

The final difference between the two rested within their eyes. The Jedi had normal eyes a shade of quicksilver—normal, at least, for someone of Echani heritage. The other, whilst the exact same hue of mercury, bore slitted pupils.

Kalas gave a slow smile, a cruel and sinister edge to it. “Welcome to my humble abode, old friend. This is where you had me locked away for over a decade, feeding me with the memories you wished to forget, urges that brought you shame... Until I was set free.”

The alternate personality had been created due to traumatic experiences, the first when he watched his father executed right before his eyes. Celevon had unintentionally made it stronger by suppressing emotions, instincts and memories. The glee and satisfaction he had felt when the Onderonian had hunted down and carried out his first contract kill, before the horror at the realization set in that he enjoyed it.

The smile Kalas bore, the very one that had curved the half-Echani's lips when he had ruthlessly interrogated a woman for the location of her rapist of a husband. The cruelty in the smile that grew with every scream as he worked his blade, then the thrill when she finally caved and gave him the address.

These were but two examples of many things Celevon had buried. Then, when his mind had shattered in an attempt to remove the suppression on his ability to grasp the Force, Kalas had emerged and taken control of his body. In two months, he had left a trail of bodies across the galaxy, tortured and twisted the mind of an innocent woman until she became an insane lady of the Sith, loyal only to him.

He had been captured, his mind rebuilt and Kalas locked deep within his psyche. It had taken months to come to the decision that he needed to accept Kalas, accept the parts of himself that he had rejected and heal the remaining fracture within his mind.

With that final part healed, the half-Echani regained the memories of all that had happened whilst Kalas had been the dominant personality. That had been the moment his decision had been made and Celevon left Arcona, determined to redeem himself and become a Jedi of Odan-Urr. He had succeeded in this task, though barely.

The Onderonian was abruptly pulled from these thoughts by a *snap-hiss* as his own crossguard lightsaber was ignited, held within Kalas' right hand. The emerald beam chased away the shadows.

"Now, it's time to trade places. I'll be in control of our body while you wither in this darkness," Kalas snarled, bringing the blade to bear, slashing down as the agonizing heat seared through—

And Celevon shot up in bed, breathing heavily as his skin glistened with sweat, glancing around his bedroom almost frantically. "A dream. Just a dream."

You will never be free of me, Celevon... One day, I will regain control and return us to the path we belong upon...

The half-Echani shivered, quietly reminding himself that he had absorbed all that Kalas was and accepted those parts of himself.

Kalas' voice was just an after-effect of the dream, similar to how people would see flashes of the images that woke them from a nightmare. That was all it was.

Wasn't it?

~(END)~