

It was a cool night in the grasslands on Shili. Four of the planets six moons were high in the sky, bathing the area with cool blue and soft yellow white light, while the other two moons were setting and rising on either horizon. Looking out over the turu-grass waving softly, a person could almost be lulled into a false sense of calmness and safety. One could simply lay down in the soft grass and fall into a dream filled sleep, that would only be awoken by the blazing light of the early sun.

But this is Shili, where even the strongest can be taken down if they don't pay attention. Those who did not learn to adapt quickly, and keep their wits about them, met a really painful and terrible ending. Tahiri learned that from the very beginning, a few times the really hard way, although it's something she would never admit. Her parents had taught their eldest child everything the young Togruta knew to survive throughout Shili's treacherous and wondrous terrains.

Now, years later, here she was, meditating on the very top of a hill overlooking the very place within the valley where her tribes first village had been. It was also the place where her father and one of her younger brothers had been murdered, and she had nearly died herself. Sitting cross-legged amongst the turu-grass, Tahiri opened her eyes for a moment, looking across the moonlit landscape. Closing her eyes again, the Togruta opened herself to the Force around her. All of her senses tingled and vibrated as the Force showed her everything seen and unseen. From the tiniest insect burrowing its way through the ground beneath her, to where Solan, her pet and companion Akul, was patrolling. He kept a vigilant eye out for any intruder or enemy approach, while his master rested.

As Tahiri meditated, the breeze kicked up a bit more, bringing up familiar smells, which triggered long lost memories into making an appearance. Those memories began to make her thoughts wander away from meditation and into a sort of day-dream type of trance.

Memories of the happy times of Tahiri's childhood flooded their way back in, washing over her consciousness. A surge of exhilarating happiness engulfed Tahiri's mind and senses, which seemed to just amplify through her connection to the Force. However, as her day-dreaming went deeper, the happiness began to cold. Memories of that day, that horrible day of death and destruction surfaced. Even as Tahiri tried to push those memories away and bring back the happy ones, the Force, and it seemed her mind, wouldn't let her. Tahiri was made to relive everything that happened that fateful day. From the morning of hunting Themier in the forest nearby with her younger twin brothers, to seeing the raider's ship fly overhead, to hearing the blaster fire and screams of her tribe. Tahiri could feel the tears streaming from her eyes as the images flashed through her mind.

*I'm sorry Father. I wasn't there when you needed me most. I'm so... deeply sorry. I wish with all my heart I could have changed the events that occurred that day. So you could be here now. To see how much Ro-Tahn, and if Rholar was still alive too, has grown. As both a leader and a man, you would be so proud of Father.*

Her thoughts were interrupted when a voice suddenly whispered something. Tahiri opened her eyes, tried to look around, but the tears blurred her surroundings.

*"It... is... okay... my... little... dagger..."*

Tahiri sprang up, wiping the tears away, and looked frantically around for her father. However, there was no one in sight, the breeze had calmed itself and a mist had settled itself over the valley. Shaking her head, Tahiri couldn't believe she had heard her father.

"Father died ago, Tahiri. There is nothing you can do to bring him back. Why do I torture myself with a wish that will never become true?" The Togruta asked herself and sighed. Looking out over the valley, then up at the sky, she realized that two moons out of the four had set.

"Hmmm, that didn't take very long. Time here always seemed to move fast at night."

*"As it should, Tahiri. The nights darkness makes way for the light of the day."*

Startled, Tahiri swung around, ready for anything. Except for the figure that seemed to rise, instead of walk, out of the mist surrounding the hill top.

"Father?! H... how, can you be here?"

*"You called me, and I came my dear little dagger. Always said I would be here when you needed me most."*

"But how? Your dead!"

The figure fully manifested itself as it got closer, revealing a strong tall muscular male Togruta. Zabras Hulor Drakon chuckled as he stopped in front of his daughter.

*"My, you have grown, and you've changed."*

*"Tahiri, I am most definitely here. I may be a ghost, but I know that you can feel that I'm here."*

*"Oh my little dagger, you still have a lot to learn. But don't worry, you'll get it eventually."*

*"I'll let you in on a little secret about leadership. You don't always start out great. There will be trial and error involved, and there will be some who don't believe in you. But you, Tahiri, you need to believe in yourself. Once you do that, you learn what course of action you need to take and at what time to do it."*