

A Winter Wonderland...mayhap?

Rhen Var - It was karking cold...

It had not really been down to the half Iridonian, after just about a week of idling upon the Academy to catch up on the ins and outs of what recent events had passed her by and more recent history they had unfortunately noted a modicum of intelligence within her and decided that she would benefit from some hands on field work, combined as a small holiday.

Aay'han had not wished to go, much like a child being forced to eat vegetables for the first time she had tried all manner of things to wriggle out of the affair; though spitting had not been on her repertoire then.

Knowing what she now knew the Iridonian would consider it as an option as the shuttle hurtled planetside, skimming the atmosphere with bouncing rattling motions that made her teeth rattle. This was only her second experience of this, the feeling of her stomach moving upwards into her chest cavity was not one she relished to experience again in a hurry.

Or at least, that was what she had thought at the moment. Had Aay'han known where she was staying she may have reconsidered this particular opinion.

It had only been a few hours before that incident when the Obelisk Headmaster had bodily thrown her onboard the ship, he had stated she should not be breaking the decorum and ambiance of education by being obstinate. That she should be grateful, it made the Krath snort, yes, she'd be grateful to freeze on the ball of ice for a week.

As the ramp lowered, post turbulent landing the sheets of snow greeted her flesh. The Iridonian had never experienced extreme temperatures before but had decided immediately that cold was not for her. The fact she had no hair upon her skin made retention of heat nhy on impossible.

The only plus side was if she stripped naked she would probably blend in, her pale flesh was almost the same hue as the snow. The reverie was short lived, she came to a very sudden halting conclusion that would make it her very last resort.

It was too karking cold.

Darth Mekhis' Fortress - At least she was interesting...

The place had been left for what looked like eons, the ice and slowly crept back in covering the majority of the outer walls in layer after layer of the coldness. It seemed to seep through the walls, through the fabrics and into your bones as you stepped through the entrance ways.

The encampment was predominantly within the initial hall chamber as it was the most secured. Oftentimes when walking the halls if one took the time to listen there would be a

soft tick tick tick sound. It was almost reassuring, at least the internal workings of the place retained some level of function.

Aay'han having the predelicious for adventure and no concept of danger had been quickly limited to remaining at all times within the camp, having set off a number of traps that had been waiting within the seemingly barren hallways.

It wasn't a complete bust having to remain though, having been given access to the Datapads to at least keep on reading whilst she was alone was a small mercy. Aay'han had no prior knowledge of Mekhis, to learn that the female had been upon the Dark Council made for interesting reading.

She spent the lonely hours reading about how the Sith had augmented herself and enslaved Jedi and modified them as well with cybernetics. How the woman had created a prototype dreadnought ship called Ror'jhan, apparently it could poison a whole planet, which to the small Iridonian curled up in a pile of soft furs was at least interesting.

Wanderlust - it would get boring

There was only so long the comforting warmth of the furs and the gentle glow of the Datapads could hold Aay'han's interest. In the end, she wanted to explore and mark at least something as her own.

Diverting herself from this was much easier now the other's had let their guard back down, obedience sometimes has its benefits.

Slowly, but with intent the girl crept up the darkened corridor. Her feet guided where her eyes remained blinded, though she was sure footed in her expedition.

Eventually a door slid open for her, an unspoken voice beckoned her inside. It was more of a feeling rather than an actual person had spoken. As the time passed her eyes adapted to the gloom that encapsulated the rooms and corridors. Slowly she made out outlines and shapes as she crept forth.

The room was large, now empty, though an active imagination assisted the child in filling in the gaps. A couple of chairs, a desk as well as a large bed filled the barren room.

Cold hands brushed against colder walls. As though they could have discovered something a scanner would miss.

Being able to sit in the silence on the floor in a room the woman herself had called her own was an amazing feeling. Imagining the daily comings and goings.

Time seemed to just pass by, Aay'han had very little concept of how long she had sat on the floor. It was fun to just let her mind run wild with imaginings.

The hiss of the old door opening went unnoticed, a gloved hand grasped at the Krath's shoulder. Then condensed air was breathed out, passed her lips, maybe she had forgotten about the breathing thing, allowing it to wink to a shallow lull of meditation.

"This is where you got to. Come, we are leaving now." This was of course her minder, the Twi'lek was observant, perhaps a bit too observant.

The Half Iridonian nodded and slowly, stood, hands carefully dusting off the thin layer of ice. It was slow to form on the protective clothing.

Reluctantly the girl was forced to follow, she would be back, she would find what her instincts told her were within those stone walls. Until then she would keep learning.

But maybe eventually it would get boring.