# Dream On

Entry for: **Who Ya Gonna Call?**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2020-09-27.

Dasha sat at the bar being very pouty while sipping at her juice. Just a moment ago, a Sith wearing a Taldryan uniform had forcefully stolen Vodo’s ring from her before she could present it to Zakai. There wasn’t much she could do against a force user after all so she pondered where to find the thief.

Suddenly, the bar became eerily silent and a glass dropped and smashed on the floor. Her eyes darted up immediately to see a transparent image of the late Vodo… but he was ‘dancing’. Some others were trying to figure out who was playing the trick while others stared slack-jawed. There wasn’t any form of device seen that could have played that image and it was definitely not a hologram.

The image seemed to be pleased enough and started to float-slide out the door and away. Not wanting to lose it, Dasha hopped to her feet and ran after it. The chase went on for a while when suddenly it stopped while multiple colors of glitter seemed to swirl around the image prompting some odd, almost jolly laughter emitted from the ghost as he went through the nearest wall.

Not wanting to lose track of the apparition, Dasha just went around the block of offices and charged into Appius’s office to see if she could find the ghost. Well, she found him dancing on Appius’s desk with a dumb-founded pair of force users staring at the spirit.

The Sith from earlier in the day was covered in glitter as they seemed almost embarrassed for the actions of Ghost Vodo as the dancing seems extremely unbecoming of the past great Sith. A glitter-covered Appius on the other hand was holding the stolen ring as he seemed to have just received it when Dasha’s ceiling glitter trap popped due to a hidden floor pressure plate.

Whether it was because Appius is used to Dasha’s shenanigans or he was stunned by the dancing Vodo, he didn’t move as the young Sephi snatched the ring from his fingers and backed out into the hallway before closing the door as quietly as possible behind her.

She took out the polishing cloth and wiped off the glitter on the ring with a quick bit of vigorous rubbing prompting weird noises in the office and screams from the living; one scream as if they saw something they shouldn’t and the other shouting for something to stop. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up and she decided to go retreat back to her room worried it was too dangerous. On the way back to her room, various high ranking force users seemed to sense something and ran past her as they headed towards Appius’s office.

Now feeling safe in her room, she decided to go take a bath. On her bedside table, she placed her communication datapad then the ring on top of the polishing cloth to protect the surface of her device. Making sure the door to her room was locked, she went to relax under a torrent of warm-hot water.

While she was doing so, her datapad’s alarm went off causing it to vibrate. Then, it started to vibrate even harder as she was getting a call, but unfortunately the ringtone was turned off. By the time Dasha returned to check for messages, she found multiple messages from Appius to return with said ring with no stated reason but it became more and more desperate as the messages were more recent.

As she read the last of her messages, she picked up the ring to head to Appius’s office when her door suddenly just blew up with a grim-looking Appius, a dancing Vodo, and a flood of gaunt-looking people staring at her.

It was then Dasha suddenly woke up in her bed with Vodo’s polished ring on her bedside table on top of a polishing cloth, both of which were on top of her vibrating morning alarm since she forgot to take the device off silent the night before. The sound of an explosion was just one of the items she salvaged falling over and crashing to the floor, undamaged.

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