

## Sven's Meditation Gone Wrong

Softly breathing in the soot dust particles as wildly flowing thoughts and memories flash just beyond the small Togorian child as if it were not projected. He had just been with one of his fathers, meditating in a small enclave as the entire family continued within their own meditative states. A primarily mixed empty void laid around the child as he stood up with confusion taking over.

*Heat. This...smell.*

Bursting forth came a large explosion and screams echoed as if the sounds were creeping within the Togorian's underskin. Various chunks of brick, thatch, and clay erupted after the explosion, speeding past his face with a quick wince and tensed in anticipatory pain. Confusion swept over him as he realized the debris phased through his body. His body only vaguely felt relaxed after realizing he did not feel physical pain, hunching over in bleeding fear. He dropped to his knees in a thud which caused the void to vibrate around him. A mix of ash and dust swept from the surrounding darkness, swirling into a building collection just before his chest. Each particle swept closer began to form the beginnings of a person. A familiar person.

*Mother.*

The forming dust emulated the features of his Togorian mother who laid within his own arms, covered in dried blood. Her voice began to echo throughout his surroundings. Of laughter. Of love. Of scolding. Of learning. Of each time she tucked him in with the warm embrace of her arms.

Out from the void came another collection of ash and dust which spawned more beings to surround him in the mixed reality of life and death. Each person present in this vision collided together, morphing with frozen smiles and celebration of life as even smaller children than himself were held by adult Togorian. Each of these children present erupted into a swirling collection of decay and quickened evaporation. Just as the children were swept away... so did the adults until he was again focused upon his mother in his arms. Her face contorted from a lifeless and limp expression into the smile he remembered of her as she began to mouth affirmations of love. Just as her mouth moved to complete the word "You" she again evaporated into a puff of ash and dust.

*No.*

The dust settled now as various decrepit houses surrounded him covered in the mixing of ash, dust, and blood. His village lay to endless ruin before him but yet he could not now move himself. He could see the neighboring family running away from something behind his vision. Cries of agony and moans of despair wrapped around his body and mind as if they became tangible creatures to restrain him. Old friends' cries were heard until there were no more. The smell of burning wood, thatch, and bodies became unbearable as the only scent the Togorian child had to experience. Soon came the splashing sounds of those still fresh being mutilated

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and ripped by whatever monster existed out of his sight. A mix of metal now intertwined, taking over his scents. He knew this smell. He knew this from his hunts with family. It was *death*. His sight soon turned into a blurred image as his eyes burned from the newly formed tears mixed with the dust around his face. All he could do was shut his eyes and turn within.

He did not know how long time had passed. He did not know if he had truly been whisked away in order to wish the pain and destruction to stop.

Then... *A voice*.

"Oh goodness! Please, we need to hurry. I feel a life nearly fading", the soft musing voice of a young male came forward as parts of the debris restricting the child from escaping appeared to mystically move.

"Are you sure there is anything? It looks like ev-", a much more rugged voice huffed out in a slight annoyance.

"I will not hear anything of it. I know what I feel and I need you to help me move this", the musical voice quickly shot back.

Another piece moved enough for the child to feel he could call out.

*Mo..ther.*

His mind reached out as if he were speaking plainly.

"Oh dear! There it is. There is a soul beneath here."

"You always say this and we always get there too late", the second man muttered with a grunt as he continued to move pieces. He knew that his partner now glared for a moment, taking what he said into consideration.

*What if he is right...*

But to him, this seemed like a hopeless case as there was hardly even a village still standing let alone any live or nearly alive creatures. He continued to do as his partner very nearly demanded as he found a larger set of pieces collected over some...thing.

"I don't think we've fo-"

Just as he moved to pull off the rubble, the man's voice cracked as he stopped speaking. Reaching within himself, his hands waved forward as his *will* gripped the ruined pieces of a home. A quick motion of his hands away shot the debris away as a limp form of a child laid just behind.

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There was an echoing sound of crying with the strange Togorian tongue spoken between the unintelligible sobbing spells. The child's eyes opened to stare weakly into the golden circles as his vision noted green as well.

The other person present came closer.

*Blue. Pink.*

The Togorian child let out another cry as he shut his eyes again.

"Kitten! Wake up!"

The voice came from a different place as warm arms embraced him until he reopened his eyes. His father had been holding him now as he feverishly rocked and held the boy close. Soft shushing as Cora began to hold the feline closer and rub his back with his new siblings around him.

"It's okay my kitten. You are here. I am here. We are all safe."