

## Breaking Your Limits

Using ancient Krath sorcery Quentin had brewed a dark elixir of destiny, it has been said in krath scrolls that the high priest would use give it to one of their members before they came a high priest themselves a right of passage that is said it will make them face their fears or die and be found unworthy. Quentin has thought of this for a while due to feeling as though he was stuck between whom he wished to be and the one he was slowly becoming away from what he desired.

removing his cloak he kneels down in the lotus position to meditate having held the murky potion that contained green shimmers swirling around in it, staring at the potion knowing if he hadn't remember the recipe fromt he ancient sith scroll it could be just a potion of death.

What if I got it wrong" Quentin says to himself second guessing his knowledge of krath lore and sorceries. " Guess we will find out" he says to himself as he downs the potion. Everything went black, he had woken up laying on the floor but it wasn't where he was when taking the potion, taking a quick look around he is on a cobbled stone floor but there is an unusual darkness about him not being able to see pat 10 feet in front of him.

"You are weak" he hears from the darkness but the voice was his own. Hearing shuffling around him as if there was more than one person walking around him. He draws his lightsaber, igniting its purple blade, the all too familiar hum and vibration in his hand, its light did not even phase the darkness. " Let go of your anger, there is no power in it" again his own voice came from the darkness but it sounded almost calm. Quentin spins to face the direction he had heard his voice coming from. " You are weak, there is no future for you for only failure is your destiny" the voice had said behind him in a tone of arrogance as the sound of a lightsaber being activated. Turning quick Quentin barely had time to deflect the crimson blade from taking his head off, then the cloak figure rolled back disappearing into the darkness the sound of his lightsaber still running Quentin reaches out with the force with all his hate and anger sending blue streaks of force lighting into the darkness only to hear another lightsaber ignite behind him, again he spun around preparing for the strike while trying to listen for the other lightsaber that running somewhere behind him. From the shadows a brown cloaked figure appeared with a emerald lightsaber strikes out at him locking blades with Quentin "Let go before it's too late" the figure said before he stepped back in the darkness like the other hooded figure and dissapered. Quentin can hear the two lightsabers walking in a circle around him each keeping across from the other keeping him in between them. " How can you hope to become anything, you are useless but don't worry it will be over soon" the dark robed figure said as he charged Quentin. Quentin quickly rolls and slashes the figure which should have cut him in two pieces but the figure just laughed as he disappeared into the darkness.

Quentin knows if he can't hurt then this is an uphill battle they will just keep striking at him until he is too tired to defend himself.

The two figures emerged from the darkness, their lightsabers humming in his ears, he could see their faces; they were both him, one in brown robes, the other in dark robes, each wearing his face and using his voice. He could hear the one in brown speak" he has come so far and learned nothing, perhaps you right he should be destroyed" it told the dark robes figure who busted out in laughter.

Then Quentin heard a voice he hadn't in a long time the voice of his former master. "Most people fail because they are their own worst enemy, second guessing themselves, or just overestimating their own skill, this is the case for all, you must learn who you are and what you can do with confidence not arrogance or pride." Quentin finally understood what she meant, both figures charged him bringing their lightsabers up for the strike, Quentin moved his saber in front of his chest holding it with both hands letting his purple blade stand into the air. Closing his eyes he deactivated his lightsaber as the green and red saber slashed down on him. Quentin eyes open to find himself still in the lotus position and bottle laying on ground in front of him, back in his ship's cargo hold with sweat pouring down from his visions.

The End