

#CHARACTERQUESTION8

SHADOWS GRANT ME SILENCE

Ktah. A blue-skinned woman ducked quickly behind a stack of cargo crates, letting out a frustrated hiss between her teeth as several bolts of blaster fire hit the metal surface. This was supposed to be an easy run to grab some intelligence for the clan. What her sources said is that it would be a simple infiltration mission—that she would be able to get in and get back out with little to no fuss as long as she kept up her disguise. However, a sudden sound—a clatter of something metal somewhere in the depot—broke her concentration... and now she was huddled behind something foul smelling, cowering like a porg.

Sivall's mind was whirling with ideas; rushed plans to get out of here alive and in a way that wouldn't get her tracked back to Selen. Sadly, none of her racing thoughts would help. The blaster fire, and the shouting of the people behind it, was rapidly approaching her hiding spot (it's not much of a hiding spot if they see you duck behind it). The Chiss woman adjusted, trying to ready herself to sprint to a new spot, when a white hot stab of pain bloomed from her left side. Sivall gasped softly, turning to look at the spot where the pain registered while her left hand flew to cover it. When had she been hit? This was bad.

Her assailants grew even closer to her refuge. She was trapped and injured, running was not an option but neither was fighting. Sivall slowly closed her sanguine hues and took in a deep breath, allowing the air to enter and calm her. With breath filling her lungs, she let go of the pain in her side. To get out of here, she would need all the concentration she could get, and so the pain had to be shoved down for the time being. With the pain gone, Sivall then focused on allowing the Force to cloak her and hide her from sight.

Just in time too, because not a second later, a heavily armored person rounded the corner of the cargo crates and pointed his blaster rifle right in her direction. Sivall's eyes quickly snapped to the male, her breath halting in her lungs, as she waited to be cut down. The being stared at the spot in which she stood, crouched, for a moment before their eyes looked around. "She's not here!" They exclaimed, frustration clear in their voices, "Where'd she go?!"

This is it, Sivall rallied to herself, this is your chance to get out of here. Slowly, in a crouched stance, Sivall began to make her way out from behind the cargo crates and towards the entrance across the room from her. She took the most roundabout way to get there, sticking to the walls in hopes that the shadows would grant her a little extra coverage. All the while she never took her eyes off the door. In her peripheral vision she saw the group of armored opponents frantically searching behind the crates where they had last seen her.

Sivall had always been gifted when it came to concealing herself. Now, with the help of the Brotherhood she had learned that her affinity for cloaking had allowed her to move while concealing her

visage even when others could not. She became a ghost. Surely, if not for this ghost-like ability, she would have been stuck behind those crates at the mercy of her attackers—waiting for them either to move on, or for her to exhaust her ability to cloak. *Just a bit closer...* She muttered in her mind as she reached the door, which was luckily not an automatic one and left propped open. Once she slipped through and rounded the corner, she released her cover and broke out in a full sprint down the hall towards the exit which lead to the busy street and bustling nightlife.

Her rushed entry into the crowd barely registered a ripple in the stream of people who moved around her. Normally she would have wanted to be anywhere else, but tonight she was grateful for the mass of different faces. Not sparing a look behind her to see if she was spotted (which would have wasted precious seconds), Sivall slipped her way into the throng of people and towards the shipyard. Whatever gods might be out there, one or two had surely been looking over her tonight.