

Sivall Zoria
Yuanming – Vizsla Space
41 ABY, Early Morning

Her head hurt so much.

The night prior of drinking and general merry making at the resort had put a momentary stop to her plans while she was here so that she could spend the morning recovering. This wasn't the first time she had nursed this degree of a hangover—and had spent most of the night resting instead of *other things*—so she finally had time for herself. Finally had time for the other half of the reason she came here.

Thankfully, Bril and Minnie were still stuck in bed back at the hotel.

The Chiss walked down the streets of the city where a memorial celebration was going on. She passed stalls selling all sorts of goods: from trinkets to place on memorials to food to clothes. Sivall hadn't realized before, maybe because Clan Armis seemed so homogenous, but the Mandalorians did all have their special traditions. Different banners and fabrics lined the street, showing off different signets and symbols. There was even some artwork!

She would have enjoyed some of it if she hadn't come to this celebration on such somber terms. But it was a somber reason that brought her here, and she was a woman with a mission. Tilting her wide-brimmed to help her dark shades block the sunlight from her eyes she turned to face a public memorial holding a small bundle of velvet-like fabric between her hands.

The Shadow carefully unfolded the fabric to reveal a bear skull made from tiger's eye. She had learned a lot about the people of Tekpantli since her time on the island, learned that they were bonded to their caxats like she was bonded to Bril. That they were siblings, partners, two halves of the same coin. She understood now why Tema had jumped in front of his caxat, why he had given his life to protect the... creature.

Taking a deep breath, Sivall placed the bear skull trinket on the memorial then lowered herself so that she was sitting on her knees. She had changed out of the black dress from the night before and was had donned a black pantsuit with a black turtleneck underneath. Under normal conditions she would have been worried about the dirt from the road getting on her jet-black pants, but today she didn't mind.

"Tema..." she sighed, smoothing wrinkles from her slacks, "They say I can't go back to Tekpantli. That it wouldn't be... wise. So, I'm here, doing what I can to honor you and pay my respects. Apologies won't make up for what I've done or bring you back to your people." The pale-blue woman frowned as the thought of Tema's mother filled her thoughts.

“Your death will forever stain my hands—stains that I will never be able to scrub off, no matter how hard I try. I still see it sometimes, your blood, even though I know it’s not there anymore. I won’t let your death be in vain, and I will not keep making these mistakes that lead to innocent people drawing their last breath...” Siv paused, sucking in a shaky breath before continuing, “I hope some day I atone for making you draw yours. I accept that I might not.”

Sivall took a few more moments, closing her eyes, trying her best to give the spirit of the little islander boy the respect and moment of silence he deserved. She hadn’t been able to give him that after the incident, partially because of the state she was in and partially because of the fallout of her actions.

But now that she was quiet, the noise in her brain had picked back up through the fog of her hangover. Voices of the islanders, voices of her clanmates, voices of Ruka and Qyreia and Alex and Connor and...

The Chiss opened her eyes once more to stare at the skull trinket, an expression of sorrow firmly placed on her features. She bowed her head deeply, her forehead almost touching the ground, her loose raven locks brushing against the dirt. One last show of respect for the greatest mistake she had ever made. Then she stood back up, dusted herself off, and made her way back to the resort.

She was hoping to make it back before anyone ever realized she had left.