Once upon a midnight dreary whilst the Life Day commenced, a lone ship sat within the stars, hovering just beyond the gravitational pull of a quiet little planet. Choirs sang to their heart’s content within the hollow shell of a ship. Many cultural customs laid about the floors and some were attached to the ceiling. Planet after planet, customs were appropriated in a fashionable sense, even those of which celebrated Sithmas. A care was not given about what day was celebrated or what customs were to be the most pronounced. All except for one token. The jewels, which usually laid within the sockets of the pilot’s headdress, sat now on display, amongst the singing individuals of the choir. Life celebrated; Life missed. One might look within the ship’s confines, believing this individual cared only for goods, but unknown to many was that each good belonged to previous creatures met by this pilot. Each life was missed by this woman, but the one she missed the most was the home world of Shili. Her pale blue eyes stared hard at the jewels before her as the appearance of dancers played across the screen where the jewels sat. The women watched in amazement at the skill of the men and women who danced with purpose and desire.

Getting closer to the holo-projections was her next desire as she slowly raised a hand to touch the dancers. These people were her people. A lost hologram projected now before her of her tribe from Shili. The dancing grew intensely as twirling and sounds of drums could be heard now, increasing the emotion of the dancers as they started to jump between the drummers. Other members started to beat down hard with their feet as they stomped to the drumming.  The females now danced in snake like patterns as their arms moved in almost a formless manner. Their legs began to lightly stomp to the beat of the drums as their arms continued to move from their core and out in noted patterns. Closer to the images. Closer and closer. Wishing and wanting to be with her people again.

A sigh escaped her lips after taking a deep breath as she witnessed the end of the transmission of the holo-log. Her vision still burned with the appearance of her people in front of her. She wished to be back with her family, wondering if she would every see their faces again.

Suddenly, a speaker alit with a voice. One familiar to this woman. “Ozosi, you need to return… You can’t sit up there all night…” the voice seemed to be one of the Odanites trying to coax her into returning. “You’re missing the fun down here”, the voice called again through the transmission, almost pleading. After a moment of silence, Ozosi opened her mouth to speak, only pausing again to hold back ill words. She was confused and hurt, reliving the memories of her departure from her planet. She peeked through the cabin’s window, seeing the planet below her and envisioning it to be Shili. She looked back within the ship, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly. She could almost hear the words of her mentor as she focused upon her emotions, taking another deep breath and then let it out. *Let go of the fear and hurt,* her thoughts called out to her. *It’s alright to remember them fondly, but do not lose yourself to the memories. Your people — your family — live on in your heart and memory; honor them daily by continuing the traditions you were taught.* After a few more breaths and focusing hard enough to regain her composure, Ozosi finally smirked, pressing the button to call back to her clan mate. “I’ll be down. Save some of the fun for me,” she spoke out, a bit shaky as she continued to take her focus away from the pain of the past.