

Novice Crystal rises upon seeing the Deputy Grand Master Jarek La'an moving toward her, realizing that he is there to ask why she hasn't come to him yet. Gathering her scrolls she casually walks away toward the medical bay and peeks around to see if she lost him. Sighing softly she gently brushes her bluish black hair from her eyes and moves in her reddish eyes welling with tears as she runs her hand along the Sith statis tube and places a gentle kiss to the side before spotting the Deputy Grand Master moving into the med bay as she hurries out the back.

She swiftly moves to the cantina and orders a bit of food, basic stew and some bread, the food of this universe still too strong for her Drule system. Spotting out of the corner of her eye she sees the Deputy Grand Master and sighs but smiles seeing him not approach while she eats. Once finishing she rises and heads to her chambers to study at her desk.

Looking up from her desk she sees the Deputy Grand Master and rises bowing low to him as she whispers, "how may I be of service Master?". The Deputy Grand Master looks to her rubbing his chin and looks to the ceiling, "Why Youngling are you avoiding me? Don't you wish to try to win me to your order. To bring glory and honor and get fame for yourself and be noticed?"

"May I speak freely and openly Master?". He nods to her and she whispers softly. "On Drule people do not force their life goals on others, honor, duty, loyalty is cherished but one must have their own paths. We cannot choose them for people they must do what their heart states. I am a Drule Navigator, I fly and feel at home on the sea of stars. So a Sith is natural for me. You were a Krath, you shaped minds and left an impression forever. While I can kill my enemies without you none would remember me or tell tales of me. Now the Obelisk, to run with saber high to lead armies through the blood of your enemies. To control the ground while I control the sky, both vital. As is the Krath equally vital to learn of our enemies and tell us of them so we know better to defeat them. All are vital. All are needed. But only you can choose what you will do, what you will be. The choice is not mine but Yours Master". She bows again as the Deputy Grand Master bows and then slips away to think.

Smiling she bows low to the Deputy Grand Master and returns to her desk studying her scrolls of lore and rubbing her eyes, "now to find that cure".