

Diyar Aditi



35 year old tan-skinned, black-haired, indigo-eyed humanoid Corellian female of exclusively Corellian bloodlines. Possibly due to the influences of the Force, she currently appears to be about a decade younger than her calendric age. She has pseudonyms for every occasion, and extras for high holidays.

Height = 1.8 meters (5' 11" – tall)

Mass = 66 kilos (150 lb – sleek, not bony)

Age 12

With a pang of loneliness, Tipa gently slid her small body out from under the officer's pale, snoring torso. She was surprised that it was so easy, that his lumbering, grabbing, thrusting form hadn't crushed her. He was so huge. *How could women stand it?*

*How could **he** stand it?* She had watched him drink. And drink. And drink, congratulating himself on his manliness. She had just stared and waited for It to begin, while the thrashing butterflies in her stomach had driven the stunningly rich meal upwards, and she had swallowed hard to keep it down. She had clenched her jaw to keep her teeth from chattering, and had dreaded the night.

Now, as she slid her thin body off the bed, the sheets caressed her skin with an alien gentleness. Silently, she padded over to the bureau and the mirror, glowing dimly in the pre-dawn twilight. She looked at her face, slowly turning it left, then right, wondering if she'd look changed, wiser, knowing. *Sigh. Not different, just more tired.* She stood on tiptoe to see more of her budding self, and her moving skin stretched and burned where it stuck together. *Ewww...* Tipa scampered to the 'fresher to scrub herself clean, clean, clean, wondering when she'd be old enough to start her monthly bleeding.

13

Veritt was angry. And hurting. And **hungry**. *BadBadBad. Off-center = Mistakes = Danger.* She breathed deeply and slowly, tasting city air and fighting off the inevitable dizziness. *Goddamn men don't want a girl when she's bleeding. Oh no! God forbid that they face reality! ... Reduced to picking pockets like a dirty 8-year-old. **Nice.*** As the mark shifted his weight to surge across the street with the crowd ... *smelly ... arms and legs and eyes and blasters and danger ... breathe ... control, balance, flow ...* Veritt slipped her small hand into his swaying tunic pocket. She let him take his silk pocket with him as she

tilted her palm up. *Cards. Crap.* She tried to swallow the tears that made her blackened eye throb again, and the crowd jostled and hurried past her. An old man in simple garb softly brushed her arm as he passed, and she felt strangely comforted. Slowly, she slid the cards into her pocket.

14

Ca-clank. Rattle. Screee-eee-eee... Wondering what the black hells she had been thinking to try to sneak a ride on top of a cargo transport, Xil scabbled across the scorching metal roof as the ancient truck rattled and shook. Her blistered hands skidded on her own ooze as she kicked at the guards crawling after her. "Stop fighting, girl!" the burly one yelled as the smaller, tentacled one snickered and reached for her booted foot. Wild with fear, she threw her canteen at his face and missed, pitching backwards off the side as the lumbering vehicle rounded a bend. Windmilling her limbs, she hit the dusty gutter with a breathtaking **thump** and saw stars as she wondered if she'd better get used to being here.

15

With an eyeroll of relief, Sela gently slid her lithe body out from under the officer's pale, snoring, unsatisfied torso. She was surprised by how easy he was, that her patience had let him crush himself. He was so small inside. *How could he stand himself?*

I learned how to stand him, just long enough. She had watched him drink. And drink. And drink, congratulating himself on his manliness. She had just smiled and waited for it to end, while the butterflies giggled in her mind, and the rich food settled. She had opened her mind to welcome his weaknesses, and had gloated in the night.

Now, as Diyar slid her long body off the bed, she claimed the softness of his silky shirt. Silently, she padded over to the bureau and the mirror glowing dimly in the pre-dawn twilight. She smirked proudly at her reflection *...more grown...* as she scooped up his leather pants, cradling the weight of his wallet, his datapad, and his blaster. Quickly donning all their gear, she slipped out the door, wondering if this was the mark that'd finally get her off this blasted rock.

She thanked the gods for twilight as she silently closed the door and slid around the corner. Reaching eagerly into her too-large new pocket, she tilted her palm up. *Sabaac. Shit.* With interminable hours to kill until the crowds woke, she poked at the buttons. Surprised and comforted, she gazed softly into its glowing screen as the cards suddenly made sense.

16

The magician was powerful, amazing, convincing. His hands and voice flowed like rippling silk. It felt peaceful to believe everything, anything he said, with dusk making the

world feel that much more mysterious. Awed, Sumna **wanted** what he had: the mystery, the strength, the control, the Voice, the peace, the surety. When he called to the crowd for volunteers, several people shyly raised their hands. Sumna reached out, softly brushing his sleeve; he gazed evenly into her eyes and drew her forward, murmuring, “*Stay after,*” as he began the patter for the next trick. She just stared, doing exactly as he asked, and waited for it to begin.

Later that night, after a shy, quiet dinner and several hesitant lessons, she welcomed ... *no - tolerated, ... well, maybe...* the magician to slide the gentle revelation of his pale body into hers. In that moment, Diyar began again.

17

Ca-clank. Rattle. Screee-eee-eee... Wondering what the black hells she had been thinking to try to hitch a ride on this pathetic transport, Jumir finger-gripped a too-warm metal handhold with three other unrecognizable hands. The standing-room-barely, sweltering, faltering transport rocked and stammered, rattling her skullbones and grinding the hot halves of her brain against each other. *Too close. TooHotDamp. TouchingTanglingGrabbing. Fracking trees. Fracking tangled roots. Damn Wookiees. Damn forests. Damn vines tangling my legs, grabbing, trapping ...*

Hissing breath through her gritted teeth, she barely swallowed her gorge as the grav plating stuttered again – ‘*just a message, just help,*’ he said, ‘*take me to the Gotal*’ ... *of course help dear friends...Gun?! FIREBLOODSCREAMING runrunrunrun* **Never believe. Never** authority. *Never.Get.Tangled. NeverNeverNever. Damn Imperial...* For a moment, swaying, she **hated**... felt a hot hand on her ass, and ... Snarling, Diyar whipped around, sweaty black mane flying, grabbed the bastard by the throat, and cannoned her other fist to **pulp** him. But the stranger already had his arms up, her flying fist cupped, his torso centered, and his eyes staring at her with recognition. Their fists stopped just before his face, and she glared at him, surprised by his speed, his serenity, his silver eyes. *Slobbering man faster than me?* Passengers surrounding them gasped and cringed, peeking curiously when the adversaries slowly, tentatively, inexplicably lowered their fists. He removed her grip from his throat, nodded a bow and said, “Yusan,” then nodded seriously at her, his silver eyes flashing, “you **fight.**” Suddenly, she **knew** him.

18

In the seductively dim lounge, Tirul's eyes darkened flirtatiously as she played the stunned officer for his last 20 credits. *Pure Sabaac. That makes 500 credits to me and freedom from you, you arrogantly gullible prig.* Leaning over his wine glass and stroking his hand soothingly, she murmured, smiling, “Darling, give me a moment to freshen up, and you'll have plenty of time to recoup your winnings upstairs.” He leered knowingly, triumphantly draining his glass as Diyar glided away from the table, down the darkened hallway, ... and out the back door, his still-warm ring nested in her palm.

Age 19

Dancing just outside Yusan's lunge, Diyar grinned and slapped him flirtatiously on the forehead as he spun by. Whipping an arm out, he yanked her wrist, twisting her into a lock so tight that she felt his ribs dig into her shoulderblades. Feeling his heart beat and his lungs fill, she suddenly realized that he had never tried to seduce her. He cupped his hand in the killing blow and gently rested it on her throat, silently celebrating the insight. *In. Out. Breathe.*

20

FRACKER! I WILL KILL YOU! Crazy with frustration and fury, Diyar snarled and attacked in a complex of savage kicks and punches aimed for every vulnerable spot in Yusan's body and soul. **Frack me! Leave me the frack alone! FRACKING DO SOMETHING!** *What the frack do you want?! Why the frack am I here?!* Silent and still, Yusan flipped her easily, ignoring her howl of despair, grimly grinding her face into the mat. Humiliated, she shuddered hard enough to retch on her own pain, then went still. Waiting. ... Again.

21

Mystified, Diyar pressed her forehead to the mat, in wonder of her willingness, eagerness to submit. Sinking inside herself, feeling the flow of it all, she felt the fear, the horrors, felt **Never** authority, felt **hate**, felt loneliness, emptiness, Nana, Mother, Tipa, Sela, Xil, Sumna, Jumir, Veritt, and all the others inside her. She felt it all, until there was nothing but her breath. Focusing only on her breath, Diyar suddenly saw herself merge, like a miracle, into one flowing, dark, light, new self. In that moment, in that desire to know herself, Diyar exhaled **everything**, pouring it all out to the Celestials, and began again.

Yusan's pale body stood before her, his heart celebrating, his face stoic.

22

Head bowed slightly, Diyar waited, silent and still. Like the other strange ones, the new student quivered with rage and lashed out at her, again. Whipping an arm out, she yanked his wrist, twisting him into a lock so tight that she felt his shoulderblades dig into her ribs. Feeling his heart beat and his lungs fill, she sensed what he had suffered, and understood. She cupped her hand in the killing blow and tenderly rested it on his throat, waiting, waiting. *In. Out. Breathe.*

23

The newest boy was flailing less often now; she sensed that it was almost time for her to leave. Giving him space to restrain himself this time, she lightly but firmly pressed her knee between his shoulderblades. After a long moment, she felt his breathing change; his eyes fluttered open, lucid with insight. Rising with a gentle heart, she turned from him, still prone on his mat, and glided silently across the paper flooring. She knelt before Yusan, her forehead resting on her knees, and waited, gratitude rolling through her body in waves. When it was time, she rose, nodded her head in a bow, and walked out the front door, her heart ringing with peace.

24

A stranger on her own world, Diyar stepped from the sleek transport and gazed lovingly at the glittering, Blue Sector casino lights. Her heart laughed as she realized that, this time, she knew how to **play**.

Birth

Kir growled as another contraction ripped through her abdomen. *Please! Please stop fighting me, baby! I'll guide you out! I'll let you go! I promise! Just please stop fighting!* Kir moaned softly, her voice almost gone with the long birth. Tirik mopped her daughter's brow, fussing and fluttering, anxiously awaiting the child's arrival. *Is it Corellian? Or will it be a monster? What child have I raised to do such a thing?!* Headstrong Kir still refuses to admit her wrong! Tirik's Ensterite faith raised her chin and straightened her spine, as she crouched at her daughter's raised knees and prepared for Their judgement.

Age 1

Tiny Diyar's indigo eyes missed nothing, engrossed with her grandmother's glittering talisman. Tirik found the child's watchful eyes strange, alien, threatening. Fearful of the baby, Tirik rapped on the dangling toys to move those freakish eyes somewhere, anywhere else.

2

Tirik clutched the fidgeting child's hand as she forced her other hand to open, receiving Kir's ashes. The child froze and stared at her grandmother with ...those *damnable*... indigo eyes. Snapping her mind shut, Tirik locked her heart behind an invisible door and left, the child scampering silently alongside.

6

Gangly Diyar swung from the tree branch, singing her “Smiling Mama” song to her quiet, quiet mama, glowing like a soft cloud in the breeze. *Mama always smiles. Mama loves me. Nana is always sad. I will be happy.*

8

Digging in the dirt with Chi ...*Chi is my friend. Chi likes me...* Diyar opened and waited, sensing just the right noise to make him giggle. He laughed, his lekku curling, and made a rude sound back, smearing her hair with his muddy hand. She shrieked with laughter, pretending to be upset, then went silent as she sensed Tirik stalking towards them. Chi stared as Diyar muttered “sorry,” and trotted away at an angle, drawing Tirik's fury away from their play house of sticks and mud.

10

Diyar stared at Tirik's sunny silver hair as the woman scolded the child for her alien evil. Diyar's thoughts began to agree, but then remembered Mama smiling, always smiling. *I try! I try to understand.* Then the world went silent as Diyar's mind opened wide, wider than **everything**, good or evil ... and Diyar knew that it was almost time to go.

11

The dreams always came back, leaving her uncertain, frightened. This time, the monsters became people, and the Voice, always teaching, told her about something soft, floating, eternal. *Scary.* She snapped awake on her pallet, vaguely confused, skin crawling. The darkness on the horizon told her that it was early yet, and she felt relieved. She gathered up her pack and crept noiselessly into the house, feeling like a thief, worrying about being caught. Standing just inside the kitchen door, heart pounding, she decided, *sometimes it's good to steal.* So, resolutely, she filled her pack with foodstuffs, clothes from the laundry, other unnoticed things that her hands knew to claim. Nana's jeweled Ensterite talisman seemed to jump into the pack, and Diyar let it be, loth to touch it unless absolutely necessary. On her way out the back door, Diyar grabbed Nana's small chopping knife and thrust it into her belt pouch. As the sun began to rise, she fled past the yard, stopping only to wipe her hands, and then roll her body clean and free, on the freshly dewy grass.

Age 25

Scams, jobs, and other life experiences to come.....