

Competition: Grace Under Pressure  
Blade Mistress Alaisy "Aphotis" Tir'eivra 15526

**Port Kasiya**  
**42 ABY**  
**Refugee District**

Celebrations. Aphotis despised these kinds of pretentious events. The Supreme Chancellor had ordered her—out of all people—to welcome aliens to Kasiya with open arms. A brand new refugee quarter had been constructed in record time to accommodate the untapped stream of immigrants. The Vice-Chancellor had somehow wormed himself out of it and emphasized to the Governor of Kasiya that she was to carry out the task by herself alone. They had both insisted Governor Tir'eivra to be the public face for this monumental display of Republican generosity and preparedness. A rare moment where they had been in agreement with each other.

*They are toying with me, yet another attempt at keeping me in line,* the Sith thought to herself.

Holo-cams swirled around the towering woman, dressed in her alchemical skin that was shaped into a long, tight hobble dress. The constricting nature of her shiny black gown was deliberate. Alaisy meant to redirect ideological or cultural questions towards her appearance instead. It was working. The press was entirely enthralled by her imposing and sleek look. A livestream of the occasion was displayed on a massive holo-repulsor screen.

“Welcome future citizens of Kasiya, to our new home, soon to be filled with your hopes and dreams. May Port Kasiya be richer with your presence. As your Governor it is my pleasure to officially open this district to your families and loved ones!” Aphotis’s voice was aristocratic and smoky, amplified by the floating microphone.

Her gloved hand raised up to withhold the public as her other hand trailed over the red tape. Long vibronails sliced through it without effort. A loud applause rang through the brand-new streets. Droids swooped down, interviewing the public’s reactions one by one. Alaisy’s tail rose and swung back and forth as her arms crossed over her chest. The giant monitor displayed the soon-to-be-inhabitants in turns.

“Finally, safe from the clutches of those bigots! Thank you so much!” A Twi’lek woman almost screamed out while she held her child in her arms.

“I can’t believe it, they really came through!” A well-dressed Weequay exclaimed.

“It seems too good to be true!” A Nautolan said, “there’s even aquatic habitats. Just how?”

The holoscreen switched back to the tall black-clad woman.

“Our great Republic has copious amounts of opportunities for your families. Be sure to check the labor administration program listed in Taldryan Plaza!”

Aphotis shooed the interview droid away with her prehensile tail.

The monitor flicked back to the public. A Quarran refugee was about to make his statement in front of the camera when they were pushed away by a heavily tattooed Human man.

Sharply lined, electric-blue eyes squinted towards the brown-eyed culprit as his face appeared for everyone to see.

“Do any of you have any idea what you are getting into? Well, do you? That *thing* that calls herself the Governor of Kasiya is a **Sith!** A symbol of oppression and chaos!”

A collective shock went through the public.

Aphotis coiled her tail around one of the floating orbs and reeled it back in towards her. A clawed hand made gestures towards the security guards and pointed at the man.

“She will be your do-.”

“Please-,” the Sith scraped her throat as she reappeared on the livestream, overriding the interview droid, “-do you really want another Human telling you how to live your life? What we have built for you here comes without unsolicited attachments! You are free to return to your previous homes whenever peace returns, when you are no longer prosecuted for being different.”

Governor Alaisy Tir’evira suppressed her urge to will the dark side into choking the life out of the man and turned away from the public. Her tail twitched as KPP agents jumped him and brought him to justice. She felt a surge of irony press down upon her shoulders as she realized she had been playing the bigotry card against a Human. She had been Human once, before the experiments, before the merging, before her clinical death. The realization of change reassured her confidence.

*What an utter waste of my talents.*