Dear Mom and Dad,

I know it has been awhile since I last wrote, called, or otherwise gotten a hold of you but getting holonet messages all the way out on the edge of the galaxy is a pain, even for me. While I wish I could say everything was OK but I’m not sure I can say that. You remember when I told you who I worked for? The weird Force using types that think Mustafar is an acceptable vacation destination? I know you said they were “a weird cult” and a “bad influence” and I should just move back home and get a job at uncle Fen’ric’s law firm. Well, if you thought these people were odd, you should see the people they piss off.

Most recently, they seemed to tick of some bunch of even weirder cultists called the Children of Mortis or something. Last year, I thought it was the scariest thing ever when they sent a bunch of weird crystal meteor thingies and tried to turn everyone into crystal monsters. However, it just got weirder, much weirder. Best I can tell, we went through a portal to some weird alternate dimension. I didn’t really pay attention to their lame attempt to explain it, I was more worried about keeping the comms working with all this freaky energy discharges and what not. And what are the fighting. I kriff you not, kriffing ghosts! You remember when that one weird cousin, I forget her name, kept going on about how the house down the street was haunted? Well this whole place is haunted, for real. Tons and tons of ghosts ripping people apart. They may be paying me well and letting me do my dream job, but I’m not convinced that it’s enough anymore. The law firm job is looking more appealing by the minute.

And yes mom, I did get the dewback jerky before we left. It’s lovely as always. Yes I’ve been grooming my fur everyday.

Sincerely,

Regik