

Working on his swoop bike was relaxing for Ro-Tahn, other than when Dunga, his BB droid, decided it would be funny to hand him the wrong tool. Luckily, for the droid, the young Togruta man was in a good mood and didn't want to punt the droid across the garage. As he continued making the newest adjustments to his swoop bike, listening to the swoop race broadcast, a chime sounded from his front door. Ro ignored it, wanting to instead listen to the broadcast. *If it's my sister, then she has the keycode to get. If it's anyone else, including a delivery, they just need to listen to the message*, he thought to himself as he continued to work on his swoop bike. However, the chime sounded over and over again, becoming almost incessant.

"Alright, alright," Ro mumbled under his breath, getting off and grabbing a rag to wipe the grease from his hands. "I'm coming." Getting to the door of his penthouse apartment, he pressed a button on the consol next to the door, the image popping up on the view screen to reveal a strange looking young girl. She looked like a Twi-Lek, but her hood was pulled up, hiding the top of her head, which seemed like she was wearing some sort of double pointed headdress.

"What do you want?" Ro asked, looking suspiciously at the girl in the image, as he pushed another button of consol.

The little girl looked around and then up at the viewer camera. "I'm looking for my father. He's a swoop racer from Nar Shaddaa."

Raising an eyebrow, the Togrutan pressed the answering button again, "I'm sorry sweetheart, but I think you have the wrong apartment. I don't have any children. Maybe ask the droid downstairs for any information." He shook his head, a bit sad that someone had just left their kid to fend for themselves, especially a little girl.

"Your name isn't Ro-Tahn Drakon? A swoop racer?" the little girl asked meekly, before adding one last name. "Aren't you a member of the Eclipse Skyrunners?"

Ro's heart skipped a beat, that was his name... and more so, that last name was the swoop gang he had ridden with on Nar Shaddaa. His brain started going a million parsecs per minute, trying to remember who he had met in those early days to even warrant him having a kid. Sighing, he looked at the young girl through the screen.

"Are you alone? Where is your mother?"

The young girl looked up at the viewer, her deep purple eyes contrasting greatly with her russet colored skin. "Yes. My mother, she's... very ill."

Wiping his hands off with the rag again, he punched the button to unlock the door and opened it, looking around for a moment in the hallway, before stepping aside to allow the girl entry into the abode. "Please, come in, ummm... I didn't catch your name?"

The girl timidly walked in and stood to the side, watching as Ro closed the door. "My name is Zeva Ven."