First Days

*Looking back in the past you can sometimes follow the path you have taken and pinpoint a day or event that started it all. That day for me was the day I was introduced to someone who would forever be a part of my life.*

**Sadow Palace; Sif**

"Shuttle Simus, you are cleared for landing," a Saraiian named Wile stated. Glancing over at her trainee she said frowning, "This is the part of the job you are going to dread."

"Whys that?" the trainee asked.

"Well, shuttle Simus is our House's transport from the Shadow Academy and brings all of our new recruits to us. It’s just the choice of shuttle pilot makes our job a little frustrating. You'll see."

With a little difficulty Shuttle Simus slowly docked on the platform. The landing ramp lowered and new members quietly exited the ship looking a little shaken. The new trainee awaited them at the end of the ramp.

"Name?" the trainee asked.

"Apprentice X blade," the first member answered.

Checking on his list, the trainee replied, "Welcome to House Naga Sadow. Next."

"Apprentice Mr. Biscuit," the next person stated.

"Let’s see," the trainee said while looking up and down his list,

"You’re not on my list. Please step aside and I will deal with this in a minute. Next."

"Apprentice Chris Mole," the next person shouted out.

Scratching his head the trainee could not find this apprentices name either. "Ma’am," he called over at Wile, "There seems to be some problems with this list."

"No problem with the list at all," Wile said irritated, "Dammit Fred! Get the hell out here."

The trainee looked over to see a rather large slug like creature slowly moving past the apprentices on the ramp. At first the trainee thought the pilot was just a smaller Hutt, but upon a closer look he realized it was a seal. A seal with a vodka bottle in his hand.

"You’re drunk again," Wile stated more than asked, "Once again you’re dropping off new members at the wrong houses. You’re causing quite a lot of confusion, not to mention more work for me."

"ARFFF," Fred the seal replied.

"I don't want to hear your excuses," Wile snapped back, "We all know Warlord Tron got you this job and there isn’t a thing we can do about it if we value our lives. But you can at least wait until after your responsibilities are over before you hit the bottle."

"ARFFF," Fred replied.

Wile rolled her eyes, "I know it’s a disease, but it’s a problem that we have to deal with. Dropping new members off at the wrong house is one thing, but poor Manesh is getting pretty upset that you keep misplacing all of his mail order brides. Not to mention that whole Aedile waste dump incident."

"ARFFF," Fred the seal said handing his vodka bottle to the trainee and slowly staggered back up the ramp of the shuttle.

The trainee walked over to Wile, "Well, it looks like you've taken care of that problem."

"Young one," Wile said with a smile, "I took care of that problem the other day when I started training you for this job. Good luck and tell Fred I will miss him."

"Sh#t," trainee Bob replied as he took a swig from Fred's vodka bottle.

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