Colyn "Tusken" Skybender and Synin Torin sat amongst the ruins of the Sith Academy. Synin’s ASN-121 hovered at knee length between the two, a long board balancing on top of the droid. Atop of the board rested an intricate teapot, with a saucer on either side of it, the saucer closer to Colyn having a cup resting on it. Synin clasped a small matching cup in both of his hands, his eyes narrowed on Colyn as his fingers tapped against the porcelain. His eyes glanced down to Colyn’s cup, which remained untouched.

“How do you expect me to trust a cup of tea coming from *you*? I wouldn’t be surprised if one sip killed me!” Colyn spat, surprised at himself for arriving at this situation with the One Sith. Synin rolled his eyes and raised one hand from the cup, giving a slow headshake.

“If I wanted to kill you, you’d already be dead. Come on now, Colyn. Enjoy a cup of tea with me. It’ll hit the spot, I’m sure,” Synin replied, putting his glass to his lips and taking a sip. Colyn scoffed and crossed his arms, leaning back in his dilapidated chair leftover from the rubble.

“Oh! Do you not prefer Dianogan Tea? No worries, I’m sure I can find something else,” Synin sat his cup on the saucer and began to rummage through a satchel. “Pick your poison, Colyn. I have Rootgrass, Tarine, Karlini…”

“I don’t drink Tea, damn it. Wait, did you say Karlini? Well… I guess one cup. Just one. I’m a sucker for Karlini Tea, Synin grinned and pulled the teabag out.

“YVH-1, boil some more water for Colyn would you? I failed to select the proper tea!”

Synin’s YVH-1 droid stared at him for a moment before grabbing the teapot from the pseudo table and walking away with it. The YVH-1 traveled well out of range of the two and out of sight before a loud explosion was heard. Colyn leapt up from his chair and drew his DL-22 blaster pistol immediately, his eyes darting around for movement. Synin let out a hearty chuckle.

“Oh, don’t worry! The YVH-1 needed fire to boil the water somehow, didn’t it? I assure you, it knows what it is doing. It’s not the first time I’ve managed to get him to perform some mundane task for me!” Colyn’s brow furrowed as he stared at Synin, his right arm with the pistol returning to his side.

“You have a battle droid such as the YVH-1… prepare tea for you? You could have an actual protocol droid do things like this for you, with much more pleasing results, Synin waved a hand dismissively and shook his head.

“The protocol droids are damn annoying. No, my YVH-1 can handle—“ Synin was cut off as there came a second explosion from the distance. “Would you hurry up and stop screwing around!” Synin yelled, watching as the droid suddenly popped back into sight, clasping the pot in both hands. The droid filled Colyn’s teacup with the water before replacing it back on the board. Synin placed the teabag into the cup to allow it to begin steeping.

“Anyways, *Tusken*, all of this fighting and whatnot is getting to be a bit much. I was hoping we could discuss perhaps working together?” Colyn held the string to the teabag and swirled it around the cup a little before grasping the handle, frowning slightly.

“This cup feels uh… pretty hot. I can handle a bit of heat, but I’m not too sure about this.”

“Nonsense! The YVH-1 always gets it at perfect temperature. Calm yourself and drink your tea, Skybender,” Colyn looked into the cup and narrowed his eyes, nodding before bringing it up to his lips. As soon as the liquid passed over his lips, his eyes went wide and he leapt up, knocking over the entire board and teapot, which shattered on the ground. Colyn’s own cup had also been jostled, and the water splashed across Synin’s ASN-121, causing it to spark at the point of contact and beep in pain.

“You damned fool! Nevermind my thoughts and propositions!” Synin growled and leapt up as well, wielding his purple lightsaber.

“The water was way too hot! You’re the fool, having a battle droid as your maid!” Colyn replied, wielding his own red lightsaber. The two raised their weapons, pausing right as their heard giggling in the background. Both of their heads snapped to look in the direction of the explosions, seeing Rhiaen and Nalia Ust'essi. Rhiaen was carrying a fuel container. Nalia grabbed her hand and the two took off. *They* were the culprits to the overly hot water. Colyn and Synin made eye contact briefly before taking off after the two Jedi, leading to one of the bloodiest days in the Brotherhood’s Civil War.