In the training room, Tasha'Vel sparred with a training droid. Using the force to help focus her speed, She dashed rapidly towards the droid and dispatched it with her vibroblade. The blade split the droid in half from the momentum and gravity. Wiping the sweat from her forehead, Tasha smiled. “Looks like they will have to get a new droid for the next round. I wonder how many they have had to replace?”

 “Congratulations, protector,” came a voice from behind. Tasha whirled around and came face to face with Aedile Maelous.

 “Many do not excel as quickly as you have. Since coming here, you have surpassed several others in rank. For that feat, I congratulate you Tasha.” Shocked slightly at the sudden visit, she quickly bowed and maintained her composure.

 “Thank you, master Maelous, it is an honor to have you grace your presence.” Studying Maelous's face, Tasha noticed what looked like some dried blood and a troubled look.

“Master, are you all right?”

 Maelous scowled, anger showing in his eyes. “There is a new change coming about Tasha. Master Locke has decided that a lowly Jedi should become quaestor and lead in the plans for retaking Tarthos.” After speaking, he turned and began to walk out. “For now, I must go tell the others in our house of the news. You should continue training harder.” Tasha nodded as Maelous left the room and began to practice her blade swing on another training droid.

 “A Jedi? Becoming quaestor of our house?!” Enraged at the thought, she swung harder and tore into the training dummy. “Why would the honored house of Marka Ragnos let a Jedi lead us into battle? They are nothing but trouble. From the look master Maelous gave and seeing the blood, he must have gotten into a fight with this jedi. No wonder he seems so pissed off.” Angered at the thought of some jedi even causing Maelous harm, made Tasha's strikes increase in number.

 “How dare this Jedi come in like some savior of Marka Ragnos and get accepted. What is wrong with master Locke? What right does this jedi have over the rest of us and what makes him so special as to get promoted to quaestor?” Tasha sighed and looked over at the training droid. Her anger fueled power strikes had reduced it to nothing more than a scrap pile. “Oops, guess they will need more than one training dummy now.”

 Tasha grimaced. “I agree with master Maelous. This jedi is nothing but trouble.” She sheathed her blade and wiped more sweat off her face. “I hope master Locke knows what he's doing.”

 Tasha then wrinkled her nose at the smell of her sweat. “Whew, I think its time to hit the shower and take a break.” Turning about, she walked out of the training hall and down the corridor towards the shower room. “As long as I keep training, I know I will be ready to fight against anything.”

 -The End-