As Celahir climbed into his bed he simply thought he had drank too much. This wasn’t hard for him seeing as the Kiffar wasn’t known for his high tolerance to alcohol. Just wanting to get a good night’s sleep he closed his eyes. That’s when it hit him, he wasn’t drunk, this was something else.

*Out of nowhere came the sensation that he was falling, it wasn’t like the odd feeling we’ve all had when we’re about to fall to sleep. No, this felt real, he could feel the wind rushing past his body. The Kiffar started panicking as he neared terminal velocity, if he were to hit the ground at this speed there would be very little he could do to stop himself from dying. The plummeting however did not come to an end, as Celahir kept falling he calmed down. He wasn’t sure, but at some point he even felt like he was enjoying it.*

What was that!? Something touched me, I’m sure something touched me. Celahir reached out to the Force, checking his surroundings… nothing. I’m imagining things again, dammit, this is why I don’t drink.

As the Mandalorian turned in his bed, trying to get to sleep his mind thought otherwise.

*Impulsively Celahir rolled aside, as something hit the sand beside him. He turned his head trying to see what was able to hide itself from him and nearly stab him through the chest.*

*His heart rate rising, he could feel the blood starting to rush through his body. The complete darkness putting him on edge. The Soulfire leader started running, flailing his arms around in complete panic, trying not to run into anything.*

*There! In the distance there was a source of light. He ran and he ran, never getting any closer to his target. The Kiffar’s stamina wasn’t what it used to be, he started tripping over his own legs, unable to lift his feet far enough from the ground. He wasn’t sure how long he had been running but it felt like hours. Finally it happened, he fell. His body gave out, as he turned on his back looking to the starry sky it occurred to him. “How can this be? I went to bed, right?”*

The naked man opened his eyes, expecting to be in the comfort of his bedroom. He was however nowhere near where he thought he was. It was noon, and he could feel the sun burning on his skin. Trying to determine his location, Celahir stood up. There he was, in the middle of the Citadel square. Behind him were his Erinos brothers laughing. They drugged him the night before, but could’ve never imagined the joke would take such extreme a course.