Competition: The Annual Sithmas Party.

By: SBM Talos Erinos, Dossier 8664

~~

**Soulfire Strike Point #69**

*“A…Sithmas party? What* ***is*** *a Sithmas party? The Clan Arcona that I used to know and serve would not celebrate just because…of a…holiday”.* Thought Talos Erinos as he looked down at the brightly decorated holopad that served as the invitation from Selen.

*“Ah, but then it’s not the Clan Arcona that you used to know and serve, Talos.”*

The Sith Battlemaster started as another presence entered his thoughts, one he recognized quickly and fondly, that of Celahir Erinos. The Sith hadn’t realized that he had been projecting his thoughts into the Erinos Battle-Meld.

*“Maybe I have isolated myself from the Force for too long”* he thought whimsically, making sure this time to tamp down on his thoughts spilling over to his Family’s meld.

*“A lot’s changed. A LOT,”* Celahir continued, undeterred by his “cousin’s” withdrawal from the meld. *“And I know I said I’d help walk you through all of it, and I’m going to. So I think it’s a good idea for you to first meet the leadership of the Clan.”*

Talos inwardly groaned at the prospect of having to play meet and greet with people now held his beloved Clan’s highest offices, people he didn’t even know existed when he fled the Dajorra System four years ago. But then again, after almost half a decade absence, he was more of a guest than they were. It would be wise for him to remember that.

*“You just want to party.”* He finally said, allowing this thought to enter into the Force-Meld.

Celahir didn’t delay in his reply. *“Well yes, that too.”*

**Ball Room, The Citadel**

Talos Erinos was drunk. That in and of itself was surprising as during his 4 year absence, when he was known as Detective Petr Krieg, he hardly partook in alcoholic beverages. Men and women, yes. But alcohol, rarely if ever.

“And this, cousin, is the Lady Consul herself.” Celahir said, flourishing with his left hand as his right was busy supporting Talos (and balancing himself, truth be told).

“Atyiru Caesus Entar, Talos, but you can call me Atty” the lithe, brightly dressed Miraluka said.

“Pleasure, my lord…no wait, my lady” Talos yelled as he returned from a deep, erratic, and unnecessary bow.

The infusion of the alcohol in his bloodstream made yelling every word for the past 30 minutes seem like a wonderful idea. His voice would regret it in the morning, for sure. As would his head.

Atyiru couldn’t help but let out a long, high pitched laugh as the new/old arrival to her Clan’s stumbling caused both him and Celahir to fall to the floor.

“Tut. You Erinos boys…I know how you bunch can drink a LOT more than that and still function enough to wage a war,” she said. Looking at Celahir, the Consul smirked. “Don’t let the return of your cousin diminish my opinion of the Erinos.”

With that said, Atyiru stepped to the side, revealing what was behind her. A long table, the majority of its surface covered by colorful bottles of alcohol. And gathered around the table was a welcome sight…that of the Erinos Family.

All were clearly intoxicated and no doubt a) planning the next great conspiracy b) regaling each other with story one-ups or c) trying to get either themselves or their foster siblings laid.

But it didn’t manner. Talos was home.

**Soulfire Strike Point #69**

**The Next Day**

Maaks Erinos was on the floor, rolling in uncontrollable laughter. Celevon Erinos was bent over at the waist, having a similar reaction as Maaks. Celahir Erinos was also shaking with silent laughter as he flipped through the pictures on his holo-cam from last night. Sashar and Rayze Erinos, whom Talos had yet to see since his return, were focusing on something probably far more important but were nevertheless clearly amused. One could feel their humor through the Erinos Battle-Meld.

And Talos…well Talos Erinos was as white as a sheet and utterly horrified.

“I did…WHAT last night?” he rasped, his voice strained and hoarse for some reason.

Celahir looked up from his holo-cam and through a brief cessation of laughter, turned his holo-cam to his favorite cousin.

“Many, many things, cous.” Celahir snorted.

His hand shaking as he extended his arm, the Battlemaster grabbed the holo-cam and started flicking through the images from last night’s Sithmas party.

There were holo-stills of him dancing on the table that the Erinos had occupied last night. Those weren’t too bad. And it wasn’t a surprise when, further down the camera roll, Talos had lost his shirt. That was nothing new.

But then they got worse. There were stills of Talos in the process of pantsing fellow Arconans, stealing crates of liquor from the bar, doing pull-ups from the Summit Guard Memorial Wall, vainly attempting to kiss the Consul, and best/worst yet, a short video.

As the vid played its 17 seconds, Talos watched himself leap from the Erinos table onto the back of Terran Koul, current Aedile of House Qel-Droma. As vid-Talos’s legs wrapped around Koul’s waist, the Battlemaster’s orange lightsaber flared to life and in a loud, boisterous, Force-empowered voice, Talos Erinos yelled “ONWARDS, STEED!” as he slapped Terran’s rear end.

“Oh. My. Manda” Talos said as the video faded to black.

“It was utterly perfect,” Celahir laughed, “Stang, I missed you.”

*“There was absolutely no doubt after re-watching his antics from last night,”* Talos thought, *“I’m home”*