**Winter Holidays Submission**

**SBM Talos Erinos, #8664**

**Venku Range (Erinos Homestead)**

The entire Erinos Clan of Mandalorians (both Force-Users and non) were gathered around the large hearthfire, seated on comfortable rugs, with the flames of the fire reflecting and glinting off of their beskar’gam armor. The low crackle of the fire was the only sound that intermittently interrupted their friendly conversation on a wide range of topics.

It was rare for the entire Family to be gathered in one place at one time, since the roles that the Family members played in the galaxy at large were quite diverse...and demanding. For instance, more than half of the Force-User Erinos were members of the *di Tenebrous Arconae*, Clan Arcona’s highly respected advisory board, and four served in House Summit positions as Quaestor, two Battleteam Leaders, and a Battleteam Second. The non Force-Users on the other hand, made up of some of the best bounty hunters and soldiers-for-hire that the galaxy had ever known, were often flung to the far corners of the galaxy to work on a new contract or pursue a matter that had interested the Erinos.

Indeed, it was rare to see the entire Family gathered together. It was nice, refreshing.

But, despite the crowded hall, not everyone was home….

“Wait,” said Celevon Erinos, pausing in his consumption of his tray of food, “Where is Talos...don’t tell me that *di’kut* has left already again…”

**~~~~**

**Selonia**

“I said it before, I’ll say it again,” Talos Erinos yelled as he chased the suspect into the empty stairwell of the tech company’s office building. “STOP! This is the police!”

Of course, the perp didn’t stop. And of course, Talos could do nothing “extra-normal” about it, as he was back on Selonia for one last time, as a favor to his old partner Amelia Donn, under the guise of Detective 2nd Grade Petr Krieg. And Petr Krieg, while an extraordinarily skilled investigator, was certainly not a member of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood or the Sith Order.

No, Talos was unable to call on the Force this time. A shame really, since he had just learned to embrace it again just two weeks prior. This time, his police credentials and SK-7 blaster pistol would have to do.

“Uh come on, please man, I didn’t do nothing wrong.” the suspect, a 6ft+ Human, who’s expensive suit was having a difficult time restraining his (obviously) recently acquired muscles, said as he spun around the bannister of another staircase.

Talos wasn’t having any of it. He was missing his first holiday back with his Erinos brethren in over 4 years.

“Oh please,” Talos sighed, “you’re a tech company executive who started going to the gym two MONTHS ago and already you’ve got better gains than people who have been going for almost a year”.

The tech executive just sputtered out more BS. “I’m just dedicated, man, and it has to be my pers--”

“Oh do NOT say it has to do with your personal trainer.” Talos cut the perp off as the pair winded round and round, getting closer to the roof with each step taken.

“I’ve seen your personal trainer.,” he continued., “In fact, I entertained her privately last night and it took...I think 1 shot of Hapan tequila, me taking my shirt off, and seeing the badge on my belt for her to spill the beans on the entire steroid operation. And she was quick to throw you and Dex’s Gym under the holo-tram.”.

At this news, the tech exec almost stopped running, but he wasn’t THAT dumb. “Aw come on man, you banged my trainer?”. He continued onto the last landing of the stairwell and through the door leading onto the roof.

Ok, maybe he WAS that dumb.

Talos shrugged as he ran after him. “What can I say? Police work.”

Realizing where he was, the tech executive came to a screeching halt in the middle of the roof and slowly turned to face the undercover (in more ways than one) Detective, hands raised.

“She also said that you were a lot smarter before you started the juice,” Talos smirked as he thought he had his prey exactly where he wanted him., “I’m inclined to agree” the Detective finished as he advanced towards the suspect, one hand on the butt of his pistol and the other reaching for his zip-tie restraints.

Amelia would be so grateful to him. Maybe he’d be lucky enough to score a romp in the police cruiser before he had to make up an excuse to get back to the Dajorra System. Wouldn’t be the first time they had celebrated a successful case like that. Major Case Section detectives did it differently.

But of course, that’s when the tech executive decided to try and see how much of an advantage his steroids had given him as he turned and took off at a dead sprint, undoubtedly thinking he could jump and make it to the roof of the next building.

And he may have made it. But Talos was quicker. To his blaster that is.

The tech executive screamed in pain as, just as he was jumping, a crimson blaster bolt ripped through his right thigh and he came tumbling down on his company’s roof...and right off of it.

“Ahhhhh! Come on, help me help me help me!” the exec babbled as he managed to grab onto the lip of the roof at the last minute.

Talos was quick to his aid as he grabbed the scrambling juicer under the armpits. But instead of pulling up, both disguised Sith and junkie just hung there. The Dark Side was tugging at him, like an unscratched itch.

“Kark man,” the exec wheezed, “What’re you doing? Pull me up”

“You know, man, I want to. Part of me really does,” Talos started, “But I worked Major Case Section here for 4 years. You wouldn’t believe how many vile criminals I’ve had to just lock up and be content with it, instead of giving them what they deserved.”

Realization dawned in the tech executive’s eyes. “Oh no man, you can’t do that. You don’t have to do that.”

Talos Erinos/Petr Krieg nodded in agreement. “I know I don’t. But I guess you could say that your number was just...unlucky”.

And he let go. A wailing scream accompanied the tech executive as he plummeted down 48 floors and landed on the pavement below with a sickening ‘crunch’.

Utterly exhausted, but morbidly satisfied, Talos Erinos rolled over onto his back. He had two thoughts.

*“So much for that romp in the back of the cruiser”* and *“This was one hell of a holiday”*

(OOC: This wraps up the last story of Talos Erinos as he was before I disappeared for 4 years. In the coming days, he will be recreated with the assistance of Celahir and Sashar)