***Eyeless Wench(Bar)
Alpheridies
Farstay Sector
34 ABY***

I sipped from my glass of some local brewed swill as I sat listening to the sounds of the bar patrons around me. I was told to expect a visitor but the man was late. I didn’t mind, it allowed me time to take in some of the local sights. My gaze grew ever wandering towards two beautiful young Miralukan women at the bar before it was rudely interrupted.

“It has been a few months Padawan.” I turned to look at the once empty chair to find another Miralukan man sitting across from me. The man’s cloak reminded me of my master’s cloak, Revak Kur. My mind wandered as I imagined what adventures master had been on since his departure from the Order. My attention was ripped back as the man snapped his fingers in front of my nonexistent eyes.

“You know that doesn’t work on us right?” I stated sarcastically, drawing a few laughs from onlookers. The man was not impressed nor was he amused at my comedic tone to the situation. After all an inquisition on a fellow member was serious stuff. And yet here was I, this mere boy sitting here drinking and enjoying himself. There could not be any person less a threat to the inquisition than this drunk Miralukan.

“So what you here for fancy pants?” I managed to slur through before I took another swig from the class.

“I am here to question you on your activities in the area,” The Miralukan replied, “It has come to the attention of those appointed above you that your performance thus far has been questionable at best and leaves loop holes in your coverage and reports. We are here to find out what is going on. And believe me Padawan, we will find out what is going on.”

“Look here…” I paused and pointed drunkenly, which I had not realized that I had gotten this drunk, until now.
“I am Ranger Seridan Brehevik of Strike-Team Ooroo of House Satele…” I had to butt in and stopped the man before he decided to start telling me about his Shadow Academy degrees.
“of House Satele Shan of House Odan Urr yada yada yada.” Purposefully getting it wrong. I leveled a glare at the man, “Why are you interrupting my drinking Seridan Breheeevik?” accentuating the “eh” in his name.

“Look here,” Seridan paused for a moment as I stood from my chair and began walking towards the door. “Where are you going Padawan?”
“Far away from you Mr. Buzzkill,” I exclaimed as I finished my glass and stumbled out of the bar.

Seridan just kinda sat there for a bit as I sat outside waiting for him to come out of the bar fuming, but he never did. He sat in there glaring at the wall for a bit. I think he understood I didn’t care that much for internal strife. But I did miss it. I had been away for a good bit time now. Maybe it was time to return to the fold.