**Competition: My Character Article - Vacation**

(Submission by Major Ranarr Kul #14229)

In the South-Eastern tower of Castle Tarentum, in one of the Summits suites, behind a desk that dated out of the time of Master Zero himself, Ranarr Kul looked in to some dossiers. As time passed, words no longer seemed to make any sense.

*“I think I need a vacation.”* Sighed the Cathar.

*“Permission granted.”*

Ranarr looked up, only now noticing Frosty, Consul of Tarentum, standing in the doorway.

*“Alright!”*

Next day Ranarr woke up two hours later then on a regular day, but who cares, he’s in vacation. As he wanted to get up, he woke two gorgeous looking Twi’lek. *How did they get here?* Standing next to the bed made it clear to the Major that those last few glasses of Corellian Rum had been a little too much. Ranarr’s head started spinning and pounding as he tried to take his first steps in this new day. He walked like a baby, trying to go for a first walk in life. But who cares, he’s in vacation.

*“RooooooaaaaaaRRrrr!”…* Out of frustration.

The two pretty Twi’lek jumped up, barely dressed, and ran out of Ranarr’s quarters. *Did I scare them?* As he slammed the door behind his company of last night, it felt like a Wookiee hammered on the Cathar’s head. I’m not doing that again.

Ranarr looked at himself in the mirror, shaking his head several times as he addressed his reflection. *"Drinks and female company… way to start a vacation mate.”* Ranarr stumbled back a few steps before dropping himself back in bed.