

The wind blew gently across one of the many Baime beaches. Every now and then it picked up a few grains of the soft white sand. The clear crystalline blue of the ocean spread out, beckoning the group to enjoy a cool dip. An escape from the sun and heat the azure sea promised. Near the edge of the water Turel played with his daughter, a bit farther back from the edge Len and Daniel walked together exchanging ideas. Alethia and Mar sat awkwardly together underneath an umbrella, a bottle of wine shoved into an ice bucket separated them. Then there was Mako, who sat farther back from the water's edge. His emerald eyes alternating between the horizon and his clanmates. As Alethia and Mar exchanged yet another set of just missed longing glances, a soft crunch sounded behind the Krath.

"Your pheromones gave you away, try approaching from upwind next time." the Seer smiled as he spoke, not bothering to turn around as the Rollmaster plopped down beside him.

"Human noses aren't that sensitive, how could you tell?"

"Only Zeltron pheromones would cause such a physiological reaction from my body with no other stimulus."

"Drat, thought I would get you this time. So what'cha up to Mako, you insisted we all come along with you to Solyat," Blade asked sweetly, the innocent smile on her face accentuating her two piece swimwear.

"People watching, though I believe it is time we intervene with the unknowing love birds. If I have to watch one more sideways glance followed by quickly looking away..." The Human's voice faded off as he stood.

"Mako," the playful tone was gone from her voice, "what is bothering you? You can't seriously tell me you wouldn't rather have spent the last hour trading ideas with the Aediles past and present, having a drink with Alethia and Mar, or playing in the surf. You are on vacation, have some fun."

"Blade, I appreciate the concern. But you should spend your time worrying about the Padawans. I am the one kept in the shadows. Vacations do not suit me, sentimental memories of time spent with friends is not needed in my line of work," the Krath turned as he spoke, his eyes focused upon the Rollmaster.

"Enough deflections Mako, The padawans are not here just answer the question!" Blade's face held genuine concern for the former Quaestor.

"Those on this beach are six of the seven people I consider to be a friend. I should be enjoying myself. But too much has happened," his voice trailed off again, as the smile returned, "besides you are wrong there is one future Padawan here."

Almost simultaneously the heads of the Force users lifted their eyes focusing on a single point of pure light, a single child walking down the beach with her parents following close behind.

“You were wondering why I asked you all to come to Solyiat while Daleem has plenty of beaches just as good? That young girl is your answer.”

“When, how, where did you find her,” Blade blinked slowly as she watched the approaching group.

“I hear many things Rollmistress, just a simple matter of tracking the rumors down,” his voice was level and serious, though a smirk played across his face. The young girl jumped excitedly as they grew near.

“MR. HENYMORY!” The girl called out.

“Come on over Sylvia!” The Seer replied.