

Takodana

The Krath walked slowly through the rubble of an ancient building. Once again the rumors had been right, the Human was disappointed, a good drink was what he needed. With a sigh Mako unceremoniously slumped down near a somewhat intact doorway. Several days had passed since the Seer had left his clan behind. By now the Jedi would most likely started a search for him to be certain that he had not taken any sensitive information. An old voice called up from the stairwell behind the doorway.

“What brings you here,” the old voice spoke slowly.

“I was hoping for a drink, and that the rumors for once were not true. Though seems the bar is currently closed,” Henymory called back as his emerald eyes peered into the darkness.

“What really brings a Grey Jedi to my door?” The voice had grown closer, Mako could barely make out the owner now.

“Work, leads, maps, and a drink. No fooling the experience of age I see.”

“You have the eyes of a man who is tired.”

“Yes, I would imagine that I do. Moving is always such a hassle, more so when you have no place to go,” Mako forced a smile as Maz Kanata emerged from the shadows.

“Well come on then, I can at least offer you a drink,” the old woman said as she peered through bubble lenses at the Krath. Then with a wave of her hand she began the descent down the stairs. Taking a deep breath the Krath followed. Perhaps he would get a lead from Maz that he could use to further his goal. The Krath will survive Pravus, Mako Henymory would make certain of that.