*“You’d never believe me if I told you that I was once a prankster, but it’s true and I can prove it.”*

“I don’t believe it, if I’m honest, Andrelious. Even for a Sith you’re particularly straight-laced,” Rhylance commented.

“It was many years ago. Back when I was first serving aboard a Star Destroyer,” Andrelious recalled.

***Imperial-II* class Star Destroyer *Zathura***

**Unknown Regions**

**8 ABY**

Although the Empire proper had ceased fighting some time ago, the *Zathura* was one of the many ships whose crew had decided to ignore the Galactic Concordance. Since its self-imposed exile in the Unknown Regions, the Star Destroyer had seen little action, but it remained in contact with other elements of the Imperial Navy. Technically, the *Zathura* was on stand-by, but its senior officers suspected that they would never see the galactic core again.

Andrelious J. Inahj was one of the latest class of Cadets to be assigned to the *Zathura*’s TIE wing. The son of a merchant, and a woman who appeared to have no official history prior to the rise of the Empire, the short sixteen old was nonetheless one of the hottest talents that the training officers had seen in some time. There was even a rumour that his reflexes were aided by the Force, in spite of the widespread belief that the power of the Force was little more than a myth.

**Pilot Ready Room**

Andrelious arrived a few minutes before his latest patrol was due to start. He peered into the ready room, smiling when he saw that no-one else had yet arrived. Stepping gingerly towards the back of the room, his eyes ran along the rail of flightsuits, until he spotted the one belonging to Gringac, a fellow Cadet.

Grasping Gringac’s helmet, Andrelious tossed a small object into it, chuckling.

*This’ll teach him to put that rotten meat in my foot locker!*

The young pilot took a seat in the front row, hiding his grin just in time as Gringac and the others walked in.

**30 minutes later…**

With the briefing out of the way, Andrelious and his fellow pilots walked towards their flight suits, talking amongst themselves.

Andrelious was quick to get his helmet on, allowing him to conceal a beaming smile as he saw Gringac put his flight suit on.

“These helmets are so frakking hot!” Gringac complained.

“I’m always sweating in mine before I even get into the cockpit!” Andrelious agreed.

“So, Andrel. Did you get that horrible smell out of your quarters? You really should be careful what you put in those foot lockers!” Gringac quipped.

Andrelious ignored his friend.

“You two really need to rail in the pranks. If the Commander finds out, you two will be on paint duty for sure!” another Cadet warned.

“We’re also the two best pilots. You know what the old Imperials are like. As long as we’re…what the frak?” Gringac yelled.

Andrelious couldn’t help but laugh as his fellow pilot ran around tugging hard at his helmet. Eventually, Gringac managed to extract himself from the helmet. With a loud pop, a large amount of viscous yellow liquid began to spread out around Gringac.

“You want to be careful. You’ll end up in custard-y if you make a mess like that!” Andrelious joked.

**-x-**

“Pranks and terrible plays on words. What happened to you, Andrelious?” Rhylance asked.

“Growing up came with leaving such things behind. Mostly,” the Warlord replied.

“Anyway. It’s time I was going. Being in command takes its toll…” the Chiss explained. As he adjusted himself to get up, he felt something give way and a high pitched squeak come from under his seat.

“Oh! That’s where the girls put their new whoopee cushion!” Andrelious chuckled.

Rhylance walked away, saying nothing more.

*Perhaps he’s not as straight-laced as I thought..*