

A warm breeze blew across the Alisoan landscape as a young Togrutan-Zabruk hybrid watched as her ship, the *Reverence*, was being fueled and readied for an off world mission. The young girls' white skinned Montrals were of a fair size for her age, but with the addition of a pair of large black horns protruding from the very tips made them seem bigger. Two smaller vestigial horns protruded from her upper forehead, where her light crimson skin met the white Montral skin. A few other small horns also protruded along the inner white flesh curve of the Montrals, while sharp dark grey markings accented and accentuated each of her horns. The girls' lithe muscular form seemed relaxed as it leaned against a supply crate, however to those who knew the young woman would have seen that her eyes were always observing, always ready. Even while her eyes darted over the docks and landscape around her, taking in every little detail, the Togrutan hybrid absentmindedly petted her pet Voorpak that rested in the crook of her arm. The small creatures silky fur was a very warm, both it and the girl were almost startled when her holoprojector dinged.

Sighing as she recognized the who the caller, reluctant to answer. Setting the Gizek on the crate she had been leaning against, she answered the call.

The half image of an older Togruta woman sitting in ships chair sparked to life. "Greetings mother. How is you trip going so far?" The figure sighed exhaustively and smiled, "It going well dear, all the usual diplomacy stuff with Arcona. But I did get to see Zuj and her family before I left, which was nice."

"Oh, you're already on your way back?" Asked the surprised girl.

"Yes," replied the woman, before turning her head slightly to listen to something in her ship. Her sulfur yellow eyes displaying annoyance of being interrupted. Pinching the bridge of her nose, replying to incomprehensible statement. "Alright Max, just let me know when we get there. Not every fracking little recalculation." The last part the Togrutan woman mumbled. Turning her attention back to her daughter, she smirked and continued, "So how are things going, and when are you leaving?"

The girl startled slightly, though hoping her mother didn't notice, replying quickly so as not to arouse her mother's suspicions. "Things are going well. My apprentice is coming along in training, and such." The Togruta slowly nodded her head, and then tilting it ever so slightly while her left eyebrow rose slightly. "Hmmm, good good. I proud of the way you're teaching him. Taking from both mine and your father's teachings, as well as your Master's, and developing it into your own way. Your apprentice will go far." The girl relaxed, thinking that she had distracted and refocused her mother's attention elsewhere. A small chuckle emanated from the holographic figure. "What's up mom?" The smirk return to her mother's face as the woman replied, "You still haven't told me when you are leaving?"

"What!?" The young girls heart skipped a beat, nervously replying "I'm not leaving." Her mother stared blankly at her, the smirk and raised eyebrow dissolving into a face of no emotion. It was her eye's however that said it all, even though the holographic projector. The moment suddenly got very tense as both women didn't talk, just staring at each other, waiting for one concede.

"I leave within the hour," sighing, the young hybrid knew that it was no use to keep it from her mother at this point, especially since somehow she knew.

"Ah, good. Remember to double check everything before you leave," a smile returned to her mother's face as it relaxed.

"You do know though, that you don't **have** to go alone. You could have your father, Reeka or even your apprentice go with you. Someone backing you up, doesn't hurt on any mission."

Tahiri's holographic form shook its head as her daughter laughed, saying as she did, "Mother, I'll be fine on this mission alone. You worry too much. Jeez, were you the same way with Reeka?"

Tahiri scowled, screwing her face a until finally relaxing, sighing as the crimson skinned Togruta replied, "I did... in some ways... but especially after I got to know her. I love her as much as I do you, your siblings and you father."

"Speaking of which... Father, you can come out now. I know you're there!" The holographic figure smirk and giggled a bit before recomposing herself, as a tall hooded figure stepped out from behind a large pile of supply crates. "I heard that Tahiri. But Kit'Mara is right, Tahiri, you do worry too much." The deep gruff voice of the tall crimson skinned Zabrak Kul'Tak Drol chuckled as he flipped his hood back, and looked between his daughter and wife.

"See mother, you have nothing to..."

"However, your mother is also correct, you should have back up. So instead, you are to report in **immediately** as to all occurrences on your mission, and of any unexpected situations."

"What! But!?" exclaimed the young hybrid, looking between her parents. She couldn't believe that they were doing this to her again. *Every single mission, they were always doing or telling her to do something, it was absolutely annoying. But I that they're doing it cause they don't want anything bad to happen to me.*

"Alright, alright Kit, we'll ease up," laughed her mother. "I know that you are more than capable of doing this mission, but as always, any mission has unexpected 'surprises', some work out better than others." Tahiri glanced at Kul, and they both shared a smile. Kit'Mara gave them both a confused look, and then just shrugged her shoulders. Glancing across to her ship, Kit saw the men begin to gather their equipment and waved to her.

"Well, it looks like my ship is ready," she turned and bowed respectively to her father, and then gave him a quick hug before nodding to mother as well. "I will report in once the mission is finished."

"Alright little Kit," Kul replied nodding and smiling. Tahiri smiled and said quickly before ending her transmission, "Be safe Kit."