

# I, Quohari [Fiction]

By Ethan Martes

14783

Ethan walked into the office, not holding himself in high confidence as he normally did. No, instead he was walking sheepishly, biting his lip as he thought upon all the chaos going on around him. The Odan-Urr office was abuzz with comm chatter, reports of riots and full on revolt. The Grey Jedi knew for certain, that it was his fault.

He took a deep breath and walked into the office of the Consul Aurora Ta'var and saw that not only she, but also P-Con Celevon and RM Len were waiting for him. "Oh... This is not gonna be good." Ethan muttered to himself. Aura was already glaring at Ethan, meanwhile Len and Celevon were getting their drinks ready as they both were familiar with Martes' reporting methods. "Now... Before you get mad-

"What did you do?" Aura asked with gritted teeth, displeasure to the point her words were almost like venom.

"I SAID! Before! You get mad. I'd like to explain how things happened." Ethan held up both his hands defensively as he approached to take the lone chair for him to sit in. "First off, I was minding my own business."

"Bullshit!" Celevon and Len both declared at the same time.

"I WAS!" Ethan whined.

"Ok then, what happened while you were 'Minding your own business'?" Aura asked, snatching a glass from Len's hand and taking his drink.

"Ok so... I was given a mission by Empress Kaltani, which I was surprised that she even spoke to me, to be honest, really nice woman." Ethan started but noted the glares from the three others, "But yea the mission. She wanted me to investigate those the Sephi call the Quohari. So..." Ethan began his tale as to how he knew exactly where to go to talk to members of the Quohari on their level.

Ethan bangs on the door and waits a moment until the eyespot on the door opened. "Are you a high nose?"

"Nope! Just a Shark lookin' for a Ping in the Hills, ya know?" Ethan smirked wide.

"Yea, we know you Martes. Get your ass in here." The eyespot closed and the door opened for him.

*Aura: Wait, Shark? Ping? Hill? High nose?*

*Ethan: Oh, it's Smuggler's Cant. You want the honest workin' class people, you gotta speak their tongue. Essentially, he asked if I was a high nose which means a Noble or one of their lackies. What I said was, 'I'm a Smuggler looking to speak with a gossip in this safe haven.' roughly.*

The Grey Jedi wandered in and gave a fist bump to the man on the other side of the door as he passed by. "Great day, ain't it?"

"Yea if you want to call it that." The man chuckled.

Ethan made his way to the bar and tapped on it before giving a nod to the bartender before motioning to another door. The bartender nodded once and motioned to it before putting a drink in Ethan's hand. Without another word said Ethan walked to the door and went through, where he could hear chatter already going on. "Hey boys!"

The room had several others in it, each different races but all considered Quohari as none of them were Sephi. A few muttered their hellos to Ethan but overall their current conversation halted. Ethan downed his drink in one go and smiled to them, looking expectantly. One finally spoke up, "Look Martes, no offense... But you aren't just a Shark, you are an Uncle. You folks are elbows with the Empress."

*Aura: You're an Uncle?*

*Ethan: It means Jedi.*

"Hey now, don't be shunnin' me like that." Ethan put his empty glass down. "I'm just here to listen to your plights." He took a seat and looked to all of them, "So start tellin' me." Ethan began to order other drinks as he listened to each of them. How the Sephi nobles have been treating them worse and harsher than ever before. And then more drinks were had as they opened up more and more to Ethan, about how some of the nobles have resorted to torturing Quohari who underperform. More drinks were downed as each of them began to vent their anger at the injustice, and how they aren't willing to take it anymore.

"H-hey..." Ethan slurred his speech, "Now.. Just so you know. Empress Kaltani, be-be-(burp)-beautiful Empress. She had heard rumors about all thiss...." He staggered to his feet, everyone in the room was spinning to him but then again everyone was very drunk too. "Ssssho she sent me to talk to ya." He nearly falls over but catches himself. "Ssshhee didn't like wh-what ssshhee heard, and ssshhee was worried ah-ah-about you guys."

"The Empress was worried abo-about us?" One man nearly toppled over as he got to his feet.

"Yesh!" Ethan declared, pointing a finger at him. "But it's those... those.. Those damn nobles! Need to... to.. Get rid of them!"

"YOU SAID WHAT!?" Aura blurted out.

"Aura, let him finish." Len took another swig of his drink.

"Oh that's the end. Cause I blacked out immediately after." Ethan nods, "So really... This is all the noble's fault for all their harsh treatment. Because... Those guys were planning this way before I got there."

"There is a revolt going on right now! I don't mean a small one either Martes." Celevon finished his glass, "How are we going to clean this mess up?"

"Don't?" Ethan kept his hands folded in front of him, noticing the three giving him a look between curiosity and anger. "The Quohari aren't mad at the Empress, because drunken me convinced them that she was worried about them. We can either let the Quohari deal with the nobles, maybe secretly help them. Restructure the way the empire works a little to where Empress Kaltani still remains on top, but new and more agreeable nobles take the places of the old ones."

"You mean using the chaos you created as an excuse to get rid of those who would undermine the throne and strengthen our relationship with me?" The Empress spoke as she entered the room. "I like this plan. Get on it."

"Martes, you are off the hook this time." Aura glares at Ethan, "Only this time."

"Right, back to work I go!" Ethan quickly scurried out of the room, leaving the higher-ups to talk.