

Sitting back in her chair, the Twi'lek Rollmaster twirled one of her lekku in her fingertips as she recalled over several events in her lifetime.

"It almost seems like yesterday, I was working on my blade form with Vishra'Reyal. I was supposed to give a vibroblade demonstration to a local group on Ryloth that was touring the estate that day, however fate had some pretty interesting ideas on how things went. So after practicing most of the morning on my perfect routine, I was feeling pretty good. My form was flawless and I ended it with a flourishing strike from my vibroblade, Vishra'Reyal. Everything seemed in place."

"Then it came to the demonstration, there were I want to say over a couple hundred nobles seated as they eagerly awaited the Versea Matriarch's very accomplished daughter to give them a demonstration of vibroblade techniques. So here I was in a pretty packed place all eyes on me, slightly nervous I admit, but eager. So I began with several of the usual forward slashing and twirling of the Vibroblade. It got a few 'oohs and aahs,' but nothing spectacular. So I kept going and began to demonstrate various blocks and parries, which were not easy to perfect, but I did well. There was an upward thrust of the blade before bringing it down diagonally to block another Vibroblade."

"Then came time for my big finale...I don't know how I managed to lose my grip on Vishra'Reyal, but as I started to spin the blade in my hand I lost control and the blade went flying out into the crowd, right towards Veeron Nyat, a well to do Human noble from Corellia. Thankfully, he managed to duck in time and did not lose his head, however his hair now had a long carved out canyon right through the middle of it. No longer were his gorgeous brown locks visible, only bald skin remained. Sure enough, he almost fainted from shock as his wife screamed and actually fainted. As I looked to her, she was holding one of her pleated braids in her hand. Unfortunately, her fainting caused the crowd to think I killed someone. Chaos ensued as everyone practically stampeded out, knocking over each other as they all ran for the exits, just to get away from the deadly hair slicing blade. As the place emptied rather quickly, I jumped down from the stage and picked up Visha'Reyal."

"I have the blade in my hands, it is not going to hurt anyone." I called out, but the nobles would have nothing to do with me.

"You should train your daughter better, she should be ashamed of herself."

"The hurtful words stung, but then I grinned."

"Would you like a haircut?"

"My parents then quickly removed me from all of the angry nobles and shook their heads at me."

“You are as bad as your Grandfather at times Tasha’Vel. Will you ever learn to be a proper noble?”

“If I am anything like my Grandfather, I hope I never will be.”

“Unfortunately, I was grounded for two weeks after that statement, but looking back I am glad I never did become a proper noble. It’s much too boring.”