Hello, journal! Man, that feels weird, but here goes something.

Today is the 4th of Selona; currently sitting at 1256 hours, local time; and I am already regretting a lot of decisions I made before I came here, which have left me with not much to do right now.

The quarantine started only a week ago, not long at all after I left my old ship for this new workplace that I’m really not supposed to talk about. It’s kind of both impressive and terrifying that one of the most secretive places in the galaxy still managed to pick up this crazy virus that’s been bouncing between star systems. ~~You really wouldn’t think that could happen, since we’re~~

Actually, screw it. This is just between you and me, journal, so yeah. Left the Voidbreaker, working with the Bothan Spy Network for the foreseeable short-term future, suddenly we have a quarantine to make everything more complicated, here we are now.

Anyway! My dumb furry ass made the mistake of deciding that this was supposed to be some sort of professional workplace, and that I couldn’t let myself be distracted by games, too many books, or loads of other things that I usually do to kill time. This was supposed to be hard work, all productive, yada yada that stuff. But here I am, after only one week - I do my share of work every day, which is super easy when I’m ~~not dis~~ ~~stuck in here without~~ (frack, not used to being open) - I’m trying to say there’s this other girl, and I guess it’s easier to stay focused when she’s not around. (This writing to myself thing feels really awkward.) Anyway, work gets done quick, and I start reading things, and now it’s only been a week and I’ve already gone through all of my books. I still have music, but there’s security stuff all over this place, and I don’t want my voice echoing into the halls where some goon behind all the recording crap might hear it. There’s no races to follow because sporting events are canceled, I didn’t bring gaming stuff, and yeah, I’m just bored.

So that’s a bit of a ramble, but that’s the whole reason I’m trying this! Something different, and the psyche person they assigned me says it might help with other things too. Guess we’ll see, right? Also, gonna try to not backtrack on my own writing, since this is all private anyway. Just a waste of space, otherwise.

I guess that’s all for now(?)

~Eilen

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Okay, so it’s the 7th of Selona now, and I meant to write this on the 5th, but then midnight passed, and now midnight just passed again. But here I am now!

I’m spending a lot of time on the holonet because I can’t GO ANYWHERE or DO ANYTHING, and wow time is somehow flying by and super slow at the same time. Even Toto is bored, and that’s saying something. (Maybe. He’s got a bit of a complex.) Starting to get muscle cramps from all this sitting around and not running places. Sure, I could be doing push-ups or something, but it’s so much more fun to be MOVING, not just straining muscles and stuff. Maybe I could just do flips off my own walls or something. At least then the security people wouldn’t get mad about me getting caught in restricted zones again. Mom was really upset with me about that. Though, I guess she’s always upset about something. I’m trying not to take it too hard.

By the way, it’s really weird working with your own mother on things. Especially when you haven’t seen her since you were a kid. I mean, it was cool at first, and I was really happy to be around her and all, but now it’s a little weird, and I can kinda see what Eiro was saying about having her involved in this stuff. I wanna talk to her about a lot of things, but there’s just never time for it. It’s always about the work, and even when we’re locked in our bunks for this quarantine, they’re saying it’s a bad idea to be visiting people. She’s not much of a hologram talker, so it’s just messages about work until the work for the day is done. I wish this was easier.

Anyway, the day is boring again. I just keep forgetting to eat and sleep with time being all out of wack and yeah. Hopefully tomorrow is less boring. Gonna crash now.

~ Eilen

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12th of Selona. Had kind of a busy week come out of nowhere. We got a lead on our current case! Not that anyone except the field agents can do anything about that. Much as I’d like to have been a field agent, I’m supposed to be all incognito and stuff, because this is Eiro’s job, and he’s already on the run, and I can’t be caught in his place, but his other work still needs to be done, and yeah. It’s complicated.

Anyway, work stayed busy for the last week. We got some names, I got to help slice into a private network and steal important data, really cool stuff. Sometimes it feels like I’m in one of those vids, except it’s not really as flashy or anything. I tried wearing sunglasses just to see how it felt, and now all I can think about is how stupid the people in that one vid look now, wearing them while they work. But yeah, we got a hook on those guys now, and that should help a lot.

Oh! I did get to chat a lot through text back and forth with that lady I mentioned before, so that was kinda nice. I kinda wanna try asking her out for coffee or something, but then I remember that we can’t do that. And I dunno, if it went anywhere, it’s not that dating someone in this place would be a “long-distance” relationship or anything, but it kinda feels like it would be since we can’t, you know, DO ANYTHING. Maybe I should just forget it, she’s probably really busy doing her own work anyway.

Hope this quarantine ends soon. I mean, it WOULD be nice to have all this free time, if I wasn’t completely cooped up in here. Gonna have to find more ways to pass the time, like I used to on Baro’s ship.

~ Eilen

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13th of Selona. No big news really, just making a note. I’m not allowed to flip off my own walls anymore. The people in both bunks next to mine complained that I was beating on them. Sigh.

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13th of Selona. Same day, but what else am I gonna do, right? I’m thinking about changing my hair. I meant to get it cut before we got shut in, but I didn’t think it was too big a deal yet. Now I’m starting to realize how long it is. Part of me wants to keep it, but it’s also falling flatter, so I can’t do the usual thing with it. I need to figure out a new style or something. Or just cut it myself. I mean, if I do a bad job, it’s not like I’m going anywhere for a while, right? Maybe I’ll see if I can get some hair dye the next time they drop off my daily meal orders.

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14th of Selona. Just another note, hair dye is not an essential thing, and they won’t risk sending people stuff that isn’t considered essential. Damn. Though, that makes me wonder if Mom is gonna be pissed. Eiro did say she has grey hairs and fur patches to hide.

Speaking of fur, I hear there are some parts of the galaxy that are rationing cleaning supplies. That’s kinda funny and yet very frustrating to me - people WITHOUT FUR are panic-buying lots of cleaning stuff, and the others are all short because of it. Kinda makes me glad that I’m currently living in a place where things are fairly distributed by the guys in charge.

Actually, on that note. It’s weird that Bothans managed that for this network, but I guess if they didn’t, we’d have a lot more problems - not that a few other agents here aren’t trying to scam their way into getting more things for themselves, somehow. Some others suspect that the even distribution we have might be a trick for the higher-ups to secretly hoard extra supplies without us realizing we’re being shorted somehow, but there’s no telling for sure. Kinda wouldn’t be surprising if it was true, though. Man, even among their own kind, Mom’s people really have a reputation.

Guess that went from a note to a full page. Oh well! Anyway, work is getting busy again. The chase continues, right?

~ Eilen

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17th of Selona. I tried to cut my own hair. I hate myself right now.

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Notes to self. Hangovers suck ass, and don’t try to write when you can barely see. Head still hurts, gonna go die now.

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21st of Selona. Just for the record, that last one was on the 18th. Also, the psyche says getting wasted is an understandable thing to do, but it’s also discouraged. And I get it, but sometimes I don’t know what else to do. Toto seems to be picking up on the habit too though, and not for the better - he keeps complaining about not having any wrong sockets to get a jolt out of when I’m drinking. Why would a droid even want to do that to themselves? It’s like he’s trying to get wasted with me.

...Okay. Maybe Ruka has a point after all.

Anyway, work goes on, and I’m still here. Just busy working, since we have a lead and all. There was some mention yesterday about a shipment problem, but the higher ups are saying it’s nothing. I’d like to believe that, but I’m not sure if I can. I guess we’ll see. Back to it, then.

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22nd of Selona. Big surprise, it got out that some jerks hijacked one of our supply shipments. I offered to try and go after them, (honestly in part just to get out of here as well) but they said they were taking care of it. Not sure if I should believe them, but I don’t have much of a choice except to sit and wait.

Until that’s resolved, I guess I’m only washing my fur half as often. Hope that doesn’t get too gross. At least I have less hair on my head now, but that’s not much of a difference, I suppose.

Kind of angry that the guys up top aren’t always fully transparent with us. Hopefully I won’t be filling in for Eiro for too much longer after this quarantine is over.

Anyway, we’re also short on power cells until further notice, without that shipment. I hate to do this, but I need to start conserving power in case we have some kind of emergency. Gonna be powering down Toto for a while. He’s not too happy about it, but he’d also rather not be starving for electricity for who knows how long. So… sleep tight, buddy. Gonna wake him up again only when we can finally do something he’ll enjoy.

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23rd of Selona. Mistakes were made. My stupid face was dumb enough to vid call that girl, and I haven’t done that since before I cut my hair, and I FREAKING FORGOT ABOUT IT and didn’t wear a hat or anything. Don’t mind me, she looks great like always, while I’m looking like a warbander straight out of Mad Dax or something, and not in a good way. Real smooth, me.

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28th of Selona. Just want to say, maybe wearing a hat all day, every day, isn’t such a bad thing after all. I finally found one that actually doesn’t look terrible on my face. Got into the habit of wearing some of my heavier clothes as well - had to adjust the thermostat, but at least my gross ass unwashed fur doesn’t show nearly as much. I mean, I know everyone is kinda like that right now, but still. It’s nice to not be completely afraid of doing vid calls again.

Also, just a reminder to myself: NEVER CUT YOUR OWN HAIR AGAIN. That’s all.

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35th of Selona. I think we’re closing in on Eiro’s lead. It’s been another hard few days at work, but if it means we get it done, then that’s good. I’m not sure if they’ll let me leave the second this case is closed, with everything on lockdown, but that’d be nice. Evidence shows that I’ve avoided contamination so far, so maybe they’ll let me slip out all by my lonesome with my ship. It’ll probably be going from one quarantine zone to another, but hey, home is home.

Though, I do have to admit… it was kind of a pain in the ass, being around Mom again when I got here, but she really wasn’t so bad after a while. Or maybe I just got used to her. I don’t know. I hope I can visit her again in the future on better terms - and under better circumstances. Preferably not here in spy central.

Suppose if I leave, I also won’t be getting anywhere with that girl at all. I mean, so far I don’t think I have been, anyway, but now it’s more of a guarantee. Oh well, I guess. That’s not exactly new.

Sigh. I just want things to go back to normal. I miss the Voidbreaker. Hoping to see it again soon.

~ Eilen

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4th of Telona. We’ve now been in quarantine for a full seven weeks. Kinda sucks that we couldn’t do much for Expansion Week, but I guess I’m not really used to celebrating it myself, anyway. It was a nice thing to try back in Arcona.

Anyway - Man, I forgot how much time just stops existing when you’re locked away in a small space for what feels like forever. I’m not writing so much now, and I’m sorry, journal, for leaving you hanging; but I have been finding more ways to occupy myself, so I guess that’s an improvement. Lots of exercises that don’t involve hitting walls, tons of digital books and music downloads - heck, I even broke down and bought this new datapad game everyone’s been talking about. Having more to do has been helping.

Oh, and my hair is mostly grown out enough now that the shoddy haircut doesn’t look so bad. Still could use a fix, I think, but it’s easier to miss the flaws, now that they’ve kinda grown into the rest of it. I’m kinda liking the hat I’ve been wearing though. Maybe I’ll keep wearing it.

Higher-ups are saying we might be lifting the quarantine soon. We’ve been careful, so maybe it’ll be fine for us, as long as we stay careful. Though, I worry about other places doing the same that might not be ready for it. Real quick: kinda crazy to think about how many places I have to keep tabs on, working here. I always knew the galaxy was a huge place where things are constantly happening everywhere, but like… wow. You really get a different feeling when you know more. And that’s just a few places - I used to think I knew everything I needed to, but now I feel like I don’t know enough about anywhere. Is that weird? Anyway, I hope these other places reopening themselves from quarantine know what they’re doing. Our intelligence and the math we’ve done points to some worrying numbers, so… hoping for the best, I guess.

Also, it seems I’m not going anywhere just yet. But hey, in better news, maybe if this quarantine does lift for us, and I’m still stuck here, I can try a date with that lady? Maybe, maybe not, ugh. I want to try my luck, but I’m still afraid of screwing up. At the same time though, if I won’t be here long, maybe I don’t have much to lose. I guess if the chance does come, wish me luck?

~ Eilen

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