Rhon Ya grit his teeth, every muscle in his body taught with the desire to lash out. Even so, the admiral kept his fury under control, allowing it to bubble under the surface, but not giving in to it. He hadn’t gotten this far in life by letting his temper get the better of him, like so many other pirate captain were wont to do.

 Instead, he turned to his first mate, a burly kaleesh named Ceist Gryr. Rhon Ya gestured to the holo image, where a man, his face concealed beneath the brim of his hat so that only that *infuriatingly arrogant* grin of his was visible.

 “This man,” Rhon said slowly, “Is an *idiot*.”

 Gryr said nothing.

 “This man is a fool, Gryr! A veritable clown who stumbles along, cracking jokes and making a fool of himself!”

 Still, Gryr was silent. The tall kaleesh only continued to stare at the holo. His face was utterly unreadable behind that damned bone mask he refused to remove.

 “Do you know what he said to me when first we met?”

 Gryr did not answer.

 “He said to me: ‘I don’t suppose you would believe I’m just a simple health inspector?’ I had just found this man trying to rob my ship, and I had a dozen blasters trained on him, my own included, and he just… makes jokes!

 “I had the man at blaster point Gryr. I could’ve ended his cursed existence right then and there, and never once given him a second thought. I *should’ve*, dammit all! But then… he opened his damnable *mouth*. And damn him, he started *talking*.”

 Gryr nodded his head emphatically at that, but still didn’t say anything. He didn’t need to.

 “And this fool… he says he was ‘only stealing the parts he needs’, that there’s some grand treasure he’s going to find ‘if only I can get my ship working.’ And I think to myself ‘this man is either an idiot or a liar for telling me so,’ and he’s clearly not a very good liar, is he Gryr?”

 Gryr had already moved to the cabinet on the other side of the captain’s quarters, and was pouring out a pair of glasses for himself and his captain. He was pouring from the really *strong* bottle, Rhon noted. He took the glass appreciatively, and downed it in a single gulp, before holding out his hand for a refill.

 “Well, I never was one to turn down such a generous opportunity. It’s how I made my fortune…”

 Rhon trailed off at the mention of the fortune he no longer *had*.

 “And I convinced this man, this utter fool, and I’m thinking to myself he must be some Core World rich *brat* out trying to live up to some Old Republic fantasy, that *I* will help him find his treasure. And he just… smiles! And thanks me! He was so honest, Gryr, I had to believe he was some gullible idiot!”

 He slammed his glass down on the desk. By this point he had drained it three times already. He snatched the full glass from Gryr’s hand, downed it, before snatching up the whole bottle. It was expensive, and he’d killed several people to snatch it up from a Serreno nobleman’s ship. He drained it like it was a bottle of cheap hooch.

 “The whole voyage Gryr, the *whole voyage*, he was behaving like some starry-eyed punk kid on his first trip off his home planet! Why, at one point, he asks to try my blaster rifle. He nearly shot his own head off! He dropped the damn thing on the floor while it was set to automatic, and it started spinning around, firing off every which way til the whole deck was filled with blast holes and scorch marks! It was a miracle no one was killed by that thing, Gryr.”

 Gryr just looked enviously at the bottle that his captain was downing, rubbing the spot on his lower left arm that had been blasted in said incident.

 “He’s an *idiot*, and nobody can tell me differently! I was barely able to keep the crew from murdering him, Gryr!

 “And then, after weeks of putting up with him nearly killing us all on an hourly basis, we finally, *finally* reach the deserted, barren, spec of a moon he claimed this grand treasure was supposed to be hidden. We get ready to go down and, I will absolutely *not* bring this idiotic walking disaster down with me! He’s as liable to get the whole crew killed as whatever traps or defenses are waiting for down there, is he not? So I come up, and I’m ready for him to beg and plead to come with us, and I’m ready to shoot him in the head myself if he doesn’t agree, and you know what he does? Do you *know what he does, Gryr?*”

 Gryr, only let out a low groan. He did, in fact, know what Silvon had done.

 “He. Starts. *Talking*. Gryr,” Rhon Ya spat out each word like they were poison on his tongue.

 “He spins this convoluted yarn about how badly he wishes he could join us, but he’s come to respect me too much to ever question my decision, and how badly he feels that he’s the *sole* member of the crew being left behind when *every other hand on the ship* is coming down to help with the search. He’s talking so fast it makes my whole head spin! And so I go down, and he’s the *only* man left aboard my ship, Gryr.”

 At this point, Rhon Ya drops his head onto the desk, the now empty bottle of whiskey rolling down to fall onto the cold floor.

 “How did he even *get* the codes to access the bridge, Gryr? How did he manage to fly away with *my ship* while me and all my men are left wandering around this damned ruins, without a trace of anything that could be called treasure?”

 The kaleesh didn’t say a word, and finally Rhon Ya could stand his first mate’s silence no longer.

 “Dammit Gryr, will you *say something already!*”

 “I don’t know what you want me to say, Captain,” Gryr said at last.

 “I want you to tell me I’m not the only one who sees this man as some kind of buffoon! I want somebody to say I’m not the only one that he fooled into letting my guard down, Gryr! I want you to tell me that I’m not losing my mind!”

 “On that, Captain, you can be certain,” Gryr sighed. “He would not *possibly* have gotten away from us like he did if we had not…”

 Gryr trailed off.

 “Not *what*, Gryr? What?” Rhon Ya snapped.

 “...Underestimated him, Captain.”

 “Underestimated? Yes, I suppose that *is* what happened isn’t it? We’re all so busy laughing at the fool, we don’t realise we’re *being* fooled.”

 Once again, Gryr was silent. A quiet nod was the only affirmation Rhon Ya would receive from him.

 “Well, not again, Gryr. Not again. I want to be clear on this, and I want every hand on this ship to hear this: ‘Captain’ Jon Silvon is not to be underestimated a second time. He is to be shot *on sight!* And for the love of every god, spirit, and otherwise in this damned galaxy, do *not* let him open his mouth!”