*Bzzt*

Tinker beeped angrily towards the control panel that had just shocked it. The poor R2-Unit had been trying to fix the communications array aboard *The Flamboyant Mercorn*, its master’s starship, but nothing seemed to be working.

Changing its approach, the little droid pulled out some cables and examined them. The voltage was very low, meaning either a faulty cable or an underperforming generator. So, Tinker went back around the corridor of the YT-200 Light Freighter into the engine room.

There were tools scattered around, cut cables and even oil spills. The generator’s panel was open. Clearly, Aru Law had been working there. The droid whistled a concerned and unmotivated sound. It wasn’t keen on its master’s approach to mechanics. Aru was a great mechanic for sure, but he never cleaned after himself. There were even empty bottles of whiskey, laying around next to the toolboxes.

After a few minutes of tidying, the engine room was looking pristine. The happy R2 unit knew it wouldn’t last, but it was good for now. The droid immediately identified the problem with the generator. The switch that provided power to the wiring of the communications array had its resistors burned down. Every single one of them.

What the hell did its master do? Nonetheless, Tinker began work. It extended its small grappling arm and carefully removed the faulty pieces. Then the droid went and fetch new ones.

After the job was done, the little droid travelled back into the lobby and reconnected the cables it had removed. It put back the panel and activated the holo projector of the ship.

Immediately, it came alive, projecting all kinds of images in fast motion. Tinker’s acute eye was able to perceive the images were the security feeds from the starship itself. Aru Law had installed safety protocols to record what happened inside his ship when we wasn’t around.

Only… there was a slight problem…

The images were all of his master, Aru Law, and the other regulars of the ship, Sage and Amis.

Tinker witnessed Sage “The Boss” Cormac practice his poses on his room and be enamored with his own reflection. There was also footage of Amis cooking a big meal for everyone, and Aru drunk and wandering the corridors of the Mercorn, going only he knew where.

And then the footage switched to the bathroom. Aru stepped inside, with only a towel. And he was followed by Amis. And what happened next forced Tinker to quickly shut down the entire ship down. The little droid did not want to see that.

“Tinker!” A woman’s voice yelled.

Amis Jumah, the Twi’lek doctor entered the lobby, panting and with a very embarrassed look to her face. Her usually blue cheeks were colored purple, and her lekku was arching over her head.

The R2 unit was confused as to what had happened and beeped accordingly.

The, the blue woman showed it her personal datapad, which had the exact same footage on display.

“You sent this to all his contacts?!” The Twi’lek fell to her knees and covered her face of embarrassment.

The poor droid felt bad. A mistake like that would surely cost it dearly.