

There was silence as the young Jedi walked through the corridors of the Jedi Praxeum in the late hours. Elyon de Neverse returns from the training center. And she was glad that she was allowed to live in the Temple, as she was used to from earlier times.

Elyon hadn't entered the room yet, and she could feel something going on because the door was open. She unbuckled the lightsaber from her belt and entered the room. The lights were turned down and through the Force she felt someone waiting for her. Elyon lit her sapphire blade and turned lights on quickly. Revak sat across from her on a chair near the desk.

"Master Revak, i don't want to be rude but now it is not time for a visit," Elyon said then she turned the lightsaber off and bowed to him.

"I know and apologize for the interruption at this late time, but I have received messages that cannot be postponed," Revak replied, nodded to show respect for old traditions.

"What messages," the girl asked, watching Revak.

"I've heard you're considering a transfer," Zabrak said, and he watched her.

"That's true," Elyon agreed.

"I'm here to talk to you about the Tython initiative." Revak said and stood up.

"Tython Squadron is a group of the best of the best, and it is a very difficult way for everyone to get in. It's a group for the chosen ones," Revak said, still watching Elyon.

"I'm aware of that. But I believe I have qualities that I can contribute to the team," she said, looking him straight in the eye.

"I've been piloting since I was a child. My father was an engineer and a mechanic." Elyon made a note and paused for a moment to think well about the other words.

"And as for the combat experience, I'm not a rookie here either. Even though I worked mainly as a healer during the Clone Wars, I was also sent on combat missions," the girl added, still looking Zabrak straight in the eye.

"All right then," Revak said after a moment, seeming to consider her words. "Captain of the Tython Squadron is Jon Silvon. He and the High Council must choose you. You will stand against older and more experienced members of the Brotherhood."

"I know, but I'm still asking for the opportunity to become a member of the Tython Squadron," Elyon said, believing her chances of success.

"What about your Padawan," Revak asked, and at that moment he hit exactly the question Elyon had been asking herself too.

"What will happen to your Padawan when you will be on a mission?" Zabrak asked once more, recognizing that he had hit the right spot.

"She'll be safe here. The Jedi Praxeum is a great place for her. There are a lot of other students and masters, Elyon answered and she saw him inhale and open his mouth to say something, but Elyon started first.

"I know you may think I'm neglecting my duty to my padawan, but it's not true. Eva is as old as I am and therefore she is much more adaptable than would be a much younger apprentice. Plus, I believe she will benefit from a change in training form from another master." Elyon finishes her speech and looks at Revak.

"Well, we'll see how you prove yourself. The Council asked me to evaluate your enthusiasm and potential. And I can see that you definitely know what you want and you want to show off ... in a good way," Zabrak said, smiling at her.

"I will definitely recommend you. But I will monitor your squadron's contribution. I hope I will not regret this decision." Revak said, moving slowly toward the door.

"Certainly not Master Revak, I will do my best not to be ashamed of your recommendation." The girl turned to him.

"Good night, Elyon." Revak said and bowed.

"Good night, Revak ... and thank you," Elyon replied, bowing.

A few days later, Elyon de Neverse was assigned to the Tython Squadron.