

Centam woke up and smiled. Today was the day: he was going to attend the union ceremony of Appius Wight, who was the Taldryan Consul and one of the Sons of Taldryan; and Ankira Irr. He was looking forward to this event, as Appius had been one of the first to welcome Centam to Clan Taldryan, and had assisted him as he began his journey up the ranks of the Brotherhood.

At the ceremony, Centam was going to congratulate Appius before it began, but before he could get near enough, he was swallowed by the crowd. When he finally managed to break free, the Consul was nowhere to be seen.

Centam sighed. This would be harder than he had originally thought.

As he navigated over to the wall, he looked around wildly for someone, anyone, that he could recognize. He didn't do well in large social situations, and this was about as large an event as you could find.

Suddenly there was an announcement. "Would anyone be willing to assist in the kitchen? We are only short one server."

"Finally," Centam said to himself. "Now's my chance to escape the crowds." He walked over and volunteered, and was directed through the left door and into the kitchen.

When he walked in, however, he realized that he had been woefully mistaken about the convenience of the situation. Cooks and chefs were running about, trying to get everything done, and several of the assistant droids were sparking in the corner, where they had been dragged out of the way once they had malfunctioned. A fat Wookiee chef ran over to Centam, and shoved an apron into his arms. "But-" Centam tried to explain why he was there, but the Wookiee had already left in a hurry.

Centam sighed again and put on the apron, preparing to help sort out the chaos. As he approached one of the stoves, his senses warned him and he ducked out of the way as a large dish sailed through the air, slicing right where his head had just been. It flew over and another cook caught it, placing it down and starting to load it with food.

Another cook, one that spoke Basic, came over and explained to Centam what he needed to do. Centam, sensing protest and counter-explanation was futile, just nodded and did what he was told, picking up a large knife and using it to slice up a raw fish. Once he had finished that, another chef came and gave him a long list.

First on the list was getting all the plates and silverware ready to be set out on the tables. As Centam worked, he could hear the ceremony beginning outside the door, and hastened to complete that task. Next, he had to fill several pitchers with a variety of liquids, some of which would burn if they got on his skin. He was quick, yet careful, with that job.

Finally he was done. One of the chefs came over and dismissed him back to the celebration, and Centam took off and put away the apron, slipping out of the kitchen just in time to catch the last seconds of the ceremony.

He sighed with relief and wiped sweat off his brow. The near-disaster had been averted, and now nothing would ruin this illustrious occasion.