

*Evant paced back and forth through his personal chamber in the building where a rumored meeting was taking place, lit by candles and a fire in a fireplace with nothing more. Tales of a meeting of the Consuls without himself being invited filled his mind, like raindrops on a cold Arx night. Lightning struck outside and illuminated the room in which he was pacing, worried about the meeting that was taking place which he regretfully found out nothing more. He looked back at his door, with a wanting gaze of more, just wanting one agent and nothing more to enter through his chamber door and tell him details of this meeting on another world with more.*

*But no one entered through that chamber door, which he opened just to be sure. But alas, nothing more. Darkness filled the hall of void to which he closed his chamber door, and began pacing once more. Fearful he ever grew as he gnawed on his fingernails, why hadn't he heard back from anyone on the Council? Or even his deputy, as even members of his personal guard were heard from never more once going to this world where the meeting was taking place once more.*

*Were they conspiring against him? Had they killed the council and his guard and now potentially come for him to bring his reign to an end ever more? No, they wouldn't dare he thought as he paced across his chamber floor. Suddenly a shadow appeared before him as lightning struck outside once more, and he turned to see whom it was before realizing it was his prized stuffed mynock perched atop his chamber door in front of the rain covered windows. Why was it there, he thought, surely he had not placed it there atop his chamber door.*

*Loud noises suddenly came from behind his door afar.*

*"Wh-who is there, behind my chamber door?" Evant asked with a shiver of cold in his voice as he picked up his lightsaber from the fireplace mantle, slowly pacing his way back across his chamber floor. The noises became louder and louder, now with the sounds of pronounced footsteps as there was no response to his call for information more.*

*His steps became slower as he approached his chamber door, with a glance above to the mynock that stood atop his chamber door. Lightning struck at that exact same instant and as if by reflex, he reached out and hurled the mynock figure from atop his chamber door to the chamber floor below.*

*With noises ever louder, a knocking came upon his chamber door. His head shot back to the door, with sweat running down his face ever more. It was the Consuls, he thought, came to end his reign now and forever more. With a shaking grasp upon his lightsaber, he reached up to his chamber door with his other hand and slowly opened it, with grim preparations to defend himself here and lay his enemies low upon his chamber floor.*

*As the door slowly opened, figured rushed the room before yelling out in succession "HAPPY BIRTHDAY EVA-". They could not finish their words. Their cheers and excitement replaced by screams and fear as the chamber was filled with lightning. Bubba, Atra, Appius,*

*Revak, and all the other Consuls and Councillors fell to the chamber floor to rise again never more.*

*“I did it. I protected myself.” Evant said, proud ever more. But it was then he realized what they had said, and why his minions had returned to his chamber door never more. It was indeed his birthday, and a day he would now regret forever more.*