

**Celevon Edraven Erinos / Shadow Gate, House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona
PIN:12004**

Word Count: 2273 Words

***Throne Room, Upper Levels
Arcona Citadel, Estle City, Selen
Dajorra System
34 ABY; 0923 Hours, Local Time***

The Onderonian, still under the disguise of Lucian Grey, blinked slowly as his mind failed to comprehend just what the Shadow Lady had told him. Celevon had received emergency summons through one of Shadow Gate's operatives to meet with Atyiru as soon as physically possible.

Thus, his altered appearance. Long ebony locks had been cut to rest upon his shoulders, temporarily dyed a lighter shade, parts of it gathered and braided. Thin lenses over his eyes altered the color, giving them the appearance of a shade of icy blue. A neatly trimmed goatee with the stubble of growth around the beard area was quite different from his usual well-groomed features. Temporary synthetic flesh covered what tattoos would be visible, as well as concealing the cybernetic replacement left arm - though a band of leather covered the area where the prosthetic met with his real arm, close scrutiny would reveal that the rest was false.

Faded dark brown leather boots led up to kneepads of a similar material, a passing glance giving the thought that they were part of the boot. Old black trousers took up the space above the knee to meet with a leather sleeveless vest - two belts around the waist, a diagonal series of pouches going across his chest from his left shoulder to right hip with a much simpler, buckled strap taking up the opposite space. Attached at the neck hung a hood and a piece of cloth around his throat could be drawn up to cover his mouth and nose. Identical bracers in a similar shade of faded dark brown, with black straps beneath concealed his hidden blades.

Strapped to each thigh were the pair of Reynolds DE-21 Slugthrower Pistols. The only weapons that truly gave away his identity were not the ones he commonly carried upon his person whilst under the alias - his custom Kerambit was sheathed on his lower back, and the emerald-hued blade with a black grip of his Sith Dagger was held in place by the belts around his waist.

Though the Assassin refused to speak of it when asked, the attire actually was his - an outfit he had purchased years prior to joining the Brotherhood. The worn appearance of the leather revealed how often he had been attired in it.

“... Would you mind repeating that for me?” Celevon asked faintly, his attention returning to the dark-skinned beauty that was his Consul.

Atyiru’s lips twitched with amusement - if she had eyes beneath the cerulean blindfold, they would have glimmered with her suppressed mirth. The fact that the Assassin had appeared as though ready to march to war had hardly escaped her notice. “The emergency I called you here for, Cel, is that I need a Counselor for the Summer Camp on Eldar. We’ve had staffing issues and I’m calling in favors to get Arconans to take on those responsibilities. Your daughter is more than welcome to attend if that’s an issue...”

“Artemis is far away from here with Jade and some other friends, safe from Pravus’ lunacy and the Inquisitorius’ hunts for ‘Undesirables’,” the Onderonian replied curtly, his anger at the situation clear despite his attempts to suppress his emotions.

The Shadow Lady frowned, wondering how long it had been since the Assassin had sent his daughter away for her own safety. She knew how private Celevon was and decided that a heart-to-heart could wait for another time. The Miraluka sighed. “Just do me this favor, keep an eye on the younglings, teach them a few things and I can guarantee you some time off. Just lose the disguise.”

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Lake Alverde Campgrounds, Eldar

Several Days Later

Celevon grumbled to himself as he adjusted the bright pastel uniform shirt he had been given to wear until the ones he requested came in. If the Onderonian didn’t know any better, much less the fact that Atyiru couldn’t actually see the way most sentients did, he would have sworn that she had come up with the design. The shirt alone was a mismatch of yellow and pink in various geometric shapes, the camp’s logo set against that in an off-white.

“Complaining about the color scheme of the base uniforms again?” One of the non-Arconan Counselors questioned, an amused smile on her face. The Humanoid’s hazel eyes took in the camouflage cargo trousers. “You know you’re supposed to wear-”

“I don’t do shorts,” Celevon interrupted her with a growl, eyes narrowed as he slipped a rolled cigarette between his lips. “Especially not tight, white shorts that end a little past mid-thigh.”

The female Counselor almost choked trying not to spray her drink as laughter bubbled up. It had taken all of her willpower to not howl with laughter at the horrified expression on the Arconan's face when Celevon had come out of the changing room in the original uniform after arriving days before. He had seemed equally disturbed by the other shirt - a sparkling, powder blue with the bright white logo of the camp on the top left of the torso area.

It had not surprised her in the least when she had read the details in his request for the other uniforms, which could only be described as 'tactical'. Lightweight shirts in muted, dark shades that would easily blend with the surrounding forest - the only real concession Celevon had made was on the white logo.

In a clear attempt to change the subject, the Assassin took a drag off of his cigarette and spoke up. "What's the plan for the little hellions today?"

"You really shouldn't call them that. They're not *that* bad, Cel." At the Onderonian's unimpressed stare, she snorted as she was forced to concede. "Okay, maaaybe some of them are that bad."

"My first day here alone, Serani, was to horrified screams from one of the girl's cabins because another group pranked them in the night."

Serani, the female Counselor, giggled as she remembered the melodramatic screeches of the group she had dubbed 'the brat pack'. "It wasn't really undeserved, Cel. The Brat Pack had been annoying the others for days. Everything from whining over being sweaty to bitching at the others because their tents had been set up on roots - that's why they got moved into one of the few cabins."

The former Quaestor of Qel-Droma shook his head. "With how that lot have taken to complaining over every little thing, it doesn't surprise me. What's the plan to keep them out of trouble today?"

The Humanoid female took out a small notepad and glanced down at what she had previously written. "About an hour after they finish breakfast, our group will be swimming in the lake until lunch. After they've eaten their fill, we're going to switch up with the other group in this area and take them on a little adventure in the forest. Teach them which types of woods in the area are best for fire-making kits, which ones float the best and which are the easiest to chop to make a structure. Show them which plants to avoid, which ones can be safely eaten and a few medicinal herbs around here - I have sketches and descriptions of them just in case you don't know them here."

Celevon accepted the small handbook with a nod of thanks.

“And you need to start planning what you would like to teach them during the camping trip next weekend. We’ll need to plan ahead for bedrolls and the like to have them bring. I can already foresee the bitch-fits of the Brat Pack when they realize they will be building their own sleeping structures, since we won’t be bringing tents into the jungle.”

Serani snickered as the Onderonian groaned aloud and smacked his head against the table with a loud thud, ash falling off of his cigarette as he rubbed his temples.

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A Mile From The Main Campground

Sector Z3, Eldar

The Following Weekend; 1402 Hours, Local Time

Celevon readily ignored the complaints from half of the ‘Brat Pack’ as he led the way towards the traps he had set the night before. Serani was at the rear of the group, making certain that none of their attendees wandered off and got lost.

They came upon a small clearing and the Assassin decided that this was a good a place as any. “Right, you lot, gather around.” Once the twelve campers had gathered around him and stopped chattering at a stern warning from Serani, the Onderonian continued. “What I’m going to teach you now is known as a Grave’s Bait Snare Stick. It’s good for a variety of sizes of game, but it’s not as common as you would think. First, what can you tell me about the area we’re in?”

“We’re in a small clearing on a... trail?” One of the girls who had complained less than the rest of the Brat Pack spoke up questioningly. Celevon was of the opinion that she was more scared of being forced to hike the mile back to the main campground if she misbehaved.

“Indeed we are. To be more accurate, this small trail was formed by animals using the path, which we call a ‘Game Trail’,” the Assassin explained patiently, trying to not grin at the thought of their reactions to his warning later - the other group’s reaction had been priceless.

Seeing that they were paying attention for a change, he continued, showing them the way to make it, putting emphasis on keeping bare hands and fingers away from the corded noose when the trap was set. To make it clear how serious it was, the Onderonian decided to clarify. “The point of the trigger spring, whilst it suddenly jerks the animal off it’s feet as the noose tightens, is

to kill the creature in as humane a manner as possible by breaking the spine. The man who taught me this snare accidentally triggered the trap when he was demonstrating it to hunters years before.” Clevon met each and every one of their eyes as he slowly spoke. “It ripped that finger off of his hand.”

A chorus of ‘eww’ had Serani covering her mouth to stifle laughter, hazel eyes twinkling with her suppressed mirth.

An adorable Togruta with light blue montras, royal blue markings and violet eyes raised her hand.

“You have a question, Nayru?” Clevon asked after he took a moment to recall her name. This was mainly due to the fact that the child was very well-behaved compared to her peers.

“Papa said that it was bad to kill things. Does this make us bad if we do this?” She asked in a quiet tone, amethyst eyes wide and innocent.

The Onderonian gave an internal sigh - the Shadow Lady had finally convinced him to take on these duties with the explanation of why most of these children were here. They had been sent to this location for an indeterminable amount of time, as these children had been saved from the Inquisitorius’ hunts. A number of them were orphans, their families having been completely wiped out.

“No, sweetie, it doesn’t make you bad to do this. Did your Papa tell you how you have to eat to make your body grow?” The Assassin asked softly, moving closer as he knelt down. He kept his voice gentle, yet loud enough for the others to hear him clearly. At her hesitant nod, Clevon smiled. “That’s why hunting for sport or fun could be considered bad. When these creatures die, we do it in a way that they feel no pain. We thank them for their sacrifice and the food they give us. Nothing is wasted. If we kill them, it’s not more than what we need to survive. And it’s the same thing if a predator comes into camp. You remember the big animal that I shot after it came into camp?” He made sure to catch the eyes of the others, waiting for their nods. “I shot it because it would have hurt one of you and it didn’t run away after the first shot. Nothing of it was wasted, you remember? We cooked it in the fire pit Serani and I taught you all how to build. In a way, eating it means the creature lives on through all of you.”

A few of the older attendees immediately caught the underlying message. One of them, a Cathar, had been forced to watch as his parents were killed in front of him. Dmitri recognized the Counselor’s silver eyes and gentle words, as the Onderonian had helped him hide when the bad people had been distracted, then urged him to close his eyes and cover his ears until the former

Quaestor had returned. Even despite that, his hands had failed to muffle the sound of the slugs firing. Celevon shooting the predator that evening had brought the memories back in a rush of flashbacks.

“Is that why you have us thank the spirits for the food before we eat?” Nayru questioned softly. She had been fortunate and her innocence spared - her parents had locked her in a hidden room when the compound they lived in had been raided. One of those who had discovered her hiding place had buried the child’s face in their shoulder to prevent the Togruta from seeing the remains of her parents.

“That’s it exactly, little one,” Celevon smiled, patting her cheek. “We thank the spirits of the animals for their sacrifice so we can grow stronger, knowing that they will always be with us. Now... who wants to try their hands at simpler traps?”

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