

The GNK unit designated "TR-45H" waddled into Commodore Silwar Naiilo's empty office. Silwar had modified the droid himself, installing a receptacle on top where documents and trash would fall into the droid and be incinerated within its thick frame. The droid used its arms to pick up the waste bin under Silwar's desk and tipped it into itself, and crumpled balls of paper, opened envelopes, food wrappers, and other various debris fell into the droid. TR-45H waddled back out of the room, unknowingly kicking one crumpled ball of paper into the hallway that had missed its mark. Major Honsou picked it up as the door closed securely behind the droid, and decided to take a peek.

~~CPT Allishi Wellan, ISDII Colossus~~
~~CMDR Allishi Wellan, ISDII Colossus, Marathon Squadron~~
~~My Allishi,~~

Alli,

I can't believe it's already been 16 months since we ~~departed~~ left Aurora for the unknown regions. Time flies quickly, but I still remember the day we received our departing orders like it was yesterday; you and I were still celebrating my promotion to Tempest's commander just a few days prior. We had finally found a couple of days to visit Cantonica... which was cut short by surprise orders just as we'd sat down to dinner at Oga's. You cried, then got angry, and asked me to transfer out of Tempest so that I could stay with you. We fought that night, and I wondered if I was being irredeemably selfish while I was at the hotel alone, you at the spaceport booking the first shuttle back to the fleet. It's pained me ever since that our last time together ended in a fight, and now that we're finally in a position to send a message, you're the only one who I care to contact. I'm not going to ask for your forgiveness, but I do want to say that I'm sorry that things ended the way they did. Things may never go back to normal between us, but maybe, someday, somewhere in the galaxy, we can try to finish up that dinner.

Yours,
Sil