

Museum Date

“So, what do you think? I heard you liked old stuff, so I thought this exhibition would be perfect.” The Zeltron boy seemed awfully pleased with himself, and truth be told he had reason to be. It had been a throwaway comment on her part that she enjoyed ‘collecting relics’ and he had come to the correct conclusion. Not bad.

“It’s perfect,” Vicxa Varis smiled so wide it warped the tattoos on her green cheeks.

Hand in hand, the pair of green and pink headed inside the Selen Museum of Galactic History that was holding an exhibition on ancient artifacts collected from the far reaches of the galaxy. As they passed through ticketing, a wide holobanner featuring a mummified creature with an inverted T-shaped head greeted them, the mascot of sorts for the exhibition.

“They say the Rakatan Empire were the first to invent the hyperdrive,” her date proceeded, reading off the brochure. “Can you imagine what life would be like if they hadn’t?”

“Pretty boring, I suppose,” Vicxa replied. “Being stuck in one place? No thank you.”

“I thought you looked like an offworlder,” he smirked. “Not that there’s anything wrong with being off-world. Lots of people are. My dad only settled a few years before I was born, so I guess I’m technically a half-worlder.” Upon closer inspection, there was a distinct hint of Selenian in his cheekbones and the particular hue of dark pink of his skin.

“Homeworlds are overrated,” she stated, head craned back to gaze up at a suspended skeleton of some great beast. “With the right company, you can make anywhere feel like home.”

The boy nodded, clearly feeling a bit overwhelmed. “That’s...one way of looking at it, I suppose. So you get around a lot, huh?”

“You could say that. I guess you’ve not left Dajorra.”

He shook his head. “My uncle promised to take me to Zeltros, to see ‘my people’, but he always says that after a few too many drinks. And I’ve started to suspect he means something nasty when he speaks of ‘my people’...”

“I could take you there if you want,” she suggested. “I mean, it’s just a few jumps away. Would let you see *your people* without your uncle ruining the experience,” she winked.

“Take me? Wait, you have your own spaceship?!”

“Yes?”

The boy’s shoulders sank. He’d been looking forward to showing off his speeder afterwards, but what was a janky old clunker compared to a spaceship?

“Hey! A tomb!” Vicxa chirped, grabbing him by the wrist and dragging him along towards a cube of black stone that squatted in the center of the eastern wing of the exhibit like a brooding sith lord.

“Whoa, that looks pretty *real*, doesn’t it?” she marveled as she ran her hand along the ancient stonework.

“It says here that they carried it in wholesale from where they found it. It’s practically in the same condition *as they dug it up*. Will modern marvels ever cease?” the Zeltron read from the brochure. “Oh look, there’s even tomb sand on the floor over there.”

“Does it say anything about a curse, though?”

“What curse?”

“The curse of the Rakata Emperor who was entombed within and disturbing of whom will unleash devastation on anyone who dares breach the peace of his slumber?”

“Uhh...” the boy flipped the brochure up and down. “I don’t... *Where* exactly did you read all that?”

Vicxa brushed some sand from crevices in the stonework, pointing to rows of arrowpoint script. The Zeltron leaned in closer, squinting. “You can read this?”

“No,” she admitted. “But what else is anyone *ever* going to write on the outside of a tomb? Entry two credits, except children under five?”

He gave an awkward chuckle, feeling more and more out of his depth by the minute. This was *not* how he had imagined the date would go down when he asked her out.

“But they uncovered the Emperor’s body, though. So if there was a curse, and honestly, who believes in curses? Then clearly all the bad stuff would have happened already and to other people, right?” He had hoped to sound rhetorical, instead he came across as slightly desperate.

“I don’t know about curses, but I’ve seen some weird stuff go down when you trespass into ancient tombs. Pays to have a Jedi or some such around if you can,” Vicxa called over her shoulder as she headed inside. “Come on, I bet there’s something in here they missed!”

The red skinned boy was starting to look particularly pale when he skittishly followed his raven haired date inside the foreboding Rakata tomb, the place illuminated only sparingly by strips of lumens that made the black stone shimmer with an unnatural quality.

“Wow, this place is ancient! How old did they think it was again?” Vicxa inquired, head on a constant swivel as she traversed ever deeper inside the pilfered tomb.

“I think a thousand, no... two... it's *really old*, that's the point. Right?” He furiously leafed through the brochure before looking up once more and finding himself alone in the narrow corridor. “Vicxa? You around here?”

A cold hand grabbed his wrist and he let out a shrill shriek, the next moment he was being pulled rather forcefully into a dark alcove behind a foreboding Rakata statue. He was about to scream when he felt a soft digit press against his lips.

“Shh, keep quiet. I think nobody saw us.”

“Vicxa?! You sca— You could have warned me.”

“What, and spoiled the surprise?”

“What surprise?”

He heard sand scrape under the Mirialan's boots as she rose to her tiptoes and the next moment, hot soft lips met his.

Perhaps he could get used to having a girl in charge.