

Members:

TuQ'uan Varick as Leead'gen'derry PIN 14964 -

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/279/snapshots/5649/9334 - 703 Words

Kintocass as Draex Verr PIN 13695

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13695/snapshots/5656/9342> - 611 Words

archian as Archian PIN 16054

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/16054/snapshots/5516/9109> - 642 Words

Fiction:

Nayama Islands

Planet Seraph

Clan Scholae Palatinae Space

The sun shone down on the Nayama Islands, the cloudless sky offering no shade on the beach goes below. A cool breeze swept up off the ocean offering reprieve from the sweltering heat bringing with it the salty smell of the sea. With shoes in hand and his cobalt toes sinking into the wet sand with every step he took, Leead'gen'derry casually strolled down the beach enjoying a rare moment of rest and relaxation. Midway down the beach Derry sat and watched the tide wash in and out, the soothing sound of the ocean lulling him into a near meditative state. Sitting in his button down shirt and dress pants, shoes set aside and swept back black hair blowing in the wind, the massive chiss looked like a man experiencing a mental break.

Not too far away, Draex could be seen sitting and if one got close enough heard muttering to himself. If one listened closely, one would hear him complaining about the summit basically ordering him to take a vacation. While he did notice the Chiss nearby, he chose to ignore him. Eventually he would lay down and just stare at the sky. Trying as hard as he could to actually enjoy the vacation, hoping sleep will take him for at least a little bit. When it didn't, he stood up. He moved his shoes, set them away from the waves, and rolled up his pants so they wouldn't get wet. He then walked slowly into the shallow water, and just let the water hit his lower legs. Upon seeing a wave heading his way, he quickly got out of the water and then sat in the sand next to his shoes to dry himself off. Oh, how he longed for combat even just a small skirmish.

When that line of thought came up, he suddenly realized this is exactly why the summit had sent him on a forced vacation. He then tried to double his efforts, in an attempt to relax. Soon just staring into the distance thinking of nothing in particular and everything in particular his mind was racing a hundred miles an hour. Some thoughts running through his head were, what does

one do on vacation? What does one do to have fun? What is fun? After a few minutes of thinking he decided to think about it later. Just watching the waves roll onto the shore.

At the small, not very long pier, extending itself above the golden sand and crystal clear waves of the sea, Red was sitting down with his fishing rod.

He was wiggling his legs in the air, and kept a close eye at any signs of aquatic creatures.

He heard a rumor that someone decided to bring here a breeding couple of Krabbex from Mon Calamari to avoid the prolonged hunt to extinction at its home planet.

Archian wanted a pair as well to have it populate the lake close to his Camp at the planet near Uvena Prime.

While wearing his straw hat, with loosely put on open in the middle red shirt, and blue shorts he was enjoying the view of the sea, and how his oldest friend Jori the Chillak is playing in the water.

The creature just caught a fresh fish, and was getting ready to start its meal.

Derry lost track of how long he had been sitting planted in the sand watching the clouds, the ebb and flow of the tide washing over his feet made him feel at peace, it certainly helped him with his anger. Derry wouldn't call himself a violent person, but if a stupid nerf herder deserved it, he had no problem popping in the nose a few times. The chiss was shocked out of his reverie as the pull of high tide brought a splash of cold water further up the beach than expected soaking the sand around him and the seat of his pants.

"Fracking hell!" Derry shouted in surprise as he jumped up and twisted his neck around to look at the back of his pants as best he could. "Damnit, this is embarrassing. What are people going to think when they see this, it looks like you wet yourself!" he mumbled to himself through clenched teeth.

Derry had had enough of the beach for now. Maybe he would hit up the bar and cool off there instead. Rolling up his sleeves and brushing the sand off of himself, he prepared to head out. Reaching down, Derry went to pick up his shoes and...wait. Where were his shoes? The tide! They must have washed away while he was daydreaming! The anger inside Derry was boiling up, his nails bit into the skin of his palms in his clenched fist. Who was he going to fight over this, the sea? That was certainly possible.

Seething, he looked around wildly, his ruby eyes scanning his surroundings looking for...well he wasn't quite sure what he was looking for, but he would know when he saw it. There! Sitting on the nearby pier was a hairy looking man in a red shirt holding Derry's shoes! The chiss huffed loudly and took off running.

Draex eventually saw a mobile bar floating nearby and decided he could go for a drink headed that way. On the way he noticed that a Chiss was running towards another in a red shirt. He wondered what that was all about then decided it was none of his business at least until he had his drink. Upon looking back at the bar, he noticed it had started moving away. He thought about

it for a minute and decided against that drink instead he headed toward the Chiss to see why he was running toward another. Lagging a little behind but close enough to hear and be of assistance to either party.

Red was enjoying the fishing time - was just considering picking up his bucket when saw a mobile bar crossing the beach.

Suddenly he felt a pull at his rod. That was his time!

It has to be Krabbex this time! He thought.

He was pulling, pulling and trying to do it even stronger, flexing his chest, and forearms muscles not covered with his red open shirt.

He made the last effort to lift the fishing rod above his head. And he pulled... The pair of shoes!

He was so confused with all of it, that he didn't spot Chillaks swimming next, laughing with a burble sound at him after making an excellent prank at him.

Then Archian saw in the corner of his eye posture at the beach running into his direction.

Derry was quite upset, no, that was too light of a way to describe it. He was pissed. He had come to this beach to get away and relax, to feel the peaceful embrace of nature and de-stress. Not only were his best pair of shoes soaking wet, but it looked to him like this odd looking fisherman was claiming them as his own now. The Chiss' roiling emotions drove him forward, a loud thump coming with every footfall as he ran down the short pier.

"Hey! You, straw hat! Give those back right now, or we're going to have a problem," he shouted at the confused fisherman.

"These?!" Archian shouted back to now, getting much closer to the unknown Chiss, who was still running.

He lifted both shoes up, and noticed that they are now soaking wet. As the first idea what to do, Archian started to loudly breathe at the clothing to try and dry it.

When he turned to use the warm wind blowing from the sea, Red saw Jori the Chillak through the hapo between two shoes - still swimming on his back, which was still burble laughing.

He tried to say something but Chiss was already there, asking to give him back "his" shoes, and calling Archin the "Straw Hat"...

Archian carefully turned around, kneeled at one knee and said.

"Please accept my sincerest apologies. That was..." He looked at the sea - too late Chillak's leg just disappeared under the water.

"...Totally my fault. I should look closer where I threw the rope." He reached into his bag, and took fruit out of it.

Red passed the shoes to their owner, and gave him also a fruit.

He stood up and said.

"This is gummy fruit. Please enjoy this exotic specimen as a refund for your wet shoes." He said and looked with puppy eyes at the Chiss.

In the meantime where the mobile bar was standing, you could see the slow movement of the sand where the wheels had parked.

Realizing that the issue seems to have been resolved, Draex would approach the two though rather nervously and speak up, "Hey there, I'm Draex, want to join me for some drinks?" pointing at the mobile bar he had originally ignored in favor of making sure that an unnecessary fight wouldn't break out. He then stood at a parade rest but with his hands in front of him, instead of behind. When he realized yet again why the summit had sent him on vacation he stood in a sloppy stance, kind of rigid, and uncomfortable looking as he waited for a response mumbling to himself, "Kark, I must look like a fool to them." He then stood in silence until he got a response.

Derry looked at his shoes, they reflected his mood at the moment, wet, soggy and just overall dour.

"Thanks," he said meekly. Turning his fine leather footwear over spilt water at his feet. Derry sighed and looked around embarrassed. In front of him stood the very kind shistavanen who, through what Derry now realized was no fault of his, had accidentally come into possession of some of Derry's property and even offered him a strange fruit as a way of apologizing for the misunderstanding. Beside him stood a cathar man who looked confused yet ready to intervene should the situation take a turn for the worse. Derry gulped and dropped his gaze to the ground, avoiding eye contact with either person.

"This fruit looks tasty...thanks. How about I buy you both a drink? I think I saw a bar cart on my way over here."

"With pleasure. My name is Archian, but you can call me "Straw Head." He winked at both of them. He appreciated that Draex, who he just met, was making sure to keep the beach calm without any fights and accidents.

The sea was calm, and Chillak just jumped out from the water like a fish, and seconds later he plunged back underwater.

But this didn't change the fact that the mobile bar started to move slowly towards the pier, having a problem of stabilizing at the sand moving to the sea direction under the ankle.

"But only on condition that I will buy a next round." He added, picked up his bucket.

Before he could notice the mobile bar was gaining speed towards all three of them standing at the pier.

Draex nodded his head at the notion of getting a drink. Suddenly he heard the sound of something approaching fast. Not being fast enough he was suddenly thrown forward grabbing the first thing he could to steady himself which so happened to be Archian and Derry. Before he could steady himself he found himself and the others in water as the cart flew over their heads and splashed barely missing them. At first he was angry at not being fast enough then he just started laughing and laughing. Finally he had found a true vacation even if it took him and two others getting soaked to see it.