

The bar was bustling with people, some shrouded in dark clothing and sipping their drinks in silence whilst others were chatting loudly, dressed in fine bright attire. All around the cantina this was the common scene; a different variety of people passing the night away, both in loud and silent forms of celebration. The establishment was rather busy this night, as many members from all other Brotherhood space who had participated in the recent Games had come to this cantina to lay back and enjoy a much needed rest.

The popular cantina band was located in the corner of the building, playing the standard fast pace song with which a dozen or so bar patrons danced too on the floor in front of the stage. The instrumental did well to lift the spirits of any who entered the cantina, flooding them with a sense of joy and calmness. Several different bands had been playing earlier in the night, obviously on some special back to back bill just for the occasion. These groups had been playing a variety of classical and more aggressive forms of well known pieces found to be very popular in similar establishments located on the Core Worlds.

The atmosphere in the cantina was one of excitement due to the celebrations and the music, with everyone's minds on something positive now that they had something reasonable to rejoice about. Though there was also a slight level of tension. New Tython was well known for being a haven of the light siders affiliated with the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, and the recent events involving the planet and House Odan-Urr had but soured already bad relations with the other Dark Jedi Houses and Clans.

As such, there were minor standoffs between the Light-siders and their Dark counterparts in the cantina, emanating mostly from drink and fatigue of the intense Dark Crusade which had been in motion during the Games. Thankfully to those other patrons who did not seek violence, the encounters were quickly defused by other members of the respective Houses and Clans located nearby. Any encounters which escalated further were taken outside by security details to make sure that those involved did not spoil the mood of the other innocent patrons.

Kalon gulped down the rest of his drink, nodding towards the bartender in a silent request for another as he finished his initial inspection of the cantina. His friend and apprentice Anduriel was located besides him, on his fourth pint of Corellian ale. He had been known for his drinking habits, but then again so had Kalon.

The Mandalorian dropped several credits upon the metallic surface of the bar to pay for his next drink, which he took off the Tythonian barkeep without even a smile of acknowledgement. He hated being on this world, the presence of the Light side made him ill and extremely tetchy. The recent Invasion of New Tython during the Great Jedi War had not really helped the Sith Warrior enjoy his time on the planet, as Arcona had lost two of its most prized heroes and Kalon had known many of those that had died on both sides.

"Quite a crowd tonight." stated his Apprentice, a look of ignorance on his face as he surveyed the innards of the cantina in contained amusement. Kalon looked over to him, frowning slightly;

"He wasn't there Kalon, he doesn't what went down." he said to himself, not realizing he had mumbled it slightly.

"What?" asked Anduriel, looking back to the Mandalorian with an inquisitive expression etched onto his face.

"I said yes, it is." replied Kalon, turning back to the bar, sipping his drink in silence as he longed for the opportunity to leave the planet and its haunting visions.