

An Experiment, and a Perspective
Evant Taelyan - 9118

Evant Taelyan stared out at the endless sea of stars from the bridge of the *Imperial*-class Star Destroyer *Indomitable*. Below, the beautiful orb shape of the planet Judecca. As the morning sun rose on the horizon he watched as the brilliant rays of the Imperius sun washed out the lights in the city of Ohmen. It was a brief moment of peace, cherished even now by the Sith amidst the endless chaos.

There wasn't a more Imperial feeling in the world to satisfy the man than full uniform on the bridge. His moment would be interrupted by an Ensign who arrived with a package.

"My Lord, I have an urgent delivery for you from the Emperor."

"Very well," Evant reluctantly turned away from the viewport and grabbed the package from the Ensign and ripped it open immediately. Looking up he noticed the Ensign had already hustled away. He wasn't sure yet how he felt with most of the crew uncomfortable in his presence given his position.

Out of the envelope slid a dossier on a supposed spy and a vial of poison, along with a note.

THIS IS YOUR WEAPON. ONE DROP IS ALL YOU NEED. REPORT RESULTS.

Fourteen Hours Later

Tucked deep inside the towering walls of the city, so far below the Imperial Palace that even its shadows never touch it, a former repair garage had been remodeled into a cantina. A common spot for the local union workers who provided their own security, given the places existence outside the designated zones of the city government. It's existence was mutually beneficial since shutting it down would merely drive much of the black market business back underground.

A man entered the bar who hardly caught anyones attention. Wrapped in heavy tattered robes to protect from the heavy summer rains of Judecca. His face and hands caked in thick grease and coolants as if a speeders engine had heaved all over him. Hardly distinguishable from anyone else in the entire bar.

Pulling off his robes and tucking them away, he sat at an empty seat at the edge of the bar away from everyone else. His bright emerald eyes scanned the crowd as the bartender approached.

"What can I getcha?" the chubby elderly bartender asked in a friendly enough tone.

"Your darkest brew on tap, it's been a rough week," the man replied, a few dirty creds held loosely in his hand as he placed them on the bar.

“Aren’t they all,” the bartender chuckled as he grabbed a dirty looking glass from behind the bar and filled it to the brim.

“I guess no money is easy, still waiting for that lucky break,” the man smiled as he grabbed the thick black liquid and immediately took a deep swig, “appreciate for the quick service.”

As the bartender walked away, he once again scanned the bar, his eyes moving around until they fell on the fiery red hair of a woman in the corner. She was surrounded by the local union guards, or at least some small portion of them, but was certainly the center of attention.

Taking another drink, he managed to catch her gaze. As they met eyes she looked away disgustedly. He didn’t blame her. He was a huge mess. Seemingly not strong enough for a gig as muscle, but not intelligent enough to avoid the grime of hard labor. If only she knew.

“Careful with that one,” the bartender joked, noticing his gaze.

“Who is she?”

“They call her the Red Dynamite, something about a bloody duel that earned her way into the inner circles of the Shippers Union. She’s only been coming around this place a month but already has more than a few wrapped around her fingers.”

“I see, well maybe I can buy her a drink? Grab her attention?”

“For what good that would do ya, you think that one pays for drinks as it is?”

“Maybe a round for the whole table?”

The bartender just laughed as he swabbed a dirty rag through a glass leaving it only slightly cleaner than when he started. His laughter stopped when he caught the gaze of the man, “You serious?”

“Dead serious.”

“Look, you seem like good people, but I’m not one for starting tabs that big for newcomers, just enjoy your drink and let the alcohol satisfy your fantasies.”

From deep in his dirty robes the man pulled out a polished clean one-thousand cred chip and dropped it on the bar, “Give them your best.”

With a raised eyebrow the bartender picked up the cred chip and examined it, and the man behind the bar, “Who did you say you were again?”

“Does it matter?”

“Suppose not, but, who should I say these drinks are from?”

“A friend at the bar. Tell them I’d really like to meet the Red Dynamite.”

As he shook his head the bartender tucked the cred chip into his pocket and pulled out at least a dozen differently shaped mugs, none of them clean. He poured an amber liquid into the glasses one by one. The man was quick.

“You think you could get me a glass of something top shelf? I feel like I need a bit stronger grade liquid brave for this one.”

Smiling the bartender turned away and grabbed a small wooden crate. It creaked under his weight as he hauled himself up to reach the top shelf for an unopened bottle of Corellian Whiskey. It was obvious the tastes in this section of the city were poor. With his back turned, the man pulled out a vial of liquid from his robes with a dropper. As if manned by a ghost, the dropper hovered through the air and a drop of liquid fell into each glass.

As the bartender turned and cracked open the bottle, the dropper fell to the ground and rolled under the edge of the bar out of sight. He poured the whiskey into a glass and slid it to the man. Given the layer of filth at the bottom of the tumbler he was almost glad for the high alcohol content in his drink.

“I’m not sure your intentions here but, good luck to you my friend,” the bartender spoke as he dropped all the glasses onto a tray and carried them across the cantina to the group in the corner. The man kept his head down and took a sip of his drink, savoring the rich deep tones on the whiskey. A brief reprieve from this whole experience.

He could sense confusion from the group. Hear laughter from some.

Anxiously awaiting the bartender’s return to hear how it went, he heard the clap of footsteps approaching from behind. He knew it wasn’t the girl. He could sense the aggression. With a hard tap on the shoulder, he knew that it wouldn’t end well. Turning his head he looked up a man at least a meter taller than he was with a blaster rifle in his hands.

“What’s this about drinks for the Red Dynamite, what makes you think she wants to talk to worthless scum like you?” the man spit as he talked, seemingly intentionally as if to further humiliate the man and prove something.

“Look, it’s just a gesture. I’m trying to catch a break from all this hard labor and get in the union circles. I saved for months to buy that round. Give me chance,” the man plead as he looked up at the larger man.

Vile laughter is all that came out of the man's mouth as he shook his head and walked away, calling out over his shoulder, "You aren't even worth the energy, thanks for the round you pathetic loser."

The bartender returned behind the bar and shook his head, "It was worth a shot."

Standing up the man grabbed his thick dirty robes and tossed them back over his shoulders. He glanced back at the table with a disappointed look in his eyes as he watched them all drink his gift. His eyes fixated on the lips of the Red Dynamite as she took down a drink meant to win her favor, with no regrets.

It made it all that much easier for the man to have no regrets of his own. He pulled the filthy hood of his tattered robes up over his head and disappeared into the rainy night. The lights of the city of Ohmen shone brightly overhead. Quite a different perspective than he had this morning.