**“Bourbon Bash”**

By Braecen Kaeth (4520)

An Arcona Competition: DJB Roadhouse

**Eldar, Dajorra System**

**Dewback Cantina**

“Cheers!” the crowd roared as they toasted the newly appointed Battle Team Leader Zednich Wolfram. The Sith Warrior had proven to be an able leader and was given command of the vaunted Soulfire Strike Team of House Galeres. As was custom, the man was taken out to a dive bar and drowned in liquor until he could properly stand or speak. He seemed in good standing thus far, but the night was young.

 Braecen sipped his Corellian whiskey in measured amounts. It was rare to get the good stuff this far out. And Dajorra had been sparse on the rare reserves from Corellia for quite some time. The fact that a low level bar for locals maintained a bottle had caught him off guard. He quaffed the beverage and let it settle on his tongue for a moment before it slid down his throat.

 A nudge from behind caught him unawares. The Krath Elder threw his hands out to brace himself and the amber hued liquid spilled onto the table before him. “What the hell?” he demanded in disgust and disappointment. He spun on his heel and came face to face with a Kiffar. “Griever,” he whispered. The response, if there was any, was lost in the sound of the Obelisk Adepts respirator. A brief, subtle motion implied that the human need make way before the Obelisk.

 “Do we have a problem, gentlemen?” The smooth voice of a Hapan male interjected. Marick’s crystal blue eyes darted between the two men posturing and the spilled drink. He reached out to place a hand on the Krath’s arm. “Allow me to buy the next round and forgive Griever his mistake.”

 “My-mis-take?” Griever’s voice emitted from the respirator in broken fragments. The diminutive Kiffar suddenly becoming agitated. His hand flashed through the space between himself and Marick before a loud crack erupted from the connection to Marick’s face.

 Braecen instinctively countered. The glass dropped from his hand as it shot out to connect with Griever’s chest. A loud pop signified that the bones in his hand met the armor on the Obelisk’s chest. “Son of a-“ he began before a chop to the throat dropped him to the floor. Marick grinned devilishly as he turned toward his fellow Obelisk and received a left-hook to the gut.

 Marick fell to his knees. The wind knocked from his lungs from the decisive blow. Not to be outdone, he flailed out against his attacker. A right hand connected with the groin of the Kiffar. The respirator gushed air as it was expended from Griever’s lungs through the device. He smaller man tipping over onto the floor to join the other two. For several moments, they all just lied there and attempted to catch their breaths.

 “I think-we got-off-on the-wrong-foot,” Braecen coughed out. Gingerly, he worked his right hand along his throat in a massage. He had been surprised at how fast Marick’s attack had come. “Are you still offering to buy me that drink?”

 “Piss off, Brae,” came the sullen tone of the former Consul of Clan Arcona. “Buy your own damn drink.” The heavy laughing of Griever sounded ominous through his apparatus.

 A group of Equites stumbled their way over to the trio of Elders on the ground. Amongst them, the newly elected Battle Team Leader. The odor of liquor strong on his breath as he observed the situation. “And what we have here,” he began, “is a failure to communicate.”