

Trip Gone Bad

(Begun at 5:37 CST, 11/4)

The 'Hallows Eve' party was in full swing, despite the number of laws it was likely breaking. Not to mention the very idea of a group such as the Shadow Clan getting together and cutting loose in costumes was bloody laughable. There were dour faced Sith dressed up in brown robes trying to look edgy and broody in every available corner of the room. This led to some very, very crowded areas but did leave the punch line and dance floor quite open. Droids zipped about the party filling drinks and carrying small, bite sized snack items that appeared to be made of food coloring and sugar.

Despite the festive attitude some people felt very uneasy. Or because of it, bloody dark cloaks watching one another from each corner. Really, at least two or three conspiracies were talked through every five minutes as the corner groups would mesh into minor alliances against 'those bastards over there' in one of the other corners that looked at them funny. Before they'd fall into inevitable Sith infighting, anyways.

Where was I?

With all the Sith Lords and Dark Jedi wannabes hiding in the corners the more pragmatic lot congregated in the well lit areas around the punch and refreshment table. Uji and his sister, dressed in attire that any other day might have been considered normal for her if not for the addition of a dark, peaked hat and a penchant for cackling, were talking about something. Well Uji was attempting to talk, Satsi simply grinned and held his arm protectively while eye balling the female Arconan's who'd shown up in costumes. She was having a good time, her brother just seemed put upon, as if he'd been forced, and likely had been, all things considered, to attend the party.

"This punch tastes wrong," he muttered.

"It should," replied his sister, leaning into whisper in his ear, "I spiked it with about twenty grams of cheap spice."

The former Jedi finally showed some real emotion as he spat the punch out and caused his sister to cackle again.

"You WHAT?"

"What? Just for a bit of fun."

"You...you do realize Kordath dumped about a gallon of pure grain in that as well, right?"

“Oh, is that why he drank so much of the punch up, hmmm. Wait, where’d the fuzzball go?”

Both of the Tamiekes looked about the room, noticing a noticeable lack of Ryn. Atyiru was prancing about the room in a costume that was so brightly colored, featuring probably every color poor Uji could name and a fair number he couldn’t.

“Atty? You seen Bleu? Kinda worried about him...” Uji trailed off as the Miraluka grabbed his sister and spun off on to the dance floor. “Well, blast.”

“Hey, hey, hey Uji!” came a voice from near the entrance to the party room.

“What, Rulvak?”

“Why is there a monster in the cloak room, demanding tribute and throwing...I don’t think it’s candy, let’s go with that, at people who don’t give him their coats?”

“Uhh, does it smell like whiskey?”

“Positively reeks.”

“Alright, we found Kordath, he’ll be safe in there. Probably. Let’s enjoy the party.”

“Right-o, Sir.”