

Punny, Real Punny

With a grumble the Ryn turned the bottle up and held it over his upturned head. Nary a drop came sliding out, much to his despair. Tossing it into the trash, he sighed and started checking cabinets.

Nothing.

Kordath sighed and sagged against his kitchen counter. The apartment was dry, then, he realized. Nothing left to drink, nothing to smoke either, he noted as he shook his cigarette pack. He'd hardly started for the night, it couldn't end like this.

Not enough to drink to fall asleep.

Not enough to keep him from thinking 'hey, I should go out.'

Just enough to make him think he wanted to be sociable.

Just enough to have a really, really, bad night out.

Bleu grabbed his coat and headed out into the chilly Selen night, curling his tail up into the jacket to keep it warm.

He went where he always went when things got dry. The lights on the sign of the Topsy Rancor blinked sporadically, half the neon strips having given up sometime ago. Pulling open the door of the dive joint let out a burst of warm air, rich with the scents of smoke, booze, and desperation.

'Ah, home.'

As spacer bars went, the Rancor wasn't that bad. Estle City being what it was, and ran by who it was, security was pretty solid. Sure there was the occasional brawl, maybe an accidental maiming here and there, but usually nobody died at this place.

Course, the night was young, and winter does strange things to people's heads.

Shaking off the cold, Kordath pushed his way through the evening crowd towards the bar. Spaceport workers and military types abounded in the place, regulars who recognized the Arconan. Nods and meaningless words of acknowledgement were passed as he made his way to the long, wooden surface held the cure for all his ills. Squeezing past the last few obstacles he slapped a hand on the bartop, hoping to get the barkeep's attention. Instead a man he'd not realized was there turned on his stool.

“Oh, hello there!”

“Oi, yeah, uhh, sure, gimme a few minutes, mate. I’m sober,” stated the Ryn, lamely, not looking at the Human.

“Oh? Well, hi there, Sober, I’m Braecen,” stated the man in a jovial manner.

Kordath felt as if a Jawa had just done a wind up punch to his junk as first the man’s name, then the joke, sunk in.

‘Karking puns,’ thought the Ryn, part of his face twitching as his subconscious demanded a violent reaction.

“Ah, hey, uhh, hey Braecen, what’s, uhh, what’s shakin’ mate?”

“The ceiling so far, every time a ship takes off from the port.”

“Uhh, yeah. This ain’t your usual kinda joint, Kaeth, what’er ya doin’ here, anyways?”

The Human raised a glass, “Drinking, of course.”

“Right, course.” The Ryn turned to wave at the barkeep as he walked past, nodding as the man placed a glass of amber fluid in front of him without a word. “Ran out at the house, ya know? Had ta come out and play.”

“Well that explains how you look, Kordath.”

“The hell does that mean?”

“Blue.”

“Yeah?”

Braecen sighed, “Nevermind.”

“Ah, found you two!” came a voice from behind, red hued hands clapping on the shoulders of both Kaeth and Bleu.

‘Why did I leave my place? Why did I think this was a good idea?’

“Ernordeth! Welcome, I was just trying cheer Kordath up!”

“Is he feeling a bit blue?”

Kordath heard a voice in his head telling him to grab the nearest bottle, smash it, and stab the Sith in his throat. He shook it off and turned to give the man a forced smile.

“I’m fine,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Great, so what are we getting up to this evening?”

The Ryn glanced past Ernordeth as he spotted something through the moving crowd. A green skinned Twi’lek and a Zeltron were sharing a booth, watching the crowd and whispering to one another with little smiles. Kordath cocked a bushy eyebrow and pushed his way past his Clan mates, his intent clear, his courage fortified by whiskey.

Braecen and Ernordeth watched in amusement as the Ryn came stumbling back a few minutes later, one cheek bright red with a hand imprint and his head soaked with some kind of mixed beverage.

“Well, that could have gone better,” said Ernor, grinning.

“Yeah, you could say Kordath...,” started Braecen, his face splitting into a grin as he lifted his drink in mock salute, “Bleu it.”

No one at the bar was certain what it was, the next day. Maybe he’d been driven mad by the winter cold, cooped up inside too much and with so many people around he’d simply lost it. Perhaps he’d just had too much to drink and had finally snapped. Maybe the rejection from the pair of exotic women had been a bit too much. Or maybe he’d finally given into the little voice inside his head that screamed for bloody murder everytime somebody made a joke about his name.

Regardless, when security finally put the booze soaked Ryn down, he had no less than five stabs wounds, a dozen blaster burns, and at least one broken beer bottle sticking out of his torso. Nobody was certain where the Rollmaster’s clothes had gone off to during the melee either. They spent the next two days sorting out bits of people from broken furniture in an effort to locate the missing compatriots of the bar.