

The Rap Game

Mick's cantina, situated deep within the Arconan Citadel, was packed wall to wall. A multitude had gathered to watch, and hear, the oncoming battle. No one knew what was going 'down' as it was said on the flyers that had been passed out by harried looking Journeymen, but the event had been promised to be 'epic' and 'off the hook'. Despite the confusion and general shaking of heads, nobody liked to miss a good show. Even the darkest of Dark Jedi liked to watch somebody make an ass of themselves in front of a crowd.

Crammed up against the bar was Kordath Bleu, hunched over a drink and shaking his head. He'd come down from his office to get his mid-afternoon buzz going before handling more paperwork, and had found...this. Having been cooped up dealing with his station duties and general attempts to be as antisocial as possible, the Ryn had no idea something was planned for the cantina today. Attempting to enjoy his glass of whiskey, the Rollmaster occasionally growled and elbowed people who got too near. He'd been down not ten minutes and three drinks in and already his tail had been stepped on at least five times.

People were talking, murmuring among themselves as a hooded figure came swaggering up on to the stage set at one end of the barroom. Kordath squinted through the smoke and lights and realized it was Kaeth, the Quaestor of Galeres and felt even more confused.

"Oi!" he shouted over the din, nudging a Human in an army uniform next to him. "What the 'ell is goin' on here, mate?"

"Master B-Rae and MC Ern are gonna throw down! It's gonna be sick, yo!"

"The kark did you even just say?"

"They beefin' man, don't you know nothing?"

"It sounds like Basic, but it doesn't make any sense, what the hell is wrong with all of you people?"

"What you mean, 'You people?' yo?"

"Whatever," sighed the Ryn, shaking his head. He heard the Adept on the stage testing a mic and calling out for "MC Ern's bitch-ass to step up" whatever the hell that meant. The Human was spouting nonsensical rhymes with words such as 'hoe' and 'dolla dolla bill', stopping every now and then to again call out for his absent foe. A tickle started in the Rollmaster's hindbrain, usually a signal from the Force that something problematic was about to happen.

Sure enough, another non-descript figure in a hood pushed his way through the crowd, one hand buried inside his robes, the other holding his for some reason sagging pants up.

“YO! B-RAE!”

“What? You MC’s boy? Where is that little bag of dicks, huh?”

“He said to tell you HELLO, bitch!” shouted the man as he pulled a blaster pistol from his robes. Kordath watched as the would be assassin inexplicably held the weapon sideways and began firing bolt after bolt towards the Adept. As blaster fire erupted throughout the cantina, people joining in on the action or backup for the idiot on stage, he didn’t know, the Ryn hopped the bar and crouched on the floor. He sighed as he nodded to Mick, the Rodian bartender, and reached for a bottle of whiskey on one of the lower shelves.

“Put it on me tab, Mick. Why the frak do I leave me office, I’ll never know.”

With another sigh he popped the cap off the bottle and took a swing, settling down to wait for security to come clear the fight. Or for everyone to die.