The crowd was boisterous between acts. The shuffling and casual conversation inside the small room was thunderous, but quickly brought to a muted silence when the event organizer tapped on the microphone several times. Expectant eyes turned to find the Consul of Arcona on stage with the microphone in hand. She had swapped out her normal, formal robes for a loose fitting tie-dye t-shirt and matching blindfold. Her braid fell over her left shoulder and broke up the circling colors with its pure white French braid.

 “Yo, yo, yo, Arcona!” She was greeted with a chorus of cheers. “If you liked that last act, you can pick up their newest album – Strategos and the Meat Guzzlers – in the back!” The crowd cheered wildly and a few members moved towards the back of the throng of people to secure their new favorite album. Atyiru could only shake her head. At one point, the band had actually used their male members to do a drum solo while singing “It’s not gay if our balls don’t touch” for twenty long bars.

 “Up next,” she began, “is our reigning champion and master of mad beats – in and out of the bedroom – Ernordeth ‘Easy-E’ Puer-Irae!” Throughout the crowd various individuals threw up their hands and began chanting over and over as the red skinned man waded through the crowd to the stage. He was awash in their adoration “Easy-E! Easy-E! Easy-E!” He made a note to talk to Atyiru about how she created a new nickname for him every time.

 Before he could settle in, though, she turned back towards the crowd and dropped her voice several octaves. “Your challenger!” She pointed to a man dressed from head-to-toe in black with his face obscured. “Hailing from Corelllia where the beats are fat, but the women are fatter… Braecen Kaeth!” If the crowd had been jubilant before, they turned nasty now. Several people jostled the man as he approached the stage amid their “Boos!”

 Each man grabbed a microphone and tested their device quickly. Atyiru turned to the music man – DJ Wallister – a man that never forgot to pay his debts and never missed a beat. He started slowly, but build a head bobbing beat that both artists could follow. Not one to waste the home-crowd advantage, Ernordeth jumped out to the front of the stage.

“Listen here Osama,

You know what?

You only came to Arcona

Cuz you heard its blowin’ up!”

Braecen countered immediately.

“Hit me with race jokes

I aint bothered

At the end of the day,

I at least know my father.

Don’t be mad,

Cuz I got the power

This reckonin’s been comin’

And now is the hour.

Don’ be sad, Easy-E

That you jus’ a regular man

Get down on your knees

And bow to the Superman!”

Not one to be outdone. The reigning champ countered with game-ending force.

How many times

Are they gonna rewrite your story?

Your powers have been boring

Since the Nineteen - fucking – forties!

Look at those pantie hose (hoes!)

You got that camel toe (toe!)

I’ll report to your Louise Lane

And Superman that ho!

Ernordeth dropped the mic and walked off the stage. Atyiru could be heard in the background. “Still your champion… Easy-Peazy Ernordeth!” He could only think, *she gave me another fucking nickname.*