

Don't I Know You?

By Blade Ta'var

Meeting: Zujenia (https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14615/character_sheet)

Place: Shadow Academy

Year: 34 ABY

Food References: <http://starwars.wikia.com/wiki/Category:Food>

The rays of high noon sparkled through the windows overhead, casting bright speckled patterns on the tables. The voices of a few hundred students echoed around the brightly lit hall, eagerly discussing their meals or lessons. Piles and mountains of food weighed down the tables, including several of the more exotic dishes the galaxy had to offer. Today was free lunch day and the assembled hordes of the Shadow Academy had descended to take on the unspoken challenge of cleaning out the kitchen. The enthusiasm for this mission was palpable.

Blade sat at a far table with her back to a wall, chowing down on a large sushi boat. Slices of raw fish, each an enticing shade of red, lay delicately on top of a bed of rice. The Zeltron deftly grabbed each in turn, popping them in her mouth with a joyous smile. There were rumors that some of the sushi contained Quarren, but all she knew was that it was karkin delicious.

"Mmm yum," moaned the Palatinaean.

She was just about to reach towards another sushi roll when a familiar tug at the back of her mind interrupted her culinary delights. The Knight crouched under the table, hearing a loud *clank* and bang as something hit the wood above her. Inching her wavy blue hair over the table's edge she spied a larger man prone on his side taking up most of the surface. Sadly, her sushi was nowhere in the immediate vicinity. The Zeltron squatted back under and searched the floor nearby, spying a flipped over tray and several forlorn slices of raw fish flung haphazardly on the slightly sticky floor.

Blade's hand squeezed into a tight fist: *How dare they? They will pay.* She grinned maliciously as she stood up and reached out to the enormous quantity of food around her, closing her eyes as she levitated several salamander sticks, goat chops, and fern potatoes. Taking a breath for concentration, she urged the tasty projectiles straight towards her nearest offending neighbors and watched as they whizzed through the air, smacking their targets hard in the face.

"Sith Spit! Who threw that?!" yelled several angry voices, juices from the food and sauces trickling down their faces. Blade smirked and grabbed her neighbor's tray for protection as she sat back down. Food of every variety and color took flight as everyone around her chucked their own ammo. It was like a virus and it spread like wildfire from

one group to another. Soon enough the Zeltron found herself a target, using her make-shift shield to deflect a wad of pickled space worms as they hit with a *thud* and limply slid off. The cafeteria descended into mayhem — the Palatinaean loved it.

Keeping the tray close by for defense, the Marauder used the Force again to fling meatlumps and tomatoes at the passing crowd, trying her best to superficially enrich everyone with tasty nutrients. Many were within her reach, but a Half-Ryn had escaped the mayhem untouched. The Knight recognized the woman from a previous class. She was a Hunter from Arcona who specialized in concealment. The Shadow was skillfully taking shelter under tables and hiding in the shade as she slowly made her way to the exit.

“Now where are you going? No one said you could escape,” Blade said more to herself than anyone else. A mischievous grin spread across her face as she heaved the nearest bucket of rankweed and edged her way towards the fleeing Hunter, attempting to cut her off. The Marauder stalked her prey while ducking under various missiles, a few tomatoes hitting her squarely in the back. After many tense heartbeats the Zeltron snuck up behind Zujenia, whose attention seemed to be focused on the shiny trays as they weaved and bobbed through the shafts of sunlight. The Hybrid angled her body to the side and caught a glimpse of the bucket in Blade’s hands.

“Oh no,” Zujenia said she started to dive backwards. The Palatinaean took a step forward and quickly dumped it over the Arconan’s head, hearing the sickly slosh squelch from its steel container. The sticky rankweed oozed down Zujenia’s head, coating her face, shoulders, and chest. An intoxicating blue smoke spiraled off of the rankweed, giving the Hunter a rather amusing appearance.

“So hot you’re smoking,” laughed Blade as the Half-Ryn swivelled to meet her with a powerful glare. The Marauder stepped back as she bent over and clutched her stomach in laughter. The Hunter wiped off her face and scowled as she balled up her hands in fists.

“Justice will be swift. Justice will be painful. It will be delicious!” yelled the Arconan as she stabbed her finger in Blade’s direction.

“If you can hit me,” challenged the Zeltron.

Zujenia grabbed a nearby mop, twisted its metal handle off, and stabbed her make-shift staff into two large melons on either side.

“You are going to regret this,” promised the Hybrid. The Marauder smiled and dropped into a slight crouch. She reached out to large stack of dantoine flapjacks and space waffles, using the Force to fling them like discs toward the Arconan. Ignoring the oncoming onslaught of breakfast food, the Hunter strove towards Blade and swung violently through the air as the Zeltron was forced to backpedal. The Marauder chortled as some of the flapjacks stuck to Zujenia. *Whoosh.* One melon dodged. *Wham.* The

Shadow's second melon whacked the Palatinaean hard against her side as she flung a tureen of dantooine cane syrup and a bowl of slaur roe at the Half-Ryn's body in a wide splash. She fell onto the table, rolled into a bowl of chocolate, and fell in loud crash.

The Palatinaean rubbed her tender side. *Oww.* Blade rolled back to her feet and looked down at the chocolate spilled down her front, dipping her finger in it for a taste. She looked at the red-speckled Zujenia, the slaur roe clinging like bright beads to the syrup that splashed down her front.

*Mmm. Now that is good chocolate. But look at you! You could be sushi," laughed the Zeltron.

The Arconan growled and used the Force to chuck a salvo of heart-tailed tube larva. As they flung through the air the Marauder thrust her hands out and used the Force to stop them dead in their tracks. Before she had a chance to dodge, the larva exploded with a disgusting squish, spraying their juices and guts in all directions.

"Gross! Now I'm covered in bug guts," complained the Knight.

"Gotcha," the Hybrid smiled smugly.

"It got you too. Look! You're like a high end sushi roll covered in bug bits," chuckled Blade.

"And you're chocolate covered bug guts," snickered Zujenia.

"Touche. That was a smart move. Your master would be proud of you. Maybe we can properly fight some time. I'm Blade," introduced the Marauder as she held out her hand. The Arconan walked up to her and took her hand.

"Name is Zujenia. You have some skills yourself. I'd love to fight you. But first..." teased the Half-Ryn as she trailed off. The Hunter pulled her forward into a tight hug. The Zeltron pushed her away but not before the Arconan had shared some of the colorful amalgamation of food.

"Eww" groaned the Knight in disgust as she examined the brown, red, and blue residue clinging to her clothes.

"Now we're even, friend," grinned Zujenia.

"Odd way to mark a friend," replied Blade curiously.

"You started it," quipped the Half-Ryn.

"WHAT THE SITH IS GOING ON?!" yelled the Headmaster.

“Oh crap. Time to go. Cya later,” whispered the Knight as she turned to flee.

“Good luck,” murmured Zujenia.

“Have fun explaining that to your master,” yelled Blade at the retreating Arconan. The Hunter shook her head and ran away, scraping chairs and tables reverberated along the hallways as the masses fled. The Zeltron sprinted away at full speed, thinking to herself:
This will be something to remember.