

Brotherhood Masquerade

Lexiconus walked through the docking tunnel and into the main hub of the Anchorage, the main base of activity for Clan Plagueis. His eyes slowly scanned the area and took in all the decorations he could; fake spider webs hanging around, plastic skeletons wobbling and dangling in the gentle breeze, and the Quarren swore he just saw a witch puppet fly past on the ceiling. The music vibrating across the community hub was something you'd hear in a nightclub; fast-paced, little to no lyrics and edited with techno synths and beats. As he walked further out of the docking tunnel, he was greeted by the hosts who co-organised all this, Teylas and Selikah themselves. The Consul of the Clan stood silently as Selikah held a datapad, ready to take his information.

"Name, rank and position, please." She said with a demanding and powerful tone. Such a lovely hostess, he better answer her.

"Lexiconus Qor, Battlemaster, Quaestor of House Imperium, Clan Scholae Palatinae." A white lie couldn't hurt for now, as he wasn't ready to show his true Force-neutral allegiances. The Proconsul nodded to Teylas, giving him the all clear signal and he smiled reservedly.

"Welcome to the Plagueis masquerade. What a waste of my resources." He said with a respectful bow of the head, Lexiconus sensed he was impatient and frustrated about the whole ordeal, so he marched into the crowd. It was getting tense in that conversation anyway. Dressed in his best ceremony attire that actually fits his size, the Quarren took a moment to scan the room and see what activities were being played out. On the left, he noticed a group of formally dressed clan members, all wearing suits and masks, gambling their credits away on a game of chance and dice. Their laughter and giggles echoed towards the Quarren, they seemed to be having a good time. But he sensed it was all a show, just to please the Dread Lord. Following the room and walking around, he saw a large commotion of people, notably important Plagueians, were gathered around the mini-bar and talking silently among themselves. A familiar red haired female was laughing and leaning her back against a tall Zabrak, they seemed to be very friendly with each other. But was it a front to please others? Her laughs seem genuine. Scanning and walking the room further, he saw a collection of bucket chairs in an isolated part of the hub, with a group of elderly men and women smoking away. They seemed very relaxed and barely talked to each other, but their eyes darted towards Lexiconus for milliseconds at a time. They knew they were being watched, they always knew. These were the elders of the Clans, very powerful and very unwise to disturb them. The Quarren thought it best to move on his way.

He past further into the commotion and found himself in front of a long table, the edges bordered up while creatures inside raced to the end. People around the opposite side gathered and edged on the small rodents, in order to try and quicken their pace. A gambling scene, he seemed to have found. Impressed, he smiled and watched from a distance, his arms folded comfortably. Then he heard the soft patter of footsteps from behind, it wasn't much, but he knew who it was. Lexiconus turned to see the stoic face of Atra Ventus, who nodded to the Quarren and also watched the gambling.

“Small minds are occupied by small things.” He said with a monotone accent, his dead eyes never leaving the table. The Quarren agreed with him, but only half. For if the engineers never thought about the gears and cogs that made things like ships, weapons and indeed this space station working, then the galaxy wouldn’t be as productive or profitable. The soft chiming of a glass called for Lexiconus’ attention, and the entire community turned to face the Consul of Plagueis on a plinth, with Selikah by his side.

“Greetings all and welcome to the Spooktober fest. This event was brought on because many of you believe that the Clans are going through a tragic time. Darkness lingers over our heads as the iron fist of Pravus storms our units and removes the disloyal, and while we few fortunate ones remain, we must take this as a blessing. For even in the darkest of times, one must remember to turn on the light. Our passions will always keep us happy and sane, sometimes. So, I want to thank everyone for coming, and enjoy the night on my credits!” As his speech finished, the crowd raised their glasses and cheered the Consul.

The night went on without chaos and tragedy, and even though death and destruction had consumed the Plagueis Clan only days before, they knew just how to celebrate.