**Clowns in Cocytus**

Kylex sat alone at the bar of Sith-Faced Joe’s, clutching his spiced rum as he watched the Holonet news channel for Judecca. The Hunter tapped his foot on the floor, matching the catchy jingle of the broadcast segment. An attractive human female appeared on the screen, smiling before rattling off several events that had occurred on Judecca. As Kylex sipped his drink, several words caught his attention.

“This just in. Several clown sightings have been reported all across Judecca. They are armed and dangerous, avoid at all cost. If you have any information, a hotline has been set up with the Judecca security forces... ”

The Hunter smiled as he slammed his glass on the counter, leaving a 50 credit bill on the counter. A female Falleen bartender picked the note up, running over to Kylex.

“Sir, you want your change?” She said with concern.

“Nah sweetheart, you can keep that.” Kylex chuckled as he stepped out into the empty street outside Sith Faced Joe’s.

The street outside the bar was dark, the neon sign providing little illumination to the Sith. Kylex trudged over to a swoopbike he had appropriated from someone earlier that day. The rust on its exterior was pretty bad, so he didn’t feel sorry for beating the man senseless before taking off with it. He kicked the swoopbike into gear before slowly turning onto the street. As Kylex rode along, his jacket flapping in the wind, he thought about what had recently happened in his life. His victory against a Sith on Begeren with Lexiconus had boosted his spirit, along with his recent promotion to Hunter and joining Tacitus Athanasius.

*What a second...Where am I going?*

He slammed on the brakes, slowing the swoopbike down with a violent jolt. He had been going the wrong way to the docks...

“Sonofa! Lessons to learn Kylex, don’t think while driving.” He muttered to himself. The Hunter looked around, trying to find some sort of landmark he could base his location on. No luck. He hopped off the bike, kicking the fuel tank so hard it began to leak. Sudden panic spread through the Hunter as he frantically dug through his pockets, hoping to find some tape to seal the leak.

“Just my luck, I got lost and now my fuel tank is leaking. What next, killer clowns?” He joked to himself.

He sat on the bike, looking around the deserted street as fog wafted in from the buildings. The Sorcerer noticed a figure standing there, alone.

“Hey buddy, where am I?” Kylex yelled, hoping for a response. He approached the figure cautiously. “You a mute or something? Answer me.”

The figure moved towards the Hunter with a heavy swagger. As it came into the light, Kylex realised, with a mix of fear and delight, that he was looking at something very different than your normal citizen.

*So the news was right*

The clown unhooked a large cleaver of sorts from his waist, waving it around menacingly. Kylex chuckled, drawing one of his katanas from its sheath.

“I’m gonna be honest. I’m not the most intimidating guy, but you better run.”

The clown laughed hysterically, charging at Kylex while waving the cleaver around. The clown raised his weapon, bringing it down with tremendous force. The Hunter sidestepped the blade, letting it hit the dirt as the clown readied the blade.

“Come on, stop clowning around.” The Sorcerer said, blocking a hit with his katana. “I bet my sword is sharper than yours.” He smiled sadistically, forcing them apart. The Hunter dropped his katana back into its sheath as he dodged another of the clowns attacks, this time responding with an uppercut to the clown’s ugly chin.

***CRACK!***

The strike sent the clown flying, eventually landing in a large waste bin. Kylex ran over to the dumpster, grabbing the lid and closing it on the clown.

“Say, I bet it is wet in there, and whats this? This bin is metal, that gives me a good idea.” He laughed, stepping back a few feet from the dumpster. Kylex moved his feet shoulder width apart, cheerfully humming to himself as he stuck one arm in the air. He traced a semi-circle in the air with his right arm, and then the same with his left, connecting the two in front of his chest as they began to spark. Immense electrical energy emanated from his fingers as he shouted at the trash clown.

“When you get to Hell, tell the devil I’m coming for him next!” He yelled, sticking his fingers towards the bin as lightning arced from him to the dumpster. He could hear the shrieks of pain as the clown howled.

***AIIEEEEE!!!!***

The shouting eventually stopped as Kylex fell onto one knee, panting heavily as he lay in the mud. He laughed to himself.

“Worth it.”