Hak’s Hideout, Aliso City

35 ABY

“You'd never believe me if I told you that I can eat a gallon of peanut butter in one sitting, but it's true and I can prove it.”

The bar quieted as Plagueian and Taldryan heads turned to see who made the ridiculous boast.  All eyes rested on the Epicanthix who stood atop the bar, his head almost touching the high ceiling.  He’d obviously had too much to drink and was clutching a beer mug half-filled with a liquor that smelled like it could fuel a speeder.  On the bar stool to his left slumped his former student Azmodius, enjoying the combined effects of alcohol, spice, and who knows what else.  Half the Ascendant clansmen present returned to their drinks, uncaring of the spectacle the Quaestor was making of himself, while the rest watched on with curious eyes.  Of the Taldryanites, each had a mildly different reaction.  Some muttered disbelief while others cheered him on, expecting to see one of the more prominent members of Clan Plagueis regurgitate peanut butter and liquor all over the floor.

“Then prove it!” called a voice from the small crowd.  It was Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj, the Rollmaster of Clan Taldryan.  “Show us all your love for peanut butter!”

“I shall!” replied the drunkenly boastful Sith.

Furios Morega turned to the barkeep standing several feet below him and demanded the peanut butter be brought forth.  Hak grumbled and crouched under the bar, rummaging for the requested substance.  With an exasperated sigh, he hefted a gallon-sized jar of the spread for all the witnesses to see.  The Battlelord set his drink on the bar, swiped the jar from the Bothan and unscrewed the lid, stretching his spidery fingers around the large, plastic top.  With a satisfying pop, the peanut butter was released to the air, exuding a rich, nutty scent.  The bartender handed a large wooden spoon to the Obelisk who immediately began to dig in.  The cheers rose higher as Furios stuffed mouthful after mouthful of the delicious paste into his gullet.  Drunken patrons shouted encouragement and pumped their fists in the air while he wore away at the mass of yummy goop.

Someone activated the jukebox and music mixed in with the cheers of the crowd.  Morega stuffed another spoonful in his mouth and began to dance to the music, doing a little jig as he swallowed more peanut butter.  His glass crashed to the floor comically as he kicked and hopped up and down the bar.  Most of the crowd laughed and cheered harder while some even danced to the music on their own.

The jar was quickly approaching its end and the Quaestor of House Karness Muur wasn’t stopping.  It was starting to look as though he’d be able to follow through with his boast.  This just made the crowd egg him on harder.  With a flourish, he licked the last of the peanut butter from the spoon.  He grabbed a new glass, filling it with beer from the battledroid-head tap, chugged it and let out a massive burp to signal his accomplishment, receiving an explosive final cheer from the onlookers.