Summertime Sadness

Mauro Wynter slowly exited the administrative spire of the Jedi Praxium of Kiast and shielded his eyes from the blazing sun that greeted him. The outdoor facility shone almost as radiantly as the sun itself. The sights, smells, and noises were an intoxicating blend. Moreover, the people watching opportunities enthralled the simple mercenary and his Nightsister escort.

Not wanting to engage in conversation or merriment yet, Wynter slowly prowled the periphery of the massive open-toped sky platform. In entirety, it was the size of a small capital ship landing pad. Indeed, during times of conflict or rapid escape for the Praxium transport craft could put down here. Never before had it seen such a gaiety and exuberance as it displayed on this day.

From the corner of his eye Wynter could see the entertainment troupes. There were a multitude of exotically outfitted dancers, acrobats, and jugglers. Many scantily clad alien females of species not known to Wynter danced to a melodic and joyous tune. The music was upbeat to be sure, but also driven with an intensity that was impossible not to mimic and remember. He considered, dryly, how long would such a melody linger in his head after today’s events?

It was not only the eye candy of the females that livened Wynter’s senses. There was a prominent podium setup for feats of strength and melee combat. Several pairs of shock boxers angled around the ring and in some armed fighters the manner of which Wynter failed to discern squared off. His vision was distorted by the sheer abundance of decorations.

To say the outdoor facility was a forest of color, trimming, and spectacle was no exaggeration. Streamers, banners, signs, posters, and works of art adorned every tent, every table, every stall, and every position of prominence on the sky platform. There were banners remembering the fallen, offering advertisements for Kiast vendors, showcasing new output from the latest singers and holo-vid actors from Coruscant, and many others showcasing the victories of the Odanites. Still, the best was yet to come for Wynter.

Thronging the entire sky platform were an abundance of food and beverage stalls. Local merchants and gourmands had liberally paid admission to offer their wares and display their newest concoctions and most tradition party fares. Every possible pastry, dessert, cake, custard, sweet, and confection was being rattled off by vendors. Fried carbohydrates and meats took up an entire section of the platform where many novices and journeyman queued up to get free samples and place their orders. Mauro and Syla made their way down the main concourse and found the greatest of all. In massive rotating spits a full rancor was being roasted rotisserie style. Scores of workers manned the arms of the spit to turn the massive beast over slowly to cook the carcass and keep the juices marinating the flesh.

Syla looked aghast. “Rancor are not sport or food…rancor are our brother. Such a foul end to a majestic and powerful creature. These lightsiders have a foul manner of ethics and entertainment. Killing a rancor is a grave sin on Dathomir. Especially for sport!” She turned and ran off. So much for a party, Wynter thought to himself as he gave chase.