

Downtime
by Plaid Sadira
14865

The Great Jedi War had ended, and it left Plaid a completely changed man - a completely changed man in need of a little bit of fun. The young Zabrak had become to get accustomed to his new life as a Jedi, and he was much more at peace there than he was in Arcona. However, even a Jedi needed a bit of relaxation and indulgence here and there, and Plaid knew the best place to find these - Rishii.

The young Padawan had formerly worked as a smuggler, and he ended up spending quite a bit of time in the trader's cove on the planet. Full of pirates, smugglers, scoundrels and tourists, it was the perfect spot for anyone aching to satisfy his penchant for profit. It was also full of good food; these were two things that Plaid particularly liked.

After notifying his superiors, Plaid and his droid, R3-B5, borrowed a small transport and made way to the planet.

"We're going to bring in a killing, R3," he said to his metal companion. "I know a Jedi isn't *supposed* to desire material gain, but do you think they'll complain if I put it to good use? We could really, really, really use some new food that we didn't have to grow ourselves. Honestly - I'm grateful to have food in my belly, but I wouldn't mind it being a little tastier."

The droid beeped its disagreement, chastising its master.

"You would understand if you actually had to eat food, R3," replied Plaid.

As the ship touched down on Rishii, Plaid began to fill butterflies in his stomach, the anxious anticipation of a trip down memory lane riling him up.

Jaws juice, Bantha steak, Endorian chicken, And best of all, gambling. It's been way too long.

As the Jedi stepped off of his ship's landing ramp, his droid in tow, a bird-like sentient approached him.

"Hello sir, and welcome to Rishii!" Your docking fee today will be 200 credits."

"I don't need to pay a docking fee," said Plaid in a manner-of-fact tone, waving his hand just in front of the Rishii's eyes.

"You don't - you don't need to pay a docking fee," he repeated. "Please enjoy your stay here in the Trader's Cove!"

Plaid smirked as R3 beeped disapprovingly.

“Come on R3, lighten up buddy. We’re here to relax and have a good time.”

R3 let out a series of beeps and whistles, reaffirming his disapproval and mocking Plaid in a rather sarcastic tone for an astromech.

“Now wait a minute stubs,” said Plaid, turning to face his droid. “How am I using my powers irresponsibly? *They* are the ones trying to extort money from me! Don't you think that they make enough money already? We can't afford too-”

“Hey Jedi, over here.”

Plaid turned to see a Devaronian standing there, joined by two Ithorians.

“We’re the real authority here on this port,” said the Devaronian. “If you want to get to town, you’re going to need to pay up to Hammerhead Company. Otherwise, we’ll have to dismantle both you *and* your droid.”

“Now come on guys,” Plaid said. “This isn't the first time a bunch of petty criminal punks on Rishii have tried to rob me. Don't put yourself through this.”

The three responded by removing their blasters from their holsters and pointing them at the young Jedi.

“Guess we’ll have to do this the hard way then.”