

Conspiracy Theories

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Battlemaster Shimura Keibatsu (Sith) / House Marka Ragnos of Clan Naga Sadow [GMRG: VI] [SA: XI] [SYN: I] [ACC: Q] [INQ: III]

Shimura sat in one of the darker corners of the cantina, feigning disinterest by casually sipping on his nectarwine. Not the worst vintage he had ever tasted, although it did have some curdling to it. It wasn't a cheap drink, and his lack of tip for the waitress kept her from coming back again. The Keibatsu wasn't at the cantina to drink away his problems like most of the patronage. He was here to learn about the gossip he had missed while he was away with Liarah.

"The Collective is the answer! They're ridding us of those Force sensitive freaks!" One man cried out, obviously in a passionate discussion with several other Humans.

"If we all can't have powers! Nobody should have them!" Another one added in fiery concurrence.

Obviously excited about what he was going to say, the third piped up, "Guys, have you heard about the new chewing gum that came out?"

Shimura didn't have to look at the group to know that the unrelated question caused puzzled looks to cross the other's faces.

"Yeah! It's brand new! Hasn't even hit major shelves yet! A buddy of mine works in the manufacturing plant that makes it. His boss said that the major backers behind the product are the Orian Assembly. Even swore that his boss saw Ashia Kagan and Bentre Stahoes visit the facility!"

"Scum." The first one spat with utter contempt and disdain in his voice.

Shimura dropped one of his hands down to his lightsaber and gripped it so hard he thought he might crush the hilt. The desire stomp these worms out of existence burned through his veins like molten lead running through them.

"Well he stole a pack of this gum and tried it. He said shortly after chewing it, he could hear what his coworkers were thinking!"

The Sith, momentarily taken aback, looked up from his drink at the group. The looks of startled bewilderment were dashed all over their faces.

“I’m telling you guys,” the third man continued, “the Sadowians and the Orian Assembly produced a gum that can make us Force sensitive!”

The first and second man looked at each other, and back to the third. “Can he get us some of this gum? Do you know how rich we could get if we could hear other peoples thoughts? Imagine the money we could rake in at the sabacc table!”

It dawned on him, there was no way to chemically make a being force sensitive. You had it, or you didn’t. Shimura smirked. His dealings in the underworld during his time away from the Brotherhood placed a finger quickly on what the men were talking about.

Spice. Shimura thought to himself.

They were lacing the gum with spice. Glitterstim to be exact. A substance that gives the user a boost to telepathy, but not without serious addictive repercussions. There’s no way that a Keibatsu would sanction selling spice laced products to our population. The fools are spreading conspiracy theories.

Shimura shrugged and downed the rest of his nectarwine.

And when they eventually overdose, they’ll be dead fools.