

City Streets, Ryloth

It was a fairly hot day in the city of Ryloth. There were several vendors fanning themselves trying to cool off from the heat wave and many were wearing cooling cloths. Tasha'Vel was no exception and used a fan to cool herself as walked softly along the street. She watched others going about their daily tasks and setting up for the day. While she was walking down a particular street, she passed by a rather rough looking group of folks. They seemed to be upset at something, but she wasn't sure what exactly. As she passed, her senses warned her to move. She quickly moved to the left just as a bagel went whizzing past her head. Looking out, it was that rough group of folks. There were three male humans and a Twi'lek female all dressed in rags and armed with bagels. They began to shout nasty words to Tasha and began to throw bagels at her.

"We don't want you here. You and your high ranking nobility. You are the ones responsible for making Ryloth such a hard place to live." shouted one of the humans as he hurled a bagel right for Tasha's head.

Tasha'Vel turned her gaze towards him as the Four bagels stopped before reaching her and dropped to the ground.

"I am not sure what exactly the nobility have done to make it so difficult for you to live here, but I do know that I am not like them." She replied to the four as their jaws dropped. "Wasting food to make a point of something and hurling insults will get you nowhere. As I can tell from your faces, you were not expecting someone who knows of The Force's powers and how to utilize them. A better idea would be to protest and to sign a petition to be read to officials. Perhaps you might be able to convince them to your cause."

"They never listen, all we get are the leftovers and tossed aside. Why would they ever listen to us? We want justification." Replied the Twi'lek female.

"If you want justification, then appeal to the law. Taking matters into your own hands can cost you a lot."

"You know nothing of our suffering, pain and hurt! You never will, because you were born to a noble family. You are scum!" Shouted a younger male human in the group. He then hurled another bagel at Tasha'vel and watched as it struck her cheek. He smiled. "Oh look at that, I got her!"

The Marauder's eyes glared as a flash of anger crossed her features. "Pain, do you want to know what true pain and suffering is?" Her lips curled into a half bemused smile as she locked eyes with the human who struck her cheek. "Pain is watching your Grandfather slowly wither into nothing but a corpse due to an incurable sickness. Pain is seeing many of your fellow

brethren die beside you and having to be the only person left alive. And suffering-" She pointed a finger from her right hand at the man and made a motion. He suddenly flew forward towards Tasha'Vel and felt her hand grip his neck as she pulled him close to her face. "Suffering is reliving all of those memories over and over again, trying to find a way to save them, but utterly failing. I've seen hundred's lose their lives in an instant. So go on and tell me I don't know what your pain and suffering is like." She then released her grip from him, turned her back towards him and continued to walk away. The man stood there in stunned silence as he watched her walk away. The other three members ran up to him.

"Are you okay?" they answered in unison.

"Yeah I am fine, but I think I am done throwing bagels at nobles for today." He answered while looking at his still trembling hands.

"Yeah I think we all are Jarod. Let's get out of here." answered the female Twi'lek.

"Sounds good to me."