

Two Ryn Walk Into A Bar

A Submission to the Competition:
Bachelor(ette) Party



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37 ABY

Sinchi Ring, Estle City, Selen

The cool breeze carried across the land from the nearby ocean brought on a refreshing feeling for Kal Arias as he casually strolled down the street of Estle City's Sinchi Ring. He had long felt the need to take a vacation and was looking into various sea-type planets when someone had mentioned Selen to him. The alien had stated the world had some of the best beaches and provided plenty of options for entertainment. With no better idea in mind, and wanting a little bit of adventure, the Ryn decided to follow up on the suggestion. This time, however, he actually booked a shuttle, rather than sneaking aboard like often did to travel. Seriously, the prices people charge for tickets these days is criminal! Upon arrival on Selen, he had asked various people where he could find some good places to visit for entertainment, and each one had directed him to Sinchi Ring. Deciding to trust what everyone believed, he heeded their advice and made his way there to see what it was all about.

Kal continued down the street. Every establishment he had seen seemed impressive, but it wasn't quite the kind of place he wanted to go to. Throughout his travels in the galaxy, he had learned that to truly know a place, one needed to go to the more simple things. Anything over the top was more likely to be trying harder to please tourists, and might not paint as accurate a picture as they would have one believe, at least as far as the true spirit of the location goes. Then again, the finer establishments can be nice to enjoy as well. But the night was young, and there was no reason not to try out both options. As he rounded a corner, he came upon a place labeled simply as *The Pub*. The building itself was far from remarkable — in fact, it looked like the type of place that most people in his situation would turn away from after just one look, never to think of it again. But it was exactly that aspect which drew him in. The Ryn took a moment to look at the building, his tail flicking about slightly in anticipation before walking through its simple, wooden door.

The sight that greeted him was one that he had seen countless times on many worlds. The scent of smoke lingered heavily in the air, and the room was dimly lit. Directly ahead of him was a long, wooden bar with a dark stain and shelves were set against the wall, containing a small collection of spirits, and a lone holoscreen hung on the wall above it. The left side held dart boards and a couple billiards tables, along with some other types of entertainment one might find in such an establishment. The right side held a scattering of tables and chairs for patrons. While Kal knew there would be people inside, it was busier than he had expected. As he made his way to the bar, he noticed a group of people sitting together, drinking and laughing, smiles on their faces. *It must be some kind of party*, he thought to himself.

He sat down on a stool and ordered himself a glass of whiskey. Once the amber colored liquor arrived, he took a sip of it, letting the warmth spread from his throat to the rest of his body. He needed that drink more than he thought, after the long flight to Selen. Anyone else would as well, if they had been stuck with a wailing baby in front of him and a

young child behind him, kicking the back of his seat. He quickly realized that any rest he needed would be had in his hotel room once he retired for the night. The drink he was presently enjoying was just a start to a night of making up for the troubles earlier.

Kal glanced over at the party he had previously taken note of towards his right. To his surprise, the man at the center of it all was a Ryn like himself, although he seemed older than Kal. His people had always been wanderers, so it had been some time since he had seen another one after he left home. Joining the white-haired Ryn was an enormous man with blue skin. He wasn't overweight, however, but powerfully built and very tall. Another oddity of the man was that he seemed to have only one, curled lock of hair atop his head, situated above his forehead. A slight turn of his head revealed the tell-tale red eyes of a Chiss. Kal hadn't seen many of them before - especially one so large - but their appearance was unmistakable. The two others seemed to be humans, both with black hair. One had his hair worn long and had pale white skin and a clean shaven face, while the other had his hair cut a bit shorter than the first and tied up into a knot, with a scar running across the bridge of his nose and a neatly trimmed goatee.

The visiting Ryn turned his attention back to his drink, taking another sip before glancing at holoscreen. A game of huttball was playing, and he hadn't seen one in a long time. He relaxed, deciding that this was a great first place to visit after all.

Just as he was immersing himself in the game, a sharp yelp off to his right drew his attention. It was from the group of men to his right. A lovely Twi'lek waitress had gone over to deliver a new round of drinks and collect the empty glasses, but now she was clutching the serving tray to her chest with a mixture of anger, embarrassment, and concern on her face. A man walked over to see what the commotion was about — he must have been the manager. Ever the curious one, Kal tilted his head, trying to hear what was going on.

"I was coming to give these gentlemen their next round," she began. "I set everything down on the table and was about to collect their used glasses when...when...he just grabbed me!" The Twi'lek pointed an accusing finger directly at the Ryn. His companions frowned at him, especially the burly Chiss.

"Is that right?" the manager asked, glaring at the Ryn. "Haven't you been warned about such things before?"

"I cannae help it! Me tail, it has a mind of its own, ye see. It's not me fault, honest," the white-haired Ryn protested.

"Master Bleu, what would Lady Zujenia say? You're getting married soon," the Chiss said disapprovingly, arms folded across his broad chest. His deep voice resonated throughout the room. "Such behavior is *truly* dishonorable!"

“Oi, mate, I’ve just about heard enough o’ that bleedin’ nonsense from ye. It’s me last night as a free man. Can I nae catch a break, just this once? Besides, it’s a compliment if me tail decides it likes ye, ya ken?”

“Proprietor, I deeply apologize for this inconvenience,” the Chiss intoned with a bowed head to the manager. “Come now, Master Bleu, I think we should be going now.” The Chiss stood and placed his hands under the Ryn’s arms, lifting him up as if he were a small child. Truly, their size difference made it an apt comparison.

The Ryn scowled, his face twisted up with anger and annoyance. “Put me down, I can walk by my bleedin’ self.”

Amused, Kal stood and walked over to them. “Excuse me, sir?” he said, regarding the manager. “I’m sure the man meant nothing by it. And besides, he is getting married, as they said. Couldn’t you just let this slide?”

The manager studied Kal for a moment before slowly nodding. “I suppose you’re right. Hell, I remember my own bachelor party. The things we did that night...well, it can’t be repeated in mixed company, let’s just put it that way,” he explained, sheepishly glancing at the waitress.

The Chiss looked from the manager to his charge and nodded, gently depositing the white-haired Ryn onto the floor once more. “Very well, then. But I implore you, Master Bleu, please behave yourself.”

“Sure, sure,” Bleu waved him off dismissively. He eyed the newcomer before stepping over. “Well, thanks for that, I suppose. So, who are ye?”

“The name’s Kal. I’m just visiting here on vacation, but I couldn’t help overhearing what was going on, figured I’d add in my two credits. Bachelor parties are supposed to be fun after all, you know?”

“Much appreciated. I’m Kordath.” He paused a moment, seemingly lost in thought before a mischievous gleam appeared in his eyes, the corners of his dark lips curling into the beginning of a smile. “Right. You’re coming to tha wedding now.”

“Wait, what?” Kal blinked, caught totally off-guard. “But I don’t even know you.”

“Oh, come on now. Everyone needs to have some fun an’ excitement, an’ weddings provide tons o’ that. Tha more tha merrier, I say. An’ listen, my future wife’ll never let me hear tha end o’ it if I run into another Ryn an’ don’t bring ‘im along. Besides, we could be distant cousins or somethin’. Ye never know, what with our kind bein’ wanderers an’ all that.”

“You know what? Sure, I’d be happy to go,” Kal replied. “You guys look like you know how to have a good time, and I always love a good wedding. It’s the perfect excuse to cut loose.”

“Perfect. Stick with me an’ ye cannae lose, Kal,” Kordath said with a grin.

“Oh, brother. This could prove troublesome,” the large Chiss noted quietly.

“Would ye just relax, Strong,” Kordath assured his friend. “When have I ever steered someone wrong?” Kal blinked upon hearing the name used to address the large man.

A big, strong Chiss that just happened to be named Strong, he thought to himself. He was sure it was some kind of nickname, knowing what traditional Chiss names can be like, but it still amused him.

“Master Bleu, do you really desire for me to answer that truthfully?” Strong questioned, casting Kordath a knowing look.

Everyone shared a laugh at that, including Kal. He grabbed his drink from the bar and joined them. They continued to drink and he heard plenty of entertaining stories, many of which somehow involved finding Kordath not wearing any pants, as well as attempts to get him to wear the garments. Once Kal found they were leaving, it was revealed that the night was not in fact over - rather, it was merely getting started. They would be partying well into the late hours. That was fine with Kal. It had been a long time since he enjoyed himself so thoroughly.