

Word Bank 1: Strange Request at a Cantina
Raiju Kang(4024) Battleteam Saxon of Clan Vizsla

Word Bank: ~~Notebook, Demand, Trench, Bystander, Sandwich, Space Station, Interview, Butcher~~

Between the sounds of the droids whizzing by, the dull but blaring music, and the loud and slurred speech of the patrons; the cantina was filled with a familiar chorus. The clink of credits being passed between patrons, the excited prattling of at least a dozen different languages, and the lighthearted teasing of the escorts trying to earn a date; all gathered together to create a nostalgic ambiance for the Nautolan in the center of the room. This was the best place to sit back and unwind; depending on your perspective - and more importantly, your wallet. Regardless, Ebon Ridge was the best place to forget about the galaxy and its problems for awhile.

The cantina floor was jam-packed. The lone sabacc table in the corner was completely surrounded, around which flowed streams of jocund humanoids of every colour and shape. Each being here had their own story, their own thread connecting them to the Galaxy. But all that melted away on the sabacc table, where all that mattered was the crisp rat-a-tat of riffled cards. Seated at the table, the Nautolan Raiju Kang remained concentrated on his cards while he ignored the serving droids pushing their blue drinks.

Most of the creature's fortunes from the recent war had already been waged away in this place, and the pressure of the situation was starting to get to the Nautolan. Sweat beaded down the Nautolan's brow as he pulled another card from the dealer, yet immediately flew into the air as the creature jumped up from his seat cursing the terrible card he was just handed. Tossing his hand of cards onto the table and folding, Raiju turned from the table in time to avoid watching the dealing droid rake in his last credits.

"So much for helping the clan get it's new space station." The Nautolan let out with a sigh as a random bystander filled his seat at the table behind him. "Screw this, I need a sandwich."

Making his way across to the bar, Raiju couldn't believe how full Ebon Ridge has actually gotten. Admittedly, for a first outing of the clan, the Nautolan had expected way fewer souls to have made it back and more bodies to be sent off to loved ones - but Vizsla's fortunes had come in. Not only had they survived the war, they earned the recognition of the Grand Master himself who not only took the unit out of probation status with the Brotherhood - but named

them Third Clan of the Brotherhood as well...much to the ire of some of the other clans. It was a good time to be in the clan, but even then there were some you wanted to avoid.

While stepping up the bar and trying to get the waitress' attention, Raiju couldn't help but overhear the long and complicated order of the man standing beside him. Despite his name as the "Butcher", the tall, gangly-looking freak proceed to order some "gluten-free" and low sodium based bun loaded with all sorts of vegetables that even a rabbit would turn it's nose up at - finally, after several minutes of listening to this rabble Raiju finally cut in on the man's order..

"Should I get you a notebook for all that, sweetheart?" The Nautolan said with a wink towards the waitress, but turning to face the "Butcher". "This is Zsoldos, you nancy - put some meat and starches on your plate and maybe you wouldn't look like a strong wind would knock you over!"

The next few moments shot past as the waitress giggled and smirked at the Nautolan's comments, the "Butcher" turned to say something with a raised fist, and one of Raiju's Westars found itse;f planted under the jaw of the man. Immediately, the next few moments seemed to pause in time as the tall man gave a tense shallow and slowly withdrew from the counterspace. When Raiju deemed the man at a safe distance away, the Westar found itself in his holster again but when Raiju turned to order his food - he noticed the waitress was occupied once again with a man on the Nautolan's other side. Turning to him with a scoff, Raiju was quickly welcomed with an extended hand.

"Sorry to steal this girl away from you, friend." The man began with a cheeky smile, "But I was just seeing when I could get her off."

"Certainly not before I am satisfied." Raiju chuckled with a wink, but suddenly found himself with a different response from the man than he was expecting as the charming man winked back.

"You consider yourself up to such good work?"

"What is this, an interview?" Raiju tried to deflect as best he could, but the blonde haired, blue-eyed man leaned in and dropped his voice to a whisper. "This may be an unusual request for a place like this, but you make a fella wonder if you might be up for joining us."

Once again, the Nautolan found himself in a very tense moment with a strange smirk upon his face. Reaching for a shot of alcohol that had been sadly abandoned upon the bar, Raiju quickly threw it to the back of his mouth with a hard shallow. Gingerly setting the glass back down on the countertop, the Nautolan quickly looked before the man and the waitress.

"If you think you're sticking anything in my trench, wait until you hear my demand..."