

Gossip Gossip Gossip  
8343  
Kah Manet

### Well I Heard...

A group of men sat around a table in the corner of the camp, the sweet sound of jizz lolling in the air as the group shared old stories. Drinks of varying alcoholic strength sat around them as well as empty glasses and bottles. Sobriety had waved farewell to them some time ago, and it suited the group just fine.

“Hey hey hey, shhh shhh shush. I-I got a story for you. H-have you ever heard the story of K-Kah Manet and Tisto?” one said, giggling to himself for a moment, “I said cuca, ya know, like poop.”

The group laughed at his slip of the tongue and then quieted as he waved his hands in the air. He steadied himself on the table, trying to regain composure and maintain his train of thought as best he could.

“Alright...sho.” he said through a burp, “A Gungan and a Kiffar walk into a clearing...”

“Oh! I know this joke!” said one the men.”

“Shush, shush, it’s not that. That’s a good one though! Heh hee heh. Anywaysh, they walk into this clearing, right? Right? You got me? This big freakin’ clearing. Nothin’ there. Just...clearin’. They walk in and \*burp\* walk in and make eye contact with each other. The air is thick with tension, both tryin’ to kill the other with just their looks. They kinda...ya know...kinda approach one another...and...and...they uh...oh gosh.” The man looked at the ground for a moment, a spittle of drool hanging from his mouth as he grabbed his head, “Everything’s spinnin’...uh, so anyway, they get up to each other and they’re real close. Real real close. Tisto could taste what Kah had for breakfast, and let me tell ya, that’s not a pleasant smell.”

The group laughed as their friend lifted his head once more, his face as pale as a Wampa in a blizzard. He grabbed a glass near him, thinking it was water, and takes a gulp of it. As he swallows his eyes bulge a bit, and he starts fanning his mouth indicating to the group that it was in fact not water.

“Anyways, anyways, anyways, guys shush!” he said to the quiet group, “They’re there, staring at each other, until finally Tisto says this: ‘Kah...it’s time we settle this like men.’ and Kah nodded, doing that little clicky thing he does, ya know that clicky thing? Means he’s a grumpy grump at that time. Anywho, Kah backs away slowly and gestures to Tisto that he is ready. Tisto, also ready, pulls out this little device and presses a button, and you know what happened next?”

“Plagueian soldiers come in?” asked one.

“A group of feral beasts descend on Kah?”

“An armored transport rolls in?”

“No! You...you guys are horrible guessers. Music starts playing, duh. This music starts playing and Kah nods his approval, and Tisto readies himself, looking at Kah and goes: ‘We

shall settle this in the old ways.’ and Kah says: ‘Wesa be gon’ havin’ a dance off.’ And that is exactly what they did. Both of them were aggressively throwing moves this way and that, popping, locking, and oh yeah, reversing. Kah starts to twerk viciously, and Tisto starts to flail on the ground doing the worm. This goes on for hours, the battle is intense, and finally...Tisto and Kah just stop, realizing through their beautiful duel that neither of them can beat the other. Kah walks closer to Tisto and he gazes into those beautiful eyes of the Kiffar, you know those ones? You hear about them? Beautiful. Just...beautiful. Anywhoodle, he gazes into his eyes and you know what he says?”

“I’m sorry?” said one.

“I love you?” said another.

“Can I get another round?” yelled the third to the serving droid.

“No, no! I mean, yes please, ‘nother round over here! No, he looks at Tisto deeply into his eyes and says ‘Mesa hate yousa, but damnit do mesa be respectin’ yousa.’ Tisto reciprocated, and they walked away from each other, both in defeat. Their dance off showing neither one was the better dancer...”

“T-that’s it?” asked one of them, “That’s the whole story?”

“Yeah, pretty damn good right?” said the storyteller.

“That was an awful story!”

“Wait! Wait, wait! I remembered the real ending. Ok, ok, here it is...they looked at each other, Kah says that thing, yadda yadda, and then they both start to leave, and Kah accidentally farted so loud and so vile that Tisto began to choke on it, and he fell to the ground in agony as the Gungan lingered, feeling a warmth in his trousers. He sharted, in his pants that were saturated with his sweat, and was scared that if he moved he’d make things worse. Tisto writhed in agony as the smell continued to come to him, rolling over his body with it’s foul funk. Kah did his best to wiggle away, making sure his strides were as little as possible to not allow anything laying in his pants to be jostled free.”

“That’s how it ends?”

“Yeah, everyone loves poop jokes, right?” asked the storyteller.

And so the cycle continued, for hours and hours. The group would be displeased by the new ending, and the storyteller would come up with a new one. Sometimes, Tisto would do something to Kah, Kah would do something to Tisto, but no new ending would quench the thirst of a good ending. But everyone heard the story of Kah vs. Tisto, the dance off in the woods.