

Es-kah-pay

AJdPdP

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Alaris woke up in another cell.

“This is a recurring theme,” he muttered as he pulled himself upright. There hadn’t been a prison cell yet that had kept him contained. There was something wrong, however: he didn’t recall the events that led up to this particular imprisonment and that confusion was coupled by a splitting headache and a completely dry mouth.

He stumbled to his cell door to try to glean as much information from a guard as he could only to realize that the door was completely open.

“There he is!” A voice that the Twi’lek was unfamiliar with pierced through his skull. A rather jovial and plump man in a prison guard uniform stood, hips forward and arms crossed. The uniform had the unmistakable pomp of a Canto Bight Prison Authority standard issue. “Do you know what time it is?”

Alaris stumbled forward a step and into the only cascading sunlight that existed in the room, a high window with durasteel bars. The light flitted into his eyes and Alaris squeezed his eyes shut in pain. “It’s morning. You can tell because the sun is pure poison and it stabs the eyes like knives.”

The man let out a guffaw, much to the chagrin of the violent claws ripping at the inside of the Twi’lek’s cranium. “What am I doing here?”

The man shrugged as Alaris hobbled up to where he stood. “Beats me. You came in last night, dropped far too many credits on the desk and demanded a room. You seemed convinced that this was a hotel. We tried to billet you elsewhere, but you threatened our night shift guards with an action figure of some cloaked baddy.” He chuckled, quieter, having noticed the effect he had had earlier on the poor Twi’lek. “They decided to just drunk tank you, which ultimately is probably what you wanted anyway.”

Alaris smiled falsely. “Anything else I need to know?”

The man wrinkled his face in thought then widened his eyes. “Yeah, there was some stuff you had wrapped up in a cape. There was a blaster in there, which is what I think you were trying to use to threaten.” He stifled another laugh. “Good thing you grabbed the action figure, or you’d probably be pretty dead by now.”

The guard retrieved it from lock-up and brought it over to the Twi’lek. “Do you have someone to come pick you up?”

“No.”

“Well, alright. But be careful. You don’t look like you’re dressed to be with the hoighty-toighties on CB. They probably won’t take too good to you just strolling through there like you belong.” The guard pointed the way out, but Alaris was already making his way in the direction of what he figured was the exit.

He exhaled audibly, but muttered quietly, “You’re welcome.”

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Alaris had been to Canto Bight several times before. He had holdings here and invested piles of money into the casinos, so he knew where he was going. He had nothing on him to prove he was who he said he was, so he figured his best plan was to look as right bonkers as possible so that he’d be left alone.

Luckily, the goggles and cape he had apparently had the night before helped do just that. Combining that with wrapping a wool towel around his face, he looked either mysterious or crazy, and Alaris didn’t really care which.

He kept the blaster in his hand hidden behind a part of the cape and some blinding dust from his “affects” clenched tightly in his left hand, in case he needed to make a quick escape.

Most folks gave him a wide berth, and the ones who didn’t probably just didn’t notice him anyway. He arrived at the starship hanger closest to the holding facility just hoping to all hell that he’d recognize any of the ships there. He did. His shuttle was here. He breathed a sigh of relief and quickly stumbled toward it. As he went to punch in his entry code a voice caught him off guard.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

Acting before thinking, a tendency Alaris had when he was drunk or hungover,” he spun quickly and flung up the blinding sand.

A young woman screamed and quickly went to clear it from her eyes and then Alaris realized his mistake. “Mira?”

“Alaris, where... ugh.” She cleared the dust from her eyes, slowly. Through snot and tears she managed to spit out. “Where have you been?”

He chuckled to himself. “Prison?”