

It was dark and Kamjin's head throbbed. Gingerly he reached out to touch the back of his head and probed the soft spot at the base of his skull. If it wasn't for the painfully hard surface he was laying on he'd have kept his eyes closed and blissfully waited for the morning. As he opened his eyes they were caked with sleep. He pivoted himself to sit up and rubbed his eyes clear.

"What in the..." he said, staring at the gated arched wall in front of him. Why was he in a locked cell? He desperately began to search his mind. What had happened? He assumed he was still on Canto Bight. The memories flashed through his mind. Landing his shuttle on the docking pad overlooking the beach. An amazing dinner with some old family business associates. Deciding to hit up one of the casinos. Running across some Rotworms. Rotworms. Thran.

"Sithspawn, Thran you drugged me?!" Kamjin seethed. When did he do it? Kamjin remembered drinking at the table and throwing dice. His ribbing of Thran that he was closing in on his heels. There it was, when Thran was joking about his banner cry of 'beatkam'. He must have slipped something into his drink. It was the only explanation. *When I get out of here, Thran and I are going to have a conversation one of us isn't going to enjoy.* He savored the momentary daydream before turning his attention back to the present.

Well, how am I going to get out of this one? As he went to stand up his vision blurred and his foot hit something on the ground. Collapsing back onto the metal bed frame he rubbed his head. *What now?* Reaching down he found he lifted a hefty parcel onto the bed. Checking his surroundings he slowly unwrapped the fabric; revealing a small treasure trove of odds and ends wrapped in the thermal cape. Kamjin quickly took stock of his small cache and bundled them back up.

Reaching out he didn't sense anyone nearby and decided to go peek at his surroundings. His boots fell heavy on the stone floors as he approached the open air bars that imprisoned him. Grasping the bars on the door he leaned forward to get a better angle to see and nearly tumbled onto his face in disbelief. The door had been left unlocked!

Either these are the worst guards on Canto Bight or someone made this easier for me, he thought as he rushed back to gather the bundle and escape. Creeping out of the cell, he carefully closed the door to return the illusion that he was incarcerated. In the distance, around one of the bends, he heard the soft voices of two or more guards but couldn't make out the conversation. *Didn't I read an after action report on Resistance fighters fleeing Canto Bight?* Desperately searching his memory as the voices grew steadily closer he continued taking in his surroundings.

His eyes came to rest upon an abnormally large sewer grate in the floor of the prison hallway. He sighed. *It can't be that easy. Can it?* Sneaking over to the grate, he placed his bundle on the ground. Grasping firmly on the grate, and with minimum effort, he lifted it to the side. He smirked at this good fortune. Sliding his lower body into the hole, he pulled the bundle after him as he slipped into the sewers. With a mischievous hand reaching back through the hole, he slid the grate in place.

It was dark and dank in the sewers but thankfully he didn't have to hunch over to move. The only illumination came from the other ceiling grates along the path. With no markers to help guide him he started off in the direction that felt right. It was slow going. The sewer lived up to its name. Kamjin assumed some of the pipes that drained into it were coming from the streets;

there would be an occasional explosion of more colorful waste. Nearly by the time he was ready to just give up to escape the stench he found an access door in a small alcove. A maintenance light was fighting against its inevitable death and still produced enough light for him to get a good look at things. Laying out the bundle again he began to take a detailed inventory.

“Oh thank the maker,” he said, grabbing the fluffiest Nerf wood towel he’d have ever expected to find and wiping himself off. The water absorbent material did its job well. *At least I’m not soaked like a Frogdog anymore.* Having served its purpose, Kamjin tossed the towel aside. The rest seemed like an odd assortment of items that were probably confiscated from the other prisoners. Of immediate value was the DDC Defender Sporting Blaster Pistol. Checking the power pack it had twelve shots remaining. Not ideal but better than nothing if the CBP got wind of where he was. Sliding the pistol into the belt of his robes he bundled up the rest of the items.

As it would turn out, luck wasn’t on his side a third time this evening. The door was locked. With some effort he was able to kick the door in. The sound rang out through what appeared to be a storage room of some kind. Cleanly arranged ranks lined the room with feed and other materials for the care of large mammals. Before he had time to take it in a door on the other end of the room sprang open and the lights went on.

Kamjin drew the pistol and leveled it at the individual entering the room. A combination of military discipline and his lack of maintaining his marksmanship held his hand from blasting the child that entered the room. The kid stared at him slack jawed in awe. Kamjin quickly put the blaster back into his belt and held up his hands.

“Hey, hey...it’s alright. I’m not going to hurt you. I got lost and need to find my way back to my ship,” Kamjin said, wondering if the kid believed a word of it. “You wouldn’t happen to know the way to the spaceport, would you?”

The kid responded in some backwater version of Huttese or at least that’s what it sounded like to Kamjin. “I’m sorry, I don’t speak Huttese. Do you speak Basic?” The kid shook his head and said the same thing to Kamjin. “Okay, umm...maybe you could take me to someone who does speak Basic. B-A-S-I-C,” Kamjin said slowly, hoping that it was a dialect issue. The kid tilted his head and scowled. *Alright, that’s a mistake. Don’t treat him like an idiot,* Kamjin thought as he slowly started to approach the boy. Keeping his hands up he smiled, feeling like an idiot himself, trying to beam an image of approachability and comfort to the kid. Either it worked or the kid was too dumbfounded to stop him. Kamjin reached the kid and motioned for him to let him enter the other room. The kid gave him a puzzled look, as if he was trying to figure out if he should or shouldn’t. Ultimately, curiosity won out over fear and the kid allowed Kamjin to pass.

As they entered the broader room it was clear they were in some sort of stable. Kamjin’s eyes went wide when he saw a Fathier’s head poke out from behind one of the stalls. He wasn’t a fan of large beasts. His sister had always had the knack for animals while he was more mechanically inclined. The kid shoved past him, though Kamjin noted he was probably closer to a pre-teen based on his height. The kid shouted something as he walked around the row of stalls. Kamjin followed and came upon a group of several other kids sitting on the floor.

In front of them were, what Kamjin assumed to be, homemade toys made from wire or other discarded waste. The group stared at him as the other kid rushed to join them, chattering away about Kamjin.

“Hi, do any of you speak Basic?” Kamjin asked, waving his hand as a friendly greeting. For a moment Kamjin was hopeful and then it was dashed as they all started speaking to each other in their Huttese dialect. “That’s okay. It’s not a problem. I just need to get out. Can you boys show me to the door?” Kamjin drew a rectangle in the air and then made a walking motion with his fingers to illustrate leaving. Now all the kids cocked their heads with bemused looks. *Ugh, does no one understand me?*

Turning around, Kamjin pointed at the giant closed stable door. “I want,” he emphasized. “To go,” he stomped his feet on the ground. “Out,” he made an exaggerated step forward. The largest of the boys mouthed an “oh” and pulled out a key on a chain. “Yes, that’s right. I need the door unlocked so I can leave.”

The boy shook his head and put the key back under his shirt. Kamjin sat down and reached into his bundle. “You guys like toys, right?” he said, gesturing to the figures on the ground. The kids all nodded. “Well, then do I have something for you!” Kamjin said with excitement as he pulled out a six inch figure of Grand Master Darth Nehalem. “Look at this, this is a real action figure.” It was a surprisingly detailed replica of the Grand Master. From his crimson and black armor to the blood red cape. The blonde hair and blue eyes shone out and for a moment Kamjin felt like he was actually in the presence of the Dark Lord. Kamjin turned it over in front of the kids and found a dial on the back. As he spun it the right hand of the toy began to chop in the air.

“Look at that,” Kamjin said. “It’s got an action feature. This is the Grand Master of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. He’s,” Kamjin made a large arc with his hand over his head. “Amazingly powerful. He’s a...Jedi,” Kamjin didn’t know how these kids would react to the truth. At that word the kids’ all lit up.

“Jedi,” they muttered to themselves.

“Yes, a Jedi. You know the Jedi right?”

One of the kids lifted up a wired figure that had a long stick grasped in one hand. “Doe grancha jedai Luke Skywalker?”

Kamjin just stared at the kid. *Luke Skywalker, really? They’re still talking about that guy.* “No, not Luke Skywalker. Darth Nehalem. He’s much stronger than Luke Skywalker.” Apparently the kids didn’t believe him. “I’m serious, he’s really powerful and can do all sorts of impressive things with the Force.” The kids didn’t understand him but made whooshing noises as they waved their Luke Skywalker toy in the air.

“Alright, let’s be serious. I need to get out of there and to do that I need the key. I’ll give you this Darth Nehalem for you to unlock the door. You don’t even have to give me the key. Just open the door, this toy is yours and I’ll go on my way,” Kamjin gestured out the whole exchange. The kid with the key shook his head and grasped at it under his shirt. Clearly someone known to them had instilled more fear into them than the promise of a toy would overcome.

Kamjin sighed and then felt a twinge. Someone was coming. He’d wasted too much time with these kids. “Okay, so Darth Nehalem isn’t your thing. Well, look here, I have something else in this bundle that’ll be more impressive,” Kamjin said as he set the toy down and reached into the bundle. The kids leaned in, curious what else could be hidden. Here was a man offering them one toy, could there be more?

Kamjin turned quickly and threw the blinding dust that was contained in the bundle in their faces. The kids immediately went to cover their eyes. Grabbing the bundle, Kamjin

pounced on the large kid snatching the key away from him. Kamjin raced to the door control. Fumbling with the key, because who still used mechanical locks, it took him several moments to get it inserted and activate the door control. By now the kids were starting to overcome the effects of the blinding dust and were stumbling after him.

“Keep the toy!” Kamjin yelled as he rolled under the door and escaped into the night. Kamjin finally knew where he was. He was at one of the racing tracks not too far from the outskirts of town and the spaceport he had parked his shuttle.

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Setting off at a jog, he eventually found his way back into the city proper. Ducking into an alleyway he untied the bundle for the final time. Taking the pair of goggles out he tucked them onto his head, perched on his forehead. The thermal cape he finally wrapped around himself, as much for a disguise as to shield himself from the cool night air. He shoved a set of Fantafly polyhedral dice into his pocket before spraying himself with the insect repellent. Whether as a result of his trip through the sewer or his time in the Fathier stable the local pancrustacean’s were clinging to him tighter than a Hutt to his credits.

Kamjin exhaled in relief as the insecta began to abate around him. He had reached for the glowrod but had grabbed the audio rod. Kamjin was puzzled by why this was a possession of a criminal being arrested. Maybe they had tried to gain some advantage at a game of chance by recording the other players? With the police nowhere near him yet and no sign of pursuit by the kids once he left the racetrack, curiosity overtook Kamjin.

Rotating it in his hand he found the playback button. An all too familiar voice came through the staticky low quality speakers. “Hello, Kamjin,” Thran’s voice projected. “I’d like to say I’m sorry for drugging you but I’m not. You see, when it comes to competitions I’m the champ in Scholae Palatinae. You might have been good in your prime but it’s long past. This isn’t personal. Well, not much. A little. I’m going to beat you, Kam. Sure the Rotworms may beat the Frogdogs or they’ll lose but regardless I’m going to win.”

Kamjin seethed at the recording.

“Now, I didn’t want to be a complete jerk. I bribed a guard to leave your cell unlocked and to give you whatever junk they took off the prisoners tonight. So that should at least give you a fighting chance for what comes next. You see, while I wanted to be sporting, I still want to win. From the moment you activated this device it’s been broadcasting your signal to the Canto Bight police. Hopefully you chose to listen to it outside of the prison cell otherwise it’s going to be a really short escape for you.”

Kamjin flung the device against the wall of the alley, shattering it. The speaker gave up the ghost to the sound of “#beatkam”. Before all the pieces had settled an office rounded the corner. “Sir, lay flat on the ground,” he commanded.

Kamjin grabbed the glowrod sending a blinding beam of light into the face of the officer. With the momentary distraction, Kamjin rushed past the officer knocking him to the ground. Pulling the goggles down over his face Kamjin raced out of the alleyway into the street. Behind him he heard the officer radioing in his position. Kamjin tried to blend into the crowd but he knew things were going to get dicey fast. By his reckoning he only had to make it a couple blocks to get to the spaceport.

All he needed was time and judging by the sound of the Zephyr GB-134 speeders approaching he wasn't going to get it. One of them appeared over the buildings, beaming its search light into the crowd. "Criminal, cease and desist immediately or you will be stunned."

Criminal? I'm much more than a criminal, Kamjin thought. Turning he pulled out some of the dice from his pocket. Dumping the assorted shapes into his hand he carefully judged the distance before throwing the dice up into the speeder's intake vents. The dice clattered as they were sucked into the speeder's engines. Within moments the engine began to backfire as smoke and flames billowed forth. The police officer tried to steer the vehicle to a safe landing but the crowd had begun to panic.

Kamjin turned and ran into the night as the speeder crashed violently to the ground. As most of the crowd rushed to the wreckage a lone drunk diminutive amphibian creature saw a twenty sided die laying on the ground. While cracked and burned the number twenty could clearly be seen. The creature snatched it up. It was clearly good luck.

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Whether through luck or a greater power Kamjin had made it through the crowd without further incident. He was just about to consider tonight over when he rounded the corner to the spaceport and his stomach dropped. There were several officers barricading the door. *Curse you, Thran. Just how much did you tip off to the police?*

There wasn't time for a more elaborate plan. Sometimes, good old fashioned charm and bantha poodoo would carry the day. Tucking the blaster behind the flaps of the thermal cape, he walked with confidence up to the spaceport door.

"Halt citizen," one of the officers commanded. "This is a restricted zone."

"Restricted zone?" Kamjin played it off as if he couldn't understand why such a thing would happen. "What's causing it to be restricted?"

"We have a fugitive on the loose and his shuttle is parked here. Now move along for your own protection."

Kamjin let his confidence extend beyond himself. "A fugitive? Wouldn't I be safer inside than staying out here on the street? I have a small transport docked here as well and just want to get to sleep after a night at the casinos." Kamjin took out the remaining dice from his pocket and held them aloft in his hand. "See, look at this stack of credits I won."

Despite being police officers trained to serve and protect they were the same type of simple minded enforcers Kamjin had been encountering around the galaxy for decades. The officer slapped his partner in the chest, whistling. "Zster, have you seen a stack of credits like that before?"

Zster turned and looked. "Never. Not in my thirty years on the force. Mister, you've had some incredible luck."

"I know," Kamjin said slowly walking towards the door. "Now you know why I'm a little cautious about wanting to stay outside."

"Ya, I can understand. Let's see some ID and then we can let you in."

Kamjin flashed a smile and waved his hand quickly. "I'm sure my ID is still valid on Canto Bight."

The officers looked dazed for a moment before responding. "Yes, everything is in order here."

"You're both a testament to your badges. Here, a small token of my appreciation," Kamjin said, giving them each one of the dice. Their smiles could have sliced beskar as they reacted to the supposed weight of the stack of credits the dice represented. As Kamjin was nearly through the door a voice rang out in the night.

"You fools! That is Kamjin!" Rayne's voice pierced the illusion. As it shattered the officers realized they had been tricked and moved for their blasters.

"Curse you, Rayne," Kamjin said, whipping his blaster from his belt. The point blank range made up for Kamjin's lack of practice as he burned down the officers. With the remaining shots he laid down a suppression cover forcing Rayne to duck back behind the building. Kamjin threw the blaster in frustration down the street.

"You are definitely not getting a Sithmas gift from me this year, Rayne!" Kamjin yelled as he dove through the doorway. Racing past the scared spaceport crew he raced up into his shuttle. He was fortunate that no one had tried to disable it as it came to life. At least, that's what he hoped as he didn't have time to check the ship properly. As it rose into the air, Kamjin turned his thoughts to how he'd pay Thran back once this was all over.