

Brawl at the Cantina

Tipsy Tusken Cantina
Moon of Kaerls
40 ABY

The Cantina hummed with the lively murmur of its patrons. Many regulars would come in and sit at "their" tables and often grumble about the occasional guests. They remained by the bar to relax with their friends and coworkers, tying up the bar droids, which caused a delay in obtaining their intoxicants. Nevertheless, the music was lively, and despite the imminent feelings echoing through the Force, the atmosphere remained uplifting.

It wasn't unusual to find people of interest. Business deals reached. Bounties claimed. Territories negotiated. The Tipsy Tusken had seen it all. Revak, who many would consider one of the regulars, would not only take a break from the everyday hustle but would use this time to keep a vigilant watch over things that would cause issues in the system later on. This time though, he came explicitly for later. EDI has gotten a tip. A person of interest had appeared at the Cantina. This only meant that the rumors of a great force, a crystal menace, had not been tales woven from inebriated fantasies but had actual substance. When he saw the target, everything was confirmed.

Jezora Zosh was a human male, was 1.7m tall, and weighed approximately 68kg. He was handsome and strong with green eyes and black close-cut hair. The scars he proudly showed off textured his otherwise smooth and flawless skin. Night after night for the past few months, he would come to the Cantina and share stories of his adventures. Some sounded so embellished that they could only have been created and rehearsed, yet they still drew crowds of titillated listeners. This night had been no different. As the bar droid served him his glass of top-shelf liquor, he would break into yet another tale. Tonight, Revak would make his way over to the crowd surrounding the man.

"And then, out of nowhere, this pack of Rancor appeared out of the trees. So there I was, alone."

Revak ordered two drinks from the bar, both of the same expensive drinks Jezora favored. Then, he pushed his way through the crowd and handed him one of the classes.

"Mr. Zosh, why don't you tell me one of your fantastic tales over in the corner where we can talk in private."

Jezora looked at the Zabrak with suspicion. "I sense that's not all you wish to discuss, but I'm game. You look like you've seen some action yourself, friend."

Revak grinned. "I may have. Might even teach you a thing or two."

Jezora let out an explosive laugh. "I doubt there is much you can teach me, old man. Please lead the way."

The two men walked to a quiet corner of the room and sat down. Revak took a sip before placing his glass on the table. He eyed the Human for a moment before he spoke.

"You must be new in this system. I haven't seen you before."

"I get around. Are there many Force users in this system?" Jezora took a sip.

"I think you know the answer to that, so let's cut to the chase. Why are you here?"

"I think YOU know the answer to that, Jedi." Jezora took a huge gulp and slammed his glass upside down on the table. "If you've sought me out, then you know who I represent."

Revak finished his drink but held onto the glass. "What's why I asked, why are you here?"

"You know, I've killed many Jedi like yourself. Many have gone down with not much of a fight. Others have been worthy foes who've made some of my greatest stories. I have to ask myself. Which will you be?" Jezora stared intensely into Revak's eyes as his face reddened and his body twitched with adrenaline. Revak lowered his right hand to his saber.

"There's only one way to find out."

Revak flung the glass at Jezora's head, who quickly dodged the object and, gripping the table, flung the obstacle out from between them. The Zabrak promptly jumped up and ignited the violet blade while the Human ignited his crimson. They both swung and locked blades, causing red and purple sparks to spray out from the impact. Then, in one smooth motion, Revak unclipped, ignited, and swung his white blade. The Human shoved forcefully against his opponent's blade, broke the lock, and countered the other blade coming towards him. He removed the riot shield from his back and thrust it into Revak's face. The impact caused Revak to stumble backward, but he recovered in time to cross his blades and catch the crimson blade's downward arc. Jezora again threw the shield into the Zabrak, but Revak thrust his blades upward and rolled out of the way. Noticing his opponent was off-balance, Revak swung with both sabers. Jezora jumped with a spin over him and thrust his blade forward, slicing through Revak's cloak. He grinned as he made the first strike. Revak, though, continued his motion, cutting Jezora through his midsection. The Human's eyes bulged as he looked down at his waist. Revak finished his rotation, extinguished both of his sabers, and clipped them back onto his belt. The two halves of Human fell to the floor with a heavy thud.

Revak pulled out his holocom. "Grand Inquisitor. I've dispatched the target, but I feel this isn't the last we'll see of the Children."

A shadowy figure with a grizzly voice responded, "The Consuls are being summoned. Return to Arx."

Revak ended the call. He looked around at all the shocked onlookers. As he walked towards the door, the patrons cleared him a path. Before leaving, he turned to them, "Sorry for the mess."

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