

“Look, I’ll tell you what I saw, but I don’t know if you’ll believe me.”

Two human males sat at the grimy bar of the Fathier’s Foot Cantina, a dive amongst dives located on the outskirts of Canto Bight. The Fathier’s Foot was dark and dingy. The kind of place even the locals tended to avoid. It was a place that looked like it hadn’t been cleaned in ages, no matter where you stepped on the floor your boots would stick, and the food tasted like it had been cooked a week ago and just left to sit. But it was a place Avin and Soont liked to frequent for the cheap booze and lack of a crowd.

“Oh, you’ve got that right!” Soont howled with laughter. “There isn’t a story that’s come out of your nerf herding mouth that I’ve ever believed!”

Avin took a shot of a cheap amber booze and grimaced at the after taste.

“I swear this is real!” he said, slamming the shot glass down on the bar. “Listen, do you want to hear it or not?”

Soont looked off into the distance, contemplating the question, or perhaps spacing out. Avin couldn’t quite tell the difference.

“Oh, I suppose I could use a good laugh tonight. But I’m going to need another drink if I’m going to listen to your mad raving.” He finished his drink and waved down the bartender before nodding for Avin to begin his story.

“So there I was, just minding my own business, looking for unsuspecting tourists to rescue some poor credits from.” A smug smile crept across his face. “And I was doing a pretty good job of it, might I add”

“You might, but that’s the first part of your story I don’t believe,” Soont interrupted.

“Would you let me tell the damn story?”

“Fine, fine. Go on.”

“Alright, so I was standing outside the casino when I heard shouting from inside and suddenly at least a hundred people came running out of the casino, all chasing after this Kel Dor with some big floppy hat on. At first I thought he looked ridiculous, but the look is kind of growing on me.”

Soont rolled his eyes.

“You’re the last person to be giving fashion advice, your shirt is more holes than cloth.”

“*Anyway*, he runs directly into me knocking us both down on the ground. And by the time he gets back on his feet we are surrounded, cut off from getting back into the casino or getting to

the stairs. I was able to back off and get away from the guy, but that mob had blood in their eyes. In the blink of an eye their weapons were drawn, it was bonkers, lightsabers and blasters were everywhere. This guy was doomed I tell ya!

“Some guy stepped forward from the crowd and yelled something about a trap and how this Kel Dor and the rest of his ‘clan’ or whatever, were going to pay for their insolence and that they would be wiped from the face of the galaxy. Suddenly cheers and angry agreements rose from the crowd. Then it turned into absolute chaos. I didn’t see where it came from but a thermal detonator when off in the crowd and all hell broke loose.”

Avin paused for a moment to take a drink.

“Sounds like quite the ordeal.” Soont chided.

“Oh, it was! And this is where things get crazy! So, the explosion goes off and people are flying every which way.” Avon’s hands started gesticulating wildly while he made explosion noises with his mouth. “While the crowd is distracted this Kel Dor spins around in a circle, drops into a crouch and all of a sudden he has a sword in one hand and a blaster in the other. Blaster bolts started flying, nobody cared who they hit, as long as the Kel Dor died and the lightsaber wielders surged forward. I swear I even saw lightning coming off of people.”

Soont stifled a laugh.

“Now I know you’re pulling my leg. Lightning?”

“I saw what I saw, now would you let me finish?” he snapped.

“Alright, don’t take my head off.”

“So, all of these people converge on the Kel Dor and he starts getting to work, a constant stream of bolts shooting out of his blaster and his sword swinging around blocking lightsabers and cutting into foes. How this guy lasted longer than ten seconds, I’ll never know. It. Was. Epic. The whole thing lasted about three minutes before bodies were laying everywhere and anyone still standing was injured or exhausted, or in some cases both. The Kel Dor was kneeling on the ground panting when the remaining members of the mob pressed in again. He shakily got to his feet and backed away, only to find the edge of the wall at his heels and a sheer drop below. As it looked like all was lost for the Kel Dor, he spread his arms wide, tilted his head back and suddenly there was a deafening explosion of sound. He leapt off the wall and disappeared into the night. That man is a legend, and I plan on telling his story to anyone who will listen.”

“Alright, I’ll admit, it’s a good story, but I think we need to cut you off for the night,” Soont laughed and clapped Avin on the back.

“Maybe you’re right.” Avin finished off his ale and began patting his pockets with increasing panic and frustration. “That fraker took all my credits!”

“What?” Soont erupted into a full belly laugh. “And you’re just realizing this now!”

“You’re one to laugh, this means you’re stuck with my tab, because I can’t pay!” Avin countered.

“Boys,” the bartender cut in. “Both of your tabs were already taken care of by that man over there.”

As the two men looked over towards the door to say their thanks, the crimson hand of a Kel Dor reached up and tipped his hat before ducking out the door and back into the streets of Canto Bight.