**Caperion System.**

**Ulress, Outside Club Antonia.**

**Uluv, 41 ABY.**

***Oh, yeah! It was like lightning***

***Everybody was fighting***

***And the music was soothing***

***And they all started grooving***

***Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah***

***And the man in the back said, "Everyone attack!"***

***And it turned into a ballroom blitz***

***And the girl in the corner said, "Boy, I want to warn you***

***It'll turn into a ballroom blitz."***

***Ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz***

***Ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz***

***Oh, yeah! It was electric***

***So frantically hectic***

***And the band started leaving***

***'Cause they all stopped breathing***

***Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah***

***And the man in the back said, "Everyone attack! "***

***And it turned into a ballroom blitz***

***And the girl in the corner said, "Boy, I want to warn you***

***It'll turn into a ballroom blitz."***

***Ballroom blitz (blitz)***

On darkened streets of Uluv, the lights from Club Antonia pulsated and strobed, creating luminous flashes of light for all to see, inviting all who saw to come and partake. And like moths drawn to an open flame, the masses converged on this technicolor display of light.

As one drew closer to the club, one could see the long lines of the diverse and varied beings in various forms of brightly colored apparel as they waited for entry into the club. As the crowd slowly moved forward, the distant sound of vehicle engines rumbled louder. And as the vehicles drew closer, an indignant squawk echoed throughout the rows as a luxury vehicle stopped meters away from the entrance. The squawks quickly died as the double doors swung open, and the occupants stepped out.

The first one was a tall, striking Falleen female with a full head of raven black hair flowing loose down her back, and the black evening dress complimented her figure nicely.

The second figure that stepped out was a human-like female with chocolate-colored skin colored with a slight reddish tinge, platinum blonde hair, pointed ears, and silver-colored eyes. Her ensemble was a red evening dress accented with a blue flower in her hair.

Whistles of appreciation and approval rose from the male members of the crowd as the two women stepped forward. But those whistles quickly died as the last two occupants stepped out. Contrasting the beauties that stepped out first, now came the beasts. Sheathed in Katarn night ops armor, the third figure stepped out of the vehicle. The figure cut an intimidating form, with a DC-15s pistol in a cross-draw holster under the left arm and an E-11-looking blast cannon strapped to the right leg. Adding to the look was a glowing blood-red visor instead of the usual blue one.

Then the last figure stepped out. Its face was nothing but a black void of darkness that even the bright lights from the club could not dispel. Its eyes, or what could be considered its eyes, were glowing, blood-red orbs of malevolent light. Its cloak was of the darkest black. A slight breeze fluttered around the figure, revealing the dark assassin's armor beneath the figure's cloak and a cylindrical object on the right-hand side of the figure's waist. The figure then turned toward the crowd. Bringing up

their right hand and slowly flexing their fingers. Bird-like talons appeared at the fingertips, followed by another set of long, glowing blood-red claws that seemed to appear from around its knuckles. The figure gave a soft growl, which sounded eerily similar to that of a Wampa growl. Causing several beings in the line to take several steps back.

The female in red sighed and walked over to the cloaked figure.

"Come on, Xendar. It's not that bad." Oriyanna said as she smiled at him.

She then wrapped her arm around his as the two of them began to walk the redlined carpeting toward the entrance.

"She's right, kid, we're here to enjoy ourselves," came a slow, drawled voice through the armored figure's comline.

"Jasten has a point, Xendar. It's been a long time since almost anyone in the clan has been able to relax and have a good time," Deshavara said, twinning her arm around Jasten's as she watched the vehicle drive away, and the sound of another could be heard. "Now, come on, you two, we are supposed to be enjoying ourselves."

As the group walked toward the doorway, a massive Houk stepped out of the shadows, blocking the doors.

"Name and invitation," the Houk grunted in broken basic.

"Colonel Deshavara Rathelin," Deshavara said, handing the Houk the invitation.

"Captain Oriyanna Rathelin," Oriyanna said, also handing over her invitation.

"Major Jasten Rathelin," Jasten added as he gave the Houk his invitation.

"Xendar Thendaris," Xendar quietly stated, handing over his invitation.

The Houk grunted as he scanned the list.

"Okay, you go in," The houk said as he slightly stepped aside for them to walk by.

"Not you, funny cloak," the Houk said, blocking Xendar.

"Is there a problem?" Xendar asked quietly.

Oriyanna and her parents stopped and were about to walk back to Xendar when he shook his head and motioned for them to go on.

"Yeah, me think you a party crasher."

"Is my name on that list?"

"Yeah, but you have no title, no ranking, no nothing, just simple plain name; the people you with, here on the list, had ranks and titles," the Houk said smugly. "Me think that you don't belong."

"Do you now?" Xendar asked, his tone edged with both amusement and annoyance.

"Yeah, me do!" The Houk confidently stated.

"Indeed. On the one hand, I do applaud you for exterting your due diligence," Xendar said as he moved to stand in front of the Houk, blocking his view of the crowd.

"But on the other hand, I cannot help but think that you are merely using this opportunity to throw your weight around to show the regular patrons of this establishment that you are an important individual. It is true you are important, you help maintain order, and you help keep the less-than-desirables out. But, in this instance, you have clearly overstepped your bounds. I would strongly suggest that you reevaluate your role of importance in this establishment." Xendar replied, his voice holding a lethal edge.

The Houk was surprised; unlike most people that he stopped, who raised a fuss and yelled as loud as possible, this individual was incredibly calm and quiet. This behavior made the Houk nervous, and he watched Xendar very closely. And as Xendar spoke, the Houk watched as Xender's fingers slowly closed into a fist. *This guy think he gonna hit me? Ha! Him stupid.* The Houk thought to himself.But the Houk's confidence was slightly shaken when he felt his right arm go ice cold and was even more shocked when he found that he could not move or feel his arm.

The Houk now warily watched Xendar waiting for him to make an opening move.

Xendar's fist slowly opened, and the right hand drifted slightly up; and forward. Then the Houk watched as the fingers dipped slightly; then Xendar drew his hand slowly back before raising it again; and moving it forward. It came as quite a surprise; as the Houk felt a blaster pressed into the side of his head.

Turning his head ever so slightly, the Houk found himself staring at his own hand, holding his own blaster, pointed at his own head.

The Houk's eye's darted between Xendar and the blaster as the gravity of the situation struck home.

Xendar gave a slight nod and made a downward flicking gesture, the warmth returned to the Houk's arm, and as the feeling returned to his right arm, the Houk unknowingly began to rub his right arm with his left hand.

"You do your job well; that is commendable, but just because someone has no rank or titles does not make them a fraud. Oh, and a minor piece of advice, I wouldn't try doing that on some of the other clan members; they might not be as forgiving as I am," Xendar quietly stated as he slipped by the Houk and through the doors of the club.

As someone who fought through several conflicts and acclimated himself to the snarl of blaster fire, the roar of explosions, the screams of the wounded, and the stench of the battlefield, all the while having to make tough split-second decisions. After enduring such trials, Xendar felt himself ready to take on anything that the club could throw at him. But as reality often cruelly reveals, he was almost woefully unprepared to deal with certain things that would be thrown at him.

Stepping through the door, Xendar was hit by a massive wall of light, sound, and smell nearly overloaded his senses. Staggering back against the door, Xendar vigorously shook his head in a vain effort to clear up the disorientation he was experiencing.

"You okay?" Xendar heard Oriyanna ask, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's just a little different than what I am used to." Xendar said, shaking his head.

"Come on, let's get you a seat," Oriyanna said in a concerned tone as she reached over, grabbed his hand, and led him over to a table where her father and mother were sitting.

"You okay, kid?" Jasten said as Xendar sat down. His voice sounding a bit muted as it came through the helmet comline.

"Yeah, I'm good. Just a little disoriented." Xendar said in a reassuring voice.

"Yeah, I'll bet you are. Those crazy lights, that booming music, and with the smell of alcohol, perfume, and various other thingsmixed in, I bet the Ju'hani side of you is going crazy!"

"Just think of it as a different kind of battlefield than you are used to," Deshavara said, trying to be helpful.

"You got that right! At least in a regular warzone, I know who is a friend and who I can shoot!"

"Oh, come on, Jasten. You make it sound like us having an evening out together is almost a crime." Deshavara said, giving Jasten an odd look.

"You know, once in a while, I would like to have a romantic evening with my amazingly wonderful and beautiful wife. And not have to feel like I am walking into a free-fire zone! Why do you think that I am decked out like this?" Jasten stated, the exasperation bleeding into his voice.

"Because you like to?" Oriyanna offered.

Jasten gave a growl of frustration. "No. It's because if I dress like this, all of those hormone-driven idiots think that your mom is someone incredibly well-placed in society, and I am her bodyguard, and they will leave us alone! Do you have that problem, Xendar?"

"No. I can't say that I do," Xendar replied.

"That's because, for the most part, anyone excluding me, Daesha, your parents, or my parents. Generally won't come within three meters of you because you freak them out." Oriyanna stated in a matter-of-fact tone.

Xendar looked over at her and shrugged.

"So, what does everyone want to drink?" Deshavara asked, trying to steer the conversation on a more pleasant course.

"I can have one drink, that's it," Jasten stated. "I have troop performance evaluations tomorrow morning."

"Right," Deshavara said with a mischievous grin. "Blue Milk it is."

"You know I hate that stuff! I haven't willingly touched that slug juice since I was a kid!" Jasten fired off, pulling his helmet off, revealing the face of a youthful-looking man.

"I know," Deshavara said, smiling. "A Savareen brandy then. Xendar? No. You're not a drinker. I am certain that the club got the notice about carrying nonalcoholic beverages, like your Iced Vine-coffeine with chocolate and Takhal nuts. What about you, Oriyanna?"

"Raava, if they have it."

*"*It seems that tonight, we are quite discerning in our choice of beverages, So I think I'm going to get a *Whyrren's Reserve,"* Deshavara said, standing up from the table.

"Wait, I'm coming with you," Jasten stated, getting up from the table and putting his helmet back on.

"What? You don't trust me?" Deshavara said in a playfully mischievous voice.

"You? Oh, I trust you beyond all measure. And I know you can hold your own in a fight. But these space cases, them I worry about. Besides, if you're going to deflate their egos, I want in on the fun." Jasten said, linking his arm through his wife's as the two of them walked toward the bar.

"It amazes me; they have been married for over 36 years. And they still act like a couple in their twenties. Xendar said.

"That's my parents for you. They do things their own way. And they have been happy with how things have gone." Oriyanna said. Then looking over at Xendar, she added, "And I'm glad to see you relax as well."

Xendar gave her a questioning look.

"You haven't had the hood of your cloak pulled up, hiding your face like you normally do, and you haven't tried to scare anyone that has gotten close to us."

As if to validate her point, a voice behind them spoke up. "There are some things in the galaxy never change, and Nightmare, you are one of them.

You still look like a guy getting prepped for extreme black ops work."

Xendar slowly turned and smiled. He found himself staring at two familiar faces. The first was a grizzled-looking Iradonian in a Scholae Palantinae special operations uniform. The other was a furless Deveronian female in a simple peach evening dress.

"Rella and Tors, it has been a while," Xendar said with a smile.

"Hey, Nightmare, long time no see," Tors replied. Then looking over at Oryinna. "And you must be Oriyanna. It's finally nice to be able to meet you. When this chatterbox here," indicating to Xendar, "Would actually say something beyond a cold, intimidating stare, it was something. It came as quite a shock to learn that this sparkling conversationalist was a devoted family man. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm Tors Blaiditch. This beautifully lovely woman, who has been kind enough to allow me to drag her around everywhere I go, is my wife, Rella Blaiditch."

Rella smiled and extended her hand to Oriyanna. "Nightmare was never one to talk much, but from what I heard from him when he did talk, it was very clear that you are very important to him."

"Nightmare?" Oriyanna said, looking over at Xendar.

"It was a nickname the Revenant troops gave him," Rella explained.

"Oh, well, I'm Oriyanna Rathelin. I'm pleased to finally meet you. Xendar has told me a lot about you two." Oriyanna said, rising from the table and clasping Rella's hand.

"You're a Rathelin, eh. Your brother is my boss." Tors stated.

Oriyanna's brows furrowed. "I don't have a brother," she stated, looking at Tors with a questioning glance.

"Jasten Rathelin, he's not your brother?"

Oriyanna's mouth quirked as she tried fighting a smile and laughter, "Jasten Rathelin is my father, not my brother."

Tors blinked in disbelief. "He's your father?! And here I was thinking that he was your brother."

"That happens a lot, but would the two of you care to join us? Oriyanna said, indicating that there was plenty of room at the table.

"I hope you two don't mind, but Jasten and I ran into a couple of friends and invited them to join us," Deshavara said as she put the drinks on the table. Then looking over at Tors and Rella. "Oh, hello, Rella, Tors. I didn't think that the two of you would make it tonight. But on that note, I wanted to congratulate the both of you. Rella, I am glad to hear that you took that teacher's position at the new school. My granddaughter will be attending there at the start of the next school semester. She's a bit rambunctious, but she means well. Tors, I can't tell how long Jasten has been searching for a good second in command. You have made his job a lot easier, thank you."

"My, my, my. This table is getting quite cozy, isn't it? I think we had better find a bigger one." Jasten said as he and two other people walked up.

"But it looks like introductions are in order. This," Jasten said, pointing toward a Lethin Twi'lek, is one of the best snipers I have seen in a long time, just joined the ranks of the Night Wraiths."

"Congratulations Shi'Anna." Xendar said, "And to you as well, Edgend. My mother works at the new medical center in the capital. She says that your contributions have been a great asset."

"You know these two?" Jasten said, looking at Xendar.

Xendar chuckled as he stood up, "We got acquainted on Dandoran."

"I've never heard that one. You are going to have to tell me that one," Oriyanna said, throwing an odd look at Xendar as she stood up.

"You must be Oriyanna," Shi'Anna said with a smile as the group moved to find a larger table. "I saw a holo of you that Xendar had. I had wondered how it was; that you managed to tame that Dire-cat," Shi'Anna said, looking over at Xendar.

"I wouldn't say that I tamed him," Oriyanna said, settling into a seat at the new table.

"We both saw something in each other that we liked and wanted, and things just progressed naturally from that."

"Opposites do attract," Shi'Anna stated with a shrug.

"Yes, they do," Oriyanna said in agreement. "But sometimes, just trying to survive through hardship and near-death experiences. Creates a bond that is forged so strongly that it is almost unbreakable. That is something Xendar and I have been through. And I take it, it's the same for you and Edgend."

"Engend and I have been together since we were kids; ten-plus years ago, our parents were arrested on charges of political dissidence. They were sent to the Tenexir prison, where they were murdered. The two of us were sent to a state-run orphanage. After managing to escape that orphanage, we lived on the streets; and have relied on each other since to survive," Shi'Anna said as she gave Oriyanna a look of appreciation and understanding.

After Shi'Anna had just finished speaking, the entire club fell silent as the music faded away and the lights dimmed. After a few moments, a single light, lit up the center stage as a single figure appeared.

"Good evening, everyone. I do hope that you are having a good time. Please put your hands together and welcome for the first time in this club, the talented Zax Keevo!"

A solitary clap, followed by a heavy cough, was the only response the crowd had shown in giving Zax any kind of recognition. But Zax was undeterred and acted as if he was given a massive standing ovation. Then he and his bandmates began to play the first song on the setlist.

"You okay?" Oriyanna said as she looked over at Xendar, who was moving about in his seat, grimacing.

"That is annoying," Xendar replied, nodding toward the stage.

"It's not the best, I agree. But it could be worse." Oriyanna said, taking Xendar's hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze.

"Oriyanna, look over there. Is that your cousin?" Xendar asked, indicating toward the latest guests to walk in the door.

"Breeza?" I thought that she was on Arx?" Oriyanna said, getting up and started walking toward her cousin.

At the same time that Oriyanna had stood up, Breeza had caught sight of her cousin; and motioned toward the bar. And as Breeza drew closer, the two women stepped up their walking speed and met the other in a happy and familiar embrace.

"What are you doing here? I thought that you were on Arx." Oriyanna said in a surprised voice after stepping back from hugging her cousin.

"Hey, I get to visit home sometimes. I do miss my family and want to see them.

Besides, I have some friends who wanted to meet you and Xendar." Breeza said.

Oriyanna watched as Breeza's head dropped, and her face began to redden. "That, and I wanted everyone to meet someone."

Looking over her shoulder, Breeza called out to someone behind her. "Lidgy, can you come over here a moment? I want you to meet my cousin."

A small group of three people standing by the entrance started walking toward Oriyanna and Breeza. Oriyanna could see the outline of one tall male, one petite female, and one smaller Twi'lek who stood about Breeza's height.

Oriyanna broke into a large smile as she recognized two of the figures.

"Ranith and Quista Voash, I haven't seen you two since your wedding after the invasion of Arx."

"Hello, Oriyanna, it's been a while. I'm surprised that Xendar isn't with you. Quista said with a smile.

"He's over there," Oriyanna said, pointing toward the large table at the back of the room. Along with my parents."

"Thank you," Quista said. "Events are a lot more pleasant when there are some familiar friendly faces." She added as she and Ranith began walking toward the table.

" Hey, Oriyanna. I want you to meet someone." Breeza said as she grabbed the hand of the third figure.

"Oriyanna, this is Lidgy. Lidgy, this is my cousin Oriyanna." Breeza said, introducing a friendly-looking green-skinned Twi'lek.

"Nice to meet you. I have heard a lot about you." Then craning his neck up. "You're a lot taller than I expected," he added.

Oriyanna smiled, "Come on, I'll introduce you to the group."

As Orriyanna introduced Lidgy to everyone else. It turned out that Lidgy didn't need any help; after being introduced, he gave off a dramatic moan and buried his head in Breeza's shoulder. " And here I was hoping that everyone would see eye to eye with me. And now that I get here, I'm the odd man out. Sheesh, talk about getting the short end of life. Oh, well. I guess; I should accept things as they are; and go sit at the kid's table."

A round of chuckles rumbled around the table.

"Come on, Lidgy" Let's sit down and get comfortable, so everyone can talk.

As the two of them turned to grab some nearby chairs and literally ran into Xendar, who was coming back to the table with a container full of iced coffine when Breeza and Lidgy went face first into his chest.

"Oh, this can't be good," Lidgy said as he craned his neck up to try and get a look at Xendar. "Uh, hi; you must be Xendar. Breeza has told me a lot about you." The black shadow of a visage that might have been Xendar's face stared impassively back at him.

"You are quite deceptive for a Jedi," Xendar said quietly. "You give off the appearance of being afraid of me. And yet, you are quite willing to fight me if it came down to that."

"The look of apprehension faded away from Lidgy. Which was replaced by a friendly smile. "And for being a non-aligned force user, you seem to enjoy using the dark side of the force on certain people."

Xendar gave a slight bow and made a beckoning motion, and several chairs floated over.

"Please, be seated. I think that this should be an interesting conversation," Xendar said, sitting down next to Oriyanna.

As the night wore on, most members of Scholae Palantinae were enjoying the evening festivities. But for some, it was a painfully aggravating time. Tije Fromal was the son of a well-to-do merchant family. After facing expulsion from a prestigious military academy for various charges. Including cheating, theft, illicit gambling, drug possession, and the malicious destruction of military property.

But Tije was no idiot; he used his family connections to keep himself out of prison and had gotten most of the charges against him dropped. But at the cost of being a pariah and shunned by his family, and cut from the wealth and prestige that his family enjoyed. But that was not a problem for Tije, as he leveraged his infamy against his family to get what he wanted.

As the hours drew longer and as he ventured around the club, Tije felt a massive bout of annoyance; *This place is literally crawling with Scholae types! There are a couple of them in the trophy room, going on about rancors and dirt! What does one have to do with the other?* He thought to himself.

But that thought was quickly dropped by the wayside as he looked toward the back of the main room. Sitting at a back table were six very attractive women by themselves. They aged from about what he guessed to be about eighteen to about forty. And they were as diverse as their ages.

*Hmm,* Tije thought to himself, *one Lethin Twi'lek, she's a rare one. A furless Devorian, that's a plus. Oh, a Falleen, and with a full head of hair, no less. Oh yeah! Two humans, one light-skinned, the other more of an ivory color with almond-shaped eyes, very nice. And another...no, not human. Chocolate-colored skin with a red tinge, silver eyes, and pointed ears. She's a mixed species. I approve!*

"Pardon me, ladies. But do you mind if I were to join you?"Tije said, sitting next to Breeza.

The ladies' responses varied, from Breeza sliding away from him with a look of repulsion. To a look of sheer disgust from Rella, Quista Oriynna, and Deshavara. And ending with Shi'Anna's snarling, "Get spaced, creep!"

Tije ignored them and launched into an obnoxious combination of narcissistic self-hype and aggravatingly offensive pickup lines.

His monologue was cut short by someone interrupting him.

"Excuse me, but you are in my spot," a voice came from behind Tije.

Standing up and turning around, Tije found himself staring down at Lidgy, who had just returned from the bar and was holding his and Breeza's drinks.

"Beat it, shrimp!" Tije said in a dismissive tone. "I'm busy here."

Lidgy calmly and carefully set the drinks on the table before looking up at Tije.

"I can see that. "Lidge said flatly. "But you are annoying my girlfriend. So I would be most grateful if you were to go someplace else."

Tije snorted derisively at Lidgy; before slightly rearing back and throwing a hard punch at Lidgy's face. Before anyone could react, Lidgy moved his hand and caught Tije's fist before it hit him. "Now what?" Lidgy asked flatly.

"You know, it's considered rude to hit someone before you introduce yourself," a slow-drawled voice stated from behind Tije. "And I don't take it too kindly to you badgering my wife, daughter, and niece."

Tije slightly turned his head so as to be able to see who was behind him and keep an eye on Ledgy. He was surprised to see a soldier in black Clone Wars armor. Only this one had a red, glowing visor.

"Aww, are they so fragile that you have to rush over here to save them from big ol bad me?" Tije said in a mocking tone.

"Nope, not at all. But I don't like it when people start harassing my family. So why don't you do us both a favor and leave before you get hurt."

"I have a better idea; how about *you* leave before *you* get hurt." Tije fired back. "As it stands, I have quite a few friends here. And what do you have?" Tije said, signaling the other members of his group. And a large mass of people started to gather around.

Jasten looked around and then shrugged. " I have about twelve people. But I guess from the look of things, you want to do everything the hard way." He stated as three people forced their way through the crowd and stood with Jasten and the others.

"But let me give a little bit of information here. See that beautiful Falleen woman? That's my wife. And not only is she an amazing pilot, but she also is an instructor in the Imperial Martial Arts System at the academy. And see those six?" Jasten said, nodding at; Oriyanna, Tors, Shi'anna, Edgend, Ranith, and Quista. "They either work with me or are part of another spec ops team. And her," Jasten said, pointing toward Rella. "She is a master practitioner of Teras Kasai. So if you want to play, let's do it."

"And you can't count; you have eleven people here, and you have only blabbed on about nine," Tije stated dryly.

"Breeza and Lidgy are just here to enjoy themselves, but I can imagine they can take care of themselves. As for number eleven, why don't you look behind you."

Tije turned around and found himself staring at a shadowy figure with glowing red orbs for eyes. In one swift movement, the figure picked Tije by the throat and hoisted him into the air.

"You know, you should be thankful that our wives, fiancees, and girlfriend's sensibilities rubbed off on us. Because right now, if it had been up to the rest of us, we would have taken you out back; and buried you!" Jasten replied.

"Xendar, if you don't mind. Could you put him down, please," Lidgy asked politely. Xendar turned his head toward Lidgy and looked at him for a moment. Then set Tije on the floor.

"At least someone has some common sense," Tije said, coughing.

"No, not at all. I just wanted to be the one who punched you in the face." Lidgy said as he launched a wicked left cross into Tije's jaw, spinning him around and dropping him to the floor.

It was at that moment. All bets were off, and everything descended into chaos.

"Let's get out of here! Zax Keevo shouted while dodging a piece of furniture haphazardly thrown at the stage.

"Wait!" Sqygorn shouted. "Activate the shield generators and keep playing!"

Allie Grosser quickly reached inside her jacket and pulled out a small remote.

"Yes! Activate the shield generators and errrrk!" Sqygorn cried out as someone, or something snapped him up and hurled him at the stage. Allie stabbed the button as hard and as fast as she could, praying that the shields would activate quickly.

It seemed as if Allie's prayers were answered as the figure of Sqygorn filled her sight, but abruptly stopped in mid-air. Sqygorn had smacked against the shield with a wet slap. He then slowly slid down the shield, making a sound not unlike rubber, sliding down a wet pane of glass.

Allie then watched in shock as the doorway to the trophy room was blown open, and two figures came running out. One was wearing a rancor head mask, and the other, a Wampa head mask.

"Bull rush!" the two shouted as they lowered their heads and plowed through the crowd.

And just when things couldn't get any worse, The lighting system blew, throwing the entire club into darkness. Allie watched as a surge of force lighting came from the hand of the character wearing the rancor mask and blasted into the ceiling above her head, raining down large chunks of the ceiling. Allie watched as one piece seemed to come down in slow motion. She realized that the chunk was going to hit her, but she had become so preoccupied with it; that she did not think to move. And as the chunk connected with her head, it knocked her into the wondrously blissful blackness of unconsciousness.

Several days later.

50 km west of the new proposed CSP capital, Elaya,

Seraph, Caperion System, 40 ABY

"I thought that Lidgy was your name," Ristaria said as everyone was helping clean up the outdoor dining area after dinner.

Lidgy smiled nonchalantly as he picked up some dishes. "Nope, just a nickname I picked up as a kid. There was a human girl named Linsti who was always curious about other species of beings. So her mom and my mom became friends, so she used to spend a lot of time at my home. This one time, she brought her little toddler cousin over. Who was just as curious as she was. I remember going into a goofball act, and I said something like, "You're not afraid of me? You should be! It is a well-known fact that all humans are afraid of little green men!" At that point, Linsti, her mother, and my mother lost it and started laughing their heads off. And since Linsti's cousin was just learning how to speak and couldn't the whole thing, fired off the name Lidgy. And every time that she saw me, that's what she called me. And it kind of stuck."

"Speaking of someone being young, it looks like someone bought their ticket to Sleepytown," Lidgy said as he watched Xendar pick up a sleeping Daesha. "I imagine Linsti would be having the time of her life, pestering everyone here about their background. I think she would have been very interested in Oriyanna and Xendar."

Ristaia just shrugged. "Oriyanna is Zeltron, Human, Sephi, and Echani. And Xendar is Human, Echani, Juhani, and Zeltron. Nothing special there."

Before Ristaria could say anymore, a loud blast of laughter interrupted everyone.

"What in the world is going on?" Ristaria demanded.

"Hey! You laughing Rancors! Could you keep it down? Daesha is trying to sleep," Xendar fired off in an irritated tone.

"Sorry about that," Jasten, Tors, and Si'vran stated as they wiped their eyes. "But everyone should see this," Jasten stated as he pointed toward the holovid projector.

"And on the entertainment front, Zax Keevo has lit up the music industry with his new smash hit, "Brawling in the Club." Zelbro Ciast has more, Zeblro?" The announcer stated.

"Thank you, Sherliby. Yes, "Brawling in the Club" has taken the world of Seraph by storm! In an exclusive interview with Zax Keevo's manager Allie Grosser, She relates that the song was inspired by actual events. And she would like to thank the people of Scholea Palantinae for their cooperation in the making of the music video. And to show their appreciation, they have granted Seraph Entertainment News a first look at the new music video.

As the video played across the screen. Everyone in the room watched as the events of several nights played out in a strange play of events, some real, some fabricated. The highlight of the video was the massive brawl that took place in the main section of the club. "There's Oriyana," Ristaria began. "And Jasten, Deshavara, Tors, Edgend, and Rella. You have quite an arm Shi'Anna; that guy you hit in the head with that bottle must have been at least twenty meters away."

The whole room went quiet for a while. But Jasten, never being one to let much get him down. "I don't know what the problem is. As far as most people are concerned, we helped out with the making of a music video. So I don't that there is any problem." He said confidently. But then added. "But to be on the safe side let's not show this to Daesha."