

Real Jedi Punks

By the Psychopathic Jedi

III Two More Problems

When they arrived at Eclipse, Jaina was stunned to see the redecoration. She held back her laughter. Uncle Luke had a lot to catch up on: the walls were painted colors like bright pink and orange with flowers and rainbows on them. People wore oddly colored sunglasses and guys had their hair long and wore un-washed clothes. The new lightsaber models were also colored outrageously, with striped blades and polka dotted handles.

"Hi!" Mara said, glaring back at someone as she greeted them. Luke and Han were arguing over something. Jaina couldn't help it any longer. She burst out laughing.

Just then, Han walked in....with a mullet and purple-tinted glasses. "Dad! your embarrassing us!" Jacen and Jaina said. Tenel Ka and Zekk snorted, and Lowbacca growled something.

Emteedee's upper half said, "Lowbacca is pointing out that master Solo has quite a lot more hair than he does..." Lowbacca stepped on him, permanently damaging the stupid thing.

Han put on his best what-did-I-do-I'm-perfectly-innocent face. "What did I do? I'm perfectly innocent!"

Mara raised an eyebrow at him. "The day a Corellian is right about being perfectly innocent is the day I shave my head."

Han didn't say anything, just handed Mara an electric razor.

"Thanks," she said sarcastically. "But I don't think Luke will like that idea much."

Han waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, don't worry about him. He's clueless." Han turned toward his brother-in-law, who was dancing to a step called, "The shotgun." He raised his voice to be heard over the music, "Isn't that right, Luke?"

Luke stopped and stared back with a blank expression on his face, "Huh?"

Mara turned back to the Solos and shook her head.

"What are shaking your head like that for, Mara?" Han asked. "I'm willing to bet that that's a look you get a lot from him."

Mara smiled and tossed the razor back to him. "I think you'll be needing this more than I will. H'mm?"

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Jaina realized that they were being followed by someone as the punks left to find some sanity. She determined that there were two people following them by reaching out with the Force.

"Gosh darn it, you two! Can't we go anywhere without you?" Zekk said angrily to Valin and his sister. The two shook their heads. "Nope." Jysella said innocently.

Jaina sighed. "Fine. You can follow us, as long as you follow us from a very long distance. And please go change your clothes. Uncle Luke has you poor people in outfits from before known humanity." she said to the two. They smiled identically and rushed off. Jaina was surprised at how gullible they were...

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Tahiri giggled.

"What happened to you?" she asked Anakin.

He glared at her. "How was I supposed to know that brown hair didn't dye yellow?" he said gruffly.

Tahiri thought he sounded like Han when he was angry. "I can help you re-do it." she offered.

Anakin thought for a minute. "Okay. But no more of you own hairstyles. Just dye it." he replied.

Tahiri grinned. "Oh, don't worry. I'll stick to just the dye." she said, already coming up with a 'do in mind.

Anakin looked doubtful.

A few minutes later, he stared in astonishment at Tahiri's dye job. "What did you do?!?" he asked, surprised at his girlfriend.

Tahiri giggled uncontrollably. "I only used dye!" she said, pointing out the obvious fact.

"But you messed my head up!" he protested.

Anakin's hair was striped, polka dotted, and basically tie-dyed. He looked like an escapee from a circus.

"No I didn't!" Tahiri said.

Anakin ran his fingers through his hair. "I look like one of uncle Luke's deranged Jedi!" he said.

Jaina walked by the door, did a double take, and came in. "What did you do?" she asked, giggling.

Anakin shook his head in defeat. "I let Tahiri dye my hair. Oh well. There's a first and a last time for everything." he replied.

Tahiri got herself under control and grinned. "But I did just what he told me." she explained.

Jaina looked between the two of them, giggled again at Anakin, and said, "Well, we're on in a concert for Eclipse in about three minutes." Anakin nearly screamed.

"You expect me to go out in public like this?!?"

Jaina shrugged. She headed for the door. "Sure--wear a hat." she said.

Tahiri stared guiltily at the floor. She giggled again, despite herself.

Anakin was just about to say something, when a sound came from the ship's intercom. He could make out Jacen, and Tenel Ka. Giggling laughter and loud Wookie roars, also laughter, played into his ears. Tahiri left behind Jaina, and a few minutes later, the com shut off, leaving Anakin alone to mess with his hair.

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Valin and Jysella hurried to change clothes: Anakin and Jaina told them to. They put on some crazy clothes, and Valin pulled out a box of smuggled hair-dye. He figured the twins would never know it was gone and Jysella's hair could use some jazzing up.

"What color did you grab, Val?" asked Jysella.

"Umm... neon orange. Is that ok?" said Valin.

"Neon orange! Mom and Dad won't like this. Let's do it!" moments later, Jysella emerged from the refresher with a head of neon hair.

Valin laughed out loud. "I love it, Jys! I think it's a keeper—" but he was cut off by a sudden shriek from his mom, who had just entered the room.

"JYSELLA! -" Valin's eyes were the size of datapads when he heard his Mom enter the room.

"Umm, gotta fly Mom, gotta concert to see!" said Valin and they dodged by her and their father. "Well," said Valin, "I like it even if Mom doesn't. I think it's astral!"

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Jaina basically had to drag Anakin out of hiding. She and Jacen ended up using the Force to levitate him out of the ship. They were almost to the stage when two small figures ran in front of them, chased by Mirax and Corran Horn. Jaina kept from giggling as Valin and Jysella evaded their parents. Valin ended up hiding behind Tenel Ka and Jysella behind Zekk. Jaina finally caught a glimpse of why Mirax was chasing them.

"Neon Orange?!?" Jacen said in disbelief.

Jaina giggled. "Well, Anakin, you are no longer alone with your hair problems."

Valin and Jysella darted out onto the stage, with Corran and Mirax hot on their tails. They leapt off it into the screaming crowd, and squeezed into the front row and blended in with the rest of the raving crowd. Corran and Mirax leapt out after them, but the surging crowd carried them far, far away from their kids.

The band took their spots onstage, and the crowd quieted. Ta-hiri began playing the first few notes, and the crowd roared. Among those in the first row were Mara and Luke, who were jumping up and down in excitement, screaming their heads off, and Leia and Han who were shouting their lungs out, and Valin and Jysella, waving and screaming like mad lunatics.

Corran and Mirax looked lost and out of place, covering their ears and trying to work thier way out, when the song began and they stopped, began listening, tapping thier feet and rocking to the music. Then they went nuts, jumping and screaming and laughing, and joined the crowd.

The song was about the inadequacies of the senate, exaggerating the deeds of several senators, especially Councilor Fey'lya. The crowd went nuts, especially as all knew of the Senate's problems.

The song about what not to say to a Rancor was a big hit with the audience as well. However, the song that brought the house down was "Lowie's Song" sung by Jacen.

(First verse: sung to the tune of "Leia's Theme," from ANH)

My true love has gone away
She said that she'd be back
Someday
Now it seems
That she will stay
O' how could I let
Her
Get away?

The crowd erupted in cheers after the last verse has been sung. There was hardly a dry eye in the house. After the standing ovation, the band finished up with "Follow the Stars", a song about the future with better things yet to come. Once more the audience screamed until they were hoarse.

The band members took their bows and basked in the sound of hundreds of beings cheering for them.

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The Punks were lounging in a bar after the concert had ended. The kids all sat at one table, their parents at another.

"Uh-oh," Jacen breathed. "Looks like trouble."

Jaina and Zekk turned to follow Jacen's gaze. Jaina felt a knot form in the pit of her stomach. Zekk felt roughly the same sensation as he identified the bars four new occupants: the Horn family.

Anakin pretended not to notice them, but he knew full well that Corran could sense his apprehension.

Tahiri choked down a fresh fit of giggles at the sight of Jysella's neon hair.

The quartet passed the adults seated near the entrance, headed straight for the Punks.

Zekk swallowed hard. The oldest and one of the leaders-- he felt the responsibility to speak up first. "Uh. H-hi, Corran, Mrs. Horn. How did you like the concert?" He only hoped that the terror pouring off of him was less noticeable by the bravado he forced into his voice. Maybe bravado isn't exactly the word for it....

Mirax ignored the question, and instead posed one of her own: "What have you seven done to my daughter!" She noted the change in Anakin's hair (which she found extremely hard to miss). "Anakin, do you know what happened?"

Anakin, of course, wasn't entirely sure, but if Mirax was anything like his own mother, she wouldn't buy that Bantha fodder for a second. He decided honesty would have to be the best policy, whether it worked or not. Oh well. "Mrs. Horn, I'm sorry. They must have gotten the dye out of my room. I could have sworn the door was locked. From the inside, too. I guess I was mistaken."

Mirax was fuming. "Oh, whatEVER!" she screamed. "I'll bet one of YOU did this!"

Corran put a calming hand on his wife's shoulder. "Honey, I'm sure it was an accident. Let's not--"

Mirax cut him off. "Oh, shut up, you! For all I know, YOU could have had something to do with this, Green!"

Corran threw his arms up. "Hey! I washed that out years ago, as per your orders, Commander!"

Jaina spoke up, not wanting to witness a drunken brawl, especially between two people that weren't drunk (but the press messes that stuff up anyway). "Mrs. Horn, I'm sure that will wash right out in a few days. Anakin doesn't have anything completely permanent."

Jacen held up his index finger. "Ah, except for the bleach he got last week."

Mirax's jaw hit the floor, and her temper went through the roof. "THE WHAT!!!! BLEACH!!!!"

Corran shrugged. "Well, that explains the orange color on her hair. Anakin, why don't you get the GOOD stuff?"

Jaina and Zekk stood. "I know what we can do," she said calmly. "Zekk and I will go find some dye that matches the color of her original hair. We'll get enough of it to last until her hair grows out all the way. Okay?"

Zekk nodded, not sure why he felt sorry for them.

Mirax pulled her husband aside. She raised an eyebrow expectantly.

Corran spread his arms in confusion. "What? What am I supposed to say?"

Mirax thought. "Okay, we'll take their offer. But, I want to go with them to make sure they get the right color. Okay Green?"

Corran snapped himself into a salute. "Yes ma'am."

Mirax smiled smugly. "Good. I'm glad you agree. At ease soldier."

As Corran walked back to the Punks' table behind his wife, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be heard: "Geeze, and I thought Tavira was pushy."

Zekk tried to be pleasant. "So? What's the verdict?"

Mirax took a breath. "Okay. We'll take your offer. But we're coming with you."

Jaina and Zekk nodded. "Alright. Shall we then?"

Mirax nodded once, turned to the door, grabbing Jysella's hand. "You're coming too, young lady."

Corran followed with Valin. "I'm not sure how," he said to his son. "But I'm almost POSITIVE that you had something to do with this."

Jaina found her younger brother's wrist, pulled him after her, with much protest. "Why do I hafta go? You volunteered, not me!"

"Oh, hush you," she scolded.

"Consider it part of your punishment," Zekk added, "For being such a numb-skull."

"And leave your hat behind," Jaina ordered, tossing the garment to Tahiri. "Hold this for me, Tahiri. He'll want it when we get back." Then said to Jacen, "We'll meet you back at the apartment if we're gone past twenty-two hundred. Got it?"

Jacen threw her a casual salute. "Aye-aye Captain."

Anakin mumbled and grumbled the whole way and back. His face was a neon red the whole time, even though people recognized him as one of the Punks and usually has wild hair colors. To him, Tahiri went waaaay over board. So, he purchased some more semi-permanent in hopes to color over his hair disaster.

Mrs. Horn was in a decidedly bad mood the whole time and everyone could sense Jysella and Valin's guilt and quiet amusement. Anakin couldn't figure out why the amusement: if he had Mirax and Corran chewing him out he'd not be in good spirits. Fortunately for the kids, Mirax wasn't Force sensitive and if she could sense their exhilaration, they'd probably be grounded for life. He sighed. Life was so complicated.

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Once back at the ship, Anakin began working on his hair. First he tried the yellow dye. That only made his hair turn split-pea soup green with black streaks.

A giggle from the doorway diverted his attention. It was Tahiri. "Well, at least my dye job gave you some character. Now, you'll just make people feel hungry!"
