

# Real Jedi Punks

By the Psychopathic Jedi

## IV *A Terrifying Incident*

---

Later, back at the cantina, Tahiri and Jaina sat discussing Anakin's new hair-do, while Jacen and Anakin argued about who should sing the solo for the upcoming concert.

All of a sudden, Tenel Ka let out a scream that shook the whole room. Looking around, the Punks all gasped in astonishment. Luke had entered. His hair was cut into a Mohawk, died pink, and he wore leather clothes. Two rings went through his nose, and his tongue was also pierced. "Dude, what y'all lookin' at. Just gettin into the mood," he grunted. He held up his hand. "You homies want some pot?"

Still speechless, the Jedi Punks shook their heads "no" in disbelief. Anakin was the first to speak. "You know, Uncle Luke, I think you're finally getting the idea. Have a beer. Want some Andris? I've got some of that too."

"Sorry, dudes gotta run. This loser challenged me to a fight, and I'm gonna kick his @\$\$. See you later." He exited the building.

It was Mara Jade who entered shortly after. She looked worried, and wearily asked the Jedi if they had seen Luke. Not wanting to tell Mara about the fight Luke had gone off to, they all shrugged their shoulders and went back to their business.

This loser whose @\$\$ Luke was going to kick was none other than Ponda Baba, who had beaten Luke in a bar brawl years before. The Aqualish squealed something in his own language; it probably wasn't worth translating, especially since no Dr. Evazan was there to do the honor. The two met in the alley behind the bar inhabited by the Punks. Ponda charged, running full force towards Luke.

"Well, do you like me now?" murmured Luke. He spun, using the Force to nudge the Aqualish off to the side. Then, after a serious amount of pummeling the Solar Plexus, Luke clopped Ponda on the head with the butt of his lightsaber. Ponda went sprawling into a pile of trash canisters, out cold.

Most unfortunately, Mara heard the loud crash in the bar. Throwing a look at the Punks, she hurried outside.

Mara ran to the alley and was shocked by what she saw. Luke, if it was he, was sitting in the dirt, wearing leather, a Mohawk, and assorted body piercing. An Aqualish lay unconscious in a pile of trash canisters. Feeling anger welling up inside her like a cyclone, Mara did the most logical thing she could think of. She pulled her blaster and stunned Luke.

\* \* \*

Mara laid a backhand sharply across her husband's cheek, unceremoniously flinging him awake.

Luke sat bolt upright, then fell down again as he hit his head on the bunk above him.

Resisting the urge to do MORE damage, Mara went for her secret weapon: a bucket of ice. Mara happily dumped a ten-liter bucket on Luke's torso, from which she had removed his tacky fake leather jacket.

Luke let out a rather girly squeal and rolled off the bed and onto the floor.

"Good morning, Sunshine," Mara said, beaming proudly at her accomplishment. "Want some breakfast?"

"No!" Luke screamed in reply. "I want a hot shower! Cold! Oh, this ice is cold!"

Mara chuckled, watching him dive into the shower. He turned the water on as hot as it would go. Mara smiled smugly. "I know dearest," she said to herself. "But I found myself hotwiring in my sleep. There'll be no hot water for you."

Luke jumped in then jumped right back out. He whirled to face Mara. "What is the matter with you, you demented little freak?!?!? Do you take pleasure in my pain?"

Mara, still chuckling, replied, "Only when it's funny. I think this falls into that category."

Storming out of the room, Luke went to the Solo's apartment to find a nice hot shower. Ignoring the strange looks he received in the halls and on the elevator, Luke walked right in to the Solo's living room.

Jaina was in the room, with the lights off, sleeping. She quickly flipped on the lights to see who had entered. As soon as the lights were on, she screamed.

"Uncle Luke! What are you doing here? You're naked!!!" Luke looked down. He had forgotten to put on his clothes. "Oops"

Jaina's scream had brought her two brothers running. Jacen threw up his hands. "Uncle Luke! Go back and put on some clothes!"

"Hurry, before Aunt Mara finds you here!" Anakin also hid his face. Jaina just kept her eyes shut.

\* \* \*

Mara calmly knocked on the Solo's door. She forced herself to breathe at a normal pace. Luke would pay...

\* \* \*

Jacen and Anakin both reacted to the knock at the same time. With one hand still over his eyes, Jacen pulled Luke over to a back door. Anakin opened it for him, and Luke got the message. He hid in the back alley. Jaina tossed an ysalamiri necklace out after him.

When they got back, a sleepy Tahiri, confused Tenel Ka, and equally both Zekk were waiting for them.

"Was that master Skywalker?" Tenel Ka asked.

"With no clothes on?" Zekk added.

Jaina nodded sadly. "I worry about his mental health," she voiced.

Tahiri was looking at the door. "Um...Mara is still out there." she said.

Jaina jumped and ran to open the door, pulling her tube top up as she ran. "Uh...Hi Aunt Mara? What brings you here?" Jaina asked.

"I was looking for--"

"Uncle Luke hasn't been here all night! We haven't seen him!" Jaina said.

Mara raised an eyebrow. "You wouldn't be... lying to me, would you?"

"Sithspit! Look at the time! I'll see you tomorrow!" Jaina said, shutting the door.

Jacen whistled. "Nice one. I give her three minutes." Jaina glared over her bare shoulder at him.

\* \* \*

At one in the morning, Jaina looked out over her friends and brothers. The punks had decided to stay up. Too many weird things had been happening lately. Tahiri and Anakin were sleeping on the floor. Jacen and Tenel Ka were talking on a couch. Jaina herself was between Lowie and Zekk on the floor.

The Wookiee's drunken snoring was keeping her awake. She leaned back on her elbows and opened a beer. When Lowie went to snore again, she poured it down his throat. he giggled quietly as he stopped snoring. Jaina went to sleep when Lowie woke up for more beer.

The next day, the Jedi punks decided to leave the academy. Mirax Horn and her commando Corran were on a rampage because the supposed 'brown hair dye' that Jysella had used had instead made her head bright purple.

Jaina looked longingly at her ship, the Fizz Hound as the punks stole the Jade Saber. It had better beer supplies and food pre units, anyway.

Jaina waved cheerily to her Aunt Mara. She was prepping up the Jade Sabre for flight. Mara was shouting something, waving her arms. Anakin waved back. She was almost to the ship--

"My ship! My ship!" she was shouting. Jaina pretended not to hear her and took off for Dantooine.

Once the Punks reached space, Anakin unstrapped his crash webbing and bounded into the cockpit. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"Dantooine," replied Jaina.

"Um... you know the planet doesn't really have enough people on it to fill a freighter, right? It's mostly plains and swamps and herds of animals." said Anakin.

"I know," replied Jaina. "We're going to lie low at Dantooine for a while, and then move on to a concert elsewhere.

The trip to Dantooine went smoothly, or what the Punks considered smooth. Anakin was now attempting to make his hair appear chrome in color. However, the best he could do was a sort of dirty gray, which Jaina said reminded her of landspeeder exhaust.

Jacen fervently hoped that Luke hadn't decided to join a nudist colony. A naked Jedi Master somehow doesn't have an imposing aura surrounding him.

Tahiri meanwhile, was busy redecorating the main hold, turning it into a recording studio.

To Be Continued...

---