

Admiral Antics

Vice Admiral Marenta strolled into the cantina on board the SSD Avenger to gather with her fellow admirals to do strategizing for Squadron ReMobilization. She noted the general upkeep and cleanliness of the entire ship, since it was way better than what she had experienced on either the Challenge or Warrior. *Must be the Cadets doing all the cleaning*, she thought to herself. Marenta noted that SA Kamjin Lap'lamiz was sitting with AD Phoenix Berkana and VA Silwar Naiilo in the back of the cantina, the table littered with bottles filled with a pinkish-yellow fluid.

As she strolled up to the table, she placed her hand on the back of Silwar's chair and gestured with her other hand toward the collection. "Hello gentlemen. What's all this?"

Silwar turned toward her with a wicked smile, "Well, since you were kind enough to *destroy* all of our Chalquilla platforms, I had to bring my special reserve stock with me so that this planning meeting would go smoothly."

Phoenix snorted but schooled his features quickly. "Right, well, I don't think we will be drinking all of this."

"The hell we aren't!" Kamjin exclaimed as he reached toward a bottle on the table, his hand halting in mid-air when he heard HA Plif, FA Miles Prower, and AD Clark enter the cantina.

Marenta turned toward the cadre and nodded as they approached the table, all three of them eyed the decanters covering the table, ignoring her acknowledgement. Miles and Clark moved to sit beside Kamjin, leaving Plif to stand gawking.

"Surely this cannot be for our *strategy* meeting, Silwar?" Plif turned to look at the Commodore with a baffled expression on his face.

"Like I said as you guys walked in," everyone's eyes snapped to Kamjin as he continued reaching toward a bottle, "we are going to consume this because we can, and because we all think better when we're loose."

"There's no bacta in this, is there?" Clark said, looking uncomfortable with a finger in his collar, like it was trying to strangle him.

"No, no bacta. Just a special blend of Chalquilla." Silwar confirmed.

Kamjin pulled the stopper from a bottle and inhaled the pungent aroma coming from the container. “Oh, that smells like a night of good times and bad decisions.”

Miles leaned forward and clapped his hands together, rubbing them. “I’ll certainly drink, not that it’ll do much, but for camaraderie, why not?”

Marenta chuckled to herself as she heard Plif sigh and walk around the table to sit beside Phoenix. She turned towards the bar and grabbed a stack of glasses to bring back to the table, setting them down gently. She took the seat next to Miles, flipping it around to sit with the chair back to the table and leaning her arms across the top.

Phoenix and Plif started handing out glasses as Kamjin stood and started filling the upraised cups with the liquor. Marenta took her glass and held it up toward Kamjin as the door opened to let in FA Turtle Jerrar, FA Pickled Yoda, FA Tomaas Montte, and AD Eclipse. The four admirals filed in and took in the scene, some smiled eagerly while others looked on impassively at the collection of their peers being served by a Sector Admiral.

“This is going to go well.” Yoda said sarcastically as he plopped into a chair next to Plif.

Eclipse sat down next to Yoda and nudged his shoulder, “Don’t be such a grumpus. I may have to put another plastic snake in your bed if you don’t cheer up!” She reached out to take a glass, giving the dour Pickled Yoda a warm smile.

Marenta handed a full glass to Montte who sat next to her. He looked at her, gave her a nod and then pulled an old paper book out of his pocket and started reading. She gave a shrug and handed Turtle his glass as he sprawled in the chair, leaning just far enough forward to nab the libations and tilted the glass toward Marenta with a smug grin before taking a sip.

Marenta took a drink of the liquor and was shocked to find it wasn’t as astringent as normal Chalquilla; it tasted just like it but it wasn’t overpowering or cause caustic burns when it touched your lips. She smacked her lips, listening to the general chatter go around the table about reports and squadrons and activity and potential threats.

After a short while, or an eternity, Marenta didn’t know, she was completely inebriated, as were her compatriots. The number of bottles blurred together as she leaned on Miles’ soft-but-hard shoulder, laughing at a story that Turtle was forcing Plif to tell when her attention was pulled to Kamjin who wobbled to an upright

position to loom over the table. She kept giggling because it appeared that Kamjin was also completely drunk and was about to topple into all the bottles on the table as he raised his hands in a shushing motion.

There was still some general mirth and many smiles on faces as everyone quieted down, paying rapt attention to the lone standing admiral.

“My fellooow,” Kamjin yurked and continued, “admirals. Weee are so com-comp-complete gooing to kich Reeemoob,” Kamjin hiccuped and giggled, “moob, heh. ReMoeblishition in da arsh.” He leaned to the side and Silwar jerkily righted him. “Fanks! Less have some fuuunnn. ‘Clips men-min-mensh-said prank,” Kamjin was interrupted.

“No, I dinnit.” Eclipse sounded like she was being scolded.

“SSSSSSNNNAKESSSSS!” Yoda slurred heavily, almost flopping out of his chair as he turned to Eclipse.

“Anywayz, less do it! Less prank all squads!” Kamjin raised a fist as if he were leading a rallying cry and almost toppled into Silwar again.

Marenta looked around the table in a lolling manner, seeing the glassy-eyed expressions on everybody’s faces and the nods or smiles of agreement to the plan.

“Nononono, we cannnnt. Deres,” Plif paused as if thinking hurt, “like fourteen squads, man!” He held up a hand with four fingers to indicate the number. “We need ta split up ‘cross ships.”

“Good! Coms no go to same ships! Silwar,” Kamjin leaned over the other man like he was going to flop on top of him, “go Warreeor. Nd Feniz, you go ta Chall. Marmar, to da Hammie! I follow to Challnja.”

Marenta nodded her head repeatedly and pushed out of the chair to fall backwards on her posterior on the floor, and giggled. Marenta grabbed the fur-covered hand offered to her and was jerked to her feet almost too quickly. “Thanks a bunches, Milesss.” She grinned at the Vulpine robot, who pointed her in the direction of Plif and Clark.

“Go have fun on the Hammer!” Miles waved at her when she almost stumbled toward the other two admirals who were hanging off each other walking unsteadily toward the cantina entrance.

After some considerable negotiating, she and her two inebriated friends got onboard a shuttle being manned by an unsuspecting pilot cadet. Marenta laughed the entire trip and almost fell face-first, stumbling down the ramp into the empty hangar-bay.

“Shhhushs! Dun wake sship!” Clark said but then burped immediately, making Marenta chuckle.

“Yus, quiet ta ketchen.” Plif whispered loudly and started making exaggerated tip-toe movements toward the lift.

The trio stumbled their way with little fanfare toward the Hammer’s kitchen to find cookies, aluminum foil, nut butter, bullion cubes, a plate, and fish paste. Marenta opened every cabinet and drawer, leaving things in disarray. She glanced at Clark and Plif who were having as little care as she was while searching and gave a shrug and continued looking. Once she found the bullion cubes and foil, she shuffled toward her partners-in-crime who were holding the other items that they would need.

“Kay, got it all. Lez go.” Clark said after touching every item they were holding.

They fumbled their way through the quiet passageways to the Epsilon berthing, and in exaggeratedly slow steps went to the lavatory. Clark held out the four tubes of fish paste as Plif and Marenta clumsily removed the labels off the toothpaste to adhere them to the fish paste tubes instead. Marenta tried to hold in her snickers as long as possible when she and Plif put the fish paste tubes in the holders and started backing out as quietly as she could.

Plif started coughing as they entered the passageway from holding in his laughter as much as possible.

“SSHHHSHSSSHSSZZZ!” Marenta hushed out loud.

Clark crept down the passageway toward Delta Squadron’s quarters and dumped the cookies onto the plate. Marenta and Plif staggered toward Clark’s careful engineering to see what he was doing, both of them leaning on each other hushing the other for being too loud. Clark squished the toothpaste onto a cookie and smashed another cookie on top of it, making a messy sandwich, and then held it up so she and Plif could see. Clark put the cookie on the plate and gestured to the plate and held out the pilfered tubes of toothpaste. Marenta and Plif each took one and squatted down to help with the cookie operation, and soon the entire bag of cookies were made into sandwiches with the tubes of toothpaste discarded in the passageways. Clark stood up with the plate and almost fell into the wall, smiling down at Marenta and Plif, he held a finger in front of his lips in the sign of *quiet*.

Marenta plopped on her butt and watched Clark creep into Delta's berthing and placed the plate of gag cookies on the flight room table, creeping back out toward the passageway.

"Las sleepin squad, rest out. Shhhh!" Plif said right before the doorway to Lambda's berthing. Marenta and Clark nodded enthusiastically before following Plif into the room. He opened the jar of nut butter and used a spoon from the kitchenette to plop gobs of poop-like piles around the room, flinging trails of it on the deck, bulkheads, and ceiling. Marenta covered her mouth with her hand to prevent herself from laughing out at the destruction, exiting when Plif indicated he was done.

"Alpha is train," Clark hiccupped, "ing simulazer."

They jostled their remaining items and stumbled along to Alpha's berthing, entering the empty room and almost falling down in their haste to get to the lavatory. Marenta dropped the jar of bullion cubes but laughed when it didn't break and shook the jar vigorously to test its integrity, getting a vicious bout of nausea from the sudden movement.

"Uh, dun feel so gud." Marenta moaned.

"Puke dere!" Plif pointed toward one of the toilets. "Clark and me gunna do dis." Marenta floundered her way to the first toilet as Plif and Clark went to work removing the shower heads and putting bullion cubes inside. She barfed up until she got dry heaves and finally a shoulder shake from Plif to indicate they should leave. She nodded with a drooping head and forced herself upright to follow along.

"Laszt squadron!" Clark said, using the wall for support.

"Almost dun. Thank starz." Marenta mumbled.

They entered the last berthing room and each took a roll of foil, getting to work on wrapping all the loose items in the flight room. By the time they were done, they decided to leave all the hijinks supplies behind and rush back to the shuttle to make their escape. Each of them was still fairly drunk, and could barely walk straight, but they wobble-ran their way back to the hangar bay to collapse into the seats on the shuttle.

"Back ta Avenjr!" Plif pointed out the front window, leaning heavily on the cadet's chair, like he could direct the craft with his will power. Plif's body did a jerking motion when the shuttle lifted off and he fell into a seat behind the pilot's and started laughing. Clark stared at him and then took up the laughing jag, Marenta felt herself giving into the hilarity and joined in.

Once again the time on the shuttle seemed to be long and short as they finally landed.

“Hey, we firzst onez dun! Yay us!” Plif said, looking to confirm that both Clark and Marenta saw the evidence that they won the race.

Clark snorted loudly. “Who cares, lez go drink summore!”

All three of them careened down the ramp and fumbled their way back to the cantina, hoping to dig into more of Silwar’s private stash. Marenta leaned into Clark as they entered the cantina and walked back toward the table with their glasses and bottles strewn around it. She plopped down in the chair she was sitting in before and grabbed her glass and the opened bottle of alcohol, pouring more of the pinkish liquid than was reasonable.

After some indeterminate time, and possibly more alcohol than was smart, Marenta noticed Turtle, Miles, and Silwar navigate their way into the cantina, both Turtle and Silwar leaning heavily on the fox-like male.

“Heyao guies!” Marenta waved enthusiastically, and teetered to the side before catching herself.

“Sup?” Turtle slurred as he threw himself back into the chair he had previously occupied. “Have seeeen Mon-TEE?”

Marenta looked at Plif and then Clark, both of them smiling but with blank looks on their faces. “Uh, noooo?” She responded, looking back to Turtle. Silwar leaned forward on the table and started sorting through the bottles to find the open one and Clark grabbed it, clinking the glass with the lip of the bottle carelessly while pouring. He topped off Silwar’s glass and gestured to Turtle, “More?”

Turtle nodded slowly and gripped the glass in front of his seat like it was a lifeline when Miles sighed, “Here, let me do that for you before you both hurt yourselves,” and Miles took the bottle from Clark’s almost limp grip to pour the Fleet Admiral another healthy serving of the liquid.

“Thanks!” was echoed from both Turtle and Clark.

Marenta upended her glass and thumped it down onto the table causing Silwar to jump and almost spill his liquor down his uniform.

“Hey, don waste gud Cha-,” he burped and continued, “lquiLA!”

“Wuznt my fawwwwlt.” She cried out.

“Szalways yer falt, Marmar.” Kamjin shouted from the entrance of the cantina, leading the last procession of inebriated admirals back to the table to continue their merriment.

“Szz nawt!” Marenta exclaimed and bumped Miles with the hand holding the glass to indicate she wanted a refill.

“Soooo is!” Plif gestured at her with his glass like he was making the final point in an argument.

Marenta fumed but smiled at Miles as he filled her glass up and took a sip. She blearily watched him refill the glasses of the other admirals taking their spots at the table.

Kamjin snatched up his full glass from the table and took a drink before starting, “Soooo, who dun wut?”

Marenta leaned back when everyone started talking at once about what happened, and noticed a few others blink back the onslaught of noise as well. Kamjin waved his hands and almost sloshed his drink, giving the group a chance to quiet down before he pointed to Silwar.

“Me?” Silwar pointed to his chest with the hand holding his drink and looked poleaxed by the sudden call out. “Uh, coved all pads in helmitts wif black markur in Sin.”

Marenta burst out laughing, imagining all of Sin Squadron with black marks on their faces from the helmets, and continued to laugh as the rest of the table joined in.

Kamjin’s laughter eased as he pointed to Phoenix.

Phoenix started laughing before even explaining, but was finally able to get a handle on it. “We spreh paint barsh of sewp wif clear paint!” Phoenix started laughing and gasping, “For Eagle!” Everybody started laughing again and Marenta couldn’t help but imagine trying to take a shower without your soap working.

“Oh we gots ones bet-ter! Put fish paste as toofpazte for Epsilawn!” Clark was laughing so hard that there was a considerable pause between each word. Once he finished the whole of the table sat laughing so hard, breathing became an issue, but Marenta continued to take drinks of her neverending glass.

“Nd den, went ta Delta wif cookies to make dem sammiches with tha toothpaste filling!” Plif guffawed at the end of this sentence, while everyone else continued laughing uproariously.

“SOOOO GROSSSS!” Eclipse exclaimed while continuing to laugh.

“Nononono, we put glittur in da Firebird lockurz!” Pickled Yoda said quickly.

“I liked da pink socks in ‘Ferno bettah.” Eclipse started smacking Yoda’s arm as they both continued laughing.

“Man, so goooooood! Put up goooooogle eyez on fotos for Rho!” Turtle shouted out, slapping the table top while continuing to laugh.

Marenta was having a hard time seeing since she was cry-laughing so badly, but then shouted, “Poop!” She inhaled a deep breath to control the laughing to speak, but was having a difficult time, so she rambled, “Nut-buttah-globs-like-poop-Lambda!” She broke down laughing again and said, “Ewok poop!”

The whole table erupted at “ewok poop” and went on for some time before Miles could chime in. “We also put clear plastic wrap on all the toiles in the lavatory for Theta Squadron.” Miles started laughing again as the rest of the table started to devolve into hysterics.

“Took time but sewd leg arm of fly sewt in Thundar!” Kamjin blurted out in the middle of the laughter, causing even more laughter.

Silwar was pounding his fist on the table trying to regain his breath. “Drew bugs. Screeeeenz. Kappa,” and continued to punch his fist down and gasp in while laughing.

“Best! BEST! Itch powdurrr in Temp-st!” Phoenix could barely get out the words without choking on his laughs.

Clark pointed around the table and shouted, “BULL-Y-ON IN ALFA SHOWERS!!”

Laughing continued to roll on, unabated, leaving faces purple and red with exertion.

“Last was Betah! Foil rapt EVRETING!” Plif had his arms around his middle, shaking with laughter as the pranks were elaborated on and retold late into the night.

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Loud clanking and muffled discussion filtered through Marenta’s brain at a sluggish pace, barely being interpreted by her confused mind. She heard moaning nearby, and sounds of heaving sickness. Slowly awareness crept in as she felt the hard decking under her body, exploring the rough surface with her fingertips. She turned her head to the side and smelled the acidic tang of bile mixed with alcohol



and her stomach rolled, causing her body to languidly react to the sudden desire to expel the contents of her stomach. She rolled to her side, body aching and protesting the movement.

Groaning, she reached for her face to rub the bad decisions and the missing memories away. After a few minutes of pressing the heels of her hands to her eyes and continuing to process the sounds, she knew that there were Cadets cleaning up the area and talking quietly amongst themselves. Daring to open her eyes a peep, she saw what she suspected and noticed a few of her Admiral squadmates were also starting to rouse and move around - one or two already in a sitting position, trying to work up the energy to get more upright off the ground.

She placed her hands on the deck and elevated her body to sit up, hoping that the new orientation will wake her up faster. She noticed that Pickled Yoda was on his hands and knees, looking queasy, but awake. Kamjin was propped up on his elbows staring blankly at the table he was part-way underneath, a look of deep consternation on his face.

She noticed the sounds coming from the Cadets ceased and the room stilled. Marenta looked around and eventually her eyes landed on the figure of the Fleet Commander. "Oh, hell."