

A nickname earned.

It was during lunch, some dish I'm not familiar with, couldn't pronounce it, let alone spell it. Pretty good though, I was enjoying it. Then came some uppity officer, making snide and smug remarks about nonhumans and pilots. Then, he took my tray. That got on my nerves. Then he dropped it on the floor talking about 'how animals should eat.' I don't remember a whole lot between that point and waking up in the brig. Apparently I knocked the officer down by slamming my helmet into his face. Sounds about right. Evidently I started yelling at that point, and had reverted to old Tusken as well while yelling. Then the MPs arrived, and apparently I got a hold of a stun stick. I vaguely remember that, and it was no gaderffii stick, but after knocking out two more guards, I evidently used it like one, chanting and waving it above me. That's when a final MP got me in the back. Between getting stunned and my hints of blood lust, no wonder I don't remember much and had to be told what happened. Shame too, sounded like a fun time. Earned me a nickname from my fellow pilots too, 'Tusks,' which might be in bad taste, but they seem to liken it as a term of endearment. Plus it sends a pretty clear and concise message. I also got out with basically a warning. All in all, a good day.