

Earning a name

Von MeltingPenguins

This had been a stupid idea to begin with.

Skazz sighed through his nose, moved a strand of hair from his face, and looked back at his comrade Adrian Turnipseed. And then down at the table where there stood a long line of small glasses, filled with a variety of alcoholica.

Adrian was such a moron. What on the Disc made him think he could actually beat anyone at the Drum in a drinking game? What?

Inwardly Skazz hoped that his fellow student would at least stay rather upright and conscious longer than his opponent. And be it only Adrian's pride that'd keep him from falling over.

There was a tab as long as Short Street at stake if Adrian should lose.

And he would lose.

He was already swooning, while his opponent was merely a bit tipsy.

This won't end well.

"Guess ye 'ave t' leave old UU t'morrow, Bassy," a voice behind the student cackled.

"Bugger off, Scott." Skazz didn't even need to turn around to recognize his own personal enemy, Scott Dustjacket. Granted, Scott finally refrained from physical and psychological attacks towards him ever since Ponder Stibbons had taken Skazz under his wing and turned Scott and his gang into hamsters for a while, but that didn't keep Dustjacket from annoying the living hell out of the student whenever the opportunity arose.

Tonight was one of those times.

All Skazz and Adrian wanted to do was to get a little drink in town along with Skazz earning some extra money at the pool-table.

Then their tour had brought them to the Drum and... things... happened, resulting in Adrian sitting on a table with one of the regular patrons, playing a drinking game with the full tab of ALL currently alive students of the Unseen University at stake.

That alone would have been bad enough. Did Scott have to have been here too?

If Adrian would lose -and he would- there had still been the chance they could have wormed their way out, if Scott hadn't shown up. After all, Skazz's tab was signed with 'Mikocepurus Smythee' and he knew Adrian didn't even have a tab yet. If Scott hadn't yet told anyone that the gangly student's actual name was Sebastian Courtsbridge, he certainly would once Skazz would try to weasel his way out of things.

Sebastian --Skazz-- knew how this would end. Adrian and that other man would drink, Adrian would fall over sloshed first and Scott would inform everyone about who to turn to for the money.

Skazz and Adrian would have to leave the University after that to take up a job somewhere to pay the debt.

And Skazz knew where they'd have to work...And he didn't like the idea... Becoming an errand boy at the guild of lawyers...grizzly thought...

He frowned and watched Scott whisper with his gang from the corner of his eyes when suddenly Adrian spoke up.

"No, not like this..." His hands still laid flat on the table.

"What d'ye mean?" The other man asked. "Yer not gettin' cold feet, now d'ye?"

"Not the slightest. But I thought..." Adrian smirked, "Everyone can down several glasses of whiskey and what have we here...Heavens, most of these liquids are almost clear..." he shook his head, "No, if that much money is at stake, the material should suit the occasion, now shouldn't it?"

Skazz almost smacked his hand against his forehead. Adrian could talk big, but, hell, he couldn't have a plan. It was impossible.

"I suggest we both try to down..." he heard Adrian's voice again, "A pint of shandy."

Now Skazz did smack his forehead.

Of all the possible beverages, a shandy... and a whole bloody pint at that. The beer of Ankh-Morpork alone was... and mixed with the city's lemonade...

The other people in the room gasped and for a moment there was a shocked silence, broken only by the soft thumping caused by Skazz hitting his forehead against the table in desperate frustration.

"Yer boyfriend's suicidal," Scott intoned once people dared to breathe again.

Skazz blew the hair from his face and rose a disgruntled brow. "No, just utterly stupid."

Scott didn't reply. It annoyed him to no end that Bassy --Skazz, Sebastian, whatever-- would never object to Adrian being called 'his boyfriend'.

With a bit of relief Skazz watched Scott finally move away, but that feeling quickly faded when two mugs of shandy were placed on the table.

Even more patrons gathered around to see the spectacle up close and Skazz decided to bury his face in the scarf he was wearing, only peeking out for a moment to see Adrian and the other man get into position, grabbing the mugs and...

"Adrian Turnipseed. You are the biggest bloody idiot I have ever seen in my entire life, dude."

Adrian winced at the sound of Skazz's voice. Though it wasn't even loud. Slowly and carefully he peeled his eyes open, being very, very thankful the room had been darkened. If only Skazz and Ponder Stibbons would talk a little less loud.

"A whole pint?" Stibbons was heard. "Of shandy?" There was a peculiar sound of disbelief in the Reader in Invisible Writings' voice.

"And he downed it. Yes." Skazz announced, upon which Ponder frowned and left the room again, causing Adrian to yowl in pain briefly as the door closed with a, to the student rather noisy, *Thonk*.

"You are a ridiculous moron..." Skazz continued, leaning back in the chair by the

bedside.

"Did I make it?"

"Oh hell yes. Bugger, even Scott was amazed that you managed to down the whole thing and fall over *after* the other bloke."

"Yay...oww..."

"Don't celebrate. That was ridiculously stupid, Drongo."

Adrian stopped and squinted at his fellow student confused, knowing Skazz certainly didn't mean the bird. "Drongo?"

"Well...That's what you are for doing what you did there. A fool, a moron, an idiot...A Drongo... A big mad one at that too."

Adrian sighed and pulled his blanket over his sore head. He knew that name would follow him from now on.