

Driving on the long road to his next destination, Mr. Six's mind begins to wander. It's times like these that remind him of way back when... when he wasn't always the party animal everyone knows from today.

It's a groovy night at the local club. A young Steven Six (just known to his pals as Six) was spending time by himself at the bar. He wasn't drinking of course, wasn't the type. He looked at all the cool cats around him and sighed.

Bargoer: Hey, Six! You lackin' the groove, brother? What's happenin'?

Six waves them away, assuring them that he's fine.

Bargoer: Alright, cat, hang loose!

Six nods and remains at the bar, looking back to the dancefloor solemnly. He wants to have fun with everyone else but...

???: BANG!

Everyone turned around to see a newcomer had entered the club. With a dark leather jacket and his hair slicked back, he strode in and leaned on the nearest wall.

Neerdowell: Alright y'all, I think that'll be quite enough. Me n' my boys here'll be procuring this place for the night.

As he speaks, several other similarly clothed gang members enter the club.

Bargoer: Hey buddy, you can't just waltz in here like you own the place!

Neerdowell: Ha! I believe's that I can.

The leader steps closer.

Neerdowell: Unless one'a youse flakes wants to step to us?

Six looks to group and stands up, his stool skidding across the floor, anger on his face. The gang looks to him, readying their weapons before the leader holds up a hand.

Neerdowell: So, we got ourselves a tough guy here, ay?

Six stands ground, looking him dead in the eye. The neerdowell pauses.

Neerdowell: That look in your eye... you got a burnin' flame deep down inside you. You just wanna let it out.

Six remains steadfast, but his shoulders slump ever so slightly. The leader turns away for a moment, then makes a decision.

Neerdowell: Alright then, here's my proposal.

He points to Six.

Neerdowell: You n' me, dance off, right now. Winner gets to stay, the loser goes. Deal?

Six nods and shakes the man's hand.

Neerdowell: Alright then! Let's groove, punk!

What followed can only be described as an absolute massacre... on the dancefloor. Six moved and grooved with finesse that had never been seen before. He juked, jived, and boogied all across that dance floor. The club erupted in cheers, with the leader of gang admitting a shocking but gracious defeat.

Neerdowell: Heh, well whaddya know. I'm beat.

Neerdowell: What'd you say your name was? Six?

Mr. Six, sweaty but determined, gives a firm nod.

Neerdowell: Well then, Mr. Six. Until we meet again.

Mr. Six, huh? He liked the sound of that.