

An Unexpected Visitor

“Careful! Careful with that!” Wenet shouted at Chedd, a young Twi'lek male, carrying a crate up the ramp of the Dead Parrot. He glared at her, it was obviously not the first time she had shouted at him for not being careful enough. But Wenet couldn't help herself, the GX1 was brand new, well part from that *one* scratch on the nose from accidentally hitting a stack of crates a few days after collecting the short hauler. It was the Kushiban's first ship, a real home, just for her, so very protective over it.

Wenet followed the young man into the ship to keep a close eye on him. “Straight ahead, the door on the right” she told him. “I know... just carried seven other crates to the same room” Chedd sighed in annoyance. “What is this stuff anyways?” he then asked as he turned into the room with the crew bunks. Since she had no crew, Wenet now used it as a storage room. “These are just supplies, the two big ones are a package I have to deliver” Wenet replied as he placed the crate on top of the others already there. “Ah. Right... you don't strike me as a smuggler” he said looking down at her. “Looks can be deceiving my foolish friend, but you're right. I'm not a smuggler, not full time anyways” Wenet chuckles, “but every now and then I do a job for some of my acquaintances” she added with a brow wiggle. “Right.. I'll go get the rest” he said and left the room. This time Wenet didn't follow him, she decided to trust him.

“There's someone outside for you” Chedd said when he returned with another crate. “For me?” Wenet was surprised, she only had a few contacts on D'Assem and those wouldn't bother to come say hello to her at the spaceport. “Yep, this is your ship right?” He replied with a smirk as he disappeared into crew quarters. Wrinkling her nose she thought about it; who could it be? Then Wenet walked to the exit and saw a large figure standing at the bottom of the loading ramp, a Houk.

It was definitely not someone she knew. “You were looking for me?” Wenet asked as walked down the ramp. Getting closer she noticed it was a child, a boy who seemed to be very happy to see her. “What can..” before she could finish the question the boy picked her up and squeezed her tightly. “Aargh, let go of me!.. Aargh!... put me down!” Wenet gasped for air and began to struggle to free herself from his tight grip. The boy didn't listen, he kept hugging her, but when she bit him he instantly let go. “What's wrong with you!?” Wenet snapped at him but then she noticed tears welling up in his eyes as he was rubbing the spot where she had bit him. “No..no.. don't cry.. you left me no choice..” wide eyes she looked around to see if anyone had seen her biting the kid.

“Calm down.. shhh... what's your name?” Wenet asked. With tearful eyes the Houk replied with a series of grunts. “ehm... I don't understand” frowning, Wenet scratches behind her ear, then she heard the Twi'lek walking down the ramp behind. Turning around “Do you perhaps understand his language?” she immediately asked but Chedd shook his head “sorry, I don't” he walked over to the last crate he had to carry inside. “Ok.. wait..” Wenet pressed on her wrist mounted comlink, “Hrubý, come outside.”

A brief moment later a polyhedral shaped droid floated towards them. It was the Brotherhood issued Envoy droid, “yes?” the droid asked, a bit rude, “please translate what this fellow is saying.” “Fine.. he is Houk, he speaks Houkese” Hrubý said.. “I figured that part out. Ask him his name and what he

wants from me... just translate what he says." the droid began to talk to the boy in his own language "he seems to think you are his mother. He says he is happy you are finally here to take him home." "Excuse me.. that can't be right" Wenet chuckles in disbelief. "I assure you that, that is what he is saying." Hrubý replied clearly offended. "Translate word for word. Must be a mistake" Wenet insisted. "Fine... *Baka is happy, mother. Baka waited long time for you. Happy to come with you. Leave this unhappy place. I missed you mother.*" The droid translated just as Wenet asked. Shaking her head "I guess your name is Baka.. but you are mistaken." "*why you say that? Baka waited for you long time.. you don't come for Baka?*" The boy looked genuinely sad. "Just look at me. We're not even the same species. I don't even understand your language... and... I would have remembered birthing you!" Wenet couldn't help but laugh, it was so absurd. But when she saw the boy was going to cry she felt sorry "no.. please don't cry.. why do you think I am your mom?" "*They told Baka you came to D'Assem for me. They say Baka's mother is waiting for Baka at the spaceport with a red ship.. this ship..*" the Houk boy said. Hrubý then added his opinion "I think there is something wrong with him." Wenet gave the droid a glare, she was glad Baka didn't understand.. "Who told you? And why?" she continued, she wanted to get to the bottom of this. "*Baka's friends.. they say you come to free Baka.*" only now Wenet noticed the bruises around his neck. "You're a slave?" Wenet's ears flattened, she felt sad for him. "*Baka small..when Baka big, he fight.. but now you here to take Baka home..*"

Something then caught her attention, she heard someone giggling. Wenet looked up to see a group of teens nearby, hiding behind a stack of crates. "Are they your friends?" She nodded to the group. Baka looked and he nodded. He then held up his thumb at them which made them laugh harder. "I don't think they are your friends Baka.. they are making fun of you.. and of me probably.." the young Houk looked at her and began to shake his head "*they Baka's friends. They play with Baka. They joke with Baka.*" His answer made the teens laugh. Those laughs instantly filled the Kushiban with anger and without thinking she used the Force to push the stack of crates they were hiding behind, over.

screech

crack

clank

boom

With a whole lot of noise the crates fell, alerting the dock master. "Hey! What the kriff is going on here!" He yelled as he stepped out of his office. He saw the teens, "hey! You better pick that up!!" But Of Course they ran off. "Come back you nerf herders!" He yelled and ran after them to the exit. Chedd stepped back on the ramp "what was all that noise?" he asked as he walked down. "Just some kids causing trouble." Wenet replied and reached in her pocket. She took out the credits and handed it to the Twi'lek "thanks, it was a pleasure doing business with you" he smirked and counted the credits, then he looked at the Houk "What are you gonna do with him?" "I have no idea..." Wenet responded "he seems to be under the impression that I'm his mom." "HIS MOM!?" the Twi'lek bursts out in laughter, "Kark! This day keeps getting better... his mom! Ha!.. good luck with that" Chedd

shook his head in disbelief and walked past Wenet. He pets the boy on his head before walking to the exit of the hangar.

“Where is that idiot!?” Shortly after Chedd left, a short bald human male with a big beard entered the hangar. He was holding a large shock collar. “Baka!..” he called out when he saw the Houk boy standing with Wenet. When hearing his name, Baka quickly steps behind Wenet. As the man walks over he opens the collar with the intent to put it around Baka's neck. “Glad you stopped him from escaping” he said, “those kids keep fooling around with him” he added as he tried to put the collar on. “Hold on, wait a minute” Wenet said, “what's gonna happen with him?” “What's it to you missy?.. he's mine..” the man looked at her with a raised eyebrow “where are his parents?” “His parents? Ha! How would I know? I bought him before he could even talk... he turned out to be a bit dim, but he's strong... will be a good fighter... Now step aside.” The man again tried to put the collar on but Baka moved away and Wenet wouldn't step aside. “No!.. I want to buy him..” she said before thinking it through. “Buy him?.. he's an idiot.. I lost a lot of money because of him.. he better earn it back..” the man replied.

“I'll pay.” Wenet said. Of course at first the man didn't believe her and when he finally realized she **was** indeed serious, he naturally asked an absurd amount of money. “10.000! He's a child!” “But he will grow. He's gonna be the size of a tank!” the price he asked was too high for Wenet..

Thirty minutes later, the Dead Parrot had left D'Assem and already made the jump to hyperspace. Wenet sat in the pilot's seat, checking the course for her delivery run. She had mixed feelings about what happened, “10.000...” she said to herself shaking her head, of course she hadn't accepted, “a ridiculous price.”

Then the sound of breaking glass caught her attention. Immediately she got up and walked to the lounge area. “What happened?!” She asked as she entered. There was a broken bowl on the floor, food everywhere and next to it stood Baka with a sad face. He grunted something, Hrubý translated “*Baka says sorry, it was accident*”. Wenet smiled “it's ok, there's more where that came from.. eight crates to be exact” and began to clean up the mess..