Easter thing

The Obelisk Prelate skipped on his journey, a large basket of egg-shaped chocolate in his left hand, and he did so he sang: “Little Rabbit Kazmir walking through the various planets of the Kr'Tal System, picking up the Jedi and bopping them on the head!” The Echani was so distracted by his internal joy that he failed to notice the Togruta and Gungan standing in his path.

A'lora Kituri shouted at Natas: “You will not be bopping us on the head, Dark Sider!” The Aedile of Odan-Urr and her Rollmaster had evidently made it past the Kr’Tal system defenses, and were now in the heart of Taldryan’s territory – undoubtedly up to no good. “We do not intend to harm you,” Kituri continued, “that is not the Jedi way.”

Kah Manet, the Gungan Ranger echoed his superior’s position: “We are only here for the basket. Give it to us and you will not be harmed.” The Gungan appeared edgey, Natas thought to himself, noticing Manet’s eyes darting between his and Kazmir’s lightsabers.

Kazmir shouted at them, almost a hint of mocking in his tone: “Never! This basket is for all the good Sith, Obelisk, and Krath of Clan Taldryan! You will never take it from me!”

Kituri shouted across the chamber: “Just give us the crystals, Obelisk! We need them far more than you do for our lightsaber construction, and no one needs to die here!”

Natas stopped in his tracks: “Crystals? You think I have been handing those out?” The Prelate laughed: “No. These are chocolate eggs for Easter. I bought them from Wal-Jac. If you need more, they are likely on clearance now!”

The embarrassing news washing over them, the two Jedi deactivated their lighjtsabers and turned around.