

Fruit Alliance

"Well, this is just wonderful," Selika said to herself under her breath. "Can't saber them, can't Force scramble their brain-meats... and hitting them over the head with a frying pan is probably just a bit too obvious."



Looking around, Selika took in the contents of the mess hall's storage room. There was nothing there that would make a good weapon, at least once she discounted the idea of sharpening the frozen dewback steaks into some sort of shiv. Why this storage room had a blaster was something of a mystery (perhaps the employees became restless when they were told they wouldn't get pudding if they didn't eat their meat and required... pacification), but the fact remained the weapon didn't work.

Which made it as useless to her at the moment as it was in quelling food related uprisings.

Maybe just for show?

Well, the weapon had to be useful for something. Perhaps a clumsy bludgeon? No, that would be about as helpful to her mission as the frying pan. Then it she recalled what she had read in some Galactic Encyclopedia or another when she was waiting in a hair salon some number of years ago on Bespin. Blaster gas wasn't a gas at all, it was in fact a fluid. A toxic one. One that could be... deadly.

Selika grinned and donned the cook's outfit, taking the blaster and various foodstuffs with her into the kitchen. It was time to cook up some deadly, deadly food. There were several Hyperdyne employees filling the mess hall along with her Galactic Alliance targets, so she set about preparing two different courses. For the locals, it would be some of the cherry-infused womp rat stew that seemed to have been left over from earlier on one of the stoves. The Alliance would, however, get the dewback steaks. With her special sauce. She had to try not to cackle maniacally while she was cooking, but it was just so hard not to.



"I am cook. I... am... death!" she said quietly, with a chuckle.

"Excuse me?"

It was one of the Hyperdyne employees. He apparently wanted to be served.

"Oh? Nothing. Here, have some womp rat stew," she suggested.

"But I don't like cherries," he responded, reaching for one of the four dewback steaks.



"Take the womp rat stew," Selika said, waving her hand and projecting the image of the very skeezy regular cook before her, the image pilfered from the memory of the man in front of her.

The man frowned, but did as the "chef" told him. With that out of the way, Selika went back to the steaks. They were nicely browned by this point, and it was time to serve them up. The blaster didn't seem to want to give up its bounty, but a quick slice with the tip of her lightsaber saw to that. To cover up the noise of the weapon, Selika started the wash cycle on the mechanical

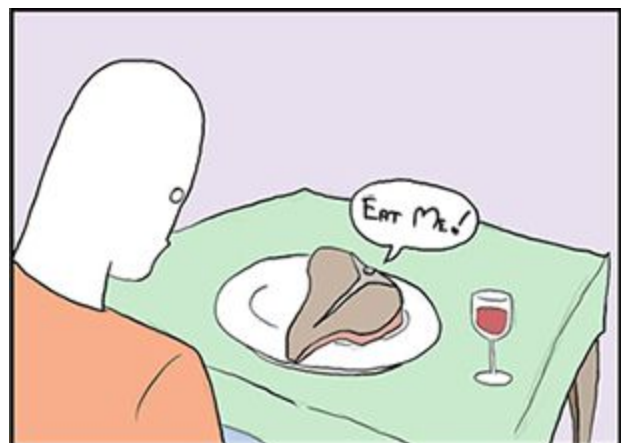
dishwashing unit, the rumble of the appliance drowning out the telltale *snap-hiss* of her weapon.

Doused in deadly chemicals, Selika made sure to throw on plenty of powdered zeltron pop-pepper to cover up any possible flavor of the blaster gas slathered on the meal. Carrying the four plates, using a bit of telekinesis as a Force aid since she had never trained as a waitress, she headed over to the table where the Galactic Alliance soldiers sat.

"Here ya go, gents," Selika said, adopting her best approximation of a "folksy" tone. "Four space specials!"

They thanked her, and began to eat. Well, at least three of them did. The fourth required a bit of Force trickery to make his meal seem more enticing. Selika waved her hand a bit, tweaked his perceptions, and he went at the steak like a starving man.

It didn't take the men long to start looking uncomfortable, and then start to convulse. It wasn't a very pleasant way to go, given the vomiting and thrashing that the four men were engaged in.



"Waitress! Waitress! What did they order?" asked one of the appalled Hyperdyne employees, a species of alien that Selika was unfamiliar with.

"Oh them? Oh, they had the special," Selika replied nonchalantly, and headed for the door.

Turning to his human companion, the alien worker was panicked. "The speci...That's what I ordered! Change my order to the soup!" he called after Selika as she exited into the kitchen.



KE Selika Roh (Krath) / House Ajunta Pall of Clan Plagueis [SA: XII] [GMRG: XII] [ACC: Q]

AK / SB / GC-PoDP / SC-SoA / AC-ToSC / DC-SiP / GN-GL / SN-PL / BN-PL / Cr:3D-4R-10A-4S-8E-5T-3Q / PoB-GL / CF-DF / CI-PC / DSS-AuL / SI-AgL / SoF-AgL / SotM-BL / LS-DL / SoL-BE / S:1D-1Dk-3U-8B-3Ret-28Dec-25Aff / LoR {SA: MVC - MVF - MVH - MVL - MVPH - MVS - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGG - SGL - SVLC - SVS - SVTC - SVWP}

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