**The story of the sick Proconsul.**

Sweat pouring down his back, breathing heavily in between regurgitations of his last meal, existing of two dry crackers and tea, Keirdagh was, not to put too fine a point on it, not feeling very well.

He straightened himself and slammed a red button next to his bed. The console beeped as if to imply it was ready to be given a command.

“Chief medical officer to my quarters!” he bellowed but quickly covered his mouth, as more stomach juices were about to make an emergency venting through his esophagus.

Five minutes later, his door chime went off. “Enter!” the Proconsul exclaimed through heavy breathing. Two Dark Jedi Knights walked in, a young man and woman.

“What the frack is this? I asked for the CMO.”

The two Knights looked at each other before looking back at Keirdagh sheepishly, simultaneously replying; “He’s currently fixing his eight-over-par.”

The Proconsul blinked and then sighed heavily, just before burying his face in a rather tall bucket beside his bed. The acoustics of the bucket were favorable, since the two Knights had no trouble hearing what was happening inside.

As he came up again for air, Keirdagh wondered what he was going to do. The young woman stepped forward. “Sir, if you would allow us to help you. We’re both doing a trial run on the medical department. Perhaps we could run some tests and\_” “It could be Lupus!” the young man said suddenly.

Keirdagh raised an eyebrow just as the woman slapped the back of the young man’s head. “Idiot!”

“Whaaaaat….?” He yelped.

“It’s never Lupus!” Keirdagh said, looking at the young woman. “Aren’t you Corvinus’ apprentice?” “I am, sir.” She replied. “Miranda Goto, I’m honored you recognize me.”

Keirdagh smiled. “You have a memorable face, I guess.” It would have been a lot more charming, if he didn’t throw up in his mouth a little bit as he said it.

“Here…” Miranda stepped forward pulling a flask from her belt. “Old Melodi remedy, you’ll feel better afterwards.”

The Proconsul’s eyes squinted as he examined the flask. He unscrewed the cap and sniffed it. His head pulled back and his face formed a grimace that was very unattractive.

“You trying to poison me, girl?” he muttered. “No, don’t smell it. Just drink it, trust me.”

Keirdagh took a deep breath and put the flask to his lips. He felt the lukewarm liquid fill his mouth. The texture was rough and slimy, moving his tongue he could feel threads of something bitter. He closed his eyes firmly as he gulped down the whole thing.

“Mercy…” he let out as the flask left his lips. “How is THAT supposed to help\_” Miranda held up a hand. “Give it a few seconds. Raw fish juice needs time to work.”

Keirdagh’s eyes widened. “Raw what…!?” Then he felt his stomach rumbling. No wait, he could actually hear it. Every fiber of his body resisting the vile concoction he had just drank. It was stirring, muscles were tightening. “Oohh boy!” he sighed as he put both hands on his stomach.

Miranda had moved to the side of the room and was hiding behind a desk. The young man however looked utterly puzzled and just stared at his Proconsul. Miranda tried to beckon to him, but it was too late. The Knight was hit by a liquid rainbow of colors, so bright that it was actually impressive. The sounds that accompanied it was less enjoyable.

Keirdagh could do nothing but see how it all came out, and would not have been surprised is he saw his boots come out of his mouth.

When it was all over, and he wiped the last remaining drops from his face, he looked at Miranda. “You know, I feel much better. Thank you.”

“I’m glad.” Miranda replied.

Keirdagh felt his stomach. “Damn I’m hungry. You want to grab some lunch?”

“Absolutely!” Miranda said.

They walked out, past the heap of colors that used to pass for a Dark Jedi Knight.

The young woman smiled. “I know a great sushi place!”

DJK Miranda Goto

#12915