From the pen of Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj

Dearest Andrelious,

I have been travelling this galaxy for many many years and have encountered many people and done many things. In all that time, lots of things have irritated me so to speak. Although, in my forty six years of life, I think I have finally met the one.....

The one that irritates me the most!!

Sadly, quite stereotypically it's **YOU** my spouse, Andrelious Jongstram Mimosa-Inahj.

Now before I start ranting, I must say this and make a point very clear. This is not my hormones raging, and nor will a simple cold Ebla beer calm me down. I have been thinking long and very hard about what annoys me the most. Could it be that you leave the toilet seat up when you can use the Force to put it down from a distance? Or that you leave facial hair shavings in the sink every day? Oh, if you are to take such pride in yourself and shave every day, please as much as I really hate to say it, in the name of Palpatine, just rinse the frakking hair down the sink.

Shockingly, it's none of the above.

Out of **EVERYTHING** that you do each day, the one thing that **REALLY** irks me the most would be your incessant obsession with your frakking lightsaber.

I understand it's a lovely shade of crimson, but after a while seeing a scarlet glow in the corner of my eyes time and time again really does grind my gears.

It is a lightsaber. You are a Dark Jedi. However, it is clearly used for duelling and "dealing" with others. It is not, I repeat **NOT** any of the following:

* A nail trimming device- and for the sake of Alderaan, please pick up your clippings after you have finished.
* A method of removing facial or unwanted body hair. I've lost count of how many times you have wiggled it in my direction, convincing me to be bare. I have just had babies and more to the point, Atyiru didn't seem too phased by what she saw when she delivered the twins either.
* A torch to help you find your way to the toilet at night. The red aura rouses the sleeping twins. And no this does not excuse you for urinating in the sink, claiming you couldn't see where you were going. As much as the twins enjoy the glow of sabers, they will have their own one day and until then teach them its proper use.
* A coffee warmer. Placing the localised heat from the blade is not suitable for reheating your coffee or any other warm beverage in this universe.

If you keep up attempting to use your red blade in such daft and inappropriate ways, who knows what might happen? Now I hope you have been taught the errors of your ways. I think you should consider yourself very lucky that I don’t outrank you. I shudder (and admittedly smile inside just a little), at the thought of myself being the Grand Master of the Brotherhood. I’ll let you mull that one over.

Your beloved Kooki

(and two little twins)