*Revenge*

 Taranae exited the medical centre shaking her head. Her sister Vanessa had been rushed in the night before after it was found that she had consumed a large amount of pillows. Taranae knew she could rest easily, though, as the medics had assured her that her sister was *very* comfortable. She drew her cloak up around her neck as she stepped out from under the overhang outside the building and grimaced. The weather didn’t look too good and she had a long walk ahead. Stepping out, she was immediately struck on the head, and as she looked around, a cat skulked off around the corner after giving her a steely glare. She hated it when it rained cats and dogs; there was many a cat fight and the scratches from last time she tried to take home a stray as more fell on her head still hadn’t healed. She carefully set off again, gingerly stepping over a poodle, hoping not to get wet, or even worse, bitten.

 As she reached her humble abode, she thumbed a pad beside the door and it opened, allowing her entry. She pulled off her cloak and managed to pour every single drop of rain that had accrued on it directly down her neck. This really wasn’t her day. In the living area, a short squawk told her that her favourite pet, Stennet the eye snatcher, was in good spirits. She peeked around the corner to see him taking a sip of liquid from a bowl near his perch; her best vintage. She smiled as she realised he wasn’t just *in* good spirits, they were actually in *him*. As she stared, she noticed he seemed a little… bigger than usual, so she rounded the door and approached the bird. Stennet looked at her with a quizzical look on his face as she neared and let out a surprised squeak. Wait, a squeak? What was happening here? Birds don’t squeak….

As she neared his perch, he began to swell slightly much to Taranae’s shock. The bird looked down at his slowly growing belly and squeaked again as he realised something was wrong. He continued to grow, his form rounding out as he swelled more and Taranae rushed to find what could be causing the problem. Nearby she found a discarded packet, pink and white with writing on it reading ‘Marshmallows’. What were these things? It was obvious that her pet had consumed the things in the bag and it was causing the effects she was seeing now. The bird had swelled to massive proportions and looked fit to burst. Suddenly there was a loud rasping sound. The bird’s eyes opened wide in shock as he was suddenly propelled across the room at breakneck speed leaving a trail of flames behind him. There was a sound like a sack of wet butter hitting a wall as his forward momentum was halted by the door of the room. His beak stuck about a half inch into the dartboard that Taranae had hung there for recreational purposes as the flames continued.

*Hmm, bullseye,* she thought. *He’s better at this game than I am!*

 Taranae grabbed for a nearby extinguisher and battled the wall of fire left behind by her amazing jet propelled pet and soon it was under control. Placing the extinguisher down, she breathed a sigh of relief and looked at the bird. The timing couldn’t have been worse, as the bird let out a long hiss from it’s backside, squawked and popped in a ball of feathers. Shocked, Taranae stood with her mouth agape. She shut it again rather quickly as she realised her pet had left behind a parting gift and she covered her nose quickly.

*Jeez,* she thought, *He certainly has consideration for the deaf. If he farts he makes it smell!*

Wafting away the stinking brown cloud, Taranae picked up the packet again and wondered how to find out who had done this. The things in the packet had obviously reacted with the vintage to create this *cat*astrophic event.

*Hmm, cats again*, she thought, *no getting away from them is there?*

She noticed a trail of small pink things leading to the kitchen. Picking one up, she sniffed it. It was no surprise her pet had taken to them so quickly; they smelled so sweet. It looked like he had eaten most of the packet. Following the trail, she came to the kitchen where Brimstone sat, munching on items from her food storage.

“Hello Taranae.” he commented. “I thought I’d get a little revenge on you for what you did to me in the Codei prison.”

Taranae was outraged. Calling on the Force she threw Brimstone against a wall, knocking him out cold. Marching over to his prone form, she thrust two fingers up his blue Chiss nose and dragged him by the nostrils into the living area where she tied him to a chair. As he awoke a few minutes later, Taranae stood in the doorway smiling.

“Do you like red? I like red.” she said dreamily as she looked around the room.

“What do you mean, red?” he asked. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“I was thinking of redecorating the room, and I thought red would be nice.” she replied.

“I prefer blue.” he answered back sarcastically.

“Then red and blue it will be!” she exclaimed. She waved a pink packet in front of Brimstone’s nose and he realised with horror what she planned to do.

“You took my pet from me, Brim. I intend to have my revenge for that!”

She began stuffing his mouth with marshmallows, close his mouth and held his nose until he swallowed the sweet, sticky pillows and she repeated the action several times. When she was finished, she stood back to watch the show. The chiss began to swell, slowly at first, but more rapidly as more of the substance reached his stomach. He let out a squeak and the chair he was tied to suddenly lifted off from the ground.

Taranae thought it had been a good idea of hers to cut a hole in the seat of the chair and tie it to the floor where she had placed a large bowl of water, which was currently rapidly reaching boiling point. Brimstone looked dejected as his officer’s uniform suddenly gained new air conditioning in the trouser area as the floor lit up beneath him. He had reached such a size now that he looked like a giant blueberry, and Taranae smiled as she left the room.

“New coat of paint coming up!” she squealed in delight as she closed the door behind her. A few seconds later came the pop that she had been waiting for, and something sounding like water could be heard hitting the door.

 A day later, Taranae sat in her living area admiring the blue and red swirling patterns on her wall. The decoration looked good. Another good addition was the new trophy head on the wall, the moustache that had grown was curled so it wrapped around two candles which were lit, bringing a lovely glow to the room.

 “At least you were right in one thing, Brim.” Taranae said to no-one in particular. “Your methods of teaching were indeed *enlightening!*”

 She raised a glass to her former Master and drunk from her finest vintage whiskey in respect to Stennet.