Through the Looking Glass

**39 ABY**

**Hyperspace**

“WOAH!! Miss Mimosa. You nearly flew us into an asteroid field…AGAIN!!” yelled a flying instructor.

Kooki sighed heavily. She WOULD learn to fly…even if it killed her instructor. The feisty femme fatale usually hated taking orders from anyone other than herself, but flying was a skill she was eager to learn. Andrelious was babysitting the twins and deep down she hated that he could fly better than her. The sarcastic, snide and yet narcissistic comments from her spouse whenever she was brave enough to be in the pilot seat were more than enough motivation.

“THAT’S MIMOSA-INA……” she began yelling back, as she started turning the shuttle round to head back to Karufr.

Before she could finish her sentence, the stars around her became streaks of light and began very hastily becoming stars again. The hyperdrive seemed to be malfunctioning. Kooki hastily tried to grab the lever, as did her instructor in unison, yet neither prevailed. It was stuck fast. Before they knew it the pair in this relatively small, claustrophobic ship were hurtling through galaxies and systems. The in-built navigational device was crackling and hissing, with too much information running through it. The ship continued swirling this way and that with no sense of direction. Luckily the pair aboard the ship were securely strapped in.

Suddenly a loud thud echoed, followed swiftly by an unsettling metallic crunch. Minutes later, Kooki looked to the left of her and her flying instructor lay unconscious, but seemed free from severe injury. His chest was moving, indicating he was still alive. Rather relieved, the female was also curious to where they had landed. She seemed to be in the middle of a field, but could see some sort of tall sign amongst some trees in the distance and headed in that general direction. The small fact that she had taken a sharp blow to the head, yet had only managed to succumb a sizeable lump on the back of her head, was of little importance to the Sith.

**2016 AD**

**Planet Earth**

Despite being a bit dazed and confused, it didn’t seem to take Kooki all that long to get to the clearing and her survival skills came in very useful when approached by the trees. Once through the gap, and hopping over a low fence, the female was in a very strange place indeed. She glanced round at this bizarre location, trying to absorb it all in. She recognised Humans, but they seemed different somehow. And their weird vehicles seemed to move along the ground they walked along too. The Alderaanian approached one of these weird vehicles and began stroking her fingers along it, stopping at the wheels. It was most unusual. The door handle looked vaguely similar to that on a speeder, so she tried opening it, moving back slightly just in case it sprang open. But it refused to open. She frantically kept repeating her stressed motion, getting increasingly wound up. Finally giving up, Kooki clenched her fist and punched the door handle and tried one final tug, causing her to fall onto the ground adjacent to the vehicle. Suddenly the vehicle before her began flashing its lights by itself and a loud ear-piercing noise began echoing throughout the area.

“Everythin’ alright luv? Why don’t you go inside and get yourself a nice cuppa tea?” enquired a heavily accented male.

Kooki froze, still on the ground.

All the commotion had come to the attention of the vehicle owner who charged over.

“DON’T MOVE! THAT’S MY CAR!” she shouted.

*A ‘car’?* thought Kooki.

So that’s what IT was. She still found herself frozen to the spot unable to comprehend the situation.

“Call the police!” the car owner boomed, whilst she pressed what looked like a set of keys, causing the alarm ringing to cease.

A few minutes later another one of these ‘car’ things showed up, but this one was different. This one had flashing blue lights on.

“C’mon luv. Time to go.” Ordered a police officer, whilst helping Kooki to her feet.

Another person was calling her ‘luv’ which was beginning to get irritating, especially in the strange accent Kooki had never heard before.

“Go?” she managed to query.

The police officer nodded.

“But I’ve only just got here!” Kooki protested.

“That’s beside the point. You should have thought of that before you tried breaking into a car, luv.” The officer retorted.

Before Kooki could refuse she was being placed into the back of the ‘car’ with the flashing blue lights.

“Will people STOP referring to me as ‘luv’?” She yelled.

“You’re already in enough trouble, miss. Save it for the officers down the station.”

The confused Alderaanian just sat quietly, slightly mesmerised by the situation. She kept eying the officer next to her up and down. He seemed to have a black hilt on his side, but it wasn’t quite right.

A short time elapsed and she was unloaded and taken into a nearby building where this vehicle had parked.

“Fetch this one a cuppa tea and put her in Interview Room B.” yelled the officer.

Another unknown voice, this time female, piped up, “Any milk and sugar in your tea, luv?”

Kooki just gave her a vacant expression.

“A glass of water, then?”

The Alderaanian nodded.

Before long she was in a room with the officer who had helped her and another, slightly gruff looking one. They all sat down at a small table and the newest officer pressed a button on a nearby contraption.

“Interview commencing at 17.23 hours, officers present Sergeant Lartson and Constable Strentham. With us we have arrested this unknown female for breaking and entering into a car at Fleet Services. Please name yourself.” He began.

Kooki looked blankly.

“What is that thing?” she asked pointing at the tape recorder.

The sergeant sighed. This was going to be a long night.

“It’s a tape recorder. It records our conversation, so we can play it back another time.” He calmly explained.

“Now please name yourself,” he repeated.

“So that ‘thing’ records my voice?” Kooki asked.

He nodded. “Now…name yourself!”

“Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj,” she replied, still a bit dazed.

“Ok… we will have to get you to write that one down I think.” Chuckled the constable, noticing an unsightly glance from his superior.

Without asking any further questions, the police sergeant leant over and pressed the ‘off’ switch on the tape recorder.

“Right, miss. Stop messing us about and give us your REAL name and tell us where you come from.” He ordered.

Kooki was still concussed, but was starting to get agitated at the ignorance of these strange people. She had no idea where she was. All she knew was that her home was exceptionally far away and these people clearly had no comprehension to her existence.

She sighed. “I told you. My name is Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj. I came from Alderaan originally, but now I live…” she began explaining to the best of her ability.

“ENOUGH!” boomed the superior police officer.

“I wasn’t born yesterday. Throw her in a free cell.”

Before she knew it, the poor dazed and confused female was thrown into a small cell and a metallic door slammed shut.

A few hours passed. Kooki had dozed off on the hard excuse for a bed. Blurry visions entered and left her head, almost as quickly as they came.

It was relatively quiet, so she could just about hear the muffled voices of the police officers from the other side of her wall.

“It doesn’t make sense, sir.” The constable explained.

“You’re telling me. She thinks she’s from Alderaan. The only ‘Alderaan’ I’ve heard of was in that George Lucas film, where Princess Leia came from.” The sergeant stated.

The chief inspector was listening in on their conversation and chirped in.

“Heh! Another Star Wars nutcase. Last week it was those two thinking they were Obi Wan Kenobi and Anakin Skywalker with those coloured sticks.”

The pair began laughing, whilst Kooki sat on the other side of the wall was starting to get angry. They clearly thought she was insane.

*Lightsaber!! It’s called a lightsaber!!* Thought the feisty Alderaanian.

“What are we going to do with the crazy one?” came a muffled voice.

Before any further responses were heard, a revving engine from outside the building was heard. The only slight fragments that Kooki could make out were ‘doctor’ and ‘fuel can’. Then a few footsteps ran into the police station whilst the engine revving continued.

*Doctor? They think I’m mad. They’ll lock me up and I’ll never get home!!* Kooki thought with a wave of paranoia.

Suddenly Kooki felt to her side as she began remember. Her brain was starting to feel less concussed and she was beginning to slowly recall fragments of what had happened a few hours before. Closing her eyes, Kooki saw a flashback of a ship hurtling mindlessly through stars and then just as it crashed into an unknown location, she resumed opening her eyes.

There was no sound coming from the other side of the wall, aside the engine noise. The officers were on their way to come and collect Kooki and a specialist doctor had now joined them to see if they could fathom out anything about this weird and mysterious woman. She knew she didn’t have much time. The feisty female hastily grabbed her hilt adorning her side, and with a swift snap and a hiss, she engaged her purple blade. The amethyst coloured weapon sliced through the wall with ease and she cut out a hole large enough to fit her slender and yet flexible frame through. The keys turned in the cell door lock and the iron door swung open just in time to see the base of a steel-toe cap boot escaping.

“QUICK! Round the front!!” shouted the sergeant.

By the time the posse of officers and doctor had made their way round to the front of the building, in front of them was just a cloud of exhaust smoke and a motorbike was leaving the premises and onto the main road.

*No ‘doctor’ or people with weird hilts can hold me captive. I’m going homeeeeee!!!!*

An officer reassured the others. “Don’t worry, she won’t get far, there’s barely any fuel in that thing.”

They all sighed. All except the sergeant.

“You did get to the garage to get the brakes fixed after that flood on the road the other day, didn’t you?” he asked.

The officer went pale. “I was on my way to, but saw fuel was low and as the station was on the way, I thought I’d collect the fuel can to top off first.”

Wasting no time, the officers and the doctor bundled into the squad car and chased after the faulty motorcycle.

By now, Kooki was speeding off along the horrendously busy road. Three lanes of chaotic traffic all weaving in and out of each other. Trying to navigate on this weird contraption was hard enough, but with the added congestion just presented further challenges. The engine of the stolen vehicle was beginning to sound like it was struggling, and to make matters EVEN worse a long black vehicle was obstructing the female’s lane. The closely following vehicle to it was equally annoying.

*Just because you have a fancy flag on the roof of your posh looking vehicle, does not give you’re the frakking right to drive like an idiot!!!* Thought a scowling Kooki.

As the vehicle was moving slower than Kooki had been going she was going to have to slow down…and fast!!

The Alderaanian mother applied pressure with her foot on what logically seemed to be a way to slow down the bike. However, no matter how much pressure she applied, nothing was happening. Lifting one hand above the handlebars, she bravely moved her hand, causing one vehicle to move in a similar direction. Vehicles in other lanes screeched to halts, due to the sudden change in direction and circumstance. Now directly behind the posh vehicle, of which the driver was trying to stay focussed, disregarding the chaos around him, Kooki once again waved an individual hand. She was starting to lose further control of her snatched motorbike. The limousine collided into the adjacent lane and seconds later a crunch of steel echoed throughout the area. The motorbike began spinning uncontrollably towards the wreckage and casualties. Once it crashed into a rear door of the long upper-class vehicle, it opened and a lifeless aged body slumped onto the ground below. The woman was very much like her car. Very elegantly dressed and had been enjoying being driven home. In sheer fear, Kooki jumped off and despite people screaming at her, she ran into a grassy area on the side of the road and crawled under a hedge.

All that could be heard from the commotion was screaming of a so-called ‘Queen being dead’ and ‘a country now being in turmoil’ combined with metallic crunching. It was nothing like Kooki had ever seen and she had been all over the galaxy. Everyone seemed so desperate to know the identity of the reckless rider who had fled the scene. The adrenaline inside of Kooki was buzzing, as she clambered on all fours under a hedge. Ignoring the sharp ground scratching at her knees and ripping her clothes, the Sith just continued on for what felt like forever.

Eventually Kooki came to a clearing. It seemed familiar to where she had first arrived when all the trouble began. This time she avoided any vehicles in the area and headed into the building. A pleasant aroma wafted into her nose. She followed it until she came to a line of people waiting to be served. Looking upwards and craning her neck slightly, the female spotted an array of pictures of various foods next to a large red and yellow sign.

“Next please!” came a male voice from the other side of the counter.

Kooki apprehensively moved forwards.

“Yes luv. What can we get you?” he asked.

The unsure woman just pointed at the image of what looked like a tasty treat.

“Any fries? Drink? Cuppa tea?” questioned the male attendant.

“Water will do,” she managed to eke out a response.

“£3.75, luv!” came a reply.

“Umm…” Kooki pondered.

Waving her hand slightly, she stated, “You want to give me this, as I am new to the area.”

“I want to give you this, as you are new to the area.” Responded the attendant, robotically.

He handed Kooki a bottle of water and her burger in a box.

The puzzled Alderaanian took the goods and went and sat down, ignoring the state of her torn clothing and the leaves in her hair.

*A box? Why is it in a box?* Wondered the Sith.

Kooki cautiously opened up the box and saw a rather odd looking burger. It seemed to have THREE breaded parts and TWO meat patties and a very odd looking sauce. Since she was so hungry, she bravely took a bite. It was surprisingly tasty. BUT… a strange texture was in her mouth. Glancing into the burger, she lifted the top bread piece off and began deconstructing the food until she came to the source of the unpleasant taste and texture. Some sort of slimy green circles. Picking them off, Kooki resumed eating and drank her water. Looking up at a nearby screen, there was a news report displaying the traffic accident from earlier. It appeared someone clearly important had died. A picture looking vaguely like Kooki also appeared on the screen. Apparently she was a dangerous criminal and needed to be caught as soon as possible. Before anyone could see her, she made a hasty run for it and attempted to find her ship. It was near this eatery somewhere. All she could recall was a large field. But for now she had to get out of here. She was wanted by doctors and police and now the government as well.

A dazed and confused Kooki ran and ran through the field that she had stumbled upon with her hilt in her right hand, ready to ignite it at any point. A funny noise began echoing around her, so without waiting Kooki picked up the pace and ran even faster. A weird image began coming into focus, but the mother just wanted to get home and thought she was actually starting to go mad.

*My ship!!!* She screamed with happiness inside her head.

However, something wasn’t quite right….

*Blue? My ship was never blue? Was it?*

The sound stopped and just as the grainy image became clear, Kooki realised it wasn’t her ship, but it was too late…

SPLAT!!!

Kooki collided with the side of this object, knocked herself out and fell to the ground with a thud!

The sudden thud had alerted the attention of the person inside who came out to see what the mysterious noise was.

“Oh, my giddy aunt! Another one of these mad ones,” a man tutted to himself.

Kooki blinked her eyelids and looked up at the mysterious man.

*Mad? I’m NOT mad.* Kooki thought. *I’m going home.*

The man reached out his hand, “Come along, my dear!” he gestured.

Once on their feet, he reached into his pocket, “Would you like a Jelly Baby?”

Kooki just glared at this rather odd looking man.

“No!” was all she could manage to say, initially.

Without waiting to discover his identity, Kooki armed herself with her blade.

“If we fight like animals, we die like animals!” the male retorted.

Kooki lunged for him and swiftly moved her lighsaber. Somehow the male managed to dodge.

“So who are you?” Kooki asked angrily.

“Who am I?” he chuckled. “I am the Doctor?”

“Doctor Who?” quizzed a furious Kooki.

A smug grin was all that she was greeted with.

“No ‘Doctor’ shall take me!” shouted Kooki.

With a quick, sharp lunge of her lightsaber, the feisty femme fatale swooped it round and pierced the chest of the tall, dark stranger.

The male slumped to the ground, fighting for breath.

“I...don’t…want…to…go!” he uttered.

Kooki grinned menacingly.

“Fantastic!” she smiled happily.

Abandoning the blue box and the seemingly lifeless man, Kooki grabbed her blaster from her boot and shot at the box. It was obliterated in seconds and the plasma bullet ignited the unusual object. Flaming fragments of the object began falling from the sky. The Alderaanian sensed one approaching her head, just as she caught a glimpse of her ship beyond a patch of overgrown bushes. Quickly she leapt into the air to avoid being injured…

“GERONIMO!!!!!” she yelled.

A figure appeared from inside the ship. Slightly dazed, but not badly hurt.

“Ah, Miss Mimosa-INAHJ.” Stated the flying instructor.

“Staying out of trouble I hope. So what do we do now?” he asked.

“C’mon luv…” smiled Kooki.

“Let’s go home! And I don’t want a cuppa tea on the way!!”