“April Fools!”

It was just a normal early morning in the Mimosa-Inahj household. Kooki was already awake and had just finished tandem nursing her twin daughters. Once she had dressed them in their little matching purple and black tops and leggings, the Alderaanian cast her eyes over to her calendar adorning her kitchen wall. It was one of her favourite days of the year. ‘Fools Day!’ Her unsuspecting spouse was still fast asleep in bed and Kooki really hoped that he hadn’t remembered the special day. She had planned every last detail this year, even the impeccable timing of her great plan. Now all she could do was wait… and put on a fresh cafetiere of caf to brew.

It wasn’t long before the sweet, spicy aroma of the brewing caffeinated beverage reached the nose of the sleeping Sith. With a slight twitch of his nose, a rather groggy-looking Andrelious appeared in the kitchen. He spotted his two younger daughters happily amusing themselves in their playpen with a few toys. The Warlord reached for a mug of caf, and inhaled the intense aroma of caffeine, before consuming a rather plentiful mouthful. The warming chestnut coloured beverage slithered down his throat and into his body, Andrelious felt his nerve endings waking up. Glancing up he spotted a female of similar height and stance of his spouse, but she looked somewhat different. Her hair wasn’t its usual black with purple tips, but an electric blue and dressed entirely in black. Despite only being able to see the back of this mysterious woman, Andrelious could see straight through Kooki’s clever disguise. But thought he would enjoy annoying this feisty female anyway.

“So darling…what’s for breakfast?” Andrelious asked coyly.

The disguised female spun round.

“Depends on what you fancy,” she stated flirtatiously.

The male Sith knew the true identity of the female adjacent to him, but continued to keep up the pretence.

“Well I would say my spouse…but since she’s not here…you will have to do!” Andrelious commented, unusually assertive for himself.

Kooki shook her head hastily and soon transformed back into her ordinary self.

“You hussy!!” she whinged.

She wasn’t best pleased at being discovered so easily.

“Not a fool after all,” teased Andrelious.

“Just make the breakfast!” huffed Kooki.

Her spouse chuckled to himself and continued obediently rustling up a fresh batch of panna cakes with berries, whilst sipping at his caf. He thought it best not to keep up the jokes and sarcastic comments. Deep down, like many people, he too was quite fearful of Kooki. Before long, the two twins were sat in their highchairs munching on bits of panna cake and had mouths smothered in berry juice, alongside their doting parents who were also enjoying breakfast. An awkward silence between the Mimosa-Inahj couple loomed, and all that could be heard was the babbling of two happy girls.

“I’m sorry, darling,” Andrelious cooed finally.

“Well you’re not as stupid as you look, or seem, or how previous testing has indicated,” hissed Kooki.

The male next to her looked slightly hurt, but this was quite mild mannerisms compared to those of Kooki’s usual daily linguistics.

“There’s always another time,” he said, whilst stroking Kooki’s arm reassuringly.

Casting her head in a downcast manner, Kooki looked disappointed and casually looked at her chrono.

Almost simultaneously, the doorbell of their mountainous homestead echoed throughout. Thankfully Andrelious got up to answer it, since he felt a slight pang of guilt for so easily diminishing Kooki’s efforts to fool him.

Upon opening the door, Andrelious came face-to-face with a young girl, who was no older than ten years old.

“Umm…can I help you?” queried Andrelious.

The girl merely shrugged. She had long, chestnut brown hair that sat beautifully on her shoulders.

“I’m looking for someone,” she whispered, just loud enough to be heard.

Meanwhile Kooki busied herself changing Poppy on a changing mat, on the floor next to the playpen. She was within close enough proximity to hear everything.

“Umm…okay…” stuttered Andrelious.

“Who exactly are you looking for?” he asked.

“M…m..my…” stammered the young girl, who sounded like she was trying not to burst into tears.

“My D...d…daddy,” she continued.

Andrelious couldn’t help but notice how alike the girl’s hair was to his own.

“Who is your ‘Daddy’ then?” enquired a concerned, and yet puzzled Andrelious.

The girl managed to withhold her tears and began opening up, but still kept her head down. By now Poppy was changed and back in the playpen, whilst her twin sister was being changed.

“He was a pilot. He served the Emper…I mean…Empire.” She corrected herself.

Andrelious suddenly went very pale, as all the colour drained from his cheeks.

“Err…did your Mummy ever tell you his name?” he asked, sheepishly.

“Inad or something I can’t quite remember. She can’t remember much about that night. By the time he had fully woken up from his drinking the night before, she was already having to go on a new mission, you see?”

Andrelious still looked very sheepish. Etty was now also changed and joining her sister in their playpen, while their mother tidied away and disposed of their dirty and wet nappies. She headed over in the general direction of her pale spouse.

“Talking of your mother,” interjected Kooki.

“Is she with you? The snowy mountains are no place for a young one such as yourself.” Fussed a maternal Kooki.

A woman slightly shorter than Kooki, also with chestnut brown hair appeared and placed her hands on her saddened daughter’s shoulders.

“INAHJ, dear. His name was INAHJ. A very unusual fellow. Always smelt of musty cigarillos and a hint of Corellian brandy.” The female commented casually, whilst looking at Andrelious.

His hair was starting to lose its colour at the temples and his forehead was starting to display his age through the wrinkling of his skin.

“Not again!” Kooki sighed, quietly so no one heard her annoyance.

Andrelious fainted.

Grabbing his feet, whilst the other female grabbed his arms, the two females carried Andrelious onto a nearby sofa by an open fire.

“Daddy! Daddy!” cooed the twins in unison, who had managed to pull themselves up on the side of their purple imprisonment.

Their little legs quivered slightly as they steadied themselves. Moments later, their little leg muscles buckled, they lost their balance and Poppy and Etty bumped back down onto their padded bottoms inside leggings, causing them to giggle happily to themselves. The older female child peered in at them in utter amazement. She hadn’t seen twins for a long while. The younger girls looked back at the strange new girl as if they had seen her before, but were unable to ascertain who she was or if she was familiar. They could easily sense she was clearly not posing a threat to them.

“W…w..what?” stammered Andrelious once again.

The two adult females stood beside the recuperating Sith.

As he regained consciousness, Andrelious looked first at Kooki, then at the playpen and the youngster beside it and then to her mother tried to see if he could see any resemblance to himself in the older child. So many questions began running through his mind. But what to ask first. Trying to make a coherent thought or an utterance was proving difficult.

Eventually Andrelious was able to speak, but all he could say was a garbled bunch of questions, which he felt unable to self-correct at this present moment in time.

“Who are you? How did this happen?” he enquired.

“Who I am doesn’t matter,” the new female dismissed.

Andrelious continued to lie on the sofa, mostly motionless. Looking round continuously at all the females, especially the new ones. The longer he looked, the more he thought he could recognise them.

“Do you REALLY need a diagram to know HOW it happened?” mused Kooki.

Andrelious couldn’t even respond to his spouse’s narcissistic response. She was being unusually and worryingly calm about the entire situation.

“When?” mumbled the confused Warlord.

The two adult females stared at each other, the young girl and then the three of them grinned at each other and stared back at Andrelious.

“Well it was back in twenty-four after the Battle of Yarvin on…” began the new adult female, who paused to think.

“FOOLS DAY!!!” shouted all the females, aside the twins in unison.

Andrelious sighed. “I need a brandy!”

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