

THE MAGNIFICENT MAN-PURRGIL

Written by Blade Ta'var

Blade Ta'var let out a hearty laugh, one of many that filled the local dive. Glasses clinked together as everyone made a toast to a diminutive Togrutan sporting a smug smile. The Zeltron smiled at the collective variety of species getting along for once. Everyone loves a good story, most of all the storyteller.

“Blade! It's your turn, lass. Spin us a tale!” The drunk Human said as he swayed on his stool in good cheer.

“I don't know...” The Warrior feigned indifference.

“Story! Story! Story!” The group shouted and banged their fists in unison, staring at the Zeltron.

“Oh, alright! Now shut up so I can tell it,” smirked the Sith in amusement. She stared down the circle until there was absolute silence.

“Once upon a time there was the furriest space whale anyone had ever seen. Pirates and freight haulers alike stared at it in wonder for but a few precious moments as its luxurious fur floated in space, before panicking and opening fire. Almost as if it knew what was coming, the space mammal would swerve and quickly fly away, watching the laser bolts with contempt as its perfectly manicured coat swayed in the emptiness of space. It was gone before they had gotten off but a few salvos.

Everyone wondered, *what is this strange beast?* Well, it all started many moons ago. The mad scientist, Elinia Rei, plotted as a male servant massaged her montrals and head-tails.

“Squiddles! Gather your wookie friends. It is time to enact Order -66log5.”

“What?” Lexiconus looked up in bewilderment.

“Just bring me some damn wookies! I expect the finest fur. We will get him this time.” The Proconsul urged.

“Yes, your excellency. It will be done at once!” The Quarren jogged away in haste, cackling evilly in the hopes of promotion.

Elincia sighed in pleasure as the masseur dug his knuckles into the base of her montrals. She idly tapped on her comm device. Jorm's bathrobe clad figure appeared as a tiny hologram. His miniature figure sneaked a glance and pretended not to notice her. The scientist cleared her throat.

"Jorm, clothed as ever."

The small figure feigned surprise. He grinned as he proudly held a bottle of Rancor tequila, an angry yell coming from the background.

"Oh, Eli. Thought you were Xen. I am kinda busy at the moment. Can this wait?"

"You stole her Rancor tequila again, didn't you? You know there are better ways to get her attention."

The Kiffar chuckled. "The quickest way to get to someone is through their stomach. In this case, their livers."

The Proconsul simply shook her head. "Your funeral. I don't envy you. Anyways, I have a mission for you."

"What do you need blown up?" Jorm quickly asked.

"Nothing like that. Rather, I need you to capture a Purrgil for me. Can you do that?"

Jorm looked a bit downcast, but the Proconsul just assumed he wanted to blow stuff up. She patiently stared him down.

"For a price..."

Elincia Rei glared. "Need I remind you that Xen would be quite displeased."

He gave her a calculating look.

"No need to twist my arm. You'll have it as soon as I can get a spare moment." A knife flew by harmlessly to the left of Jorm's figure as he winked.

"Bring it to these coordinates as soon as possible. You have 5 days." The scientist demanded as she killed the comm channel with a smirk. Part of her hoped the Zeltron hit her mark.

Now she just needed one other person...

----5 Days Later----

A man laid unconscious on an operating table. He wore a simple hospital gown and several wires snaked into his flesh. Next to him on his right was a very big table with a large space-whale, whose guts were currently being manipulated by Elinia Rei. She was busy wiring in neural connectors and was almost done. Jorm had pulled through marvelously and delivered a well preserved Purrgil on schedule, though he did sport a new cut on his face. Perhaps she got her wish. Lexiconus was busy shearing wookie after wookie with an odd look of compassion on his face. Trained ewoks busily sewed strand after strand of wookie fur into the space whale's outer skin, securing it with a double loop. All was going to plan.

As she finished the last few connections, she felt a rush of exhilaration. She was so close she could taste it. Soon. Yes. Soon...

----1 Day Later----

Everything was ready. Everything.

"MWUAHAHAHAHAHA!" laughed Eli manically. "It is time. Put him in, Squiddles!"

Lexiconus used the Force to float the sleeping man into the carcass of the now furry space whale. His body gently slumped into the whale flesh with a satisfying squish. The Proconsul simply smiled and went about connecting the two beings together.

Click. Click. Click.

Connection after connection went together and finally it was done. Eli wiped sweat off his brow and stitched up the small opening. Stitch after furious stitch. Finally, it was done. The man inside had yet to wake. Now was the time. The Proconsul reached out to the Force and concentrated it inside the space whale, focusing on the connections between man and Purrgil. Using the Force, she felt both beings', separate and distinct, before she harshly bonded them together. Unit after unit, the connection was made. They would become one...

The unconscious man stirred restlessly. Something was wrong. He didn't feel like himself. He tried to move his arms and legs but found he couldn't. A strange sensation hit him as he felt a flipper move.

A FLIPPER!

He opened his eyes, but saw a different view than expected. Elincia was there, but strangely she was at a weird angle. He yelled to get her attention, but all that came out was a mighty wail. It hurt to move but he did so anyways, tossing off the Proconsul in the process. He heard Eli simply laugh.

“Let him go!” The scientist screamed as the man-space whale thrashed inside the improvised laboratory. “Gooooooood Byyyyyyyyy. Suuuuuuuckkaaaa,” yelled Eli as she spoke whale to bade him farewell. The Scientist grinned and ran to safety along with her staff, locking the airlock behind her.

The Man-Purrgil crashed into the walls in a horrible rage but finally righted himself, looking out to the cold reaches of space. Strangely, it felt inviting despite the terror of knowing his old body could not breathe in space. Regardless, it called to him. He didn't even know what he was anymore, but he felt in this gut this was better than anything here. He swam away through the open hangar, idly wondering why strands of brown sometimes clouded his vision.

----1 month later----

Space. The Final Frontier. Or at least it used to be. Xen moved his flippers, watching as he passed each star.

Just Keep Swimming. Just Keep Swimming. Just Keep Swimming.

It was the only way to not scream. At least he had one fine looking luxurious coat.

Damn, I'm a sexy space whale. Haters gonna Hate!

Since his escape, Xen's days were spent hanging with the lady purrgils, nomming on gas clouds, purposefully messing around with nearby ships, and more importantly plotting his revenge. Eli may have thought she had the upper hand, but did she stop hyperspace lanes with her luxurious mane?! No. No, she did not!

Yeah. Take that you scheming Twilek!

One day...his traitorous Proconsul would stare at his beautiful mane as he trashed Elincia's ship and smacked her into the nearest void. Xen kept moving, imagining the look on the Twilek's face as she suffocated in the nothingness of space. Revenge would be sweet indeed. Xen was alive. Xen was ready. Xen would wait for the moment to strike.

Want to have some fun first though, maybe I can find a spice shipment. Ladies love the sparkle... ”

Laughter filled the air as the patrons doubled over, sporadically banging their hand on the table. Blade simply smiled and took another sip of her Rancor tequila, drinking in not only her favorite liquor but also reaching out to the ebullient Force energies around her. In that moment, their lighthearted auras buoyed her spirit, casting a brightness that no amount of darkness could destroy. Humor’s ability to make the galaxy a brighter place put the Force to shame sometimes.

If only things were always this simple.