

## And all for the sake of a Klondike Bar

“Many of you will no doubt condemn me. You will impugn my motives and claim that my actions were borne of selfish desire. You will believe that I share your weakness of the flesh and accuse me of the same moral flaws that are so sadly common among our kind. I stress to you that nothing could be further from the truth.

“It was a glorious day on which I stepped amongst the huddled masses of our Clan, seeing their twitching bodies and desire-soaked eyes. They were weak, but their weaknesses cannot be blamed on them. They were lustful, but their lusts were cruelly denied them. It was a moment of truth for the Clan, and I have ever stood among them at such points, there to vouchsafe Arcona’s strength, welfare, and moral fortitude.

“Even so, my attention was soon drawn to a single man, standing amidst a gathered crowd of withdrawal-stricken Clansmen. He seemed, at first, a base and primitive man, unfit to draw such attention from his betters. And yet he carried with him that unholyest of devices, against which no living man or woman can stand: A mobile freezer, awash in spiralling curlicues of condensation, its deep-frozen contents hidden from my sight.

“At his appearance, my Clansmen perked up and salivated like Vornskrs faced with their favorite treat. They thronged together in great masses and I could feel the rise of their wants and needs. Silently, I waded into the crowd and crafted for my feet a path of fear towards the repellent creature.

“And there he stood, smiling as he opened the fridge. And lo, within lay a deadly weapon to lay low the Clan. A stash of silver-wrapped delight to move the stones to tears and break the morals of the virtuous. As my Clansman gathered close and shouted I, too, could feel the irresistible attraction that small, wrapped item had on me.

““Only a few more left, folks! With the disaster, these are pricy things!’ said the vile salesman, grinning shark-like teeth at the crowd. ‘Tell me,’ he asked, and I could feel my Clansmen rear back as he began the jingle, ‘what *would* you do for a Klondike Bar?’

“I knew the answer before my Clan could speak it. I knew it, because it came to me from the deepest and darkest recesses of my soul. I knew it because my mind shivered with the thought and my tongue tingled with the taste.”

“*Anything*. There was nothing that they would not do, no rule that we would not break in order to gain one more bite from those infernal desserts.”

“Suddenly, I knew what I had to do and, resolutely, I stood.”

“So, as you can see, no vile recrimination of my character holds water. My motives were as pure as the driven snow. My actions, in the light of these circumstances, were logical,

sensible, sane, correct and even admirable. For the good of my Clan, the Brotherhood, and the entire Galaxy, I did not no less than I had to do.”

- The sworn testimony of Timeros Caesus Entar Arconae, explaining to the Chamber of Justice why he robbed a salesman at saber-point before stealing and personally eating the entirety of the Galaxy’s last known stash of Klondike Bars.