

Aberrant Behaviour

Maenaki strode down the corridors of Ol'val, scanning every nuance of the city she knew so well. Vendors lined the streets, selling everything from fried foods to jewelry and everything in between. But the half-breed was looking for something particular, something to satisfy the strange craving she found herself suffering from. It needed to be sweet, succulent and utterly divine. As she swept past the shops and craftsmen she heard an interesting call from further down.

"S'cuse me, Sir!" The voice rang out, echoing along the busy paths "what would you do for a Klondike bar?!"

The Seeker's ears twitched and she made her way past several people, pushing her way to the front, to find herself standing in front of a squat old Human. He wore tiny circular glasses, his hair was receding from the top of his skull and he had a kind smile for everyone. When he saw the beautiful half-breed he lifted his arm, holding out a bar the size of his palm.

"Hello, miss! What would you do for a Klondike bar?" He said sweetly.

"And what, pray tell, is a *klondike*?" The Seeker asked as she eyed the strange treat suspiciously.

"Well, ma'am...I'm, um...Well, I'm not entirely sure."

"Do you know if this *klondike* bar contains any processed animal by-product or gluten?" The **Seltron** narrowed her eyes, scowling at the man who still held the cold desert in front of her face.

"Um, yes...well, no. I mean, I don't really think so." The small Human's hands began to shake. Maenaki almost smiled at his frustration.

"What *do* you know about it?" she hissed, her tolerance waning.

The old man smiled brightly, his eyes twinkling in excitement and he waved the treat like it was a holy weapon.

"I know that they are delicious! This cold, creamy and chocolatey little bar can improve the day of the darkest of Jedi, the most unruly of Sith and could make a rancor weep with joy!"

"That's quite the boast, old one." Maenaki said, wondering if he was even her age or simply a decrepit Human. "I see it does well to get you a crowd."

It was true, several people were gathering around the vendor as he flailed his

precious desert around. The Seeker watched as a few people handed him credits and unwrapped their snack. It certainly looked...interesting. It had a dark brown exterior and was filled with, what looked like, a gelatinous white cream. She took a moment to watch a customer eat it. As they stuffed part in their mouth, the - what she thought was - jelly liquified and began sliding down their hand. Maenaki was utterly revolted, but she saw the happiness on the womans face as she began licking her fingers clean.

“May I try it before I buy it? I don’t believe I’ve had the...pleasure.” Mae was never one to brush off anything before at least attempting to try it. The man nodded and handed her the Klondike bar. She unwrapped it slowly, smelling it as it peeked from behind its wrapper. It smelled of plastic and other chemicals and the Seeker was already regretting her decision.

She took a tiny, delicate bite. The coldness hit her teeth and she shivered. Pain shot through her mouth as she was overtaken by a cloying sweetness. Maenaki heaved the thing into the nearest waste bin and shook her head.

“Ugh! This is repugnant!” she cried, glaring at the elder. “This is why I only eat non-gmo, uncooked vegetables and animal free foods.”

She coughed in disgust, pirouetting on her heel, and storming off to go ruin some meat-eater’s day.

Author’s Note:



**I'm Still Haunted By
The Things I Did For A
Klondike Bar**