**“Intergalactic Dining”**

By Braecen Kaeth (4520)

*Voice Dialogue Series: Funny How?*

**Nebulon-B Frigate *Venture***

**System Unknown**

**34 ABY**

The silence was broken by the Adept first, “Who talks first? Do I talk first?”

“I’m serious, Braecen!” Shawnathan snapped back.

“No,” the Adept sighed, “you are a Hunter. And have been said-Hunter for nearly a year.”

“A Hunter of great savings!”

“…” The Corellian stared.

“And profit!” Shawnathan added in to solidify his argument.

“I hate you,” the Elder responded.

“Hate me like a fox!” The self-assured Hunter quipped.

“That doesn’t even make sense, Shawn.” Braecen rolled his eyes.

“Of course not! Who wants cents when we can be making dollars?” Shawnathan grinned at his own cleverness.

“Grrrrr,” the Quaestor began to fume.

“You want to get in on the ground level of this, Brae-by,” the Journeyman paused so they could avoid his humor. “Just like your frustration with me, the value of this thing is only going to rise.”

Braecen rolled his eyes, “I don’t even know what *this* is.”

“It’s a Tuk-Tuk Food Speeder,” Shawnathan responded in disbelief. As if everyone should know the obscure vehicle immediately by sight. “It is *the* best thing in Food Service Speeders.”

“…” The Quaestor was mute with disbelief.

“I can see by your silence that you recognize my brilliance. So, let us forgo these ‘Knight’ trials to discuss this business opportunity. For a simple investment of ten thousand credits, you can be a silent partner in my savory adventure.”

“This contraption costs ten thousand credits?” Braecen asked incredulously.

“Well, no,” Shawn evaded, “the Tuk Tuk costs only two thousand credits.”

“Shawn!” The Elder had reached the end of his patience.

“You have startup fees associated with the licensing, insurance…”

“I hate you so much.”

“…the supplies, staff, food…”

“I am going to kill you.”

“…and don’t forget incidentals!”