

## **Les Lekku et Vous**

**Selen**

**37 ABY**

“Apologies ma’am, but I’m afraid we do not sell dresses in your style. May I recommend you another shop which might carry something in your particular shape?” The synthetic voice of a 3PO-series protocol droid was as grating to Yumni Ha’s senses as the emotionless rictus of its faceplate, the disgust she felt towards the droid which attempted to mimic organic life in gesture and shape difficult to hide.

“I already possess a dress and it has served me well. I do not require an upgrade to a perfectly functional garment. However, I am in the market for a pair of evening gloves,” the lanky Kaminoan replied, her monotone voice masking most of her bile.

The brightly lit gallery of *Les Lekku et Vous* was filled with all manner of exotic lek-wear, lovingly hand-crafted by the owner back when she still came down here. As of recent, such visits had abruptly stopped and CR3-3PO had been left to its own devices. A state of affairs made evident by the faint layer of dust coating the display racks.

“My continued apologies, ma’am, but we are a lek-specialty store. We do not carry such vulgar items as gloves. I am not even sure most of my clientele even have arms!” the droid replied.

Yumni stared at the soulless machine.

“I jest, of course, ma’am. An attempt to lighten the mood, you see. A humored customer is at least 23.6% more likely to make a purchase,” it explained.

She did not seem impressed.

“Annoyed customers are also less likely to make a purchase. I would advise leaving humor to those who actually have a sense for it,” the Kaminoan replied with the barb so thinly veiled it might as well have been covered in lingerie.

“Emotional responses also increase purchases by at least 13.7...”

“Gloves,” Yumni stated tersely. “Can you make them?”

“Like I already explained, we do not sell such items. Only lekcoutrements, as you may be aware.”

“Could you not simply open the tip of a, uh, lekwarmer,” she picked up a pair of delicately knitted seafoam green lekwarmers off the rack, “and trim them a little to make suitable gloves? It is simply impossible to find ones with long enough sleeves.”

“Mutilate the mistress’ vision? Unthinkable! Preposterous! How dare you suggest such a thing? And seafoam green? With the shade of your dress? A fashion disaster! A farce! I shan’t allow it!” the droid exclaimed, throwing its mechanical arms in a stilted and distinctly inhuman fashion.

“I will have you know...” Yumni began, annoyed beyond reason by this upstart droid attempting to feign something approaching outrage when all it consisted of was dead bolts and circuit board, before she realized a very pertinent factoid. “...I never told you the color of my dress.”

“...” CR3-3PO’s photoreceptors began flashing minutely in an erratic staccato.

She squinted her nonexistent brow minutely, leaning in gently to inspect the droid. Had it ceased to function? No, it was merely overloading its processor coming up with some excuse!

“I am certain you mentioned it earlier. Let me play back a recording to refresh your memory: ‘[I AM YUMNI HA AND I WOULD LIKE TO BUY insert\_item\_here TO MATCH WITH MY NEBULA PURPLE DRESS.]’”

“Corrupted file?” Yumni inquired dryly.

If the droid had been able to sweat beads, it would have. Instead, it leaked a faint bit of lubricant off its forehead crease.

“I also do not recall giving you rights to access any of my personal media accounts,” the Kaminoan continued. “Which, even considering the fairly lax regulation on privacy in Dajorra, is a considerable crime. Something that an unruly droid could get scrapped for in a picosecond.”

Her celestial eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

The droid stared back at her, then shifted and looked back again. “I see your point, ma’am. Perhaps we can be able to accommodate this special order. We have nothing if not our customers’ best interests at heart.”

“I am sure you do,” Yumni shook her head. “I am sure you do...”