Revak Kur

Pin# 12656

**New Years Resolutions**

 Steam quickly filled the room as the hot water ran down the beige skin of the Zabrak. This time was relaxing for him. No forms to fill out. Nothing needed his attention. Just him alone in the shower. He would often use this time to clear his mind. Wash away any troubles or stress. There he stood. Clear and calm.

 As the final bubbles of soap ran down this leg and into the drain. He stood motionless for a minute longer breathing in the hot water vapor. He closed the valves and slid the foggy glass door open. Stepping out he grabbed a towel and quickly rubbed the beads of water off him. He always appreciated how quickly his hairless body would dry off after being wet. He put the towel around his waist and stood in front of the mirror. Still with a calm mind, we looked at himself. Images of his past flashed before him. He took a deep breath and exhaled as me lowered his head.

Suddenly the images stopped. He became intensely focused but remained looking down. He pinched the skin on his stomach and shook it gently. “When did I get fat…” he thought to himself as he continued to examine the large bulge of subcutaneous fat that had collected around his midsection.

A look of disbelief came across his face as he turned to examine the bulge from the left side. He took a deep breath and sucked his stomach in tightly. The bulge remained. He turned and faced forward again. Taking another deep breath, once again sucked in his stomach while puffing out his chest and flexing his muscles. He appeared thin and muscular once again, until he let his body relax. Something had to be done about this bulge. He was determined to not let this bulge grow. He got dressed and left for the kitchen.

Sitting in her favorite chair, Vera was reading when she saw Revak race out of the bathroom and into the kitchen.

“What are you doing?” she asked confused.

“We have to start eating better. New year, new us.”

 Revak began looking through cabinets and drawers, on the hunt for anything that wasn’t a fruit or vegetable. He found a box of cookies that hadn’t been opened. Immediately threw them in the garbage.

 “Revak, what is wrong with you. We didn’t even open those!” Vera began to take the box out of the trash.

“We have to start eating better. That’s all…” he said as bags and boxes of various treats flew across the kitchen “… How did we accumulate all this stuff?”

“That’s not us, that’s you.”

“We’ll not anymore. All healthy stuff from now on.”

Vera looked at Revak in disbelief. “Sure. That’ll last.”

“I’m serious, just you watch...”

**… three months later…**

 Bodies lay scattered across the battlefield. The stench of rotting flesh hung in the stagnant late afternoon air. The sun masked by clouds of smoke from raging fires. There had been a massacre here. The legion of pirates that had come to raid the camp had all been killed.

 A Captain, all dressed in a well pressed uniform made his way to the camp’s Jedi commander. The Zabrak intimidated him as he had never seen one up close, let alone one strong in the Force. He fixed himself and cleared his throat before speaking.

“General, the High Councilor would like an update on the status of the camp.”

Revak turned to him slowly, still trying to catch his breath from the battle. “There were nearly 100 pirates. We lost a dozen men. The package I came for is no longer intact.”

“Yes, thank you sir. I should say that this is quite the scene. Can you give me more details for my report?”

“They came with their dropships. Landed and tried to raid the camp. We fought them off. It’s that simple.”

“Ah very good Sir, thank you.” The Captain finished typing the details into his datapad, but then looked at the General confused. “I have to ask Sir, why no prisoners? Certainly, we could have used what information they had?”

“Wasn’t an option. They destroyed what we had come here for. Rare cakes.”

The Captain was shocked. “Cakes Sir? You did all this for cakes?”

“Yes. I haven’t eaten any carbohydrates in nearly three months. I heard that there was a dealer who could supply me with very rare, yellow cylindrical cream filled cakes. So, I came here to make the trade. The pirates came, destroyed the cakes and tried to take our supplies. You can clearly see the result from that.”

“Certainly Sir. Thank you. I’ll let the High Councilor know right away.”