

The night was dark, the air over Praxeum, cool, yet steady and secure. Beneath the waxing moon, lay Tassk in his bed, snug under the covers. His window was open, and a draft mixed in with his heating, creating the perfect current for his sensitive fur.

He was deep into the realm of sleep, whisked away by midnight fancies, dreaming of that which never could be. Through the layers of his subconscious, weaved through the will of the Force, and hidden from the light of day, Tassk saw what one could only describe as pure bliss.

Before him was a grove, a grove dedicated to only the most holy of herbs, catnip. Its intoxicating smell upon the air, the lush green leaves swaying in the breeze, saying, *come, try a little*, and he desired it so. He lept in frolicking in the leaves, letting it consume him, when it all began to crash down around him.

There was an incessant buzzing, vibrating every fiber of his being, shaking hit to his very core. All around him the world shook and stuttered with every new ping and buzz, before he lost sight of all that he had held so dear.

Rising from his bed with a deep grimace, Tassk glared down at his buzzing commlink. "This better be good," he said, picking up the wretched thing. "Tassk here, what do you need?" he asked, spitting the words out with the grumpiness of a man deprived of his imaginary illegal drugs.

"Hey Tassk," a familiar perky voice said, "I've been trying to get a hold of somebody, and you're the first one to pick up, so thanks! And, I was also kind of wondering if you could come out and pick me up?"

Addressing Aura first with a grunt of annoyance, "Did you think why people might not pick up? Its the middle of the night Aura! You're our Consul, what are you doing that would ever need me to pick you up? Don't you have kids you should be watching?"

"Oh yes! I've been meaning to ask, and now that you've brought it up, I do need a sitter for this Thursday, and I was thinking, 'Why not Tassk, he loves to come over and play with the kids', but to make a long story short, I was doing a bit of barhopping to unwind, and I don't seem to be in all that great of shape. Think of the kids Tassk, I'm their mom, they need me! It would really help me out if you could come pick us up."

"Whoa, hold on there, Aura. Who's this us? And where even are you?" Tassk asked, this didn't really sound like something he wanted to get himself into.

"Well, there's me... oh! And of course Vez, we're both just having some fun in Coruscant. Come on, Tassk, how am I supposed to lead a clan of Jedi if I'm stuck on Coruscant?"

"Coruscant. Of course. So you're saying you want me to drive all the way out to Coruscant to pick up you and Vez of all people. Do you know how far away that is? I could spend that fuel

money on so many better things, so many things..." Tassk's voice trailed off, as his still half-asleep brain drifted back towards that happy place he kept so close to his heart.

"Uh, Tassk? You still there?"

"Oh yeah, I guess I'll come, what level?"

"Thanks, and 1420."

Hopping in his ship, Tassk flew on over to Coruscant, a long and uneventful ride. He found the drunken women, swaying all over the place, and barely comprehensible. He loaded them into the ship, and sealed off the cockpit as they took off, he had dealt with them enough for one day.

And so Tassk began the voyage homeward, reminiscing of comfy beds, and lovely nights. Soon, he would be home, and all would be well, until the cycle inevitably repeated itself, and he would be making a similar trip once more.