

Porg Alone

A fiction submission written by Appius "Zappius" Wight

"WHERE THE FRAKK IS THAT LITTLE SITHSPIT?" Appius bellowed as he ran down the Ostara Temple hallway in little more than a shredded robe and a pair of boxers.

Taldryanites of various expertise were aghast as they observed the nearly naked Consul barreling past them. What the hell had gotten Appius Wight so worked up at three AM in the Morning?

Flashback

It was late at night and not a creature was stirring, and thank the frakking Force for that! Appius crashed down into the bed next to Ankira and stared up at the ceiling before rubbing his eyes. It had really been a long day, and all the administration and paperwork had built up over the course of the Kasiya Invasion. The Consul was incredibly tempted to have himself cloned, at least so he had some help battling this new nemesis of his.

Finally, exhaustion took over, his eyelids becoming far too heavy as they shut over his eyes. They can't have been shut for very long before he felt a sudden light weight jump onto his chest.

*"Shi'Kar, go back to bed..." Appius managed to grumble, but the wait did not shift.
"Shi'Kar..."*

He opened one eye, and what he saw was not the Pantoran Foundling, but a small, big-eyed furry creature gazing back at him. The sudden shock jolted him awake.

"What the hell!?" Appius exclaimed.

Unfortunately, the sudden cube sent the lire creature screaming back into the Consul's face. Perhaps it was thanks to exhaustion, but Appius' first instinct was, weirdly, to scream right back at it. At least before using the Force to launch the creature to the opposite side of the room.

"Appius!? What is going on!?" Ankira shot awake at the sudden noise, her hair a ruffled mess. "Why is there a porg in the room!?"

"I don't know!" Appius retorted.

"Daddy?" asked a highly nervous Shi'Kar as she peeked her head into the bedroom.

*"Well GET RID OF IT!" Ankira bellowed at a volume that Appius had never heard before. The Consul leapt out of bed, wrapped his dressing gown around him so he could retain **some** decency, and set to work of ridding the porg from his family's sight.*

That was nearly two hours ago, and in that small space of time, Appius had been through hell and back. He'd been shocked by his own lightning, had his dressing gown set on fire by a stray jetpack of all things, tumbled down a flight of stairs after slipping on an obscene amount of glitter, and falling face first into some starship fuel.

Needless to say, Appius wasn't having a good night, but that was all about to change! The porg had made the critical error of heading down a one-way hallway directly into the Taldryan Summit's meeting room.

"I HAVE YOU NOW!" Appius screeched as he barged into the room, eyes wide and looking like some sort of spawn that crawled out of hell. However, he was suddenly face to face with Justinios, Teebu, Raistline, Tracinya, and Crysenia, the Taldryan Proconsul and House summits of Ektrosis and Thanatos respectively. Crysenia had the porg nestling comfortably on her shoulder like it was a pet.

"Appius?" Justinios said as he raised a brow. "What the hell happened to you?"

"That... little..." Appius answered, seething anger pouring through his gritted teeth as he pointed to the source of his ire on Crysenia's shoulder. "I want that thing KILLED and BURNED!"

"Whoa, that is highly unnecessary," Tracinya couldn't help but comment.

"What the hell are you all still doing here!? Our meeting finished hours ago!" Appius exclaimed.

"It did. We've been pulling overtime so you can get some rest," Raistline answered for the group.

"You're tired, you're angry, and you are chasing Crysenia's new pet around the temple. Look at it! It livens up the place," Teebu added on.

"That thing is a MENACE!" Appius protested.

"This thing is my pet and I will hear no more of it!" Crysenia ordered. "Now, go back to bed. Trust us, we have things covered here."

Appius glanced across all the concerned faces in the room.

"Fine, but keep that *thing* away from my office and my living quarters! The next time I see it, it's getting ZAPPED!" the Mandalorian demanded as he slammed the office door behind him.

A few moments of silence occurred between the rest of the Taldryan summit before they suddenly burst into an uncontrollable laughter. A blue-hued image of a bronze-skinned Kiffar appeared in the middle of the round table.

"Did you get the footage?" the Kiffar asked, a perpetual grin stretching across his face.

"Yes, Jorm!!" Crysenia cheered, pulling a small tag from around the port's neck. A camera.

"Wonderful!" Jorm responded. "I'll have that posted across the Caelus System in a few minutes."

The Summit burst into laughter again. No doubt Appius was going to be angry tomorrow, but for one night of hilarity, it was totally worth it.

==The End==