Dialogue between:

Rrogon Skar Agrona

Tali Sroka

Koliss Welcott

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“That *thing* is not coming aboard this ship or I will rend those ridiculous head-tails from your skull and stuff them down the garbage disposal!” The furious Kaleesh growled, slamming his cybernetic fist into a bulkhead with enough force to leave a dent.

“That’s not a very nice thing to say to your new team-mate.” Tali retorted, seemingly hurt more by the threat than scared by it. “Think about the possibilities!”

”What in the seven blazes is going on in here?” Koliss interjected sharply as he entered the galley, finding his two crewmates bickering over a slender cardboard box.

“Skarbles here thinks…” Tali began, but was immediately cut off by the growling cyborg.

“Do NOT call me that.” Skar threatened.

A moment’s pause later the Twi’lek continued. “*Skar* here thinks that installing my new SodaStreaker into the galley is a vaste of space andt on-boardt power.”

“Which it is.” He stated bluntly.

Koliss rubbed his temples and sighed. “So, what *is* a SodaStreaker anyway?”

“Haven’t you seen the commercials? It’s a machine that lets you make your own soda! It’s the best! Andt you know that soda-vater goes vell vith my bubbly personality.” Tali beamed, holding up the box into Koliss’ face so he could read the marketing blurb printed on it.

“It is a waste of space and a pointless drain on our resources. As quartermaster of this ship I cannot allow such a logistical burden.” The Kaleesh maintained adamantly.

“Logistical burden…?” Koliss raised a disbelieving eyebrow.

“He’s talking about the pressure capsules. You have to get them from an authorizedt supplier or voidt the varranty.” Tali sighed, shaking her head.

“Precisely and considering our mission and the rate of carbonated beverage consumption of the lek-head, we would either have to make constant visits back to Port Ol’val for replenishment or stock a dangerous number of pressurized containers aboard the ship. Simply unacceptable!” Skar stated triumphantly, crossing his arms over his chest.

Taking a moment to consider the situation, Koliss sighed. “Look, you two, we have a bit bigger problems to solve here than what beverage appliances we can maintain while deep in hostile territory. If Tali wants to have carbonated water, then why can’t she? On the condition she won’t demand we keep it stocked at all times.”

“That vas never a problem! I triedt to tell him that, but the stupidt half-droidt vouldn’t…” Tali began, but was silenced by a gesture from Koliss, who turned to look at Skar.

“Well? Is that acceptable, quartermaster?” He inquired.

The man looked at Koliss and then at Tali before shaking his head. “Unacceptable! The power drain alone…”

“Oh for the love of…” Koliss exclaimed, throwing his hands up in a physical exclamation of his frustration.

“Vell, vhat vouldt you put in its place, then?” Tali inquired, lekku shifting into an inquisitive pose, her hand resting on Koliss’ shoulder to calm him down.

Suddenly, the Kaleesh fell silent and his anger melted into apprehension as he muttered something unintelligible.

“Vhat vas that?” Tali pressed on, shifting her head to the side and cupping her ear-cone.

“A microgarden…” He muttered.

“A micro-whatnow?” Koliss ran a hand down his face, unable to comprehend what was going on anymore.

“Oooh, I’ve always vantedt one of those! You can grow herbs andt fresh lettuce andt…” Tali chirped excitedly, much to the surprise of the Kaleesh, though less so to the Human.

“So… would you be open for switching out the SodaStreaker for a microgarden, then? If you two had joint custody of it?” Koliss suggested in his best diplomatic tone.

The two bickering parties looked at each other for a long moment before both hesitantly nodded in silence.

“Excellent. I’ll take this away for now and let you two work out the details.” Koliss stated with a nod as he picked up the offending box and headed for the door.

“Sooo… Vhat voudlt you vant to grow in our microgarden?” Tali inquired tentatively from the still slightly bashful Kaleesh.

“I have longed to taste the fresh herbs of my homeworld for a long time. With the proper salinity and enough heat and sunlight, we can…” He began, before falling silent at the sight of Tali’s blank expression. “What?”

“Oh, uh, it’s just that I vas hoping ve couldt grow some lettuce for some fresh salads andt salinity andt hardt sunlight isn’t goodt for the fragile leaves andt…”

“Unacceptable!” Skar roared, his cybernetic fist once again finding the familiar dent in the nearby wall.

Koliss took one glance at the situation and decided that in some arguments, it was perhaps best to not get involved.