

Brzko took his tablet out of his inside jacket pocket, unfolded it, and sat it on the table. He opened the database app, scrolled through the list and found Babylon 5, he scrolled through the character images until he found one of Emperor Londo Mollari, of Centauri Prime. He lifted the tablet and turned it toward Bartala.

Bartala jumped from his seat, knocking his chair over. He began stomping his feet, both of his hands flew up to cover his mouth, a feeble attempt at stifling his excitement. He emitted something like a scream. Brzko thought his squeal sounded just like that of a twelve year old Earth girl at a boy-band concert. Bartala started bouncing up and down.

“OK, you win, you win, you win! I cannot believe this. Tell me the truth you have altered an image of me, no? Oh I do not care this is priceless. This Londo even dresses as I do - beautiful coat with a jeweled medallion. And I want that hair! We have to go. I must return to Ploosnar and find a coiffeur. I need this image, please print me a copy.”

“Of course Bartala, in fact we’ll just take you back to Ploosnar with us.”

“Brzko, you are just as witty as the Muse of Mischief! I do not need an escort back to Ploosnar. But I cannot resist the immediacy of your style of travel. I will contact my ship and tell them to return without me.”

Brzko settled the bill with the keeper while Bartala contacted his ship. The trio walked a short distance from the bar, Agent Brzko and the Muse of Mischief had learned long ago that most beings were not comfortable observing the immediacy of their travel. Either of them could transport a willing being with them, they just needed to maintain physical contact.

The Muse of Mischief took Bartala’s arm as though he were her escort, “Ready Bartala?”

The trio vanished.