* Corn maze

Tyk was not lost. He knew exactly where he was on the map, you see. He was right \*there\* on Ukio’s surface, on the farm Work’t had brought him to for map reading and observation training. He was just having a \*minor\* issue with where in where he was compared to the local geographic survey on his second map, which of course was annoying, but most certainly did not mean Tyk was lost.

Because being lost would be dumb, and the grumpy old wok would give him big dramatic sighs and weird cut off gibs in Basic about it for the next week if he was. It definitely didn’t mean nightfall would catch him. Even with the sun starting to set, he was sure he’d find the path soon.

Tyk looked down the giant (four foot eight inches) stalks of dying corn growing around him as he once again spun around on the spot, pouting. He looked at his flare, imagined Work’t again and began walking the direction he had been travelling the last fifteen minutes. Another blast of insect repellent and fiddling with his ongoing game of Exogorth on the Collegium datapad Work’t had given him when he first expressed he didn’t have a tablet.

The Exogorth ate more and more little apples as it got longer on the screen while trapped in the row of corn Tyk was funnelled down, before reaching a cross section. Briefly pausing the game, the game which he was certain he would win, as he was quite sick of losing the game at this point, Tyk looked around.

Sure enough, as he expected. More half dead corn rotting on the vine. However, as he had hoped, because he wasn’t lost thank you very much, there was also a large residence, looking quite rustic and manual built just down the left side row, which seemed to come out in a clearing. Pocketing Exogorth for the moment and walking with a happy bop in his step, Tyk came out into the clearing to find the house was two story affair, wooden slates framing each wall with grand double windows at what appeared to be the top floor. Inside the dark outline of a figure was backlit by a dim light, seemingly an actual fire light.

“Huh, how retro!” Tyk exclaimed, waving up at the figure and walking up to the front door. He knocked enthusiastically on the giant dark wooden door, using the large dark steel knocker in the shape of a screaming woman’s face. “How cool!” Tyk said, smiling at the interesting design. He hadn’t seen something so horrifically designed since encountering Work’t’s naming system and the horrible state of his item containers. The door swung open with a grating loud \*\*creeeeeeek\*\* as a giant (five foot two inches) Twi’lek stood in threshold. He could only tell because the figure was a Twi’lek as there’s Leks were wrapped in black cloth, just like the rest of the female’s figure. Even the face was covered in a lighter veil which was still black.

Behind him, lightening flashed. He looked over his shoulder at the clear sky. “Huh, good evening miss. My name is Tyk! Weird weather we’re having isn’t it.” The figure seemed poised but waited to say anything. “I’m currently some where here…” He said gesturing with the datapad’s map. “Little bit misplaced though you see, though not lost! Definitely not lost! You look cool by the way! Very cohesive fashion!” Tyk said nervously, hoping he wasn’t making the woman uncomfortable.

“It has been a long time since we had visitors…” She rasped; voice seemingly strapped with some sort of illness. Tyk felt bad. “Come in…” She said, gesturing as she slowly shambled inside. She moved with a jerkiness that seemed to Tyk to indicate great age.

“Sure!” Tyk said, following inside. Rain usually followed lightning, and as he stepped over the threshold as the thunder finally rolled in. The swung shut and seemed to lock into places, hinges seizing.

“It’s been a long time since this house had more then myself in. My husband passed so long ago…” Tyk paused, still staring at the door, collecting that information.

“Oh. I’m sorry Miss. I can stay for abit, Work’t can wait.” He turned and followed her into what seemed to be a living room.

“Work’t?” She said, gesturing to an old but very plush sofa. Tyk planted down as she sat across in an armchair. The room was well kept, if dusty. Tyk struggled to see much, as the room was mostly lit by a single antique fire lamp sat on the side table between them, only really illuminating the three seats, including a smaller two-seater sofa to the pairs side.

“My boss. He found me back in a slave camp and freed me. Decent bloke, bit of an old grumpy git though.” Tyk laughed softly. “He’s getting me to practice navigation.”

“And yet, it seems your soul is lost.”

Tyk cocked his head. Weird phrasing. The woman must be a Basic Literature Major. It would explain the old house in the middle of nowhere. “Not lost! Just a little off target. I just need to get out of this corn maze and into the city to get back to the ship, I’m almost there.”

“I see. A return to our family, found or not, is often a goal. Often one that is not possible.” She said, lightening briefly illuminating the room. He caught sight of a wall of heads, animal noggins stuffed and on the wall.

“Neat collection…” He said, looking at it. He shook his head and focused on the woman’s words. “Yeah, I’m sorry miss. It must be rough losing your husband and living alone for so long. You ever considered moving?”

There was another dramatically long pause. “I am bound here.” She finally said. “As are all who walk these halls.”

“Ah, the hinges, yeah. Want me to take a look at those?”

“The house stands as it is.” She spoke.

“It does seem sturdy!”

“It is firm in it’s hold on all that stays within.”

“Good infrastructure can last centuries! You should see some of the villages back on Endor!”

The woman continued to stare. Tyk smiled warmly. “If you wanted to come to town with me, you could help me find my way, and you could maybe check out some of the new things they’ve built?”

“I cannot leave.” She rasped, leaning forward. Lightening flashed again.

“Oh, right, yeah the door. Let me have a look…” He popped the canister containing Glue the micro-droid swarm out and walked back over. The droids rapidly inserted themselves into the hinges and lock, and Tyk watched as thousands of tiny flakes of rust began flying out, carried into a pile. He scooped it up into his canteen, it was mostly empty anyway and he hardly wanted to leave a mess.

“I cannot leave!” The woman rasped loudly, thunder rolling in from outside, leks floating up.

“Awh, sure you can. I know it be abit scary going out, but I’ve got you!” Tyk said enthusiastically, going to grip the woman’s arm in a comforting pat.

Tyk awoke, head screaming in pain. He looked up, finding himself on the edge of a vast corn maze. He was also sat in what appeared to be a large tractor. “Huh.” He said, checking himself over. Headache, yup. Gear, yep, though his canteen seemed to have turned into a solid lump of rust somehow. Unsettled slightly for the first time, Tyk looked around and saw the main road into town just under the front tires of the tractor, and a notebook on the dashboard of the vehicle. He flipped open the first page and found in his own handwriting a note simply saying “Thank you. Keep what you have found”.

“Weird, she gave me a tractor?” He shrugged and keyed the ignition. “Well, best get back to it, I must be getting dehydrated if I’m falling asleep and forgetting things when driving.”

And that day, Tyk was not in fact; lost.