

Regrets
By: Riverche

25 ABY, Coruscant:

The bare, white walls of the new living room made the oversized sofa in the center look small. “The movers must have dropped off some of the furniture early.” Riverche thought as she entered their soon to be new apartment. She had been very excited for the move to the larger place. This would be the first time in her 14 years of life that she would not have to share a room with her older brother. Also, the new place was closer to her dad’s bar, so he would have more time with her. To Riverche, the move was the best idea her parents had made.

“If the couch is here, what else got dropped off?” Riverche wondered as she searched the three bedroom apartment. Some boxes in one room. Her dresser was in another room. Dishes, that her mom was unpacking, were in the kitchen.

“They will drop off the rest of our items tomorrow.” Her mom said placing a glass in the cabinet. “We will be eating at the bar and sleeping at the old apartment, tonight.”

“Why can’t we stay here? I want to sleep in my new room.” Riverche protested.

“No, the movers will be here early and I do not want you in their way.”

“But...”

“No! Your dad and I have decided. No more.” Her mom turned her attention back to the dishes on the counter.

The bar was almost empty when Riverche and her mom arrived. A drunken Zabrak sat passed out in a corner booth with a half empty, amber colored drink in front of him. Two human males loudly discussed local news in the middle of the room. A lone hooded figure sat at the bar talking to Riverche’s brother. Her dad stood at the door to meet them and quickly ushered them into the back storage room.

The room’s walls were lined with shelves of supplies, and a small table with four chairs sat in the center of the room. In front of each chair, silverware and a plate waited for the family. A hot pot sat in the center on a pad. “What’s wrong?” Riverche’s mom asked.

“Sweetie, stay here. I need to talk to your mom for a moment.” Her dad led her mom into an adjoining room and closed the door behind them.

Riverche waited a few moments before going to the door. Pressing her ear to the door, she could only hear a few fragments of their conversation.

“... came by... hung out...”

“... sure... him... trouble...”

“... fight... lightning... authorities...”

“... training... control...”

“You know that it is rude to listen in on other people’s conversations.” Her brother said startling her.

“I could only make out a fraction of what they are saying.”

“I need to go fill out some forms about an incident today.” He pulled out a chair and motioned Riverche to sit in it. Riverche walked over to the chair and sat down.

“When will you be back?” Riverche responded as he pushed her chair closer to the table.

“I won’t. I got an opportunity to train in the force and I leave tonight. You will understand when you are older.”

“What about dad? Did you tell them? Are you even going to say goodbye to them?”

“I can’t tell them and neither are you. Promise you will not tell!”

“But...”

“Riv, they won’t understand. You and I both know their feelings on the subject. Now, promise.”

“One of these days I will regret this. But, if you must go, then I promise not to tell.”

“Thanks, this means a lot to me.” He gently hugged her and headed for the door. At the door, he turned back to face her. “No more eavesdropping, it is rude. Tell dad, I will see him at home. Bye.”

“Bye.” Riverche whispered as the door shut behind him.

The next morning, Riverche woke in her bedroom to her mom yelling at a holo communicator.

“What do you mean he never arrived?”

“No, I don’t know where he is!”

“I understand. When I see him, I will have him file the report.” She turned off the holo communicator and turned to see Riverche standing in the doorway to her room.

“Kark! Quit eavesdropping on everyone!”

“Your yelling woke me. It was hard not to listen in.”

“Sorry, come here.” Her mom said holding out her arms. Riverche obediently went to her, who immediately wrapped her arms around Riverche. “Your brother never made it home last night. Did he say anything to you?”

“No, all he said was that he would be late coming home.”

“Alright, sweetie, I need to help out at the bar today. Get dressed and gather your datapad!”

“Can’t I...”

“No! I want... Until we know what happened, you will remain with me or your dad. Understand?”

“Yes, mom.” Riverche agreed closing the door to her room behind her.

27 ABY, Coruscant:

“Honey, we need to go! You’re making us late.”

“Sorry, mom!” Riverche exclaimed coming out of her room. “Can’t I hang out with my friends today?”

“No, we have been over this. Your dad is expecting us to help out, and besides a big shipment is scheduled to arrive today. Now, are you ready to go?”

“Almost, why can’t I hang out with friends? I don’t do anything at the bar except sit in the back room and read all day.”

“You know the reason.”

“I am not my brother. I will not disappear without a trace. Please, let me hang out with some friends, just once?”

“Sorry, maybe next week.” Her mom replied opening the front door.

“You’ve been saying that for the last two years.” Riverche mumbled walking out of the apartment.

At the entrance to bar, Riverche’s mom turned to her and broke the uneasy silence between the two. “I will talk to your dad. If you want, I can arrange for you to receive the shipment later.”

“Please, I want to do something other than read and study all day.”

“I will talk to your dad. It is about time we started to trust you.”

“Thanks!” Riverche exclaimed as she throw her arms around her mom.

“What you mean? Send her to do the shipment?” Could be heard throughout the bar a few moments after they arrived. “Do you want to lose her, also?” Riverche gently placed her datapad in her pocket and stood at the door to hear the rest of the conversation.

“It wasn’t her fault. We can’t keep her pinned up in the bar for the rest of her life for something that had nothing to do with her. It is time to let her make some choices. Let her do the shipment, please? It means a lot to her.” Her mom replied with a slightly raised voice.

“Alright, tell her what to do and escort her to the port.” Her dad conceded handing her mom a datapad.

“Come, he agreed.” Riverche’s mom handed her the datapad, and headed for the door. “I’ll explain the routine on the way.”