Jalen dashes through door of his quarters, drops to his knees and searches under his bunk, “Dammit, it is not there!” Stands up and looks in his locker, “not there either!” As he dreaded, he lost it, how can he report to lightsaber training without his training saber. “I have no choice, but to face the instructor and deliver the news. Maybe I will only get a slap on the wrist” he hopes aloud. He enters the courtyard, the instructor waiting patiently, as he prepares to explain himself, the instructor turns and says “Lose something?” With Jalen’s saber in hand.