

What a year!

I can't believe so much has happened in such a short while. It was not even a full year ago, when I managed to free myself from Kar'Dannaa. If Xenna hadn't found me, I might have died in that forsaken desert. I guess that used up most of my luck for the year.

It's still so hard to really understand and accept that I am somehow special. That I have something others do not; a connection with the Force. All my life I've been told I'm trash, worthless, scum. A no-good piece of lek that should be happy to be fed and kept around only for her body. But now, these people tell me I have a means to be special, to be powerful, to harness abilities others cannot and be important, valuable. A person.

It hasn't been easy, no, but I think I've gotten a hang of it. Being a person, I mean. But I've had friends to help with that. Xenna, though she's quite tight-lipped and all, has at least helped here and there. Kordath, when he's not being a cheeky grabby pain in the lek, he can be quite adorable. Guess that's why Zuji's marrying him. Speaking of whom, she's really been like an older sister to me. I should make her a tail warmer. Oooh! And tiny ones for the little babies they're going to have!

Then there's Koliss. I know he means well, but... working with slavers? I just can't really understand why he'd stoop so low. He really should know better. He did see some light when we were fixing up those refugees, but I think he needs a bit more time to accept it. Hmph, figures. Once you learn an academic profession you suddenly think you know everything and can do no wrong...

So much has happened, I even opened up my own shop! Just not too many people have found it yet, but I've seen lots of fellow Twi'leks around, so there should be a market for lek-warmers. Maybe next year the business will pick up? I hope so...

I know it's supposed to be a big secret or something, but Zuji is a terrible liar. Seems like I'm due for some sort of promotion soon. I hope that means a bit more pay, maybe? The A/C could use some work. Sleeping in a damp bed loses its charm after a while...

Here's to a New Year and may it be full of adventure!

Though... Wonder if they were talking about... It. Her? I don't even know. It's been broken ever since I came here. They wanted to throw it away, give me an armory saber instead, but that weapon saved my life. I... I owe it my everything. I know I'm sounding crazy, but I'm not. There WAS a voice there. I know it! It's just been silent for a long time, that's all. Maybe it's resting? It'll work again when it has to. I'm sure of it.

Happy New Year, saber. I'll take care of you.

-Tali Zorah