Click, click, click. Click, click-click. Click, click, click.

The rhythmic clatter of crochet hooks sounded softly in the dimly lit interior of *Your Lekku and You*, the flickering candles spread around the small shop letting off a gentle scent of tropical fruits and spice, scents the shop’s owner found relaxing. Outside the shop, in the streets of Port Ol’val, people from all walks of life were celebrating the beginning of a new year. Music, merriment, wild parties and friendly gatherings all took place as folk flocked to greet a new era which they all hoped would be better than the last. Didn’t they always?

Soft candlelight shining off her purple skin, freshly pampered with scented lotions after a long bath she had looked forward to for weeks, Tali sat cross-legged on a small pillow on the floor of her shop and continued her work. Slowly, loop by loop, the yarn slid through her fingers manipulated by the metal hooks that tugged and pulled it into the proper shapes and linking it up with itself in a complex pattern that took great care to keep consistent. Though her eyes gazed at the lights beyond the shaded shop windows, observing the flashes of fireworks and other celebratory shows, her focus was entirely on the work at hand.

Slender fingers and smooth hooks worked like a well-oiled machine, the three bundles of yarn she was using to create the complex design floating effortlessly in the air around her by the power of the Force as she used her newfound gifts to aid in her work. Such a complex design would not have been feasible, or at least far beyond her abilities to pull off as well as she did, without the aid of the convenient yarn holders that allowed her to keep the flow of different colored threads at just the right tension for a solid, yet flexible weave.

A cup of tea sat next to her, a faint scent of cut grass and morning dew still barely recognizable as the delicate brew within slowly cooled past its prime, neglected by the Twi’lek in favor of her work. Beside the cup lay a half-eaten treat, a traditional Rylothian sweetmeat she’d bought from the bazaar, but found to be less than agreeable with her palate. Perhaps next year she would make a better choice.

While the excitement for the coming year shift grew outside, the Twi’lek continued her tireless work as link by link and row by row the three yarns formed a fabric that snaked now almost three feet, the length of her lekku. Embedded into its intricate knitwork were several shapes, some cruder than others, standing out from the decorative patterns that snaked along its length like twisting vines.

At the very base of the tubular creation was a simple lightsaber with a yellow blade, the weapon’s plasma blade slicing through a dark collar. Further up was an escape pod and a dune of sand, followed by the shape of a robed woman. Above it came an asteroid, Ol’Val to those in the know, and several people ranging from Ryn to Humans and other Twi’leks. Pictures of training, of starships, of battles and adventures all followed, lovingly incorporated into the weave. No significant moment was ignored, not even the bad ones. Injured civilians, betrayed parents, a smashed kalikori, wounded friends. Everything was catalogued in chronological order until the last image of the year.

A purple Twi’lek, who’d spent all her life so far as property, surrounded by friends, new family and superiors who all looked at her with smiles and great appreciation as she held up a Knight’s lightsaber. It had been a tremendous ride and from such humble beginnings she would never have thought she could have come so far. Yet, the support of her Clan and the assistance from her friends had carried her forward and into greatness previously unfathomable. When she’d broken her chains, and escaped her slavery, the best she could have hoped for was to be free. What she now had was beyond her wildest dreams and possibly, dared she dream, just the beginning.

Putting the final touches on the lekwarmer before sliding it up her lek, Tali turned to look at the lightsaber she’d stolen from Kar’Dannaa, the Toydarian slaver whom she had been forced to call Master. The humble weapon, beaten up by age and rough handling, sat snuggly inside a soft sheath much like the one she’d put on her lek.

“Vell? How do I look?” She asked the weapon with a girlish smile, doing a little twirl to show off her creation.

The lightsaber had no opinion, though Tali was quite certain that if it had chosen to speak, it would most likely have given its begrudging approval.

Rhythmic shouts from outside alerted her to the new year’s countdown and she filled her glass once more with wine and at the appointed moment tapped the brim against the metal of the saber’s emitter. “Here’s to a new year and more adventures!” She smiled as the saber spat out a single flickering spark.