Some folks celebrate each year that they exist to mark a victory over that which will have ultimate victory over some. They drink until their head comes apart, or they find someone to sleep with, just so they don’t have to spend that day alone. Others watch it quietly go by. I celebrate one day of the year.

For me birthdays are special days. It’s a different day for just about everyone else. So, if the urge to celebrate a year pops up there is always someone you know that is having a birthday in the current month you’re in.

I like to keep mine simple though. Party is fine. Really, it’s for the others. Not that I don’t enjoy it as well. For me, I just like the idea of a simple cake, maybe a little ice cream and the first bite. Brings me back to the days when my parents were still around and held birthdays for me.

You see in my house; it was a special day of the year. For supper, I got whatever I wanted and it didn’t matter what that was. I never, really, did ask for any out of the ordinary. I always like a little bit of cake and some ice cream.

Though there was a time when I was on Dantooine I had given some thought about one of the local dishes. Looked like cake. But smelled completely off. So, I gave up on that.

This year, I was sitting atop a casino on Nar Shaddaa, looking down on the masses going to and fro like crazed drunken ants. The place still had an oppressive feel to it. Yet there was such hope in the place. One didn’t need to be a force user to feel this place. It sorta overwhelmed everyone.

 “Another year older” I said out loud to no one particularly. Especially since I was in alone. I grabbed the slice of cake and put it on a plate. A small dab of ice cream. With plate in hand I looked out the window again.

 “No one knows.” Maybe for the best. Especially if I wanted to keep having birthdays. Not everyone here would be happy to see me. The just as soon blast my head off as to have a slice of cake with me. Now that I think of it, they may just blast my head off and finish my cake to spite me. “Have a merry birthday, kid” I heard my dad say in the time panels of my head. I took a bite.

That’s how I celebrate now-a-days. One thing it has taught me, life doesn’t stay the same. It’s constantly changing. May never be the same, but that is the only thing that stays the same. Before you know it, how you celebrate will be changing again.

 A knock on the wall behind me. It startles me for just a second. Through off my game with all this thinking of traditions. It’s some twi'lek girls and a band of biths. This could be fun…