

Several weeks had passed since I had woken up on the beach. The shuttle wreck had left me in rough shape and I had spent plenty of time in the bacta tank after the experience. Every morning since that day had been oddly pleasant despite the alien feel to it all. Lifting the shovel again, I drove it down into the dirt with an audible grunt before shoving up another clump of earth and depositing it on the small but growing pile beside me.

It was not bad in any way that I could pin down but then again, this place was all I knew. The people are kind-hearted, but insulated. There are a few beaten old transports, as well as a few speeders, but the community is pretty quiet, largely depending on the fruit of their lands and labors to make it by. That was the life I had taken to. There were other things but I found a simple pleasure in working with my hands. Each evening I was able to take dinner with Wallace and the missus, and on the weekends his daughter would visit.

Moving more dirt, I let my mind further wander as I worked. They had made me feel so welcome considering. I was left in a state of amnesia. The odd circular symbol they showed me from within the shuttle's wreckage meant nothing to me. I brushed sweat from my head as I considered my deepening hole. A sensation, like a tickle along the back of my neck pulled me back to an alert status. I turned to see Tetra walking up, a couple of glasses in hand. I could see the condensation on the sides of the drink vessels and the dry feeling which had stuck in the back of my throat all morning became more prominent.

"You are just as jumpy as always." The young woman's mouth twisted in a smirk as she extended one of the glasses toward me. "I saw you out here and figured you could use this." Opening my hand, I extended my fingers out slightly and the glass floated jerkily toward me. "Very smooth, Jedi-boy." Her tone was playfully teasing as she lifted her own glass to her lips.

"Oh, I try. After all, what would my life be without your words of praise my sweet lass? Truly, you make the aches of my morning vanish with the soft lilt of your voice." My tone was comparatively deadpan, but was still met by her amused smirk.

"You better watch out, buddy. If you keep up that kind of talk you might find yourself with a *lass* on your arm."

"I will keep that little tidbit in mind. After all, I would need to get some work in trying to woo any potential said lass, wouldn't I?" Smiling at me, Tetra took a long drink from her glass. I watched as sunlight caused her eyes to sparkle. Or maybe that was a sparkle of joyful emotion or something. Supposedly there is some difference I suppose, but I am a farmer, not a poet.

"Don't keep a lass waiting." Tetra gave a knowing smile, walking slowly back toward her father's home. I felt a blush in my cheeks as I watched her slow trot toward the house. At the end of the season, I would have to talk with her father. They were a nice family and I still wanted to repay their kindness in my time of need several weeks ago. Afterward, I might find a house of my own and start a family here. I couldn't imagine wanting to leave this place for any significant amount

of time. I can't imagine another mode of life than the peace here. Who would want to take part in the struggle and conflict of the larger galaxy when happiness was right here?

Maybe I would look into getting in touch with the larger galaxy though. She had talked a bit about Jedi. Maybe if I did a bit of looking, I could find out some more about who the group is and what they are all about. Though, if they are anything like the community I have been adopted by then I can't imagine not wanting to join up with such a group.