

*Knit, purl, reverse knit.*

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The mantra flowed through Tali's mind as the soft thread slipped past her fingertips, dexterous digits guiding the sleek needles to form a tight pattern of weave. The subtle click of her work, performed with eyes softly closed as she sat cross-legged upon the *Voidbreaker's* training room floor, was a tether to the moment while her mind was elsewhere.

Suspended in mid-air, manipulated by the faintest gestures of her lek tips, a second set of needles mimicked the motions of the first. Soft thread, much lighter and easier to guide than the one in her hands, flowed past the telekinetically guided needles to form a pattern much like that of their physical peers. Almost.

It had taken much effort and training to get this far, a drawer beneath her bed full of haphazard patches of knitted fabric standing as testament to her first fledgeling steps and the progress she'd made since. What had started off as crude rows of childish stitches had refined and focused as her mastery and understanding grew, the two patterns by now almost identical if not for the choice of yarn and the softer loops.

During the war, there had not been much time for such pastimes and it had begun to bother her. The constant need of travel, combat and subterfuge, alertness and split-second readiness for action had worn her down mentally as much as physically. Finally at rest, returning to her knitting was like embracing an old friend and picking up the needles had been akin to picking up the conversation where they'd left it last time they met.

*Purl, reverse knit.*

She paused, bringing back the suspended patch for inspection and comparing it to the one in her hands. A loop was off. Where her hands had made it, the other had not. The artist in her demanded correction. The Jedi forgave it. It was a failure, objectively speaking, but erasing it would not undo the fact, only hide the lesson. Hiding weakness would not make her strong. She would do better next time.

Closing her eyes once more, she returned to the thoughts and motions of her work. The soft clicking of needles, almost in lockstep unison, filled the silent chamber as supple yarn took form by her guidance. A tubular shape, gently tapered, continued to narrow as each circular row lost a few loops here and there, reaching towards the end of her work.

Her mind floating away from the mundane, seeing and feeling the dual threads flowing into place, Tali breathed easy and let the waves of the Force swell and bob around her. She was not a cork upon the waves. She was not a fish in the water. She was one with the waves, eddies and currents. One with the flow.

She drank deep the living Force, serenity flowing through her as the cadence of knitting slowed down. Tranquil inside and out, she expanded her senses around her, the durasteel

skeleton of the *Voidbreaker* guiding her from stateroom to stateroom, cabin to cabin. She sensed the crew and their vessel, luminous dots within a man-made beast that all the same existed within the Force. Though each resonated in a unique way, they were, at a distance, all alike.

Diving deeper, she skirted the smaller stars of her teammates. The technical thoughts of Kelviin as he puzzled away in engineering, the predatory perceptions of Grot as he hunted skittering vermin in the shadows of the cargo deck, the cool cogitations of Leeadra on the bridge, contemplating their next jump and the ravishing reflections of their battle team leader, Lucine, relishing another romance novel. These all, and many more beyond, all passed her by within the constellation of their ship. A constellation that was short one star.

*“Koliss...”*

The thought snapped her back with a staccato of clattering knitting needles. Both pairs had fallen upon the floor and she could see the tips of her newest pair of lekwarmers was far from perfect. She had missed many loops.

The lingering longing for the medic and the frail bond they’d forged before the war left the Twi’lek in a solemn silence. She stared with an empty gaze into the distance, half aware of her surroundings and half submerged within the Force, desperately trying to reach out for him. Reach out for one she could not find.

She stirred with a shocked gasp, shivering from cold as if she’d crossed oceans. Her lekku were damp with perspiration. Picking up the fallen needles, she deftly finished her work and tied up the loose ends. A pair of lekwarmers, far from perfect, but serviceable. They would have to do.

Slipping them on to help against the cold, she packed her things into a small satchel and left for her cabin. Others had need of the training room, as she could hear from the disgruntled stomps of Decima’s vibroglave against the ship’s deck plating.

She would do better next time.