

Sandstorms; one of the many evils of the galaxy. Few natural occurrences make one feel as trapped as the billowing winds tearing into the sandy landscapes of Tatooine. For someone trying to stay on the move at all times these storms can be quite the nuisance. At moments like this, what's left to do but indulge oneself.

"Can I havvve anotheerrr?"

Sitting at the bar of the Mos Eisley Cantina was a white and pink haired Sephi. Her soft face and glazed over eyes gave her an ethereal like glow that radiated off of her light pink skin. Against her fair skin the silver tattoos framing her eyes accentuated the helpless aura she seemed to emit.

"Look, girl, we don't usually take your kind here. Bad for business really. I only let you stay because of how dangerous it is out there," The barkeep spoke softly, almost too quiet to be heard over the Jizz band that was playing.

"My kind?" She asked with a slight eye roll and a wobbly stare.

"I know what those tattoos mean, as do most out in these parts. We don't need any trouble from escaped slaves."

Eevie's eyes hardened to a glare and her right hand instinctively dropped to her thigh holster. Regaining her bearings, she softened her gaze and leaned forward towards the bartender. She moved her free hand through her purple and white locks.

"Well, I sure do appreciate you letting me stay here. I am looking for a new ship, then I can be out of your hair," Eevie kept her voice soft and frail as she spoke with the bartender. He merely rolled his eyes and walked away, grumbling after pouring her another shot.

As the Sephi downed her drink, a group of men approached her from behind dressed in matching red clothes. They had calculated looks on their faces, which promised trouble.

"Jeejee babau mee kaae chadaue, konpa. jeejee gee doth waueoo bai yauma uba doptkee."
("We heard your little problem, miss. We'd be happy to help you out.")

Eevie turned around to look at her would be saviors and gave them an excited smile. Her already rosie skin turned pinker in the cheeks, by either the alcohol or embarrassment. Letting out a small giggle, she responded:

"Kaa, da hatkocanh kankahuesa mee doth ritke ji muna! Pee bagn uba dayan che yauma mi doptkee, ritke peekasa fa."

("Oh, that would really be just lovely! Whatever you need for helping me out, just name it.")

The men looked to each other, grinning from ear to ear, before one of them took her left hand and led her to their table. Eevie sat down willingly as they ordered more drinks. The men spoke softly to each other and laughed while she just watched and listened with a smile on her face. Finally one of the men turned to her and began speaking.

"Kava che woy uba gee dah uba, kanwonah? Peae se phabeka?"
("How much do you have on you, baby? How many credits?")

"Kaa? Tee, Jee ata gee 10,000 phabeka saptkhe ateema. Jee kankahuesa mee dayan 15,000 cuee bai bedwana bu pankpa da hatkocanh yoieu mi doptkee see wata. Um Jee cha bla peee Meecooda vee yoieu da dan see moulee rah."

("Oh? Well, I only have 10,000 credits right now. I really need 15,000 more to buy the ship that will get me out of here. But I don't know where I could ever get that kind of money.")

Eevie looked like she was about to start crying. Tears threatened to break loose from her eyes, and the gang in front of her acted like they cared, but inside they knew they had found their daily sucker.

"Jeejee gee bu moulee rah bai yauma uba doptkee."
("We have the money to help you out.")

"Kankahuesa mee! Jee noa-a vee- hee sonpace whao uba caiot chinh mi bu moulee rah!"
("Really! I would be ever-so grateful if you could loan me the money!")

The man who spoke to her laughed and pulled out a small handheld device. He pulled out a small handheld device and uploaded 15,000 credits onto it before putting it on the table. With a smile Eevie reached for the device before he pulled it away causing her to frown.

"Uba caiot gee bu moulee rah, whao uba caiot logna bu moulee rah."
("You can have the money, if you can win the money.")

He then pulled out a pack of Pazaak cards. Eevie looked worriedly at the man before sighing and pulling out her own device with her 10,000 credits uploaded. As the devices connected, the cards were dealt. The first several games Eevie lost. She seemed to have little to no skill in the game. She was down to 5,000 credits and the greedy man across from her couldn't help but laugh.

"Mah poy, doth uba gahke uba banag bai sobahesa? dotkot nobata yanka an kohcha koumhaptecee."
("My dear, are you sure you want to continue? There's no shame and walking away.")

"Jee seian, Jee ritke kankahuesa mee dayan da moulee rah. Kava vehpobae wa bauh gamble? Jee hatkocanh mo mo myself an mah bargon bai uba whao Jee cahba. Mah ceuah gusha caiot doth ree chaweke bai uba."

("I guess, I just really need that money. How about a higher gamble? I will offer myself and my services to you if I lose. MY piloting skills could be very beneficial to you.")

"Da doth mee uahliua? Gee?" He asked as he looked around at his compatriots.
("That's your wager? Against?")

"Mee 20,000 phabeka, an mee pankpa."
("Your 20,000 credits, and your ship.")

The man howled with laughter as they thought she was joking. Eevie gave a weak smile towards them, and they realized she was serious. Her fellow gambler spoke with his group before turning back to her and typing into the device on the table.

"Uba yoieiu kae wa bargon."
("You got yourself a deal.")

Not thinking there was any chance he could lose, he started the game. The first round played out with him hitting 19 and holding there, she had 13 and a 10 came up. With a smile she played a negative 3 card taking the first win.

"Nyowkee kon heee cheeka."
("Lucky hand there woman.")

The second round played out similarly with him again staying on a 19. She had a 10, and pulled a 9. For a moment he thought they were tied, until Eevie pulled out a plus 1 card, taking the second match.

"Hee, whao Jee logna bo cuee baucaka, hee Jee logna du tytung, saptkhe?" She asked with an innocent expression.
("So, if I win one more match, then I win in all, right?")

The man looked extremely worried for a moment and he got ready to deal the final hand. Before he could though a third device was laid on the table, connecting to the others. A Miraluka with long white hair, pink skin, and a blindfold around the area eyes would be sat down at the table.

"I think I'll join in this game, 25,000 credits in the pool." She said with a sweet voice.

At first the man looked like he was going to say no, but his eyes glazed over for a second before he forfeited the match and walked away with his group. They chased after him, oblivious to why he would do such a thing.

"Oh my, looks like it's just the two of us now. 50,000 credits, and a ship for the winner! Oh, lus your servitude, if I'm not mistaken?"

Eevie was concerned. Who was this woman, and how did she make them leave like that? The blind woman began dealing the cards. The three games happened faster than Eevie could comprehend and at the end, she had lost everyone of them. She was finished. Her freedom seemed lost once more.

"I...was one game away. What...?"

"My dear, when you gamble with your life expect to lose big. Meneveria Navis'thae, you are so much more than what you have shown today."

Eevie looked shocked. She hadn't heard that name in years, and no one should have known who she was. Her slaver made sure of that by destroying all of her records. She felt fear, more fear than she had felt since she ran away to freedom.

"How?"

"I have been keeping tabs on you for awhile Eevie. I was intrigued after I found a wanted poster with your face on it. You have such talent, and you are squandering it by running, drinking, and hustling your way across the galaxy. Those men may not have known how you cheated that last game, but I could tell easily. You need to learn to control your thoughts."

"Are you a Jedi?" Eevie asked incredulously. She was bewildered by what was happening.

"I am strong with the Light side of the Force, if that is what you are asking. I also know you don't have that connection, but even so, I have ideas on how to help you."

"Why would you want to to help me?"

"Freedom, that is what you are fighting for?"

Eevie nodded absentmindedly, causing the Miraluka to giggle.

"Freedom. It is such a strange thing to need to fight for. It is something that all people deserve." She stood up from the table and grabbed her device after pressing a few buttons. "I have sent you a plan. Follow it, and keep in contact with me. I will help you discover who you could be. The best you."

With that she walked towards the door looking as if she was going to leave.

"Wait! Who are you?" Eevie asked.

"Call me Atty, my dear. Better move along, this storm might be over, but there is always another one coming."

As Atty left the cantina Eevie looked to her accounts. All of the money was there! 50,000 credits and even the ownership details of a new ship. She looked back to the door, and smiled as a tear fell from her eyes.

“Atty, I will try.”

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2 years later,

A massive ship sped through space, heading towards the planet Selen. Clan Arcona was returning home, but behind them another ship was in hot pursuit. Satsi watched on her computer display as the unknown starfighter simply followed showing no indication of wanting to attack.

“Who the frak is that?” She asked everyone on the capital ships bridge.

“I don’t know ma’am, perhaps we should try to communicate?” a nearby officer responded.

“You should have already done that. Frak, how did I get stuck working with a bunch of idiots?”

“Ma’am, I uh...think we have a problem.”

“What is it now?”

“It’s the ship, the pilot, she is asking for Atyiru.”

Satsi stilled for a moment. She contemplated blowing the ship to pieces, but something told her that it isn’t what her old “friend” would have wanted.

“Frak that karking woman. Get that pilot on board and bring her to me.”

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