

It was a moment of sorrow, of growth and of consolation. Her world had just been shattered and her best of hopes and dreams dashed against the cold rocks of reality. With the weight of countless lost lives weighing on her shoulders, Tali was in a dark, dark place from which only an impossibly bright star could have saved her.

That star came in the form of a crude, pale rock.

He'd managed to snatch it with him out of mixed curiosity and some whim Koliss Welcott could not explain after the fact. An insignificant rock, a chip of cheap unpolished quartz, had caught his eye within that asteroid mining base and almost without thought, he'd taken it with him. After stemming her tears and nursing her sorrows, he'd presented the item to her, stating it was best she not run away from what had happened, but keep it as a memento.

She'd been hesitant to accept it, the pain far too fresh and the thought of having a reminder of that disaster filling her with revulsion and fear. But as her fingers touched the humble stone, it flickered and flashed with a pale, yellow light, a burning energy coming alive within its matrix.

They'd both been taken aback by the event, but despite her shock, she'd managed to keep the crystal levitating and while he stared at her in disbelief, she'd felt the crystal speak to her, whispering into her mind. It called out and soothed her troubled spirit, forming a link between her and the spirits of those she'd failed to protect. They were with the Force now and no pain would reach them.

In Koliss' eyes, she was merely weeping with a struggling smile upon her features, a raging sea of emotions welling within. But when the glow faded and the crystal descended softly upon her outstretched palm, she grasped it with renewed strength and purpose.

Though the effect was not quite what he'd intended, the outcome of his gift was ultimately positive. Over time, she took other scraps and mementos from her missions and ultimately assembled them all into a new whole. When she ignited the blade of her new, her own, lightsaber the color of its blade shimmered with the same golden yellow of her eyes and in its humm, she could faintly hear the spirits now bygone whispering to her.

That weapon, and the crystal that lies at its heart, is her most prized possession and no matter how her feelings towards the man who gifted that seemingly worthless chip of quartz may change, every time she ignites the plasma blade she can draw strength from the unconditional love he showed her in her hour of need.