**Jakku**

**34 ABY**

Another day. Another mysterious object scavenged. Once again the exchange rate was getting lower. One quarter portion was no longer enough to sustain Rey for more than a few hours. She refused to sell the object that she had found a few days previously. Something told her this was special. As the days progressed, the amount of suspicious ships flying in the wide expanse of sky above an equally widespread sandy landscape, was increasing. It wasn’t going to be long before the First Order located her. She was just a lonely nobody from nowhere, but such minor insignificance wouldn’t matter. To them that would just mean her death wouldn’t matter.

The fateful day arrived…

“Grab her! She has Luke Skywalker’s lightsaber and probably knows more!” Kylo Ren ordered.”

**Hyperspace**

**34 ABY**

Without giving Rey a chance to object, she was bundled aboard a First Order ship and the interrogation began. Almost immediately Kylo began feeling that they were connected in some way.

“YOU have Luke Skywalker’s lightsaber. YOU know where he is. YOU will lead me to him!” the masked male demaded.

“I know nothing! But even if I did know anything, you’d be the last person in the galaxy I would tell!” Rey yelled at her captor.

After several months of slavery and interrogation, Kylo realised he was getting nowhere.

“Right take her back to where she came from!” Kylo ordered.

**Jakku**

**35 ABY**

“I’ll be back for you!...And you WILL help me! We will find Luke Skywalker TOGETHER!” he boomed, as he threw the female scavenger back onto her desolate sandy home planet.

Her chance of escaping from here was very remote. Rey’s life of scavenging resumed and her faith in humanity quickly grew thin.

She never forgot what Kylo Ren had told her and had made it her life’s mission to find Luke Skywalker before Kylo Ren did. When she knew, she would find him and get answers and maybe then, she might finally be a somebody.

**Jakku**

**36 ABY**

It was an ordinary day, scavenging for objects to survive, looking for clues to lead her to Skywalker. It was near-on impossible, but it didn’t stop Rey trying. As the day was coming to a close and she received an entire portion for her latest discovery of an artefact, Rey met a Resistance pilot. He loved Rey’s feisty nature and refused to take no for an answer. She agreed to date him, just to get some peace and quiet. Little did she know they would fall in love and get married later in the year.

**Jakku**

**47 ABY**

Weeks turned into months. Months turned into years. In time Rey had soon realised her family were not coming back for her and Luke Skywalker became a name that was forgotten about. She was happily married with a family of her own, but she kept her mind sharp in case anything significant came into view. It had been over a decade since she last saw Kylo Ren in the flesh, rather than just a threatening figure in occasional night visions. These had become less frequent so maybe he had given up.

Rey sat up in her attic and sealed up the party decorations from the celebrations the day before. A little two-year old toddled about the wooden floor, poking at boxes. She was about to head downstairs, when a dusty old box caught her eye. Tobin started tugging at the box and let out a sneeze.

“Mumma look!” the curious child said.

Rey smiled and brought the box and her son downstairs.

She carefully prised open the box and saw lots of old notepads filled with scrawled writing.

“Read tory mumma,” Tobin begged.

The mother looked at her youngest child and smiled.

“It’s not a story, sweetie. It’s Mummy’s old diaries.” she explained, calmly.

Rey began looking through her old observations and writings. She had dedicated many years to searching for any clues.

Underneath all the notebooks was a very dusty object, that Rey had pushed to the back of her mind. Tobin picked it up. He let out another sneeze and caught a button on the side of it.

“Oooooh! Petty tick!” he gurgled.

Suddenly Rey snatched it off him.

“No Tobin! Not a pretty stick. That is NOT a toy!” she stated, crossly.

Tobin began to cry and Rey put the hilt back in the box along with all the notebooks. It was time to put the past behind her. Some things were just not meant to be.

Rey picked up Tobin and reassured her son, and shushed him to sleep and put him down for a nap in his cot. Once downstairs, she lit a fire and prepared to burn her box of her past and wasted memories.

Just as she put the last of her notebooks on the fire and reached for the hilt, the door opened.

Celiza, her ten year old daughter followed behind her father. Rey’s spouse went pale upon seeing the hilt after so long.

“Rey! We need to talk!” he stated, stoically.

“Can it wait?” Rey replied.

Dafron shook his head.

“It’s Celiza! She’s met someone!” he explained.

Rey looked stunned and lost for words.

“Celiza? What’s going on?” she demanded.

“Well… he found me. He told me he could help me… well...us. He has something for us… a map piece or something.” the young girl explained.

Both parents went pale.

“Where is HE now?” Rey eventually asked.

Celiza pointed outside.

Rey opened the door.

In rolled a spherical orange and white droid.

“Show us what you have!” the mother ordered.

The droid shied away.

“NOW!” she boomed.

Shyly the droid projected an image onto the wall.

It was the final puzzle piece the Resistance had been searching for all these years.

“Celiza go fetch your brother. We are going to the Ahch-to system!”

“What? And what’s THIS?” Celiza asked.

“You’ll soon see! And grab THAT too!” Rey stated, with a smile.

Finally maybe she could get some answers after all this time!