

**Port Ol'val**  
**Dajorra System**  
**37 ABY**

A fine layer of dust had accumulated atop the meager stack of standard shipping crates which housed Yumni Ha's personal effects. Or at least the ones she'd deemed unworthy enough to deposit at what one might generously call her *home*. The Kaminoan trader would not have given it the same honor, considering it more akin to a permanent address and suitable distraction to anyone who might bear umbrage against her for some past transaction. Such were the peculiarities of the poorer businessmen—and women—of the galaxy.

She'd acquired the basic apartment shortly after establishing herself on Ol'val almost a year ago, but ramping up ALaS Co's operations, facilitating daily hang-ups, saving Consuls, and running special errands for the Clan in general had left her precious little time to *unpack*. Not that she felt the need to, really, but with the seemingly inevitable lull in operations after the pre-emptive scare as tensions ratcheted up in the Lyra-sector had been largely neutralized, it appeared she'd been afforded that most rare of luxuries; spare time.

Yumni Ha hated spare time.

Spares of any kind meant sub-optimal use of resources, and time was the most valuable resource she had to hand. She'd been forced to dip into her emergency reserve of tasks to keep herself from wasting any of the precious hours that had been thrust upon her by life's fickle whims and so she found herself here; staring at boxes.

A spindly limb brushed aside some of the dust, a fine greyish powder that rustled as it scraped over the durasteel plate and pattered onto the one below, before reaching for the clasps and undoing the lid. The faintest hiss of pressure equalization broke the silence. The hermetically sealed lid rose from its seat and the same pale limb reached inside to inspect the contents.

She retrieved a smooth, nigh featureless object that ran thin at the top and gently tapered out around the middle, before curving back in near the base, leaving it with a very vaguely humanoid appearance. At least if one squinted a whole lot. But Yumni Ha had no need for squinting. To her ultraviolet eyes, the plain white object was ablaze with color and detail, the minute markings upon its seemingly smooth surface a masterwork pattern crafted by a true artificer from her homeworld. It held little in the shape of sentimental value, few things did to her, but it was a memento of the culture that now seemed so *alien* to her; her own.

Similar objects followed, then cups and cutlery designed to fit Kaminoan hands, a few sets of simple dresses and tunics, and finally a water purification station that would ensure the drivel that passed as tap water on Ol'val was up to her rigorous standards. The items found new quarters around the cramped apartment, all the more so due to her impressive height. Almost bent twice over, she still had to be wary of the ceiling lumens, lest she constantly bump into

them. Perhaps she'd have to ask Kelviin for a favor and have them redistributed for a more *ergonomic* set-up. Perhaps inside one of the now vacant storage containers.

Once she'd finished what was ostensibly her 'home making', the place looked barely different. Only a few choice pieces of featureless white plastoid had been placed atop bare counters and the clothes racks no longer were *utterly* devoid of purpose. But for her, it was quite enough. What point was there for more? Duplicates of useful items were *useless*, and surrounding herself with knick-knacks seemed positively distasteful.

No, as bare and spartan as her dwelling now was, in her eyes it was perfect. It reminded her of home, and the reasons she'd left for the stars. The stagnant culture where even a single stray gene-pairing was shunned as abomination. The blatant racism that bordered on genocide, etched into their very eyes and forcing those of the wrong chroma to a lifetime of shame and subservience to those unburdened by chance's fickle whims.

She glanced at the only mirror in the room, the polished inside of a recently up-turned container lid, and at the celestial microcosms of her sapphire blue eyes. The eyes of the lowest caste. Had they been but a shade greyer, there would have been a plethora of options open for her, but fate had decided against her.

It was but one of the many reasons she *loathed* random chance, and a Kaminoan *loathed* very little beyond the strong emotion itself. But it was the hand she had been dealt, or the eyes she had been given, and no amount of credits would ever change that. The only thing that could change, was *her*.

And *she* could change the world.