The morning sun slowly in the sky as a breeze softly fluttered across tops of the city skyscrapers. Gently blowing antennae on their tops around like flowers swaying in the wind, as it moved across the towering landscape. A figure appeared on one of these towers. Unmoved by the breeze, even as it fluttered around him as it caused his cloak to billow about. Unfazed, he stared intently on the city scene playing out below him.   
 Xendar had arrived on Earth three days before, and for all that he had observed in that time, he was not impressed. One thing that he noted about this planet had barely any form of space travel, and the little that they did do was only in high orbit above their planet. But there were other things that he had observed that did seem very familiar.

At the moment, his interest was on a building close by. Putting his macrobinoculars to his eyes, he started to scan the crowd gathering outside. He had gotten halfway through the crowd when he stopped, lowered his macrobinoculars and stared at the crowd with his own eyes for several seconds, then brought the macrobinoculars back up to his eyes. *Twi’leks? There are Twi’leks* *in that crowd*?! He thought to himself. As he looked a little further, he saw that there was not just Twi’leks. But also, Wookies, Tusken Raiders and Jawas. What is going here? Then, if only to add to the confusion that he was experiencing. A little further along in the crowd, he spotted stormtroopers, clone troopers, Imperial Guards, Shadow Guards, and even some Jedi as well. How is this possible? He pondered. With his curiosity piqued, he decided to investigate further.   
After making his way down from the building. He then caused a distraction that allowed him to slip into the crowd unnoticed, as it was slowly snaking its way into the building. Just before after entering, Xendar encountered his next problem, which came in the form of an individual named Aloysius Buford.

Behind him, Xendar could hear a commotion rippling through the crowds as it got closer, he could hear a very pronounced voice with a very unusual accent.   
  
“Excuse me! Pardon me! Coming through!” The voice boomed.   
  
Turning around, Xendar found himself staring down a short rotund man with a large white hat.   
“Excuse me there, son. Might I talk to you for a moment? I have a business proposition that I would like to discuss,” The rotund man asked.   
Before he could do anything, Xendar found himself being marched into the building by the short man.   
“This one is with me, Rodney,” The rotund man shouted over his shoulder. While the other event staff ahead of them cleared a path for them.

Stopping near a bench, the rotund man sat down. After making himself comfortable he introduced himself.   
“My name is Aloysius Buford, but you can call me Big Al,” he began. “And I do apologize for pulling you out of the crowd. But I do have a business proposition for you. “How would you like to make a thousand bucks? I own this building. I’ll even throw in VIP access, heck, I will even see if I can get you a discount price on all merchandise from all of the vendors.”   
  
Xendar stared at him with a blank look. Buford seemed to find the silence very uncomfortable, as he fidgeted where he sat.

“Look, son, I am not going to ask you to do anything dangerous, illegal or immoral. I just need you to act as a member of my family for a short time,” he said. Then looking up at Xendar. “And if it isn’t too much trouble, would you mind removing that stuff covering your face. I know this is a convention and all, but I can’t even see your eyes under that hood.”   
  
Xendar didn’t see any harm in humoring Buford, so he did as he asked. Buford gave a start when Xendar revealed his face to him.   
  
“Son, I don’t know who you are or where you come from and I really don’t care. But are you sure that you are not half cat or something?” Cathar, and I am quarter actually. Xender thought to himself.

“So, is it a deal?” Buford hesitantly asked.   
  
“What exactly do I have to do?” Xendar replied.   
   
Buford gave a sigh of relief and continued. “I have an old friend, and business associate coming here to finalize a deal. All you need to do is just pretend to be a member of my family, that... and uh...,” Buford paused for a moment, “Be a date for his daughter.”   
 Buford recoiled in expectation of a massive outburst. But was both surprised and relieved by Xendar’s silence and blank expression.   
   
“So uh, can you do that for me son? Buford pleadingly asked.   
  
“What does this date entail?” Xendar asked.

“Nothing much, take her out for lunch possibly dinner, stroll around the convention, shop, catch a film or two, things like that.”   
  
 Xendar pondered this few moments before answering. It did seem that this venture would give him a better opportunity to observe and analyze what was going on here while providing excellent cover.   
  
“Very well, I accept.”   
  
Buford, whole frame relaxed as he let loose a large sigh of relief. Then he looked down at his wrist and gave a start.   
  
“Well come on then! We're supposed to meet them in five minutes!” Buford shouted over his shoulder as he took off running.

Several minutes later, Xendar was introduced to Sarah Hashimoto and her father, Saburo. After Hashimoto And Buford gave each a hearty backslapping welcome to each other, Buford introduced Xendar, and Saburo introduced his daughter. After spending a few minutes chatting, Hashimoto and Buford left to finalize the details on a business merger.   
  
“Interesting costume,” he said, in an attempt to break the ice. “Where does it come from?”   
  
Sarah burst into a fit of giggles. “I’m sorry, I’m not laughing at you,” she said a couple of seconds later. “It’s just that I thought that everyone knew what Star Trek was.”

“I don’t,” Xendar said simply.   
  
 “It’s from Star Trek Next Generation, it’s a command officer’s uniform,” She explained. She then gave Xendar an appraising glance.   
 “And you look like you could be a Sith, but your eyes are not yellow. And you look like a half-human half-alien as well, Correct?”   
  
“You are close, Grey Force user. And I’m one-quarter human, three-quarters non-human,” Xendar stated.   
  
“And makes up the non-human part?” Sarah asked.   
  
“Zeltron, Cathar, and Echani,” Xendar replied.   
  
“Oh, I’m not familiar with those,” she said as she scrunched her face up in puzzlement. Then reaching over she grabbed Xendar’s arm. “Well, we both learned something new today. Come on, let’s get going,” she said as she tugged at his arm.

As the day progressed, Xendar learned more about this planet. Much of what he learned was gave him an insight into just how this planet worked. While other parts, he could have been just as content not knowing. And some of it came across as a rude shock.   
  
Just before noon, he and Sarah had stopped at an artist booth to admire the work. When a woman’s voice called out Sarah’s name. As they turned around, they were met by a trio of women. Which included a Rutian Twi’lek, one dressed similarly to Sarah but with blue shoulders, and the last one was attired in some kind of battle armor. After a brief exchange of hugs, squeals, and giggles. The one in the battle armor noticed Xendar.   
  
“Who’s your friend?” She coyly asked Sarah.   
Sarah turned looked at Xendar. “This is Al Buford's nephew, Xendar. Xendar, this is Kiesha” Sarah pointed to the woman in the Star Fleet uniform, “Jasmine,” the one in the battle armor. “And Taya” which was the Rutian Twi’lek.

“So, what have you three been up to?” Sarah asked.   
  
 “Oh, not much, just taking in the sites,” Taya said. “We are going to go get some lunch.”   
  
“We were just about to do the same thing,” Sarah stated.   
  
“We would be honored if you would join us,” Xendar stated. Then perhaps I can figure out what is going on here, He thought.   
  
At first, no one could think of a good place. Until Kiesha said that they should just grab a burger and fries. After stepping into the restaurant, and choosing a spot to seat them all. Kiesha ordered lunch for them. It was at this point, that Taya gave Xendar a massive shock. It happened just after the food arrived. Taya was intensely scratching her head.   
  
“Hey Taya, you okay?” Kiesha asked.

“I got an itch that is driving me crazy,” she growled. “That’s it! This thing is coming off. She reached under her chin and undid the strap under her chin, and put hands on her ear cones and lifted her lekkus of her head.  
 Xendar sat in shock as a mop of short shaggy brown hair came into view. And Taya scratching her head like crazy. After a few moments, she gave a sigh of relief and looked over at Xendar.   
  
“Hey, Xendar, you okay?” Taya asked. “You're looking at me like I just took off my head of or something.”   
  
“I, I'm, I’m fine, would you want this?” Offering Taya his untouched beer glass.   
   
“Is there a problem with it?” She asked.   
“No. I just can’t get past the smell.” He replied as handed her his glass.

As he sat there pondering over what just happened, his mind drifted away in his thoughts. *Everyone that I saw that I thought was non-human, is human. He thought to himself. But if these humans have never left their planet, and their communications systems are only for planetary use. How do they know about Wookies, Twi’lieks, Clone Troopers and everything else that I have seen*?   
   
 “Xendar, Xendar?” Sarah said in a sing-song voice. “Earth to Xendar, are you there?”   
  
Shaking his head to clear his mind, Xendar looked over at Sarah.   
  
“Jasmine just scored us some free tickets to a show. Let’s get going.”   
  
Pulling out some money that Buford had given him and handed it to the waitress at the counter as he made his way out of the restaurant.   
  
“Just what is that we are going to be watching?” Xendar asked Sarah.

“You should like it. It’s called the Greatest Moments of Star Wars.”   
  
And for the next several hours, Xendar watched as the history from the Clone Wars to the destruction of the second death star played across the screen. How do they know all of this? He thought to himself. Even as the film ended and the lights came on and he was walking out of the theater, he was still unable to figure any of it out.   
His thoughts of contemplation were shattered when a mass of voices began to sing. Their off-key voices caused Xendar to flinch and Sarah to cover her ears in a vain attempt to drowned out the noise.  
  
“What is that?” Xendar shouted, so he could be heard over the raucous din that seemed to growing in volume.   
  
“yljah’ Qey ‘oH” Sarah shouted back. “It’s a Klingon song of victory. But the way their doing it, it should be the Death Scream.”

During all of this, another convention goer had stopped for a moment and set down their suitcase and when Sarah, with her hands still clamped over her ears took a step back, she tripped over the suitcase. Which caused her to fall backwards. Xendar saw this, rushed over and dropped to his knees to make sure that she was okay.   
  
“Are you hurt?” He asked Sarah.   
  
“No, I’m fine. Just a little startled.”   
  
As Xendar started to help Sarah to her feet, a group of black leather boots adorned with a spike on the toe of it, came into view,   
  
“Behold sons and daughters of Kahless!” the leader’s boomed. “Look at what cowers at our feet! A Federation officer and....” The leader paused as Xendar stood up to his full height. “Whatever you are.”   
  
“Could you please move,” Xendar asked politely.

“We move for no but ourselves! We are....” He did not finish his sentence as Xendar grabbed him by the throat and lifted him in the air.   
  
“Now I asked you nicely to move,” Xendar said in a whisper-quiet voice. “If you insist on playing the part of an idiot. Perhaps you are in need of an education. Now, are you going to let us through?”   
  
The leader nodded his head as best as he could. and with that Xendar set him on his feet and stepped back. The entire crowd parted to let them through.   
Xendar enjoyed the rest of his time with Sarah. She explained more about the Earth and its people. She also explained to him the Star Wars film history they had watched, came from the mind of a human named George Lucas. Just before she left, Sarah handed him several pieces of paper with numbers written on them. Xendar looked at her puzzlingly.   
  
“That Jasmine’s, Taya’s, Keisha and my phone numbers”, she stated. “If you ever in L.A., you can give one of us a call.”

After leaving Earth and making the long journey back home, he thought about all that had happened and the people that he had met.  
Xendar’s debriefing was long and incredibly time-consuming. His two points that he imparted before leaving, was, one: that they should keep a close eye on this George Lucas. And two: that if they sent him back to earth, that he would like to investigate the city of L.A.