

Liya Oldag came rushing into the room as excited as a youngling on Life Day. She rushed over to the table where Drick was sitting with the leader of their merry band, Tavens Caedo. Drick was reviewing the specs for their latest misadventure with the tall human mercenary when Liya switched off the holodisplay and knocked the datapad Drick was holding right out of his hands.

“Cancel that garbage because I did it, I found her!” Liya excitedly tossed her own datapad into the lap of their captain. “Look, Tavens! Look! I KRIFFING FOUND HER!”

Tavens swiped the datapad into his grip and as quickly as Liya had stormed into the room. His face shifted from bewilderment to surprise in a Coruscant minute. Like a lost kath hound pup, his darted between the information on the datapad and the excited face of the person who had brought it to him. While this process repeated itself a handful of times over the next minute, Drick sat in a befuddled silence completely clueless as to what was happening.

“You said she was gone, you said it couldn’t be done but there she is,” Liya was all but tap-dancing in place as she pointed to the device that she had tossed at Tavens.

Finally, able to find his words, Tavens responded. “By Sheev’s beard, you did it. You found Farina.”

Liya began giggling, happier than Drick had ever seen her in the six months he’d been part of their crew. “I believe your exact response all those years ago was, ‘Liya, the best slicer in the galaxy couldn’t find Farina.’ So, I guess that makes me better than the best slicer in the galaxy!” “Who the hell is ‘Farina’?” Drick blurted out, unable to contain his confusion any longer.

“The one that got away.” Even Liya’s mood turned somber at Tavens’ response. “From the moment I first laid eyes on Farina over 16 years ago, it was true love,” he wistfully recounted. “It was a few months before my escape from the Red Nova pirates. Just like me, she belonged to one of the pirates. I was young and stupid; I knew what would happen if they caught me with her. But I knew I had to have her.”

Drick knew that Tavens had spent most of his teenage years as an unwilling member of the Red Nova pirate gang but this was the first time he had ever heard the elder mercenary mention those years directly.

Tavens continued with his story. “A few nights after I first saw Farina I found myself all alone with her in the aft hangar bay. I saw my window of opportunity. That night, I went over every inch of...”

“Ok, I get it. Let’s fast forward a bit,” Drick interjected. He was no prude, but he wasn’t in the mood for the gory details and the mental images they would create. Even though Tavens was a handsome man, nobody wants to picture their boss doing carnal things. “So then what?” he added, attempting to get the story back on track.

"Well, if you want to skip all the good parts..." Liya trailed off, as Tavens picked up the story.

"We never had another moment alone before I escaped. Leaving her behind was the hardest thing I've ever had to do." Drick could've sworn a tear formed in the tall human's eye. One that Tavens wiped away by pretending to itch his cheek. "I have been trying to find Farina ever since and three years ago after A LOT of Corellian brandy I told Liya the story."

"Which is when you said 'Liya, the best slicer in the galaxy couldn't find Farina.' That's what you said but I did it. Me. The reigning Best Slicer in the Galaxy!"

It was clear that Liya would be touting herself with that title for quite a while after her work finding Farina. Maybe later, Drick would suggest that they should get her a plaque "officially" bestowing her that title. But, that task would have to wait because the suspense was killing him. "Out with it then, where is she?"

"Tatooine," Tavens responded looking at the data in front of him, "Mos Eisley."

Drick wasn't too surprised that a woman who was once enslaved by a pirate was now living in another crime ridden hellhole like Mos Eisley. Escaping a life of forced servitude was rare but with some luck maybe whoever's control she currently found herself under was better than pirates.

"A professional racer has her now," Tavens continued. Drick thought it odd that a racer would own a slave, even on a backwater like Tatooine, but he'd been around enough of the galaxy in his short life know that stranger things happen every day. "We're going to save her from his abuse."

With a fist pump Liya exclaimed, "Finally! I thought you'd gone soft." She snatched her datapad back from Tavens and began typing furiously. "Ripping off a prima donna racer should be easier than taking feed from a nuna. I'll get all the details ready on the trip to Tatooine."

As Liya left the room, Drick looked back at his captain. Tavens looked different, almost as if a void in his soul was being filled in. The Zabrak smirked, this was the power of love if he had ever seen it and his own excitement level was rising just thinking about being able to help his leader and friend find true love once more. This was the kind of quest a person waits their entire life for, even just as an assistant.

"After all these years," Tavens trailed off for a few moments before finding his thoughts again. "Not a day goes by that I don't think of her insides."

"Dude, gross" Drick said involuntarily. Then after taking time to find more a more correct response, he followed up with, "Do me a favor and find something a little more romantic to say when you see her again."

With a confused look Tavens asked, "Why would I care what I say to a starfighter?"

Stunned, Drick stared at Tavens processing what he'd just heard. Farina wasn't a person, she was apparently a starship. This meant that the man he'd seen bury children without even a whimper had just shed a tear over an inanimate object. Sensing the judgement that the Zabrak was heaping on him, Tavens interrupted Drick's internal monologue.

"Farina is the nickname I gave a custom-built starfighter that the Red Nova pirates stole from some trillionaire executive at Sienar. Judge me all you want but Farina's engineering is more beautiful than a cantina full of dancers, backed up by the Coruscant Philharmonic Orchestra and lit in the light of 100 aurora." Sensing that the Zabrak still wasn't sharing in his lust for the starfighter Tavens left the room, likely to prep their gear for the upcoming heist. Drick made his way to the hangar bay to do what he normally did, go over "every inch" of their ship before an adventure. But now even just thinking those words in his head gave him the creeps.