When he first woke up, the first thing he noticed was how *cold* it was. Vahrosa always kept the ship hot, it was more comfortable that way. So why was it off all of a sudden? When he finally ran coordinates, *The Impulse* couldn’t land a name or location. Somewhere completely different, somewhere not even his extensive maps could plan out. It put Vahrosa on high alert, and he was quick to grab his things (and an extra cloak), and explore outside of the ship. When he stepped out, the first things he noticed were cold, clean air, and one of the densest forests he had seen in a long while.

Vahrosa was convinced it was some sort of hallucination. He got over that quickly when none of his standard tactics to combat mindgames failed. Calling out was a stupid idea as well - If this was an undiscovered planet, he wasn’t sure how their reactions to a togruta would be. They stuck out like sore thumbs on a bad day, and the last thing he wanted was attention. After walking for a while, he noticed a small dirt path, and felt obliged to follow slightly apart. He didn’t want his footprints to be caught in the dirt.

It led to a shop of some kind. There were pictures of what appeared to be a singular wookiee all over it and its merchandise - Mugs, posters, stuffed animals, and even shoes that looked to be made of its feet. Vahrosa wrinkled his nose at that, noting the barbaric nature of it, before pulling up his hood and heading inside.

The inside was just as tacky as the exterior, with even more accessories all focused around the same thing. Behind the counter was a man of indiscriminate race, reading a newspaper and barely making any movement when someone entered. “Bathrooms are for customers only,” he grunted, not looking up. Vahrosa simply made a noise of understanding before disappearing behind a bookshelf, out of view from the vendor. He picked up one of the books - *I was Bigfoots Lover*. “...Bigfoot?” he asked aloud, before realizing his mistake. The man at the counter hummed. “That’s the store, boy. It’s all we really got round here ‘less you want to work with coal. Can’t work with coal. M’back hurts too bad.” Vahrosa nodded to himself. “I apologize for your bodily grievances.” The man snorted at his language before going back to his paper. Vahrosa, feeling bold now, replied once more.

“...Where are we? I believe I am lost.”

“Hn? Where you tryin’ to go?”

“....Unsure. I was going on a formidable path when I found myself here instead. Most troubling and most unpleasant.”

The man, at this, got up and turned round the bookshelf only to make a nose at the sight of Vahrosa. Vahrosa in return had his hand on his saber under his cloak.

“Ohhh. Yer one of them larpers.” he laughed with relief, rolling his eyes. “Ye really gotta give eachother better directions, I’m sick of all y’all comin’ to me for help. You go down four more miles or so and you’ll see a big fallen down tree, turn left at that, then you’ll find the campsite.”

“.....I see. Thank you.” He bowed his head, moving to leave the store, before turning back to the man. The air got tight and tense as he spoke.

“You won’t remember me.”

There was silence as he left the shop.