

It was night time. Most people in the academy were already asleep. But in one room a faint sound could be heard. His room was quite barren and dark. On the bed, in the corner, were carefully folded clothes that he prepared for tomorrow's training. On the right were a working desk and a few books written in braille that he found in a library. Usually, he would listen to the audio but he liked feeling the texture of the books. He didn't like spending time in the library with others, being surrounded by so many people gave him severe anxiety, so most often he would take what he needed and head straight to his room.

"Mmm..."

He slowly started waking up. The audio he was listening to before he fell asleep was still going on. Slowly, he straightened himself up in his chair and put his long gray hair back.

"Aghh..fell asleep again," he said to himself.

He was trying to find the earpiece on his table, carefully listening to the voice that was speaking. After a few minutes, he found the earpiece underneath his chair. No doubt he pushed it from the table on the ground while he was sleeping.

He slowly took it up and put it in his ear. He could hear an older man speaking with a slow, monotone voice.

"Ahh...no wonder I fell asleep...I hate alchemy study."

After a few minutes, he paused to reflect on everything that happened to him.

Before this, he was just another slave being prepared to be sold off to someone, and now he is a Knight of the Clan Arcona learning the mysteries of the Force, training to be a better fighter so that he could protect his new family.

He will never forget that day when his master saved him from the life of being a slave.

It was a day like any other. He and a couple of other slaves were being "prepared" to be sold off. He still had a few scars on his body that the slave master left him with.

"Pain is discipline." He used to say every day, and he made sure that all of his slaves were properly disciplined in knowing their place in society. Sandy, who was like a big sister to everyone, was sold off just a few days ago.

And after she left every child was uneasy after her departure.

But young Miraluka didn't express any emotions. He was the so-called "Puppet" after all.

That day on the open market a crowd gathered for the auction. One by one the slaves were being sold off, but he only looked at the ground. There was not much to be seen, even with his sight, he knew there was no hope of being sold. He was too old for a slave and most of the other slaves were kids compared to him.

"Hey! How much for this one old man?"

The voice of a young man could be heard a few steps in front of him.

"Ahhh." The slaver clapped his hands "Well you see sir it depends. I had him for a while now, quite useful, in good shape. Get your head up boy!"

He felt a strong hit in the back of his head. So slowly he raised his head looking forward. He now saw a man who was looking at him. The man was shining bright, it was like nothing he ever saw before, he was stunned and amazed by the phenomenon.

"See? Quite a good specimen, but he is a little bit old. Would you be more interested in that younger one over there?"

There was a small pause for a second but the younger man spoke.

"No need. He will do just fine. So the price?"

The old slaver crossed his hands visibly smiling all the time.

"Well now...He is in good shape and he is the only Miraluka that I have right now...So how about 12,000 credits?"

The younger man laughed.

"Hahaha, wait you want to tell me this older slave is the same price as that younger one that you sold earlier? No chance, 5,000, and I will be doing you a favor for taking him."

"Ohh but that is not nearly enough for this one. Look at him! One of a kind Miraluka in perfectly good condition! You won't find a better price anywhere sir!"

"6,000."

"Bha...I couldn't possibly-"

"7,050. That's it, no more no less."

The old slaver was quiet for a moment and then his smile grew even more.

"It's a deal! Congratulations sir, quite a good buy. Now, wait here just a moment so I can get some things."

He was still confused and enamored by the man's glow. Still struggling to understand what was happening he suddenly felt something in the air. It was like hot steam slowly coming out of a small crack, ready to burst out. But it was so close to him that he could almost feel it if he just reached out with his hand. It was like it was coming out of the man in front of him.

After a few moments of silence, he could hear heavy footsteps coming closer.

"There we go, sir! The documents you need, and a little parting gift. On the house of course." Said the old slaver.

He could hear the clanging of metal being passed by.

"A slave collar? Aren't those illegal?" Said the younger man.

"Only in a few sectors. But I assure you it's just for.. discipline."

"Won't need that. Take it and put it on your balls if you so wish. You come on! We are living."

He shook his head like he was spacing out and just now came to his senses. He could hear the man starting to walk away, and slowly he started following him.

"Ahhh! What an asshole!" The man broke the silence between them.

"I swear, if I didn't control myself like I did that old fart would be eating that collar right now!"

He didn't speak, still looking at the ground slowly walking behind the young man.

"So a Miraluka ha? No need to thank me or anything. I'm just that kind of a nice guy."

There was a small pause.

"I'm just joking. So what's your name?"

"I..." he was nervous. The only time he spoke is with Sandy. But even then he was only speaking in short sentences.

"I...I don't have one...Master."

"Ha? It says here your name is...Kaled Atros? Strange..did that old fart gave me the wrong-"
He could hear the man stopped in front of him so the young Miraluka stopped just a few steps behind him. There was a moment of silence but then the man spoke again.

"Oh, here it is! Miraluka, gray hair, height?"

Yeah, it looks about right. Aaaa..yeah that's it...Wait you speak Twi'lek?!"

He raised his voice so suddenly that it caused Miraluka, now presumably Kaled, to jump a bit in surprise.

"A..yes? Is..that a problem?"

"What do you mean a problem?! This is fantastic! Oh, this is going to be great I can tell!"

"Amm... Master what is going-?" Before he could finish his thought his new master jumped in the middle of his question.

"Boy, we are first going to this cantina I know around the corner to have a few drinks. You know to relax a little bit after a hard day's work. Oh yeah, my name is Aru Law! Nice to save you."

"I'm glad to be in your service sir Aru."

Kaled bowed slightly.

There was a moment of pause.

"So..are you going to shake my hand?"

Kaled was confused. He started reaching to find Aru's hand but he just started laughing.

Now he was even more confused and felt a bit embarrassed.

"Hahaha. I'm sorry Kaled, it was just a good joke that I couldn't pass it up. So.." Aru clapped his hands

"First the cantina and the drinks. Then I have a match of Sabbak with some guy down by the market who thinks that he can beat me. That poor, poor man I feel sorry for his wife because he is going home empty-handed. After that, we are going to this bar that I know and there is this Twi'lek girl that is just...you know what, you'll see it when we get there. Hahaha, get it "see"? Haaa classic... Come on let's get a move on!"

Kaled suddenly felt Aru's hand pulling him forward with him.

That was two years ago, the moment that he would remember and treasure forever. Not only did Aru saved him from slavery, but he introduced him to the academy and his new home where he is developing and understanding his gift.

Now he had a new purpose. A new family and friends that respected him for what Kaled was. There were a few moments where he didn't want to talk about his past to others. But thanks to Aru, Ruka, Qyreia and Atyiru he learned to be more open to others in his House and Clan Arcona.

And for the first time in what looked like the lifetime of torment, Kaled felt more like a human than a puppet.