

“Komilia Lap’lamiz!!!! You unlock this door right now before I have it taken off its track!” Kya Lap’lamiz screeched at the top of her lungs. Raising a daughter was never supposed to be easy but this girl made it an absolute battle every single day. Kya reflected momentarily on what a sweet, innocent girl she had been. But that was before the...unfortunate business with her father. “Kommie, this is your last chance!”

Kya’s face was flush with anger as the door remained steadfast. Whatever bastion of solitude Komilia thought she had was about to be violently torn asunder by her wrath. Rotating her wrist, Kya keyed into the control pad on her wrist the override code. The door wooshed open. She surveyed the room and huffed. “Hiding won’t make this easier!”

She began to tear up the already messy room. “Kommie, this room is worse than an Ugnaught’s. Seriously, when was the last time you let the cleaning droids in here?” Kya ripped back the bed sheets to reveal more crumpled sheets. Kicking through the piles of clothing on the ground, she tried to see if Komilia had concealed herself in the filth. “Duchess, if you are in the closet I’m opening it now.”

*Heh, Duchess*, Kya thought. That’s what Kamjin used to call her. His little Duchess, as he would toss her in the air. For a brief moment Kya smiled at the memory before the closet, plastered with old Imperial propaganda posters and sheets of famous Mandalorians in combat poses, restarted her rage. *Why must she be so much like her father?*

“Last chance!” Kya taunted, as she ripped open the closet. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Kya let loose a primal cry of such fury that people elsewhere in the house snapped to attention thinking they were under attack. Kya began pulling clothing out of the closet onto the floor, ripping back boxes, searching desperately for where her daughter could be hiding.

Exhausted and unsatisfied she flopped onto the bed. Her mind desperately reached for where else her daughter could be hiding. She couldn’t be outside the compound. Could she? She grabbed one of the stuffed animals on the bed and held it close, smelling the fragrance Komilia had taken to wearing lately and rolled on her side. Blinking away the tears she saw a blinking light on the data terminal on her daughter’s desk. She must have missed it before with all the clutter.

Pushing herself up she scooted over to the terminal. Seeing that it was a message icon she clicked it and a small holograph of her daughter appeared and began to speak.

“Mom,” it started. “I know you’re going to be upset so please, just listen to me before you do something. I...” it paused, as Komilia looked down for a moment. She raised her head up and her fierce blue eyes shone out of the projection. “Mom, I’m running away. I can’t take it anymore. This life you’ve forced us to live since you took us from Dad. It’s not for me. I was meant for better things. I’m a Duchess of Alderaan, not some common criminal hiding from safe house to safehouse. This Jedi training, I...look, I know I said I couldn’t do it but the truth is I didn’t want to do it. The Force is so much more than just floating rocks and tumbling through the ground. Dad knew this. That’s why he did what was necessary to accomplish his goals.”

Kya’s expression was numb. Her jaw slack as tears streamed endlessly down onto the stuffed animal clutched in her hands.

“I’ve been practicing for a while on my own and I know I can trick the guards into letting me out into the town. If you’re seeing this I was successful. I don’t know what I’m going to go yet but there’s a whole galaxy out there waiting for me and I know I wasn’t meant to stay locked away with my brothers trying to become another New Republic patsy. You may have believed in

them because of what the Rebellion was attempting to do but the New Republic is horrible, Mom. They turn a blind eye to things, can't protect themselves, and worse, they've got you convinced that Dad is evil...at least, I don't believe he is," her voice quivered, showing the conflict within her.

"So, I'm leaving. I'm going to find my own way through the galaxy. I know some people who will give me a start and I've taken some of the bolt credits we keep handy so I'm not going to go hungry. Look, I'm sure I'll see you again. Maybe I'll find Dad and if he's the evil man you say he is then I'll...", she paused for a long time. "If he really is the evil man you say then I'll end him. But if he isn't Mom, if he really is the Father I remember, please...PLEASE...consider being a family again. I gotta go, otherwise I'll never be strong enough to do this. Tell my brother's I love them and not to worry."

The projector died and silence filled the room again. Kya stared at the stuffed animal, now hopelessly mashed into an unrecognizable ball of fluff. The emotions she had been containing were unleashed and she sobbed heartwrenching tears of anguish.