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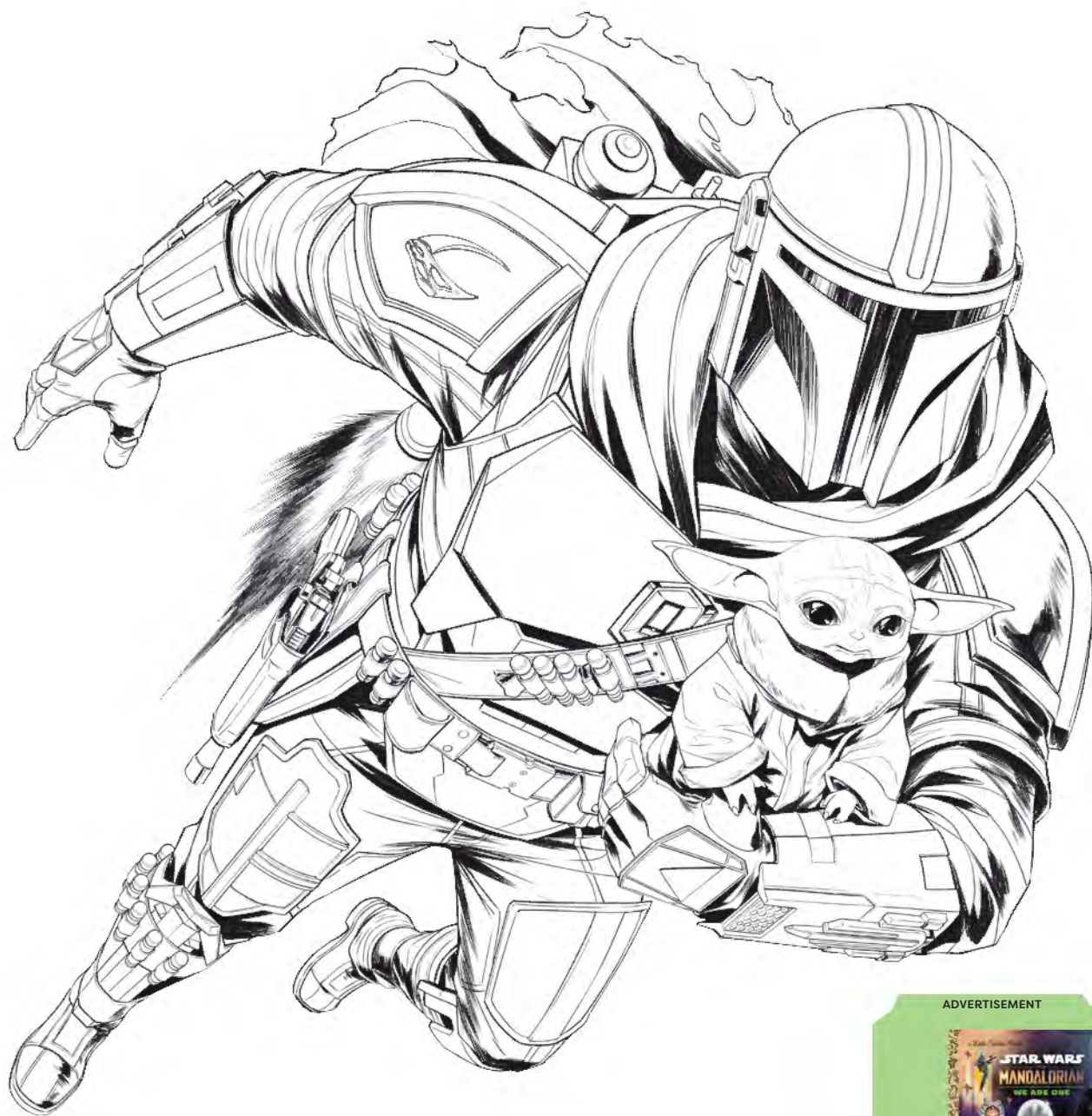
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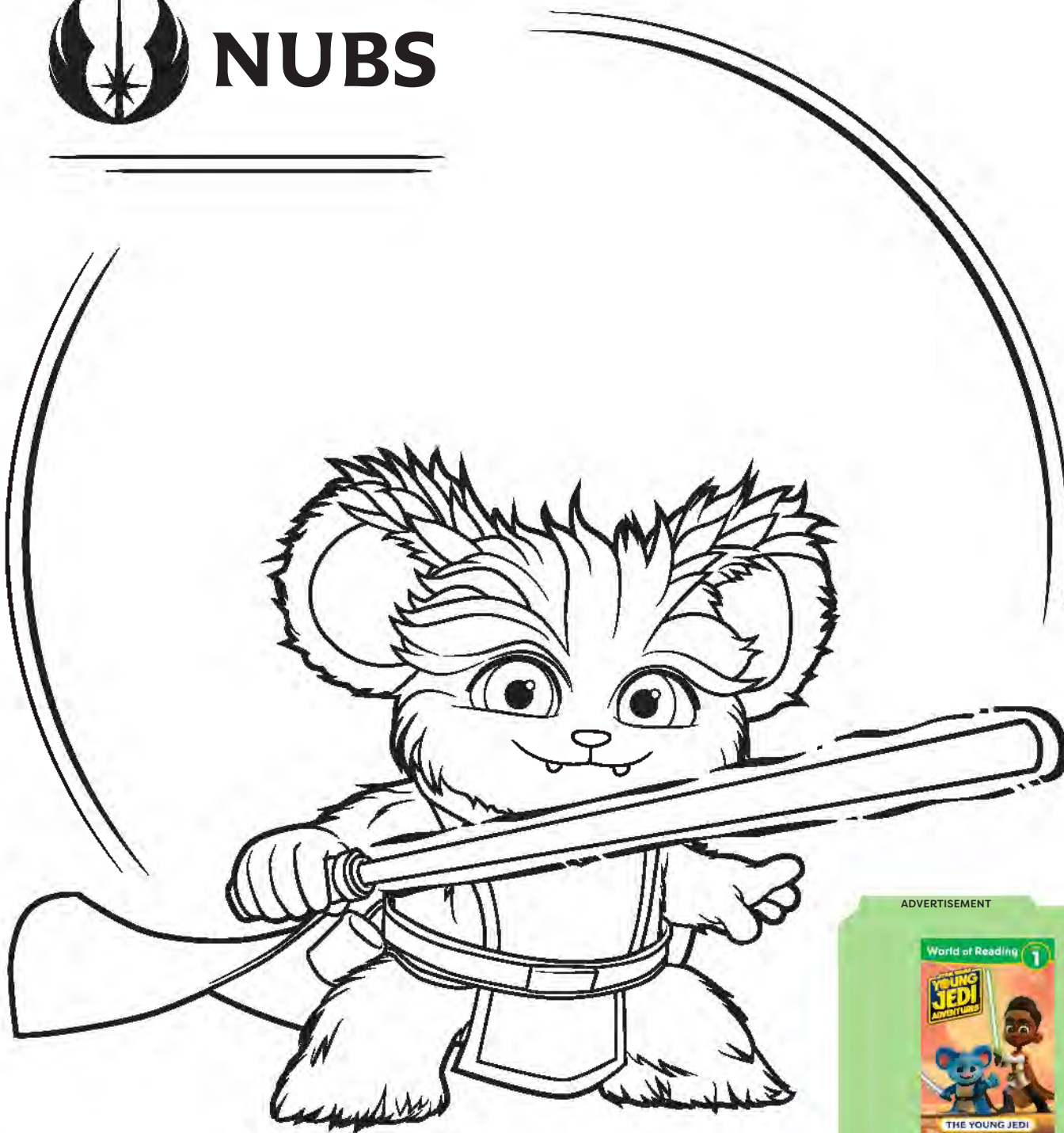


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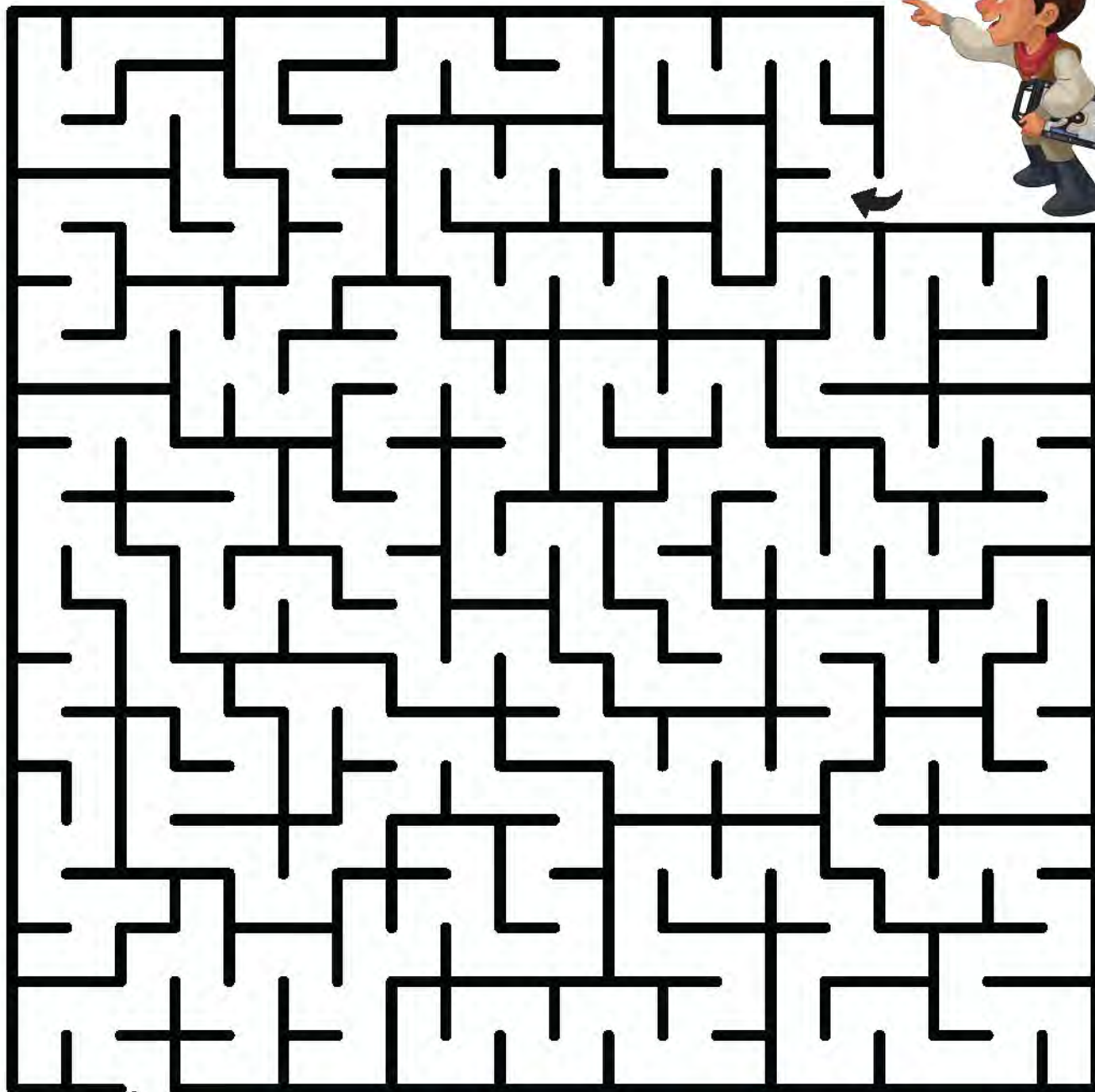
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It's time to go! Find your way through the maze and back to the Millennium Falcon.



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Maze

Make your way to the center of the maze to find BB-8!



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Can you match the characters to their shadows?
Draw a line from the picture on the left to the corresponding shadow on the right.



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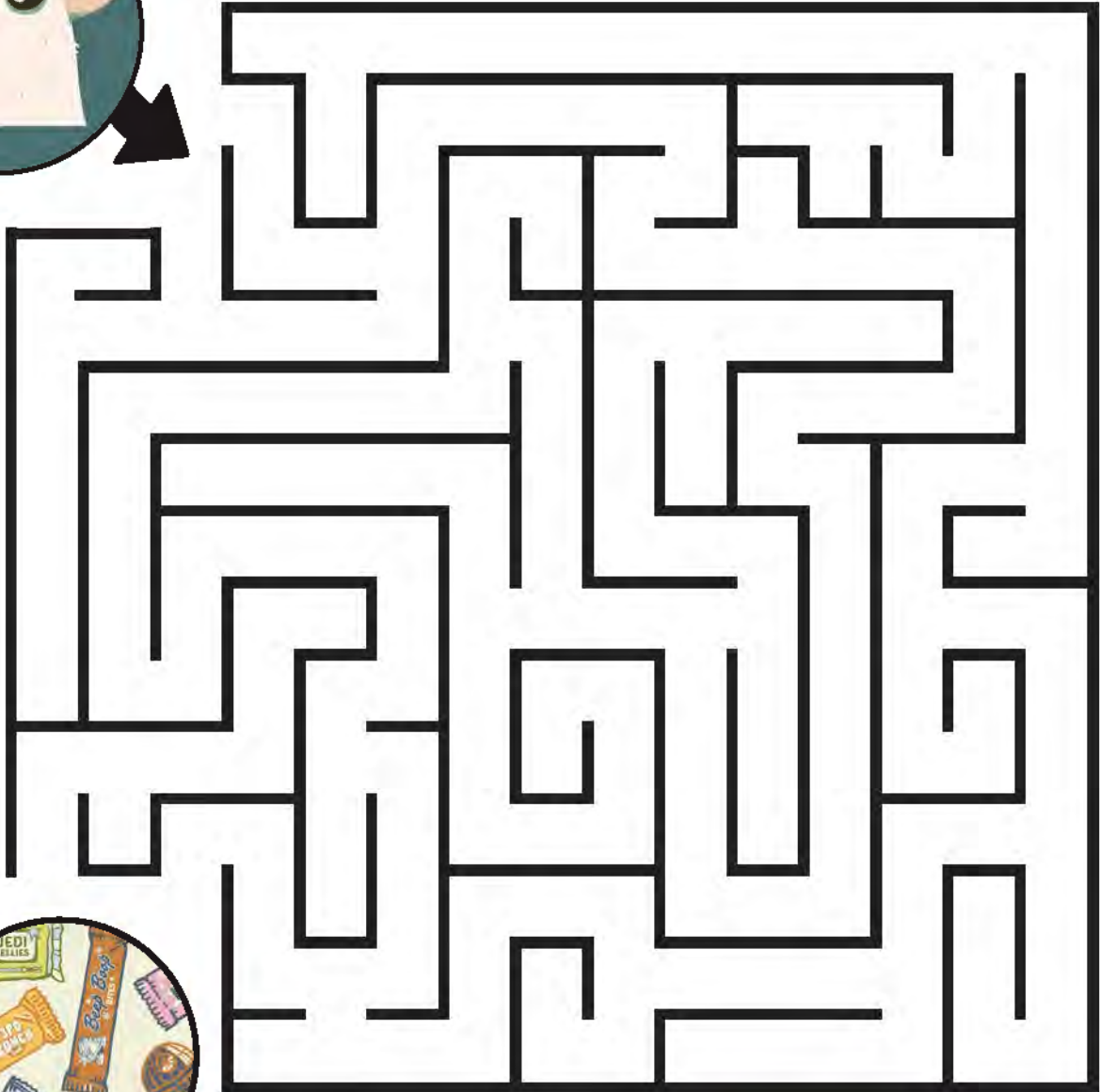
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Answer Key:



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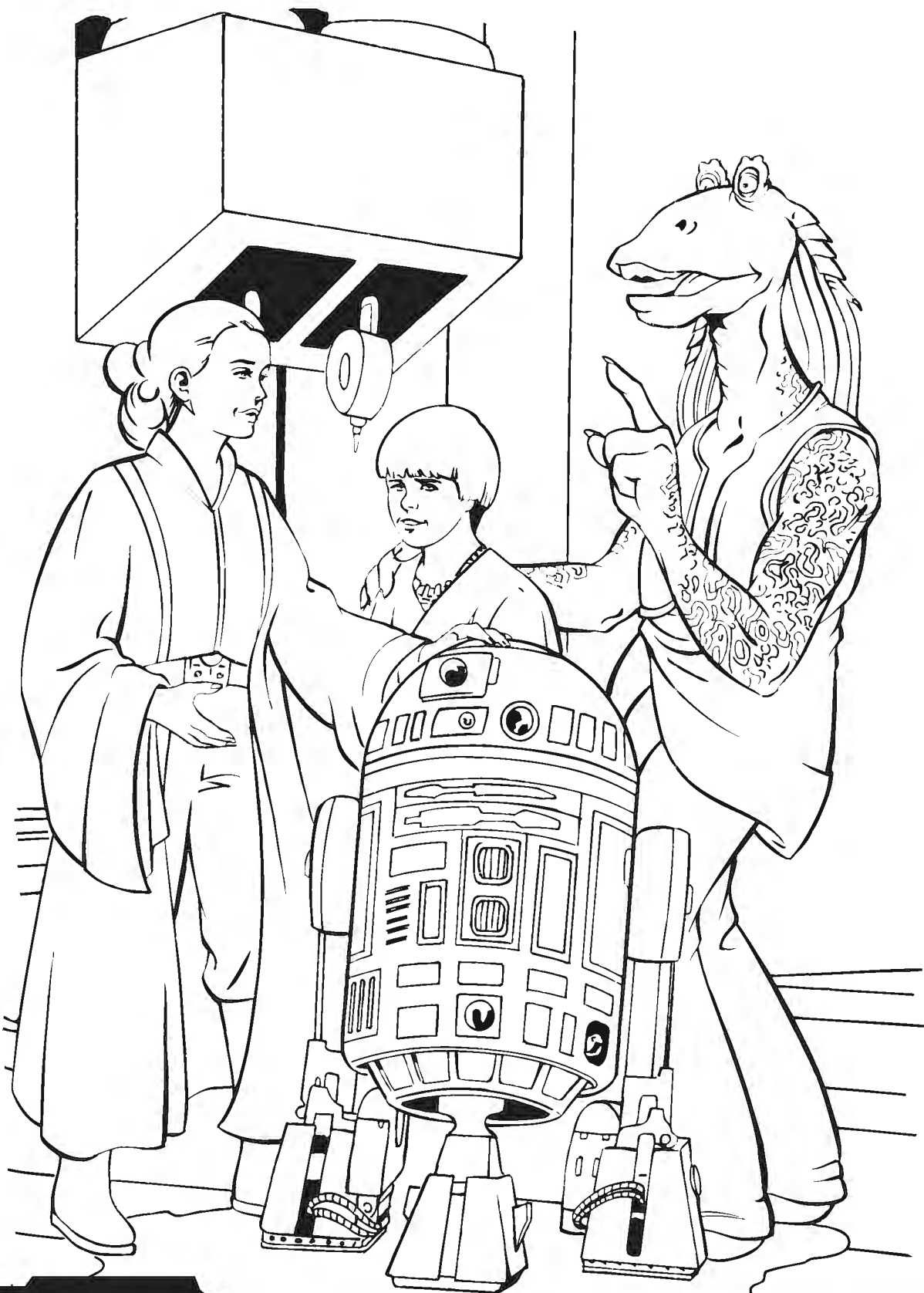
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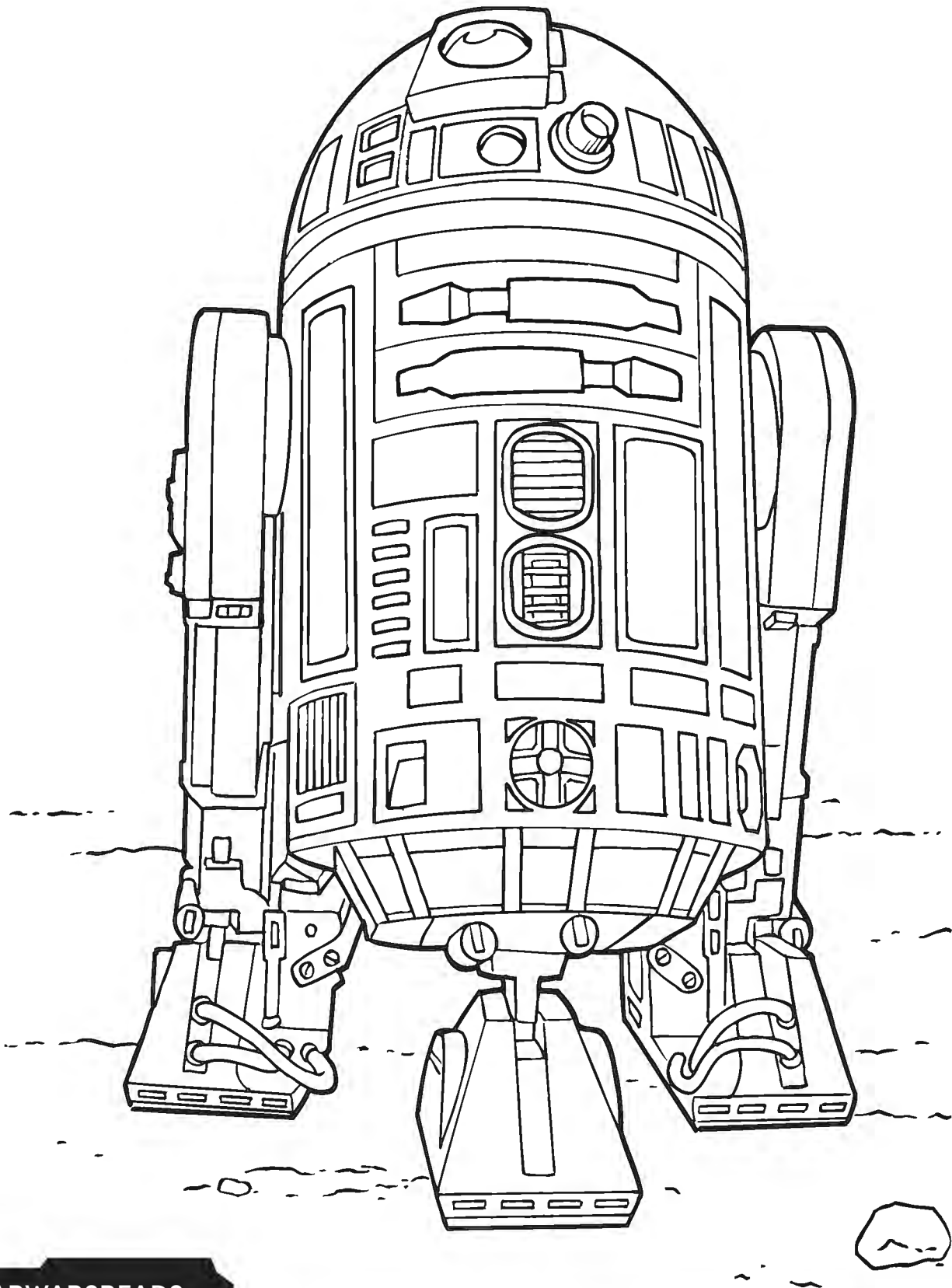
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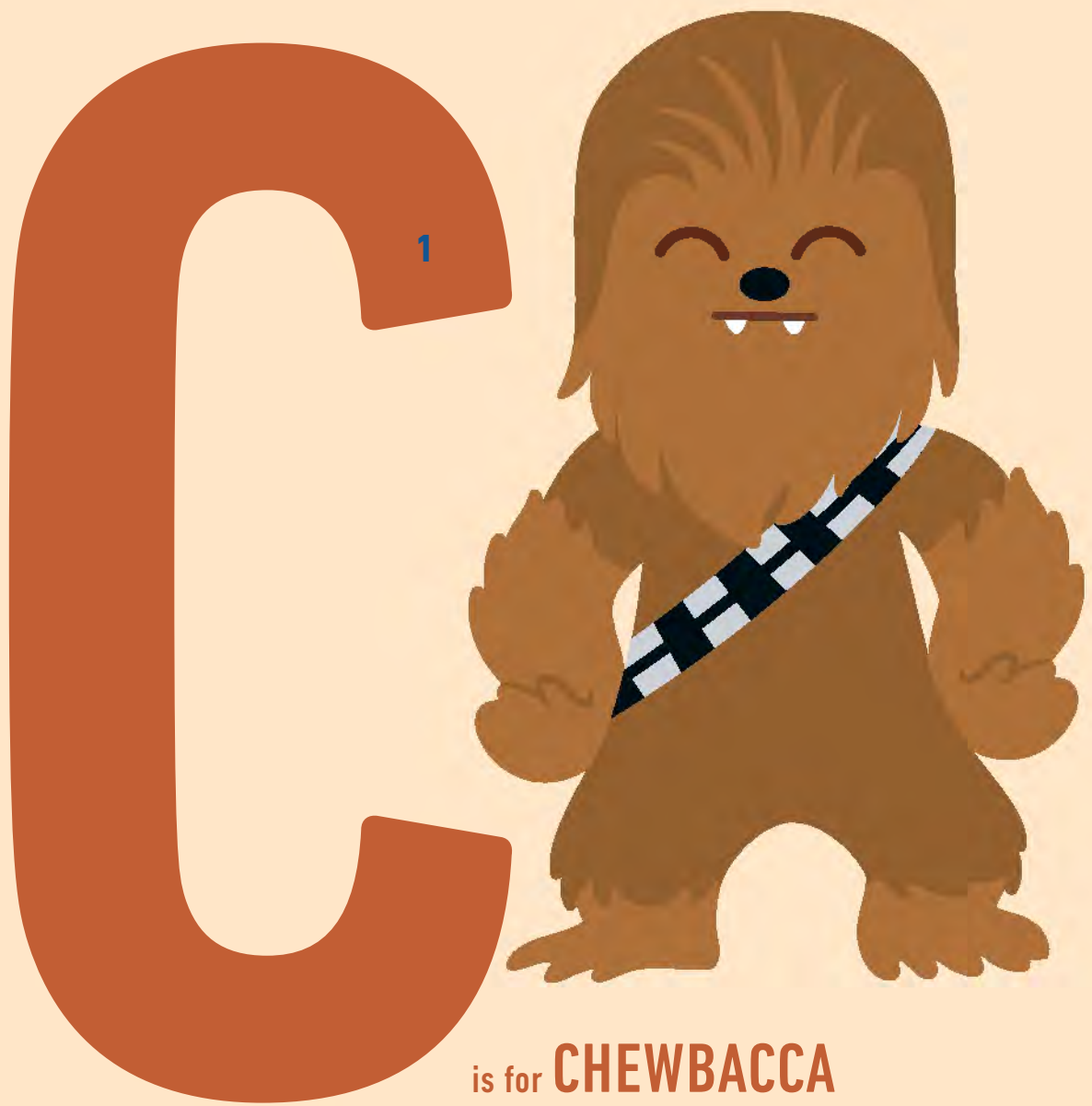
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STAR WARS ATTACK OF THE CLONES

Mystery of the Clones

Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi was on a mysterious mission.

Senator Padmé Amidala had been the target of not one but two dangerous attacks, so the Jedi Council had sent Obi-Wan to find out who was behind the threats—and why they wanted to hurt Padmé.

The Jedi's search had led him to a hidden world called Kamino.



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5-MINUTE STAR WARS STORIES



When Obi-Wan landed on the stormy planet, all was not as it seemed! The leader of Kamino, a tall alien named Lama Su, and his aide, Taun We, welcomed Obi-Wan and told him that they had been expecting him.

Obi-Wan was confused—no one besides the Jedi Council knew about his mission.

It soon became clear that the Kaminoans didn't know anything about the attacks on Padmé, but they *did* have important information for Obi-Wan.

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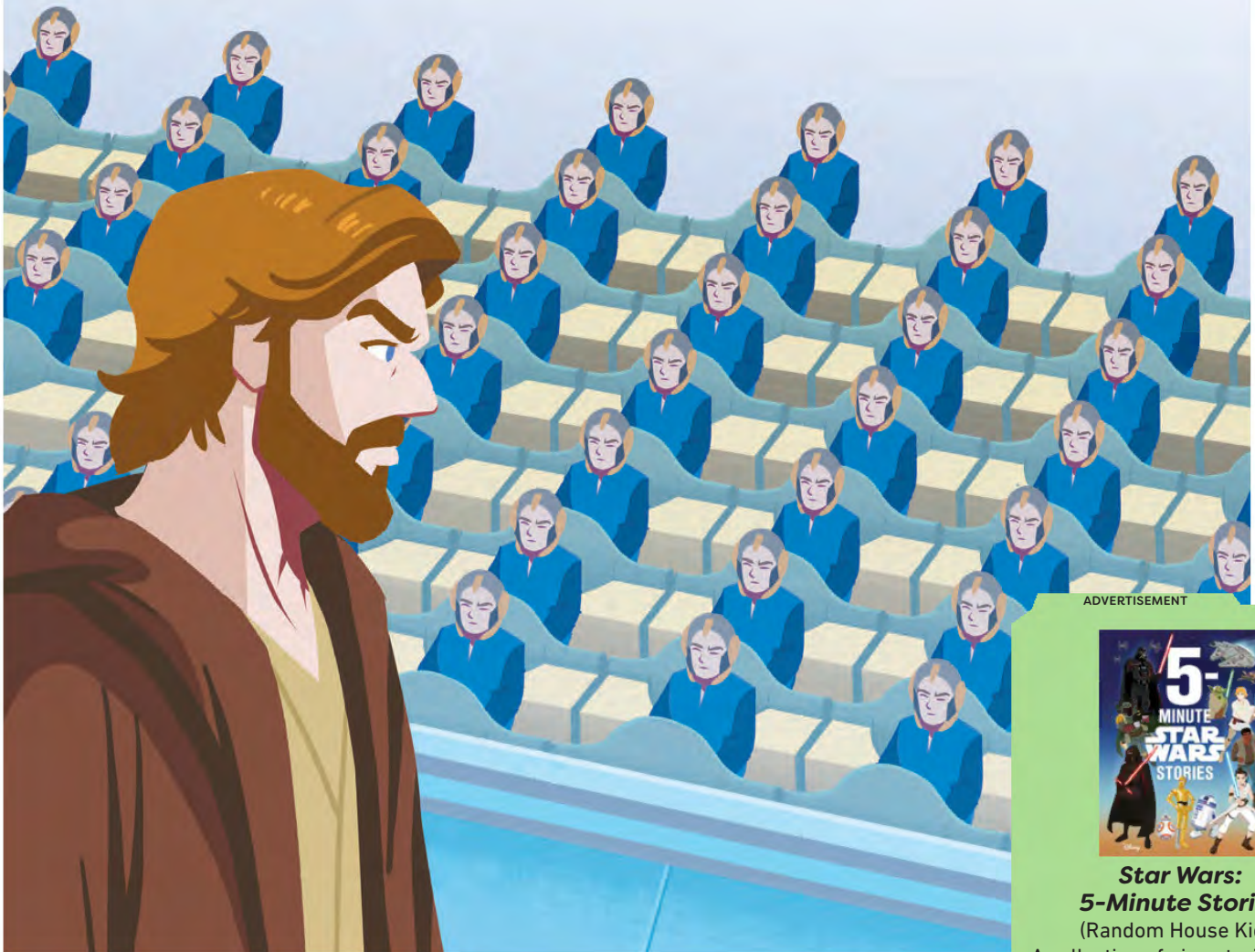
MYSTERY OF THE CLONES

The Kaminoans had been hard at work creating a clone army . . . for the Jedi on behalf of the Republic!

“You must be anxious to inspect the units for yourself,” Lama Su said.

Obi-Wan was even *more* confused. He had never heard of such an army, and the Jedi Master who the Kaminoans said had ordered it—Sifo-Dyas—had died many years before.

It was all very strange, but Obi-Wan needed more information, so he decided to play along and inspect the troops.



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As Lama Su and Taun We showed the Jedi through their facility, Obi-Wan couldn't help being impressed by the mighty army.

There were so many identical clone soldiers busy training. But why had they been created? And ordered by a Jedi, no less? And what did all this have to do with Senator Amidala?

Obi-Wan had a feeling there was more to this army than met the eye, so he asked Lama Su if he could meet the person whom all the clones were copied from.

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MYSTERY OF THE CLONES

Taun We introduced Obi-Wan to the bounty hunter Jango Fett and his personal clone, Boba, whom he had adopted as a son.

Jango was a skilled warrior, which is why he had been cloned—but the Kaminoans had altered his genetic structure for the clones so they wouldn't be as independent as Jango.

Obi-Wan had a bad feeling about the bounty hunter. Perhaps he was behind the attacks on Padmé. . . .



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Obi-Wan contacted Jedi Masters Mace Windu and Yoda, who confirmed that the Jedi Council *had* never authorized the creation of a clone army. Sifo-Dyas must have commissioned the clones in secret, against the wishes of the Council.

The clone army was puzzling, but it had led the Jedi to Jango Fett.

“I have a strong feeling that this bounty hunter is the assassin we are looking for,” Obi-Wan said over the holo connection.

The Jedi Masters agreed and ordered Obi-Wan to bring Jango back to Coruscant so they could question him.



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But when Obi-Wan went to capture Jango Fett, he saw the bounty hunter and Boba packing up their ship so they could escape!

“Dad, look!” Boba warned, pointing to the Jedi.

Obi-Wan drew his lightsaber as rain drenched the loading dock. He couldn’t let the bounty hunter get away.

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HIDING FROM THE DARK

NEW YORK TIMES Best-Selling Author

KIERSTEN WHITE

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“Or I can just start smashing things,” Loomer whispered. His orange eyes gleamed at the prospect. No more pretending to be her friends. At least she knew for certain they’d been lying.

But it was also much, much scarier now. They could hurt her. And she hated the thought of them destroying her home.

They’d find the transmitter sooner or later, no matter what. It wasn’t that well hidden. Besides, if she showed it to them, maybe they’d realize something she hadn’t. Bia had probably used the transmitter wrong. That was why the channel had been unauthorized. They might know the right switch to flip and—just like that!—her mother’s voice would be on the other end, clearing everything up. Somehow.

She didn’t want *them* to find her mother, but she did want her mother to be found. She was certain her mom could take care of these two menaces once she was back. And maybe if Bia gave them what they wanted, they’d let her go, or she’d find an opportunity to run.

“It’s in here.” Bia reluctantly led the men into her mother’s room. It felt bad, having them in there. They

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took up too much space. They made it feel small and dark. Holding on to her necklace for good luck, she flipped over the lamp and revealed the transmitter.

Blinker snatched it out of her hand. He pulled a cord from one of his many jacket pockets and connected the transmitter directly to a port in his head. If *that* was how to make it work, Bia had never stood a chance. But they didn't know about the code Bia had used on the switches. Maybe they'd be distracted for a while trying to bypass it.

"Well?" Loomer asked.

"Give me a moment," Blinker snapped.

Bia backed slowly out of the room. She'd run, head straight to the first adult or official or even stormtrooper she could find, like she should have done the moment she'd realized she was home alone.

Loomer turned his head, fixing those terrible orange eyes on her. He shifted his battered leather jacket open, revealing a gray blaster. Scorch marks around the barrel made it clear it had been used before.

Bia froze.

"Go to your room," he said, then watched to make certain she did as she was told.

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Bia stepped numbly inside her own bedroom. She let out her breath only once the door had slid shut behind her. She wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed, close her eyes, and wake up from this nightmare.

But there was something better she could be doing right now. If those men were going to find out where her mother was, Bia could, too. She crawled across her bed and eased the secret panel open, just a bit.

“Anything?” Loomer asked.

Bia pressed her eye to the crack. Blinker was twisting knobs and pushing buttons with increasing frustration. “She’s wiped it. I can’t trace the source of any previous communications. And if we send a transmission as bait, someone else might find this place, same way we did.”

“So we can’t find the smuggler. We don’t need her. We just need her stash.”

Who was this smuggler? Bia had thought they were looking for her mother.

Blinker set down the transmitter and nodded, licking his lips with a dark purple tongue. “She’s been selling your friend Imperial goods?”

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“For years. She must have a stash somewhere. We find that and we’ll have enough credits to buy a new ship. A fleet, even.”

They both looked toward the door. “I’ll bet her daughter knows how to find it,” Blinker said.

Bia’s blood went ice-cold. They *were* talking about her mother. But her mother wasn’t a smuggler! Her mother was a good person. Sometimes Bia wished she’d be a little less good and a little more like everyone else. Her mother was so brave that Bia didn’t understand how it was possible. Bia had once watched her stand toe-to-toe with a towering gray security droid. She’d cheerfully asked it questions. Her questions were paradoxes, riddles so confusing that the security droid just stood there, searching its programming for answers. In the meantime, its target, a scrawny, half-starved little boy, had slipped away into the crowd.

Bia had asked later why her mother saved the boy, knowing he’d probably broken a law. “What is lawful and what is right aren’t always the same thing. Someone had to protect that child from a system that can no longer tell the difference.”

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So maybe her mother could get . . . flexible with rules. But be a smuggler? Never. Bia's door slid open and she sat back, hoping they wouldn't notice she'd been spying. Loomer stood there, blocking her way out.

"You're going to tell us everything," he whispered.

"But I don't know anything!" It was the truth.

For a moment, Loomer looked like he believed her. Then he shrugged. "You can provide information or become leverage. Does your mother love you?"

What a terrible question. If Bia answered yes, they'd probably kidnap her, hoping her mother would come for her. And if Bia answered no, who could say what they'd do, since she would no longer be useful?

Suddenly, Bia was *angry* at her mother. For leaving her here alone. For getting mixed up in something that had put Bia in this situation to begin with. Bia was still sure this was all a misunderstanding. But why was she having to deal with it alone?

Bia heard a sound at the front door. She had the oddest sensation, like everything in the apartment had paused, waiting, listening, sensing something out there. The whole world was a held breath.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Bia blinked, trying to get her eyes to focus. Where she used to have a front door was now just a gaping hole. The power in the apartment and the hallway outside had died, so there were no lights. She couldn't see much of anything.

But then . . . movement. A shadow darker than the darkness stepped inside.

The noise it made froze Bia to the core. It was the sound from her nightmare: a whoosh of air as something unseen, something hidden, something *deadly* breathed out right before it attacked. Bia always woke up before she saw what was coming for her. She didn't want to know what it looked like. She didn't want to live in a reality where her nightmare existed.

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“Wake up,” she whimpered. “Wake up.”

Loomer scrambled past her and fired his blaster wildly. It illuminated the thing in a flash of red. It was even taller than Loomer. The darkness swirled around it, like the night was trailing behind. It had two large, lifeless black eyes in the middle of an expanse of black in place of a head. It was a *void*. It was everything she’d ever feared made real, the darkness itself coming to life. Coming to get her.

The glimpse lasted only a second. Bia still hadn’t woken up. She was trapped in her dream. That was the only explanation. Nothing made sense otherwise. And the noise had only gotten louder. It was a steady, even mechanical whoosh, in and out. Bia’s own breathing was rapid and shallow, each breath an unconscious reaction of absolute fear.

She was frozen in place. Only this time it wasn’t in her bed, under her covers. It was exposed in the middle of the floor. But having the monster out in the open, too, didn’t make it better. It made it so much worse. She was staring straight at it and she still couldn’t see it. She still couldn’t understand it.

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She wanted to squeeze her eyes shut and pretend to be anywhere else. She wanted to pull her blanket over her head. She wanted her mother.

Another whimper left her throat, surprising her out of her terrified stupor. With one hand, she reached up and pinched her other arm, as hard as she could.

Pain. Only pain. She wasn't asleep. She couldn't wake up from this.

"Where are the lights?" Blinker shouted. He sounded like he was on the floor. Maybe he'd been knocked over in the blast. Somehow it made Bia feel a little better that Blinker and Loomer were still here. Even though they were bad, at least she knew what she was dealing with when it came to them.

"Listen, we were here first," Blinker said, probably trying to draw attention so Loomer could sneak up on the thing. There was no other reason for him to be talking. "And—"

Blinker cried out in surprise. Something hit the wall behind Bia with a clatter. She took a step back and her foot hit a heavy object. Crouching down, she wrapped her fingers around a blaster. Had Blinker thrown it to her? Why?

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He didn't get it. This thing in the apartment wasn't like them. It was a nightmare. Somehow it had broken through to reality, and now Bia could never escape it.

"Let's just talk," Blinker said, his voice at last edged with panic. "We're all looking for the same thing."

Bia's hand closed of its own accord around the handle of the blaster. She lifted it. Maybe the thing in the doorway was a security droid. Maybe it was on her side. Maybe she should scream or try to get behind it. But no part of Bia could believe that thing was here to help her. Her body knew otherwise.

This fear was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. It was like being thrown into the deep end of an icy pool. She felt it on every centimeter of her skin. She felt it in her ears, her eyes, her nostrils. It coated her mouth and throat, slipping into her lungs, freezing them. She could no more cry out for help than she could run.

Bia couldn't see very well—everything was still just shadows and shapes—but she heard Loomer hiss and lunge toward the thing in the doorway. Before he

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got there, he flew sideways, thrown as easily as a doll. He slammed against the kitchen table and crumpled to the floor.

“Please,” Blinker wheedled, the lights from his implants giving away his position. “We can help you—” The lights went higher, like he was on tiptoe. Then they went even higher. Higher still. He was . . . lifting straight up into the air? His voice cut off. He wheezed, like he could barely get any oxygen. Bia saw the movement of his feet as they kicked.

But nothing was holding him. He was floating in midair. No, floating was the wrong word. Floating was peaceful. This was not.

If Bia stayed here, she was going to die. The shock of that thought was enough to jolt her into action. She needed to run, just like the voice on the transmitter had said. But the thing in the doorway was blocking her only exit.

She shifted her finger to the trigger of the blaster. Could she try to fire her way out of here? Was that the only way to escape?

Escape. The escape hatch! The laundry chute connected their apartment to the laundry facilities way

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down on the maintenance floors. Bia could fit. She just had to make it there.

She turned and tossed the blaster right at Loomer, who was still on the floor. He hissed in surprise, then let out a low rumble of a growl as he stood, armed once more.

As blaster fire lit her beloved home in violent pulses of red, the sound of Blinker dropping to the floor covered her noises. This was her chance. Bia darted across the sitting room, tugged the lever to open the hatch, and slid in feetfirst. *It's good to be small*, she thought as she tucked her chin and elbows. She started sliding immediately, picking up speed, and then she—

Stopped.

Her shoulders brushed against either side, but Bia wasn't too big. She hadn't snagged on anything, either. The chute was perfectly smooth. Her whole body had just been *halted*. It was like a giant fist was surrounding her, squeezing, holding her so tight she couldn't move or even breathe.

And then, impossibly, she began sliding *upward*.

Back toward the opening. Back toward whatever

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was waiting for her up there. Bia couldn't even fill her lungs enough to scream. All she could do was crane her neck to watch as the opening got closer, and closer, and closer. Just as she was level with it again, a blaster fired from right beside the chute, three times in quick succession. The pulses illuminated a terrible scene. The thing stood in the center of the sitting room, hand out toward her. Its other arm was extended like a shield.

One of the pulses bounced off it. Bia flinched, but the reflected bolt hit something right next to the chute. She heard a thunk as someone dropped in front of the hatch door.

She was staring at Blinker. His eyes were open, but he couldn't see anything anymore. He never would again. Bia looked up. The darkness looked back.

It had her, and it wasn't going to let her go.

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Devil-may-care smuggler Han Solo, captain of the Corellian freighter the *Millennium Falcon* ("It's the ship that made the Kessel Run in less than 12 parsecs!"), appears to be an enigma. Possessed of a grounded nature and a dry sense of humor, Han can be likened to a protagonist from a classic movie Western. The approach to his wardrobe reflects that element of his character from the moment he first meets Luke Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi on Tatooine. Han's light-colored shirt, balanced against a dark vest and pants, visually illustrates the character's dichotomy—a scoundrel with the heart of a true hero. This defining look inspired and informed his base layers in the next two films, *Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back* (1980) and *Star Wars: Return of the Jedi* (1983).

Harrison Ford had an interesting journey with the parka that Han only briefly wears on the ice planet Hoth. The brown jacket—which read as blue onscreen—was originally intended to be worn only in scenes filmed on a soundstage in England. But when production decided to take advantage of snowy conditions in Norway, where the crew was filming exterior Hoth scenes, Ford was handed his costume and instructed to hop a flight. After a long day and night of travel via plane and train, he found himself standing out in the elements in whiteout blizzard conditions. The weather was so intense that the crew filmed him from a camera positioned inside the doorway of their hotel while the actor stood out in the snow. "There I was in the middle of nowhere," Ford recalled, "with a costume that was built for the stage."

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POCKET YODA

Designed by: SUSAN CLAUDINO

LEVEL: //

The wisest of all Jedi, Yoda trains young Padawans in the ways of the Force until he is driven into exile by Emperor Palpatine in *Star Wars: Episode III Revenge of the Sith*. Having witnessed both the rise and fall of the Republic, Yoda flees to the swampy planet of Dagobah, where he studies the living Force and learns how to use its secrets after death. Endowed with immortality, he continues to offer advice to Luke when he needs it most.

Want to keep the advice of the Jedi Master right in your pocket? Now you can! The head and body are knit in the round in one continuous piece using the Magic Loop method, and the ears, limbs, and cane are also worked in the round for minimal finishing. Yoda's robe is worked flat back and forth, with stitches bound off for the armholes, then later picked up around the opening and knit to form sleeves. Purl marks are added for easy placement of his ears, eyes, and arms—allowing this pocket version of the 900-year-old Jedi to come together with minimal fuss.



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SIZE

One size

FINISHED MEASUREMENTS

Width: approx 2 3/4 in. / 7 cm, not including ears
Height: approx 4 1/2 in. / 11.5 cm

YARN

Worsted weight (medium #4) yarn, shown in Plymouth Yarn Galway
Worsted (100% wool; 210 yd. / 192 m per 3 1/2 oz. / 100 g skein)
Color A: #176 Endive Green, 1 skein
Color B: #208 Walnut, 1 skein
Color C: #722 Sand Heather, 1 skein

NEEDLES

- US 5 / 3.75 mm, 40 in. / 100 cm long circular needle, or set of 4 or 5 double-pointed needles

NOTIONS

- Stitch marker
- Waste yarn
- Tapestry needle
- Two 1/2 in. / 12 mm green safety eyes
- Polyester stuffing
- Wood toothpick (for cane, optional)
- Removable stitch marker or safety pin (optional)

GAUGE

23 sts and 28 rnds = 4 in. / 10 cm in St st
Gauge is not critical for a toy; just ensure the stitches are tight enough so the stuffing will not show through your finished project.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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NOTES

- The body and head are worked in the round in one piece, changing colors as needed for each section. Purl stitches are added for placement of the ears, eyes, and arms. The ears, limbs, and cane are worked separately in the round, then sewn to the body. The body of the robe is worked flat from the top down, binding off stitches for the armholes. Sleeve stitches are then picked up and worked in the round.

BODY

With color B, CO 4 sts. Pm and join to work in the rnd, being careful not to twist sts.

Rnd 1 (inc): *K1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—8 sts.

Rnd 2 (inc): *K1, k1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—12 sts.

Rnd 3 (inc): *K2, k1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—16 sts.

Rnd 4 (inc): *K3, k1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—20 sts.

Rnd 5 (inc): *K4, k1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—24 sts.

Rnds 6–8: Knit.

Rnd 9 (dec): *Ssk, k10; rep from * once more—22 sts rem.

Rnd 10 (dec): *K9, k2tog; rep from * once more—20 sts rem.

Rnd 11: Knit.

Rnd 12 (dec): *Ssk, k8; rep from * once more—18 sts rem.

Rnd 13 (dec): *K7, k2tog; rep from * once more—16 sts rem.

Rnd 14: Knit.

Rnd 15 (dec): *Ssk, k4, k2tog; rep from * once more—12 sts rem.

Rnd 16: P1 for arm placement, k4, p2 for arm placement, k4, p1 for arm placement.

Rnd 17: Knit.

Stuff body.

Rnd 18: Purl.

Cut color B and join color A.

HEAD

Rnd 19 (inc): *K1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—24 sts.

Rnd 20 (inc): *K1f&b; rep from * to end of rnd—48 sts.

Rnds 21–25: Knit.

Rnd 26: K25, p1 for ear placement, k20, p1 for ear placement, k1.

Rnd 27: K8, p1 for eye placement, k6, p1 for eye placement, knit to end of rnd.

Rnd 28: Knit.

Rnd 29: K25, p1 for ear placement, k20, p1 for ear placement, k1.

Rnds 30–34: Knit.

Rnd 35 (dec): *K6, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—42 sts rem.

Rnd 36 (dec): *K5, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—36 sts rem.

Rnd 37 (dec): *K4, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—30 sts rem.

Rnd 38 (dec): *K3, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—24 sts rem.

Insert safety eyes at purl sts on Rnd 27 according to package instructions.

Stuff head, and cont stuffing as needed.

Rnd 39 (dec): *K2, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—18 sts rem.

Rnd 40 (dec): *K1, k2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—12 sts rem.

Rnd 41 (dec): *K2tog; rep from * to end of rnd—6 sts rem.

Cut yarn, leaving a long tail. Thread tail through rem sts and pull tight to close hole, then pull tail to inside.

Weave in ends.

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"SIZE MATTERS NOT. LOOK AT ME. JUDGE ME BY MY SIZE, DO YOU? HM? HM. AND WELL YOU SHOULD NOT, FOR MY ALLY IS THE FORCE, AND A POWERFUL ALLY IT IS."

—YODA, *STAR WARS: EPISODE V THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK*



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EARS (MAKE 2)

With color A, CO 12 sts, leaving a long tail. Pm and join to work in the rnd, being careful not to twist sts.

Rnds 1–2: Knit.

Rnd 3 (dec): K1, ssk, k6, k2tog, k1—10 sts rem.

Rnd 4 (dec): K1, ssk, k4, k2tog, k1—8 sts rem.

Rnds 5–8: Knit.

Rnd 9 (dec): K1, ssk, k2, k2tog, k1—6 sts rem.

Rnd 10 (dec): K1, ssk, k2tog, k1—4 sts rem.

Rnd 11 (dec): Ssk, k2tog—2 sts rem.

Rnd 12: Knit.

Cut yarn. Thread tail through rem sts and pull tight to close hole, then pull tail to inside.

Weave in ends.

FEET (MAKE 2)

With color A, CO 6 sts, leaving a long tail. Pm and join to work in the rnd, being careful not to twist sts.

Rnds 1–3: Knit.

FIRST TOE

Row 1 (RS): K2, turn, leaving rem 4 sts unworked.

Row 2 (WS): P2, turn.

Row 3 (dec): K2tog—1 st rem.

Cut yarn and pull through rem st.

SECOND TOE

Rejoin color A to rem sts.

Row 1 (RS): K2, turn, leaving rem 2 sts unworked.

Row 2 (WS): P2, turn.

Row 3 (dec): K2tog—1 st rem.

Cut yarn and pull through rem st.

THIRD TOE

Rejoin color A to rem sts.

Row 1 (RS): K2.

Row 2 (WS): P2.

Row 3 (dec): K2tog—1 st rem.

Cut yarn and pull through rem st.

Weave in ends.

ARMS (MAKE 2)

With color B, CO 6 sts, leaving a long tail. Pm and join to work in the rnd, being careful not to twist sts.

Rnds 1–12: Knit.

Cut color B and join color A.

HAND

Rnds 13–14: Knit.

FIRST FINGER

Rnd 15: K1, slip next 4 sts to waste yarn, k1—2 sts rem.

Rnd 16: Knit.

Cut yarn and pull tail through sts to fasten off.

SECOND FINGER

Return first st and last st from waste yarn to needle, leaving rem 2 sts on waste yarn—2 sts.

Join color B. Knit 2 rnds.

Cut yarn and pull tail through sts to fasten off.

THIRD FINGER

Return rem 2 sts to needle.

Join color B. Knit 2 rnds.

Cut yarn and pull tail through sts to fasten off.

Weave in ends.

ROBE

BODY

With color C, CO 24 sts. Do not join.

Row 1 (WS): Knit.

DIVIDE FOR ARMHOLES

Row 2 (RS): K4, BO 3 sts for armhole, k9 more sts, BO 3 sts for armhole, k3 more sts—18 sts rem, with 4 sts for each front and 10 sts for back.

LOWER BODY

Row 3: K2, p2, CO 3 sts using Backward Loop method, p10, CO 3 sts, p2, k2—24 sts.

Row 4: Knit.

Row 5: K2, p20, k2.

Rows 6–13: Rep Rows 4–5 four more times.

Row 14: Knit.

BO all sts loosely kwise.

SLEEVES

With color C and RS facing, pick up and knit 3 sts in armhole BO edge, 1 st in gap, 3 sts in CO edge at top of armhole, then 1 st in gap—8 sts. Pm and join to work in the rnd.

Knit 9 rnds.

BO sts.

Weave in ends.

CANE

With color B, CO 3 sts.

Row 1: K3, but do not turn. Slide sts back to right end of needle.

Row 2: Pull yarn across back of work, k3, but do not turn. Slide sts back to right end of needle.

Rep last row 7 more times.

Cut yarn. Thread tail through sts and pull tight to close hole, then pull tail to inside.

Insert a wood toothpick in center of i-cord, then cut to fit.

FINISHING

Sew feet to bottom of the body.

Sew arms to sides of body at purl sts on Rnd 16.

Sew ears to side of head at purl sts on Rnds 26 and 29, making sure to completely cover purl sts.

Carefully pull arms through sleeves of robe. *Note:* If hands are difficult to pull through, try using a removable stitch marker or safety pin inserted in the fingers to gently guide them through the sleeves.

Using color A, sew cane to hands with a few sts.

Using color A and straight sts, add facial features. Refer to the photos to help with placement. The nose is created by working several short straight sts on top of each other.



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DROID THROW PILLOW SET



Designed by: **TANIS GRAY**

LEVEL: //

Star Wars has its fair share of iconic partnerships, but C-3PO and R2-D2 are unique in that their friendship extends across all nine Skywalker Saga films. Opposites in both appearance and personality—C-3PO is a tall, fussy worrywart who speaks over six million languages, while R2-D2 is short, easygoing, and speaks only in binary—together they make up the perfect team. This pair of droid pillows features the faces of these two unforgettable characters, allowing *Star Wars* fans to keep the spirit of Artoo and Threepio in their very own homes.

Knit back and forth, worked flat, and begun with a provisional cast on, the front panel is worked in a combination of stranded colorwork and duplicate stitch to make color management easier. A purl turning ridge is worked, then the solid-color backing goes quickly in stockinette stitch. A second purl turning ridge is executed, the cast on removed, then the live stitches are grafted together. Side seams are closed up with mattress stitch, enclosing a 16" (40.5 cm) x 16" (40.5 cm) pillow form. Colorful and fun, this classic duo makes a great addition to any couch or bedroom.

SIZE

One size

FINISHED MEASUREMENTS

Width: 16 in. / 40.5 cm

Height: 16 in. / 40.5 cm

YARN

Worsted weight (medium #4) yarn, shown in Kelbourne Woolens *GermanTown* (100% North American wool; 220 yd. / 201 m per 3½ oz. / 100 g skein)

R2-D2:

Main Color (MC): #419 Oxford Blue, 2 skeins

Contrast Color 1 (CC1): #105 Natural, 1 skein

Contrast Color 2 (CC2): #625 Scarlet, 1 skein

Contrast Color 3 (CC3): #005 Black, 1 skein

Contrast Color 4 (CC4): #059 Pebble, 1 skein

C-3PO:

Main Color (MC): #725 Goldenrod, 2 skeins

Contrast Color 1 (CC1): #708 Honey, 1 skein

NEEDLES

- US 8 / 5 mm, 24 in. / 60 cm long circular needle or size needed to obtain gauge

NOTIONS

- Waste yarn
- US G-6 / 4 mm crochet hook
- Spare US 8 / 5 mm, 24 in. / 60 cm long circular needle
- Tapestry needle
- Two 16 in. / 41 cm x 16 in. / 41 cm pillow forms

Continued on page 190

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GAUGE

19 sts and 26 rows = 4 in. / 10 cm in St st
Make sure to check your gauge.

NOTES

- These pillows are worked back and forth in rows, with the color pattern worked as stranded colorwork. Certain sections are duplicate stitched after colorwork is complete. A provisional cast on is used so the beginning and last rows can be seamlessly joined using Kitchener stitch.
- If you don't want to work stranded colorwork back and forth and then duplicate stitch added details when the knitting is complete, you may want to use the intarsia technique to make these pillows, adding the extra details as you knit rather than embroidering them on afterward.

PATTERN STITCH

Stockinette Stitch (any number of sts)

Row 1 (RS): Knit.

Row 2 (WS): Purl.

Rep Rows 1 and 2 for patt.

PILLOW

R2-D2 ONLY

With CC1, CO 76 sts using Chained Provisional CO.

C-3PO ONLY

With MC, CO 76 sts using Chained Provisional CO.

BOTH PILLOWS

Next row (RS): Purl.

Beg Chart A for R2-D2 pillow or Chart B for C-3PO pillow and work Rows 1–104.

Turn row (WS): With MC only, knit. Cont in St st for 103 rows, or until back of pillow measures same as front to turn row. Do not bind off; leave sts on needle, or place on waste yarn. Using duplicate st, add rem color to front side according to chart.

FINISHING

Block lightly.

Remove provisional CO and place resulting 76 sts on spare cir needle. With MC and RS facing, join sts from beg and end using Kitchener st. Join one side edge using mattress st. Weave in ends.

Insert pillow form and join rem side edge using mattress st.

BEHIND-THE-SCENES:

C-3PO's design was inspired by the android from the black-and-white film *Metropolis* (1927). British actor Anthony Daniels, who portrays C-3PO in all nine films in the Skywalker Saga, gave him the personality of a neurotic British butler.

R2-D2's voice was created by sound designer Ben Burtt, who used a combination of his own voice and an ARP 2600 analog synthesizer.

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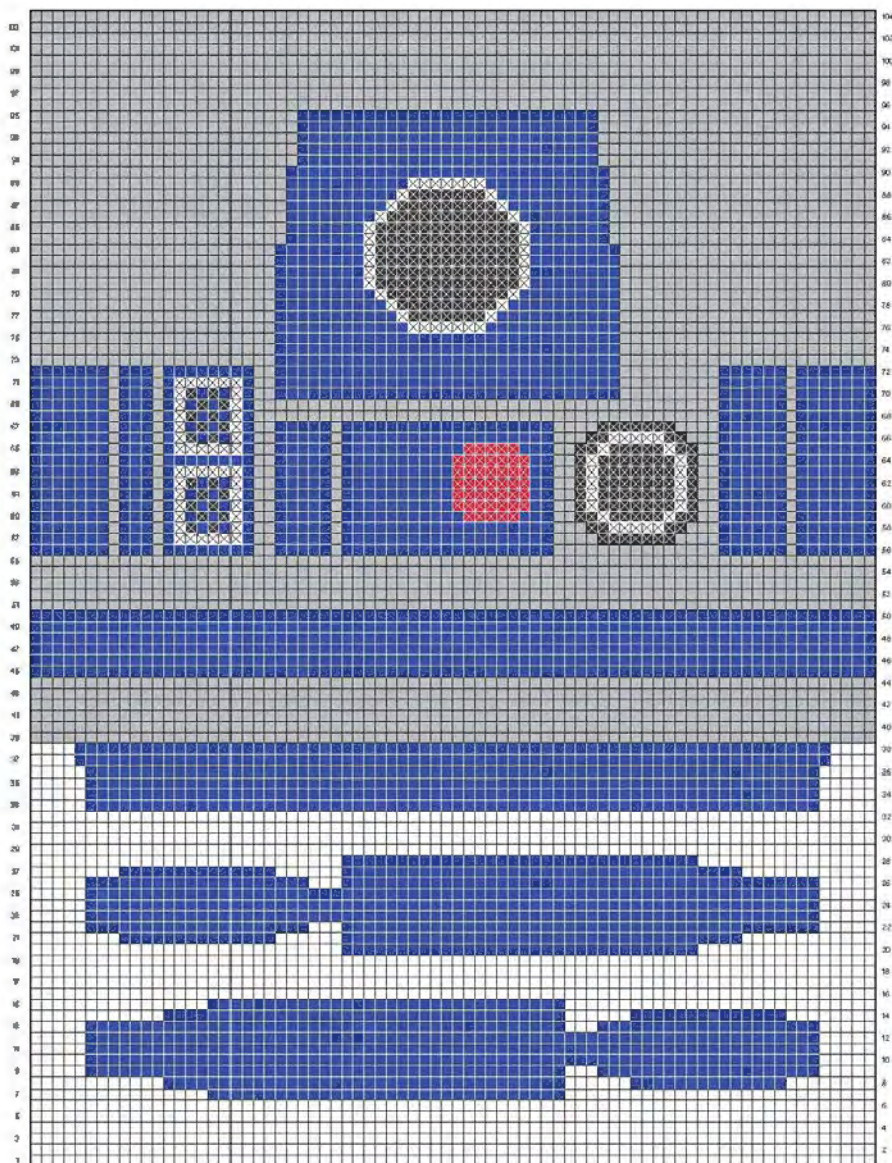
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CHART A



KEY

- MC
- CC3
- work with MC or CC4, duplicate st with CC1
- CC1
- CC4
- work with MC, duplicate st with CC2

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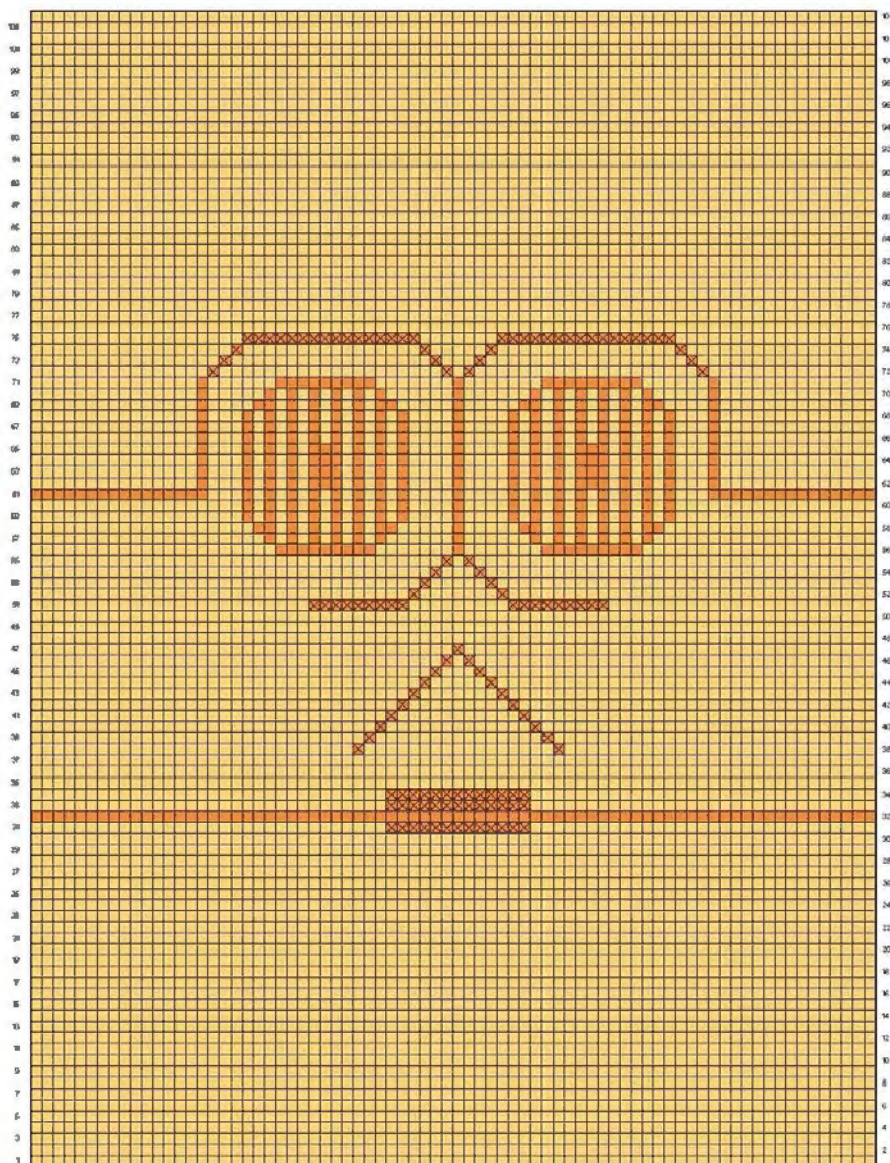
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CHART B



KEY

- MC
- CC

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Jenn Fujikawa and Marc Sumerak

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Seek thirst redemption with these Dark Deciple Yuzu Lemonades!



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Seek thirst redemption with these Dark Deciple Yuzu Lemonades!

DARK DISCIPLE YUZU LEMONADE

PREP TIME: 1 HOUR 35 MINUTES (INCLUDES BOBA SET TIME) | COOKING TIME: 25 MINUTES
YIELD: 6 SERVINGS | DIFFICULTY: EASY

The galaxy is full of stories of redemption. When Asajj Ventress seeks to distance herself from her sinister past as the apprentice of Sith Lord Count Dooku, her journey to atonement includes replacing her old, red-bladed lightsabers with a new yellow-bladed weapon, forging her own path. This yuzu lemonade shines in that same brilliant hue, and its tart, citrusy flavors are perfect for bringing out the light in anyone who drinks it.

BOBA SIMPLE SYRUP

1 cup water
1 packed cup light brown sugar
¼ teaspoon pure vanilla extract

BOBA

8 cups water
¾ cup boba pearls

YUZU SIMPLE SYRUP

1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup water
½ cup yuzu juice

LEMONADE

1 cup freshly squeezed lemon juice
(6 large lemons)
6 cups cold water

FOR SERVING

4½ cups ice
12 lemon twists, for garnish



TO MAKE THE BOBA SIMPLE SYRUP: In a small saucepan over high heat, bring the water and the brown sugar to a boil for 2 minutes, until the sugar has dissolved. Let cool, then stir in the vanilla. Set aside.

TO MAKE THE BOBA: In a large pot over high heat, bring the water to a boil. Add the boba pearls, turn down the heat, and simmer for 30 minutes. Turn off the heat. Cover the saucepan and let stand for 30 minutes more.

Drain and rinse the boba, then pour it into the cooled simple syrup. Let soak for 30 minutes.

TO MAKE THE YUZU SIMPLE SYRUP: In a medium saucepan over medium heat, combine the sugar, water, and yuzu juice. Whisk constantly for 1 to 2 minutes, just until the sugar has dissolved. Transfer the syrup to a bowl. Let cool for 15 minutes.

TO MAKE THE LEMONADE: Pour the lemon juice into a large pitcher. Stir in the cold water and yuzu simple syrup to combine.

TO SERVE: Fill six tall glasses with ¼ cup of boba each. Add the ice. Add two lemon twists per glass as garnish. Pour in the lemonade and serve.



Cantina Coolers

The perfect cool down after a day in the desert!



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The perfect cool down after a day in the desert!

TWIN SUNS SPRITZ

PREP TIME: 5 MINUTES

YIELD: 1 SERVING | DIFFICULTY: EASY

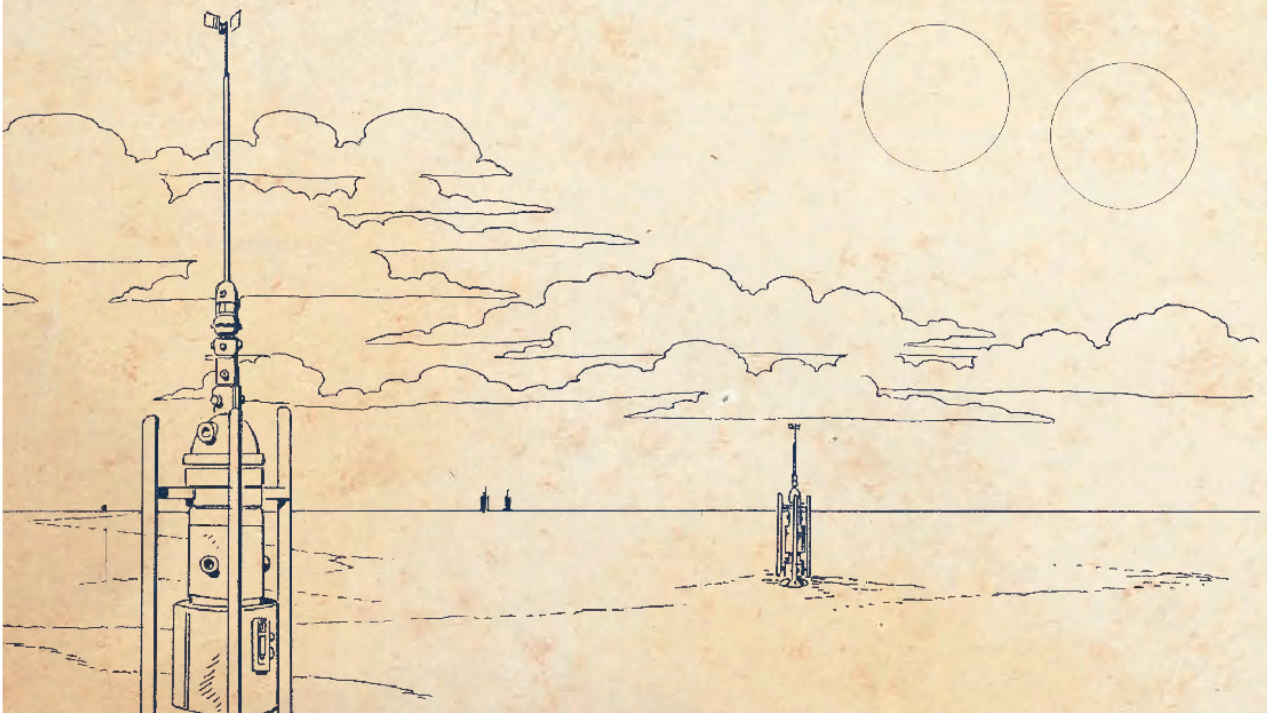
Tatooine may seem like a desert wasteland, but as the former homeworld of both Anakin and Luke Skywalker, it's where some of the most amazing journeys in the galaxy begin. This beautiful beverage captures the colors of Tatooine, with two dried oranges representing the planet's twin suns. Pour yourself a glass and ponder where your journey will take you next . . .

1 tablespoon grenadine
3 ounces cranberry juice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup ice

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lime juice
2 dried orange slices, for garnish

Pour the grenadine into a tall glass. Pour in the cranberry juice. Add the ice. Pour in the orange juice. Add the lime juice.

Garnish with the dried orange slices and serve.





Comfort Caf



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LASAT LATTE

PREP TIME: 20 MINUTES, PLUS 20 MINUTES REFRIGERATION TIME | COOKING TIME: 12 MINUTES
YIELD: 1 SERVING AND 3 COOKIES | DIFFICULTY: DIFFICULT

Lasats are a powerful species of humanoids originally hailing from the planet Lira San. One of the galaxy's most recognizable Lasats is Garazeb Orrelios, or "Zeb," as he's called by his fellow rebels in the *Ghost* crew. Known for their height, strength, and purple fur, Lasats certainly make an impression—as does this Lasat-inspired latte that gets its purple color from ube, a vibrantly violet (and delicious) root vegetable.

COOKIES

4 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup all-purpose flour,
plus more for dusting
1 teaspoon matcha powder
⅛ teaspoon kosher salt

DRINK

¾ cup whole milk
1 tablespoon vanilla syrup
2 shots espresso

CREAM CHEESE TOPPING

½ cup heavy (whipping) cream
3 tablespoons cream cheese, softened
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
2 tablespoons half-and-half
¼ teaspoon ube extract

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Milk frother



TO MAKE THE COOKIES: In a medium bowl using a handheld mixer, cream the butter, powdered sugar, and vanilla for 2 to 3 minutes, until fluffy. Stir in the flour, matcha powder, and salt until combined. Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 20 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Prep a baking sheet with parchment paper. On a lightly floured surface, divide the dough into three small balls. Press each one down slightly into a disk shape and put on the prepped baking sheet, spacing 2 inches apart.

Bake the cookies for 10 minutes, until lightly brown. Let cool on a wire rack.

TO MAKE THE DRINK: Pour the milk into a microwave-safe mug and heat in 30-second intervals until it reaches 145°F. Use a frother to whisk until foamy.

Pour the vanilla syrup into a latte mug. Pour over the warmed milk, then the espresso.

TO MAKE THE CREAM CHEESE TOPPING: In a small bowl using a handheld mixer, whip the heavy cream until stiff peaks form. Stir in the cream cheese, powdered sugar, half-and-half, and ube extract for 1 minute, until smooth.

TO SERVE: Spoon the cream cheese topping foam onto the drink. Crumble one cookie on top. Serve the remaining cookies with the latte.



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HOTH-CHATA

PREP TIME: 30 MINUTES, PLUS FREEZING TIME
YIELD: 1 SERVING | DIFFICULTY: DIFFICULT

Hoth is one of the coldest planets in the galaxy. That makes this frosty drink the perfect match, as it's one of the coldest in this collection! Made with coconut ice cream, horchata, and espresso, it's topped off with a whipped dalgona coffee that's fluffier than a snowdrift on the Clabburn Range. Careful! Everyone's going to want to get their gloves on one of these.

COCONUT ICE CREAM

- ¾ cup coconut cream, chilled
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- ¼ cup coconut milk

HORCHATA

- ¼ cup white rice
- 1 cup water
- 1 cinnamon stick
- ¾ cup coconut milk

- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract

DALGONA COFFEE

- 1 tablespoon instant coffee
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon boiling water

TOPPING

- 1 teaspoon shredded coconut
- 1 teaspoon chocolate shavings

TO MAKE THE COCONUT ICE CREAM: In a medium bowl, stir together the coconut cream, sugar, and vanilla. Pour into an ice cube tray and freeze overnight, until solid.

In a blender, blend coconut ice cubes and coconut milk until smooth. Transfer the coconut ice cream to a sealable container and keep in the freezer until ready to use.

TO MAKE THE HORCHATA: In a blender jar, combine the rice and water. Blend for 2 to 3 minutes, until the rice is finely ground. Pour into an airtight container with the cinnamon stick. Refrigerate overnight.

Transfer the mixture to a blender jar, blending until smooth. Sieve into a medium bowl; discard the residue.

Stir in the coconut milk, sugar, and vanilla. Refrigerate until ready to use.

TO MAKE THE DALGONA COFFEE: In a small bowl, stir the instant coffee, sugar, and boiling water. With a handheld mixer on low, whip the mixture for 30 seconds until it starts to froth. Raise the speed and continue whipping until soft peaks form, about 4 to 5 minutes. Set aside.

TO SERVE: In a tall glass, scoop 1 cup of coconut ice cream. Pour over the horchata. Top with dalgona coffee. Add shredded coconut and chocolate shavings to serve.





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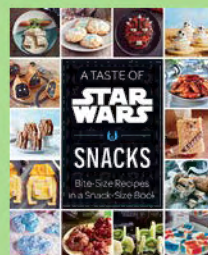
Grogu's Avocado Dip

Grogu loves nothing more than something yummy to munch on, and with this rich and creamy avocado dip, you'll have a snack that the little foundling himself would approve of



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Grogu's Avocado Dip

Prep Time: 15 minutes
V, GF* | Yield: 2 servings
Difficulty: Medium

2 medium avocados, peeled and pitted
½ cup plain fat-free Greek yogurt
¼ cup cilantro, stemmed
1 garlic clove, peeled
1 tablespoon minced shallot
1 tablespoon lime juice
½ teaspoon kosher salt
¼ teaspoon onion powder
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 kalamata olives
2 slices pink apples
2 pitas, for serving



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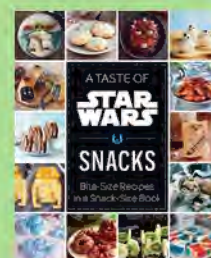


Grogu's Avocado Dip

1. Into the base of a blender add the avocados, Greek yogurt, cilantro, garlic, shallot, lime juice, salt, onion powder, and white pepper. Blend until just combined.
2. To create Grogu's head, spread the sauce into an oval shape. Add a curved triangle on both sides to make the ears. Then add a small dollop of sauce for the nose.
3. Add the kalamata olives to create the eyes and add the pink apple for the ears. Use the back of a knife's blade to create his eyebrows by drawing one horizontal line above each of the kalamata olives. Draw four vertical lines in between the two horizontal lines, to finish off the face details.
4. Cut the edges off one pita to create a long trapezoid. Place this under the head to create the robe. Cut the other pita into four smaller pieces to create the overlapping scarf and the cuffs. Add a small spoonful of the sauce on top of the cuffs to create the hands.
5. Serve the sauce with the remaining pita.

NOTE: This is easily made gluten free by using a gluten-free pita option.

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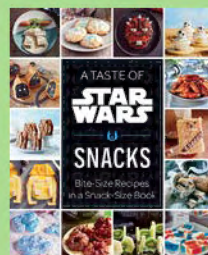
Maul Pancakes

There's no doubt that Darth Maul is one of the most fearsome warriors in the galaxy. This pancake mimics the Sith Lord's scowling visage and is filled with kimchi, which gives it a fiery hue worthy of Maul's raging temperament.



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recipe on the
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Maul Pancakes

Prep Time: 10 minutes | **Cook Time:** 10 minutes

V, V+, GF* | **Yield:** 1 pancake

Difficulty: Medium

- ½ cup all-purpose flour
- ½ cup mochiko
- ½ cup soy milk
- 1 tablespoon gochujang
- 1 cup chopped kimchi
- 1 green onion, minced
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 3 to 4 tablespoons black sesame seeds
- 1 small white onion
- ½ teaspoon sriracha hot sauce



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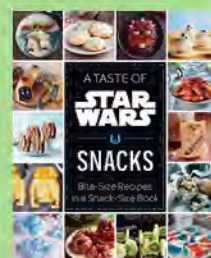


Maul Pancakes

1. In a large bowl, whisk together the flour and mochiko. Make a well in the center and stir in the soy milk and gochujang. Fold in the kimchi and green onions.
2. In a large skillet over medium heat, add oil and pour the batter into the pan, spreading to flatten into a large pancake.
3. Cook for 3 to 4 minutes, until lightly browned. Flip over and cook for another 2 to 3 minutes, until cooked through.
4. Move the pancake to a serving plate. Use the black sesame seeds to create Maul's face pattern.
5. Slice the onions to create his horns, eyes, and teeth. Add the sriracha and 2 black sesame seeds for the pupils. Serve immediately.

NOTE: To make this recipe gluten free, use gluten-free all-purpose flour and check your gochujang and kimchi to make sure they're gluten free.

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Butter Chewies

Chewbacca likes to think with his stomach, and sometimes it lands him and Han Solo in trouble. But can you blame him? We're all a little foodmotivated, at times. When was the last time you treated yourself with a special snack after a tiring day? Next time, try preparing a plate of coconuttopped butter mochi. These mini versions of Chewie are nutty, rich, and, well . . . chewy!



See the
recipe on the
following
pages!

Prep Time: 20 minutes | **Cook Time:** 1 hour

V*, GF* | Yield: 12 bars

Difficulty: Medium

MOCHI:

16 ounces mochiko

2½ cups granulated sugar

1½ teaspoons baking powder

¼ teaspoon kosher salt

One 14-ounce can coconut milk

One 12-ounce can evaporated milk

½ cup (1 stick) unsalted butter, melted

4 large eggs, beaten slightly

2 teaspoons vanilla extract

TOPPING:

1½ cups shredded coconut

2 tablespoons granulated sugar

½ teaspoon cinnamon

DECORATION:

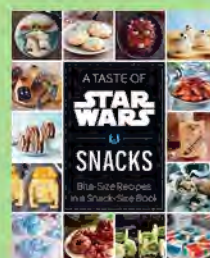
4 ounces chocolate candy melts

2 ounces black candy melts

2 ounces white candy melts

1. Preheat the oven to 350°F. Prep a 13-by-9-inch pan with parchment paper and nonstick spray.

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2. **TO MAKE THE MOCHI:** In a large bowl whisk together the mochiko, sugar, baking powder, and salt. Make a well in the center of the dry ingredients and stir in the coconut milk, evaporated milk, butter, eggs, and vanilla. Pour into the prepped pan.
3. **TO MAKE THE TOPPING:** In a small bowl mix together the coconut, sugar, and cinnamon. Sprinkle over the batter. Bake for 1 hour, until set.
4. Let cool completely. Use a plastic knife to cut into 12 rectangles.
5. In a microwave-safe bowl, melt the chocolate candy melts for 30 seconds, then stir. Heat again for two 15-second intervals, stirring in between until melted and smooth. Pour into a piping bag. Set aside. Do the same for the black and white candy melts.
6. **TO DECORATE:** Use the chocolate candy melts to pipe a bandolier in a diagonal across the mochi. Then pipe the black icing to create the Wookiee's eyes and nose.
7. Finally, use the candy melts to create the teeth and bandolier details.
8. Once the candy melts have set, the mochi is ready to serve.

NOTE: Use vegetarian gluten-free candy melts to make this gluten free and vegetarian.

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Dad Jokes

What do Jawas
eat for dinner?

Junk food.



What do you call a Nightsister
who takes a trip to Tatooine?

A sand witch.



Why shouldn't you pick
a fight with Jawas?

**They're always getting
into scraps.**

What kind of music do
Tusken listen to?

Wrap.

How do Wookiees check
how their fur looks?



With mirroooooars.



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Dad Jokes

What kind of music do bounty hunters listen to?



Something catchy.

Why don't wampas get married?

They always get cold feet.



How did the probe droid discover the Hoth rebel base?

It used ECHO-location.

Why are rebel social gatherings on Hoth so awkward?

It's really hard to break the ice.



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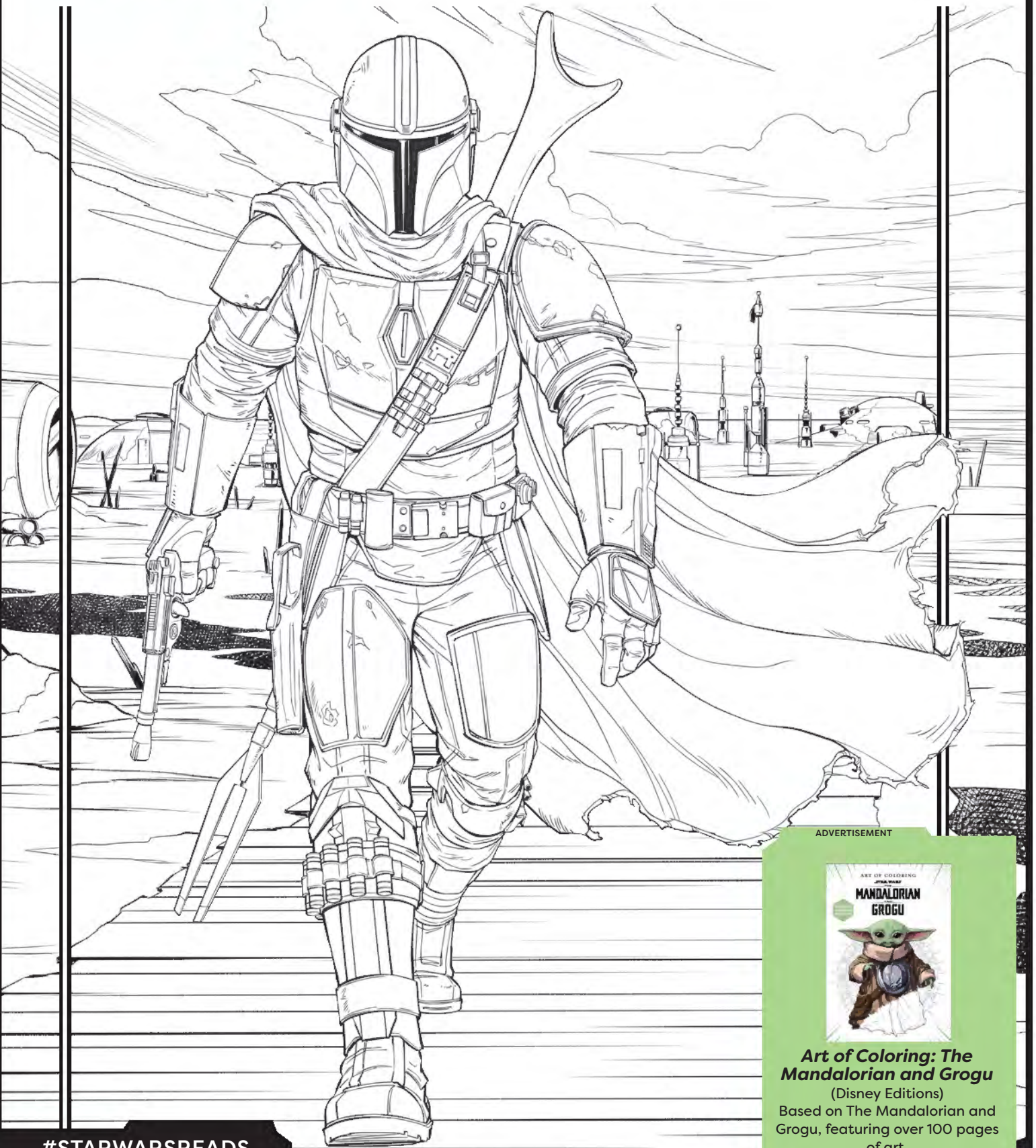
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Sith Lightsabers

Location: Various

Date: c. 32 BBY

At first glance, one might mistake this hilt as the weapon of a Jedi. Look closely, however, and you will find a perversion of the light. This saber hides a corrupted kyber crystal made to bleed a sickly red.

Where the lightsabers of the Jedi were principally employed for defense, the nearly identical weapons of the Sith were made for destruction. This saberstaff, with its deadly dual blades, is a prime example of the devastation that could be wrought in the hands of pure evil.

Each Force-wielder who has built a lightsaber has constructed a unique artifact created to fit their personal aesthetic and fighting style. In some cases their lightsaber might pay homage to their species and ancestry. To the vast majority of beings across the galaxy who lacked Force-sensitivity, these laser swords, whether belonging to Jedi or Sith, could appear interchangeable.

In countless stories, the Sith and their followers were initially mistaken for keepers of the peace. As soon as people saw their blades blaze crimson, however, it was all too obvious that the Sith's interests and intentions were totally opposed to those of the Jedi Knights.



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Before Darth Vader and Count Dooku served Darth Sidious, another villain kneeled at his feet: Darth Maul. A Zabrak Nightbrother from the mists of Dathomir, Maul's horn-headed visage was a fearsome sight. Yet his real power came from his preternatural agility and his skill with his double-bladed lightsaber.

On the besieged world of Naboo, Maul used this formidable weapon to murder the Jedi Qui-Gon Jinn before he, in turn, was felled by Jinn's apprentice, Obi-Wan Kenobi. The duel ended when both Maul and his lightsaber were cleaved in two. The Sith Lord was widely believed to be dead, although his enemies subsequently learned that he had somehow survived, fueled by his burning desire for vengeance.

And what of his weapon? Although a Sith no longer after this crushing defeat, Maul reinvented himself several times over the ensuing years. Ultimately, he became one of the most powerful crime lords in the galactic underworld. This double-bladed lightsaber relates to a period in his youth when he served the Sith's cause. For a brief time, Maul changed the course of history by killing the Jedi Knight who discovered—and would have trained—Anakin Skywalker.

After Maul's presumed demise, Darth Sidious took a new pupil in Darth Tyranus. Earlier in life Tyranus was a ruler of Serenno known as the Jedi Master Dooku.

Dooku's lightsaber had an elegantly curved hilt fashioned to complement his fighting style. Its grip is similar to that of a dueling blaster. He was known among those who sparred with him at the Jedi Temple as an especially skilled and agile opponent. Dooku's superb dueling technique was comprised of precision moves, formal lunges, and ripostes, hardwired during his days training at the Jedi Temple.



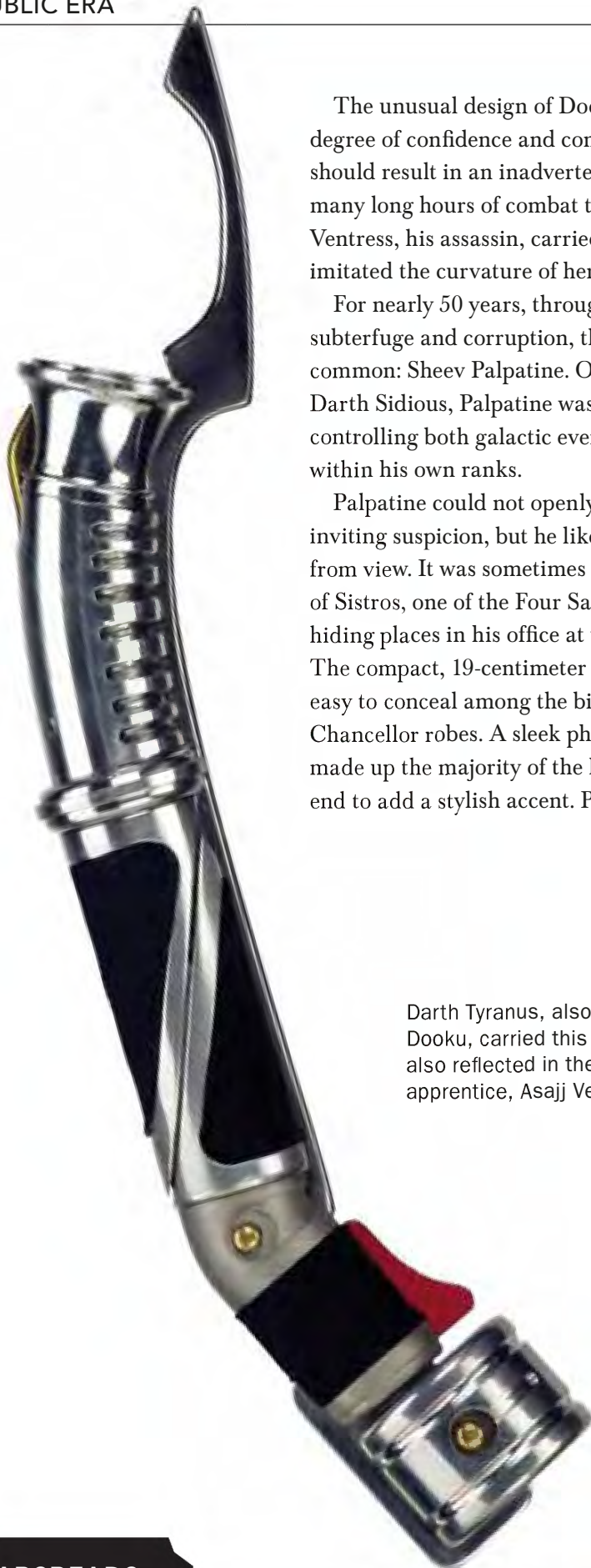
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The unusual design of Dooku's lightsaber required a special degree of confidence and composure, lest an ungraceful move should result in an inadvertent injury to the wielder. Owing to many long hours of combat training in Dooku's company, Asajj Ventress, his assassin, carried a matching set of lightsabers that imitated the curvature of her master's hilt.

For nearly 50 years, through numerous twisted tales of subterfuge and corruption, these players had one thing in common: Sheev Palpatine. Operating in secret as the Sith Lord Darth Sidious, Palpatine was a veritable puppet master, controlling both galactic events and the backstabbing duplicity within his own ranks.

Palpatine could not openly carry his lightsaber without inviting suspicion, but he liked to keep it close at hand, hidden from view. It was sometimes sequestered in his beloved statue of Sistros, one of the Four Sages of Dwartii, or in various other hiding places in his office at the Coruscant Senate Building. The compact, 19-centimeter (7-and-a-half-inch) hilt was also easy to conceal among the billowing folds of his stately Chancellor robes. A sleek phrik base—a rare and robust alloy—made up the majority of the hilt, with aurodium caps on either end to add a stylish accent. Palpatine owned at least two

Darth Tyrannus, also known as Count Dooku, carried this curved hilt, a design also reflected in the choices of his apprentice, Asajj Ventress.

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identical blades, and was skilled at fighting with two sabers in combat against multiple assailants.

It is a common refrain that only two Sith can operate at any given time—a master and an apprentice. This is due to the ruthlessness that is the very essence of the Sith’s philosophy. Once Sith apprentices become powerful enough, they invariably overpower their teachers, murdering their masters and taking their place. They then school a pupil of their own and the cycle begins again.

To become a Sith is to be inherently distrustful, conniving, and cruel. There is plenty of evidence that students and masters alike flouted the ritualistic “Rule of Two,” whether out of vengeance, ambition, or fear.

The lightsabers of the Sith, and the villainous creatures who employed them, are no longer a threat to the light. But these artifacts serve as a warning that the darkness is not easily dissuaded from its purpose: to snuff out all that is good in the galaxy. And morbid vengeance can be as potent as idealism in fueling a cause.

Palpatine liked to keep his compact lightsaber with its vibrant red blade nearby or on his person, but he rarely resorted to it. If trouble threatened, he preferred to project bolts of lightning from his fingertips, wounding opponents from a safe distance.



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Imagecaster Holoprojector

Location: Coruscant

Date: c. 30 BBY

In a galaxy so vast, Imagecaster holoprojectors were an essential communication tool for wealthy wanderers and those carrying information, mementos, and personal messages. The compact, disc-like base displays a simple image, records audio, or, with a reliable uplink to a larger comm network, projects a grainy hologram to someone light years away. The three tines attached to the disc can be folded down to make the Imagecaster into a small, free-standing pedestal.

Holoprojector technology has since become much more sophisticated. The holo-feed now allows messages to be displayed so clearly it almost seems as if the person on the other end were in the room, larger than life. At the time this example was in use, credits were not funneled into perfecting reception or boosting the prevailing blue tinge of images. Holoprojectors were most commonly used by government officials and military strategists. As long as a message could be received clearly, the orders followed, and the battle won, image quality was of little or no interest to them.

This particular Imagecaster was last used preloaded with a simple holo-message that showed a J-type 327 Nubian starship—the same make and model used by the Royal House of Naboo during the time of the Trade Federation’s blockade of the planet. The disc was probably part of the Republic-era ship’s basic equipment, an aid to the procurement of parts and services should the vessel require repairs while far from home.

Many years later, Obi-Wan Kenobi employed an Imagecaster to contact Leia’s adoptive father, Bail Organa, during the Jedi’s mission to rescue the kidnapped young princess.

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Anakin Skywalker's Cybernetic Arm

Location: Coruscant

Date: 22 BBY

Cybernetic enhancements and droid components are so commonplace that at first glance there would appear to be nothing special about this artificial limb. Its five spindly metal digits are capped with electrostatic fingertips that simulate the feeling of human touch. Exposed wiring, like nerve endings, can be found threaded throughout. Without armored shielding or, at minimum, a glove, this could easily be snagged, severed, or tangled.

The mechno-limb belonged to the Jedi Knight Anakin Skywalker, after his right arm was lopped off in a duel with Count Dooku during the Battle of Geonosis. Given Anakin's talent for mechanical engineering, which gave rise to the protocol droid C-3PO, it is possible that he fashioned it from parts and pieces himself. More likely, the prosthesis was speedily created for him by the physicians of the Grand Army of the Republic. As such, it would have been one of the first of many they constructed to make wounded Jedi fit for the frontlines of war. Over time, the hand was upgraded with a firmer framework and more responsive cybernetic technology.

This particular cybernetic limb undoubtedly had murky origins. It also has greater significance. Anakin was lauded as one of the strongest of all the Jedi, brave in battle, and strongly protective of friends and family. As he was gradually seduced to the dark side, he became the Sith Lord Darth Vader, a cybernetic beast more machine than man. This mechno-arm thus serves as a portent of Anakin Skywalker's grim future.

When the limb was fitted to his still-raw flesh, no one could have guessed that this heroic young man would become a monster. It was assumed that his mechno-arm would allow Anakin to carry on his life more or less normally. For Anakin, unfortunately, his cybernetic prosthesis proved to be just the first of many artificial augmentations that would eventually render him utterly unrecognizable to those he loved.

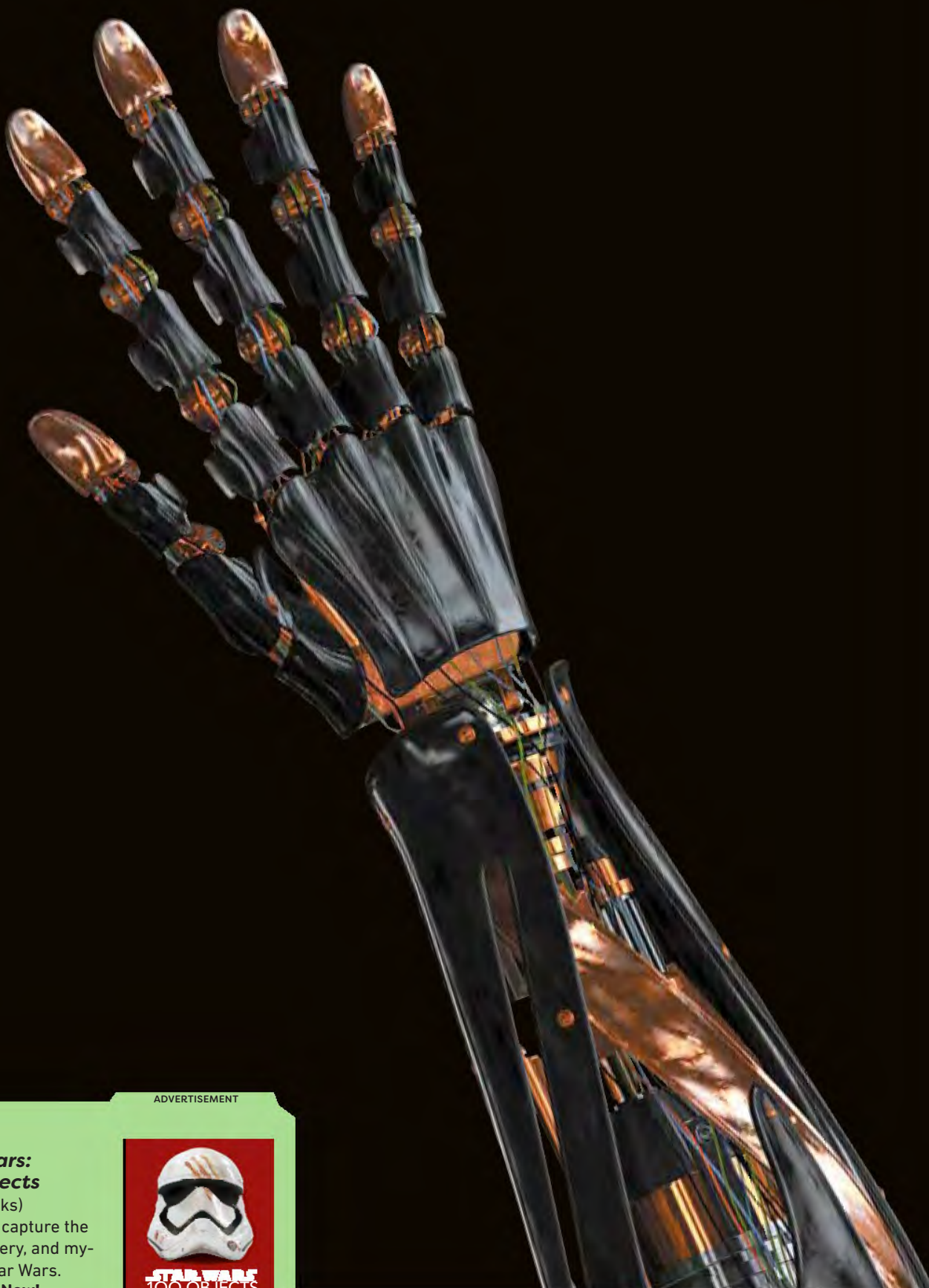
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The Skywalker Lightsaber

Location: Coruscant

Date: 22 BBY

Few items are as historically significant as the Skywalker lightsaber. Members of the dynastic family behind the blade can be found intertwined with moments that shaped the galaxy over a 50-year span, from the Clone Wars to the fall of the First Order regime. Three among them carried this particular lightsaber. It was an heirloom passed down through the years as each new generation tried to correct the mistakes of its predecessors.

The 28-centimeter (11-inch) carbon-and-alloy hilt was fabricated by the young Jedi Anakin Skywalker following the loss of his right arm in battle with former Jedi Master Count Dooku, the figurehead of the Separatist movement. While other lightsabers were created to keep the peace, this particular weapon was made with a very different purpose in mind. It was forged in the aftermath of the Battle of Geonosis, which heralded the start of the Clone Wars. As the product of a galaxy on the verge of war, its legacy was sure to sharply diverge from those of previous lightsabers.

Skywalker wielded the weapon in countless battles, deflecting blaster fire and cutting down enemies with irresistible, Force-driven skill. It was the saber of a true hero. The kyber crystal within the hilt yielded a stunning blade of blue, a shaft of light clearly identified in battle as belonging to a Jedi Knight.

However, in the hands of Anakin's dark side alter ego Darth Vader the saber took on a very different aspect. It became the blade that executed dozens of Jedi—Masters, Padawans, and younglings alike—at the Temple on Coruscant as Order 66 ushered in the Empire. If this object could speak through the Force, would it choose to focus on its triumphs or remember its dark deeds?

For nearly two decades, the lightsaber was kept safe by Anakin's Jedi Master, Obi-Wan Kenobi, while he lived a hermit's existence on the sands of Tatooine. The hilt was rightfully Kenobi's after he won a near-fatal duel

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between himself and Anakin on the fiery shores of Mustafar. Buried in the sands of Tatooine alongside Kenobi's own weapon, the two sabers were a sad reminder that the bond of their brotherhood was now irretrievably broken.

The blade was bequeathed to Anakin's son, Luke, by Obi-Wan Kenobi soon after the Rebel Alliance surfaced as a threat to the Empire, following the unveiling of the Death Star and the theft of the battle station's blueprints. With little formal training, Luke Skywalker rapidly became a hero like his father, harnessing the family's blood-born strength in the Force to beat back the darkness the Empire had thrust upon the galaxy. But just as Anakin lost the weapon to Kenobi in their duel on Mustafar, Luke was separated from his inheritance—and his right hand—in a duel with Anakin's alter ego, Vader, on Cloud City.

Luke returned to Cloud City to seek the lost lightsaber, but his search was in vain. Fortunately, it was saved from destruction with the city's garbage,



The ancient pirate Maz Kanata held some of her most prized treasures in this chest, including the legendary Skywalker saber.

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but for nearly three decades, the lightsaber's whereabouts was unknown. When it eventually resurfaced, it was being kept by the pirate queen Maz Kanata in an old wooden chest in the depths of her castle on the remote planet of Takodana. How she came by it is a mystery. The Force-sensitive Maz gifted the lightsaber to a scavenger called Rey, recognizing that she was worthy to wield it.

The legacy of this lightsaber's dark past was a topic of much consternation among the surviving Skywalker family members. After tracking down Luke on the remote planet of Ahch-To, Rey tried to return the weapon to Luke, who claimed to have absolutely no interest in revisiting his past or wielding a lightsaber so burdened with blood. At the same time, Ben Solo, having adopted the persona of Kylo Ren, coveted the lightsaber as a link to his idol, Darth Vader.

But some treasures are fated to be preserved. Born to the Palpatine bloodline, Rey used her technical prowess and wisdom gleaned from ancient Jedi texts to repair the lightsaber. She healed the crystal and restored the handle, adding her own personal touch that can be seen joining the carbon hilt once more. She also took on the name Skywalker, in honor of the legacy, and thus prevented the line from dying out with the death of Ben Solo.

The Skywalker lightsaber stands as a reminder that hope can be restored. If the saber could tell its own story, perhaps it would say something like this: Even the most broken among us have a chance to be whole again with the right compassion and care.

The original Skywalker lightsaber before it was damaged during Luke's Cloud City duel with Darth Vader.



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Death Star Plans

Location: Scarif

Date: 1 BBY

They called it “Project Stardust.” For nearly 20 years, the Empire had steadily expanded its reach, occupying planets, and even creating some semblance of governmental function from the turmoil of the Clone Wars. But in secret, the real work was being conducted in the atmosphere above the planet Geonosis. There, Imperial masterminds were building one of the most staggering superweapons ever conceived—a space station ominously dubbed the Death Star. This sinister plan had been in progress even as the first Clone War battles were breaking out, around 22 BBY.

The size of a small moon, the Death Star contained a superlaser powered by a hypermatter reactor. Upon ignition, the reaction was filtered through eight massive kyber crystals, allowing a focused beam of pure energy to devastate any target. When fully operational, entire planets could be destroyed, species exterminated, and all opposition to the Empire crushed.

The Rebel Alliance looked on helplessly as the the Death Star demonstrated its power by obliterating the holy city of Jedha. It finally appeared to many fighters that the Empire was now all-powerful and could never be defeated. But hope can flicker in the darkest of situations. The Rebel Jyn Erso knew that hidden somewhere within the Death Star’s systems lay a flaw, a weakness. This had been implanted by the weapon’s chief designer, Galen Erso, Jyn’s peace-loving father, a scientific genius whom the Empire had forced to work on the project.

On the tropical world of Scarif, the Empire had erected a vault to protect its greatest military secrets. This installation was heavily fortified. It was protected by elite stormtroopers, and surrounded by deflectors as well as a shield gate high above the planet that barred entry to the surface. Despite these formidable defenses, a Rebel cell led by young Jyn Erso calling itself Rogue One made a successful incursion. While the main party engaged the stormtrooper guards, Jyn and two of the Rebels penetrated the heart of a

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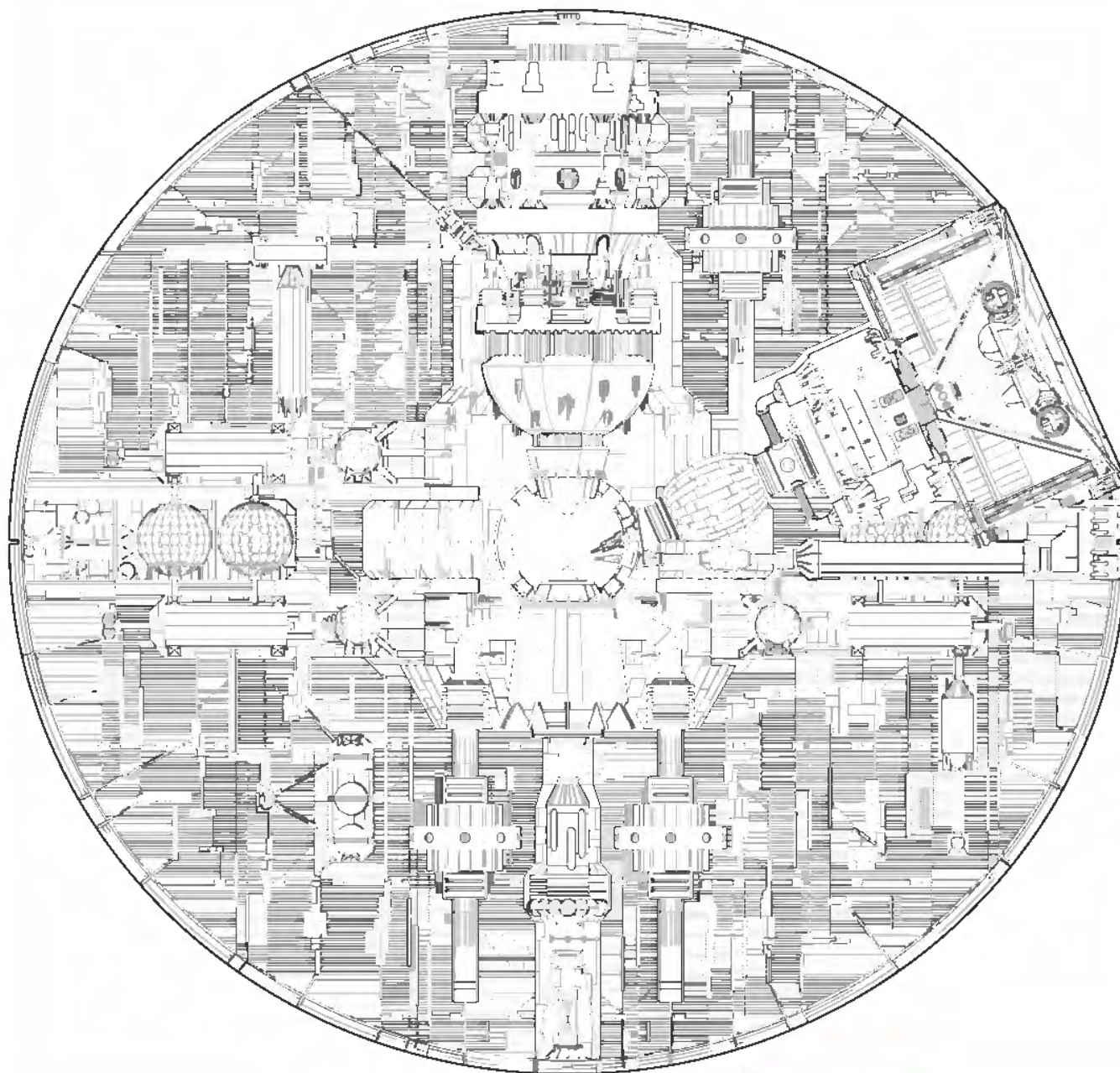
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A diagram of the complex inner systems of the Death Star.

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datatree. Among the thousands of identical data cartridges, they found the key to unraveling the Empire's greatest threat.

The datatapes favored by the Empire were large and unwieldy. Their military-grade, shockproof, polyplast casings, and electromagnetic shielding protected everything from databank archives and top-secret files to primary schematics for clandestine projects. In the Structural Engineering node, the entire history of the Death Star's creation was committed to a single cartridge, filling much of its 512-million exanode capacity. Pinpointing the precise location of the flaw, located somewhere within the Death Star's network of heat exchanges and exhaust ports, would require further research by Rebel Alliance scientists.

Before the Rogue One Rebels could escape Scarif with the cartridge, the Imperial facility was destroyed by a single reactor ignition strike—a defensive maneuver carried out by the very weapon the rebels were investigating. By exploiting the Empire's own advanced technology, Jyn Erso and her Rogue One band managed to transmit the plans to the Rebel Alliance just before the base was razed, sacrificing their lives in the process. The most important file—containing Galen Erso's deliberate design flaw—had been copied to a small disc. This was later installed in the memory banks of the war veteran and astromech droid R2-D2.

Not long after the Battle of Scarif, equipped with this intel, the Rebel Alliance launched an attack on the Death Star in the Yavin system. Thanks to the almost unbelievable precision of one X-wing pilot—a young man named Luke Skywalker—the Rebels destroyed the superweapon. None of the Rebels' future victories against the Empire would have been possible without Jyn Erso's Rogue One team's daring operation to snatch that precious datatape cartridge from the Imperial archives.



This blueprint shows the meridian trench that the X-Wings flew down. It led to the thermal exhaust port that was their ultimate target.



A close-up of the thermal exhaust port that led directly to the Death Star's main reactor.



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The Resistance is in tatters, and General Leia Organa and her allies are on the run. The Resistance struggles to regroup and rebuild, at last rallying their dwindling forces on Pacara. And while General Organa reestablishes her foothold, the Jedi Rey seeks to repair the Skywalker lightsaber, broken during her last brutal encounter with the First Order's new supreme leader, Kylo Ren.

After their decisive victory at Crait, the First Order's swift and sprawling fleets spread terror across more and more of the galaxy. In a desperate bid to resist that growing control, a small band of dissidents on Hays Major hope to rekindle the scattered sparks of rebellion, attempting to take the life of Major Brilla Wolstenholme.

When their plot fails, the major becomes a symbol of the First Order's inevitability and endurance. Yet those responsible for the assassination attempt remain at large, and while the supreme leader haunts forgotten worlds in search of greater power, it falls to the rank and file to find the embers of defiance and snuff them out . . .

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1

PACARA

The kyber crystal was fractured in a hundred places, though a faint light still glowed from its core.

Bright on its bed of moss, it glittered like a piece of clear blue ripped from the sky. Rey had been careful with it; the lightsaber crystal never left her side, always nestled within layers of protective gauze tucked into her belt pouch. It had become just another thing she carried around, so light that it was easily forgotten in her bag, but now, exposed, it seemed to demand her attention, pulsing impatiently. Operations on Pacara were stabilizing, and she was out of distractions. How she had cleaved to those distractions; they kept this moment and her lingering doubts at bay.

It's time. No, it had been time. Rey placed her hands flat against the moss, patting down the fluffy purple tendrils and framing the crystal. She had climbed for hours to reach this forgotten cathedral. The planet's surface was covered in mounds and towers constructed from dark mud. Lieutenant Kaydel Ko Connix, the Resistance's operations controller, called them termitaria, sprawling anthills likely constructed by an absent insectoid species. And as above, so below—the Resistance had taken advantage of the incredible network of tunnel structures dug

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deep into the ground. Their emptiness unnerved Rey. Something ought to be down there, but the sensors never picked up anything. When she and C-3PO traveled the mounds together, the droid never hesitated to point out the ample murals left behind by the previous inhabitants: incomprehensible geometric patterns matching no language contained within his databanks yet hinting at a complex civilization. Connix had volunteered to sample the silvery-white material used to paint the murals, but that offer had been sandwiched between words like *spinnerets* and *extrusion*, so everyone became urgently busy whenever she brought it up. Rey tried not to think too hard about the species that had built the broken tower she'd scaled; there was more than enough to worry about already.

But C-3PO had gone on and on about the previous inhabitants. Yammer pleasantly was what protocol droids did best as far as Rey could tell, and she had listened to the stream of conclusions and revelations grow dimmer as she hauled herself up one of Pacara's many imposing mud towers. The texture of the mud was hardened, almost rock-like, perfect for climbing. The droid's voice became more frantic as she went higher and higher, leaving him behind.

"Where are you going?" were the last words she heard as the droid's golden head became just a wink at the base of the tower.

"Scouting," Rey had called back, bracing against the face of the tower to wipe the sweat off her left palm. "Won't be long."

The backpack had been heavy, weighing her down during the climb, but more keenly, she'd felt the small, inert crystal in its pouch bumping against her thigh. It was always there. *It's time.*

She couldn't do anything about it on the *Millennium Falcon*. Chewbacca was always around, and she didn't need an audience. What if she failed? No, this hideaway was better. Rey lifted her hands from the floor and heaved the overstuffed pack closer, then tilted out the contents. She placed two of the ancient Jedi texts to her right. They were more than familiar to her now, every flaw, dent, rip, and stain like the well-loved wrinkles on an old friend. Even just the paper the texts were written on was unbelievably rare, but with time, shock ceded to reverence, then practicality. Within the Jedi texts, she had found both technical sche-

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matics and esoteric meanderings that suggested she could fix Master Luke's lightsaber. Rey took a deep breath. In the past, when she brought up the broken crystal, Leia had urged Rey not to take it too seriously. *"Don't let a rock get the best of you"* was her winking advice. It was guidance Rey tried to follow now. One memory of Leia's wisdom led to another . . .

"We have everything we need."

But those were the words of a general. No Jedi remained to teach Rey. She had the brief lessons from Master Luke and these salvaged texts, only echoes of wisdom, pieces and fragments that her tinkerer's heart yearned to make whole.

"And the will to try," she muttered, wry. "Let's make that count for something."

Another deep breath. She had memorized the passage on healing from the *Chronicles of Brus-bu*, whispered it to herself every night before bed until it was burned deep into her conscious and subconscious mind.

"The Jedi attune themselves to their lightsaber's crystal, but the Sith attune the crystal to themselves. They corrupt and bleed it of power, as they do to everything they dominate. Such bled and broken crystals need not remain so forever. Though the art of healing is rare, a Jedi can achieve wholeness in anything. To heal in the light is to know sacrifice. To give and to heal share one mindset, one peace."

Master Brus-bu's words were among the most direct in the text, with its many authors, and were therefore her favorite. Trying to get through Master Farseeker's musings in a section called *Poetics of a Jedi* was about as straightforward as bartering with a Teedo junk trader. Sacrifice. Giving. Healing. Sounded simple enough.

The delicately striated crystal floated up from its tangle of purple moss, rotating slowly before Rey snapped her full concentration toward it, holding it firmly in the air and between her two outstretched hands. She closed her eyes, submerging within the well of self. It ought to be placid in there, she thought, calm, warm waters, but hers was a turbulent, ever-racing reservoir of the Force. Tumbling. Roiling. Never quite still. She felt the loamy towers and mounds gather closer. What had

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once been a possible squall on the horizon, another dose of unpredictable Pacara weather, now felt like a credible threat; the clouds had begun to travel. The swarms of flies that roamed the planet like a devouring fog enclosed the top of the tower, building new, shivering walls, buzzing in a frenzy of life and hunger. Beads of water sprang free from the humidity and dazzled in the afternoon sun, one last flash of light before the storm arrived.

Peace. Peaceful. Find it, Rey.

She sifted through recent memories, imagining dropping out of hyperspace travel and into the drift of the Western Reaches, the viewport providing a clear picture of the stars until their destination winked from the void, a green planet speckled with blue. Everything had felt possible when she first saw Takodana. She had new friends, she was with Han Solo, a hero who could do just about anything and who didn't seem to completely hate her, and then the *Millennium Falcon* began its descent and her understanding of color, form, light shifted indelibly forever. Green. So much green. And water! Water that stretched on as far as a landmass. Tears had sparkled in her eyes; how could anything be so beautiful? From that same brimming well of memories came Master Luke's words, muted as if emerging from deep water.

"It's the energy between all things. A tension, a balance that binds the universe together."

If she couldn't manage perfect peace, then she could do tension and find stillness in that strain. She sought the crystal in the darkness behind her closed lids, and as she did, she felt a dozen eyes spring up behind her, watchful. When her attention turned toward them, they seemed to dance out of focus, then vanish. She ignored them. The crystal. The stillness in the tension like the ache before contact, the vibrating space between outstretched hands, anticipation like a palpable wedge in the throat . . .

I have to give of myself.

Unbidden, her mind detoured to the last time she had nearly given herself away, betrayed herself for another. And subsequently, she felt a tidal wave of power ripple out from her hands. Even a hundred meters below, Rey sensed the planet bend subtly toward her. The insects went

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silent, momentarily hushed. Sinister things slithered forward in that absence. A storm bunched overhead, the once-distant clouds moving in at supernatural speed. Wind chanted through the broken towers. Far below, C-3PO cried out at the sudden shift in weather. The air tightened, blistering, as the first thunder rolled overhead. Rey felt a fragment of her own life force outline itself in jagged edges, the tiniest portion she could transfer to the crystal. But that outline never quite resolved, a shifting silhouette that twisted and grew into a shadowy form that she recognized.

A figure stormed toward her out of the darkness.

The small measure of stillness she had found vanished, and those eyes, which she had ignored, which had felt so far away, returned. Now they belonged to one person and one alone, and within his seething mass of black robes, he marched across space and time itself to find her. And then he was there, all around her. *Him*. The man who had tried to lead her down the path of darkness, the reason the lightsaber was broken at all. No, not a man, a *monster*. A monster with reach. He had taken hold of her through their connection, and what had once felt like a bond, like solace, had been corrupted. No, too passive. He. *Him*. *He* corrupted it, corrupted her, setting to a boil the anger that simmered in her veins. Goading her. Tricking her. If she had been stronger, smarter, she would've never fallen for his manipulations.

Rey shouldn't have left him on that ship.

She should have killed him.

One more groan of thunder, and then the strike: Lightning struck the jagged edge of the mud tower, so close that it rattled her bones and raised every hair on her arms.

And now she felt him seeking, his hunger like a beam, laser-hot and searching, always searching . . . His image split down the middle as if cleaved in half by the lightning. Now it was not just one hunter coming for her, but two.

"No!"

Her eyes opened on a gasp, and the first thing she saw was the crystal still hovering between her hands. It shuddered and spun, a memory of Kylo Ren's eyes, vivid, liquid black, just beyond it. She heard his voice,

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softer than she remembered, unpolluted by the rage and arrogance that consumed him. *"It's time to let old things die,"* he said. Was that sadness she heard? Regret? Perhaps it was the blue of the crystal, its muted glow bathing Ren's image in kinder light, that fooled her into noticing the flare of hope in his gaze. Then his image faded, the shock of it lingering like a blaster burn. A soft cracking sound drew her attention back to the crystal. It was blackened, charred, the conductor that had drawn the single precise punch of lightning. Another fissure appeared, slicing a haphazard path through its pale-blue heart. She caught the gem as it fell, cradling it carefully in her palms.

No. No. She had come to this hidden place to heal it and succeeded only in wounding it more. She had been right to attempt this alone; she couldn't bear the thought of anyone knowing she hadn't just failed but made it all worse. Her fingers closed gently around the crystal before she placed it back on the floor. The fate of the entire galaxy rested on her shoulders, and she couldn't accomplish this simple task without losing control, without almost alerting—

It was just a vision, just her own tormented mind.

The small comlink dangling from her bag flared and beeped. Fumbling, muttering under her breath, Rey reached for it. Before she could say anything, General Leia Organa's voice crackled over the speaker.

"Rey? Are you still out on patrol?"

"Coming in now," Rey stammered, shoveling the texts back into her bag. She couldn't even look at the crystal, left to smoke and sizzle on a now disheveled bed of moss. The walls of the tower, already in ruins, were splintered and smoking from the lightning strike. Strange, spidering black patterns had been burned into the floor. "Everything okay at base?"

"All fine here, but you should hurry. Some kind of weather event over the hills, and it seemed like your direction. Did you see it?"

She had seen far more than lightning. Rey reached for the crystal, her fingers dancing across it, hesitating. Did Leia hear the fear in her voice? The anguish? *Don't let a rock get the best of you.* But it had. Rey's face burned with shame. Maybe she shouldn't care about it so much, but she couldn't help it. The tight, panicked feeling spreading across her chest

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was familiar; she had felt it the night she had taken the Jedi texts from Ahch-To without telling Master Luke. She had gone around him. Something deep inside told her the past was important even if it wasn't perfect, just like this kyber crystal was important, even if it was just a hunk of rock. Rey's mouth firmed up into a line as she scooped the crystal into her palms.

"Rey?" A crackle from the comlink. "Blast. Maybe the storm is interfering . . . Do you read me?"

Rey was a scavenger. She would fix this. It was *hers* to fix. Nobody needed to know that she had failed. She had gotten a taste of what it was like to fail in front of a Skywalker, and she wasn't eager to experience that again. During one of their few lessons together, Master Luke had scolded her like a child when she admitted to sensing a pull to a hidden well of power on the island.

"You went straight to the dark. I've seen this raw strength only once before, in Ben Solo. It didn't scare me enough then. It does now."

"Yes! I read you." Rey hadn't meant to sound so abrupt. She forced out a laugh. "I saw the lightning! Of course I did. Huge! Scary. Um . . . bright? It's nice of you to worry."

"You know me."

"I'm already on my way back, but I'll hurry," Rey said, squeezing the crystal before remembering its fragile state. "Whatever it was, I'm sure I can outrun it."

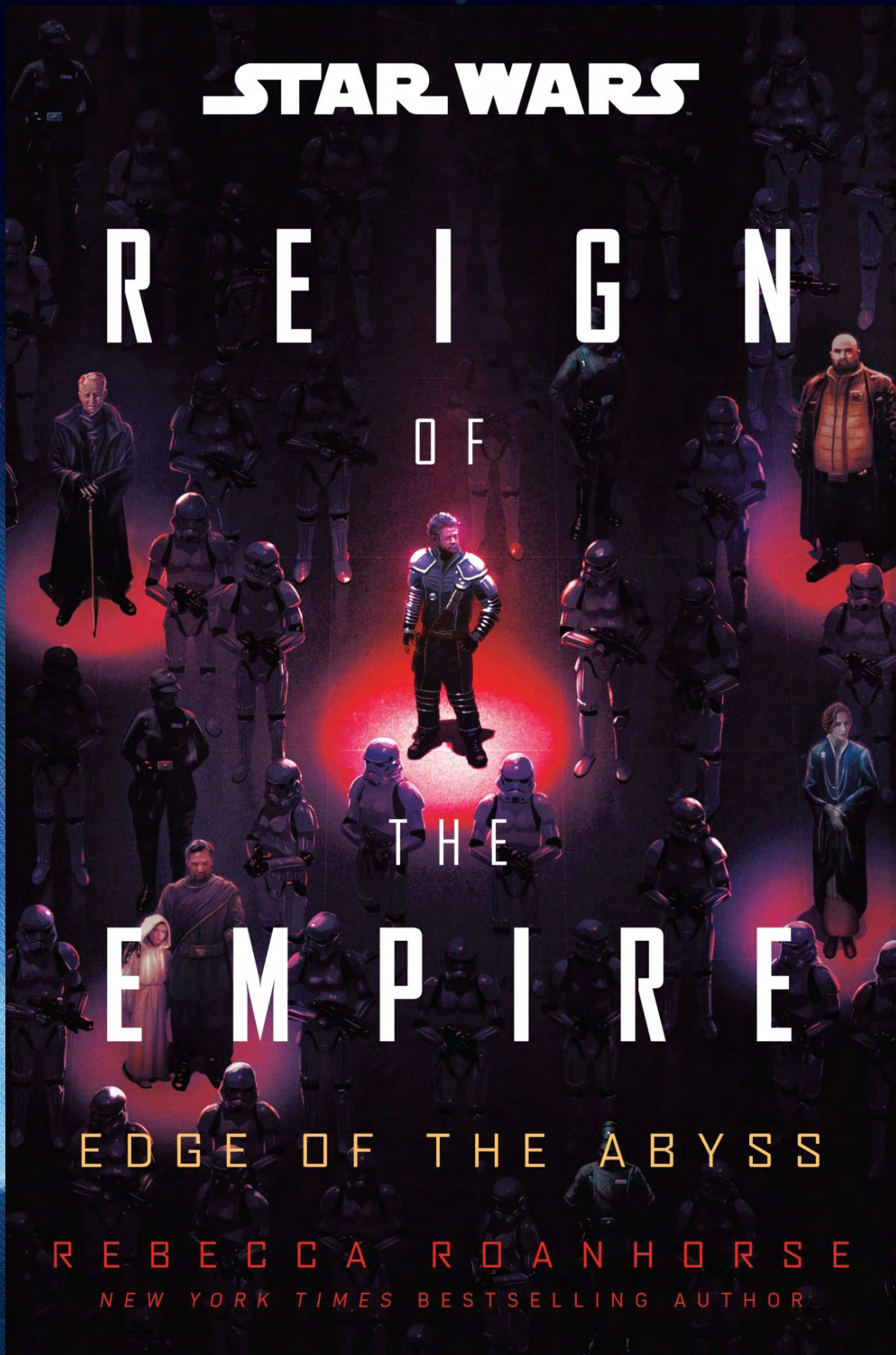
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CHAPTER 4

Bail worked his way through the crowded streets of Sweetsea, tightly packed bodies jostling around him as the fans' booming chants rang loud in his ears.

"Excuse me," he murmured as he pushed past someone wearing bright green-and-white face paint. He had taken only a few steps when he was forced to pull up abruptly, his way blocked by high stone walls on both sides, a crowd of people behind him, and three wide-shouldered men ahead. He sighed in frustration and checked his chrono. He was going to be late to his mysterious meeting, but there was nothing to be done about it. His destination was a block south of the grav-ball arena on the day of the annual match between Sweetsea and their top rival, Crevasse City, which meant Bail was sharing the way with more than eighty thousand fans, none in a hurry and all intent on making as much noise as possible. He was a small dot in a living, breathing, and very loud mass of beings of all kinds.

It did give him pause to think about the kind of easy tribalism such an event roused and how the Empire might use group loyalty to further their agenda. But there was laughter and joy here, not judgment or outrage. He would choose to see this gathering as a hopeful sign that

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people who cared about the same things could still be brought together in community, even if they were strangers.

He had worried about being recognized, but with the green hood and the bit of paint he'd slashed across his cheeks, no one looked twice at him. He was just another face in the crowd, either because no one recognized their senator or because no one expected someone of his standing to be milling among the masses. As if to prove the point, a stranger in a green hat slung his arm over Bail's shoulder, thrust his other arm toward the sky, and shouted in a drunken warble, "All hail the Shippers!"

"All hail the Shippers!" the crowd roared in reply.

Bail wasn't a fan of the Sweetsea Shippers, or grav-ball in general. He didn't even know the rules and had only seen a match in passing, something playing in the background at a pub. But he joined his temporary friends in their full-throated praise of the team and shouted, "All hail the Shippers!"

Various slaps on his back confirmed their approval, and finally the crowd pushed forward again. He let the merrymakers carry him along until he reached the street he sought and ducked out and down the forking side road. There were still people here, but far fewer, and he could breathe again without feeling like he might be crushed. As he paused to get his bearings, the crowd on the main promenade continued on, their chants slowly fading to echoes.

And there was the apparel store he sought. It was nothing fancy, its white stone facade a bit weatherworn, but there were green-and-white shirts, scarves, and hats prominently arrayed in a dusty display window. Despite the masses of fans heading to the stadium, no eager shoppers ducked inside for last-minute souvenir cups or collectibles. Bail understood why when he caught a glimpse of a much larger and newer store at the far corner, with bright windows and music wafting out the open door.

Bail pulled the hood of his green cloak tighter, looking around one more time to see if anyone had followed him. No suspicious individuals, save a man in Crevasse City blue and black who scowled in his di-

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rection. Certain that he wasn't being watched, Bail slipped into the small, dingy store.

Dim lights struggled to illuminate a handful of shelves sparsely lined with Sweetsea regalia, and just as he had thought, Bail was the only customer. There was a cashier at the far end, a youth with a hulking physique and ridged skull that suggested he had Houk heritage. He glanced up at Bail and then went back to watching his personal holopad.

Bail prowled the first row, picking up a hat to admire at random. He wasn't sure what to do next. If this were his operation, he would have provided clear directions. A code word to exchange with the cashier, a door to knock on in an audible pattern. The message hadn't provided him with any specifics for the actual meeting. Was he to wait until someone approached him? Or should he speak to the cashier at the counter?

Before Bail could make a decision, the cashier cleared his throat and, once he had Bail's attention, held a finger to his lips for silence. The youth blinked slowly twice and glanced over his shoulder at a staircase just behind the counter.

So Bail was meant to go up the stairs. But he still wasn't sure who he was meeting. His best guess was Saw, but it could be a trap. Some enemy who meant to lure him to a high floor and heave him out a window. But that was his paranoia talking, a side effect of this kind of skullduggery. There were much simpler ways to kill him if someone wanted him dead.

The young man cleared his throat. "He's not got all day."

And that was that. Adjusting his green cloak, Bail took the stairs one by one, nerves tight. He hadn't brought a weapon, but as the steps creaked under his feet, he wished he had. He reached the top and faced a door. His hand hovered for a moment over the button to enter, his heart beating faster than normal, before he pressed it. The door slid open to reveal a storage room. It was as grimy and neglected as the store below, boxes of memorabilia crowding the floor. And in the far corner, looking down through a crusted window at the chanting crowd a block over, was Saw Gerrera.

Saw's gaze flickered to Bail and then back to the window.

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"You've aged," Saw said, the smile on his lips slightly mocking. Was he laughing at himself? At Bail? Or at some larger absurdity? It was hard to tell.

"We both have," Bail observed wryly as he picked his way through sports detritus and piles of boxes as high as his shoulders. It was true he had a few more gray hairs, but he was still in his prime. Saw, on the other hand, looked older than his years. He held himself too stiffly, and there were lines around his eyes and mouth. In the decade since they'd last met face-to-face, Saw had seen some terrible things.

Saw grunted as if he were reading Bail's mind. Maybe Bail's concern was visible on his face. "I'll take it as a compliment," Saw said. "Aging means I'm still alive."

"Can't argue with that." Bail found an empty crate and flipped it onto its short side. It made a serviceable seat. He waited for Saw to say more, but he had turned toward the window again. The moment stretched.

"All those people on the streets," Saw finally said. "Going about their lives as if nothing has happened. Screaming and shouting. Green wins! No, blue! Meanwhile, better people than them are fighting and dying to keep them free."

Bail looked out the window, although from his angle he couldn't see much. He could hear the singing, though. "Alderaan is a peaceful planet," he said. "That's not a crime. In fact, isn't that the point?"

A tic worked in Saw's jaw. "For now." Saw's eyes were bloodshot and haunted. "It won't be peaceful forever."

Bail bristled at the veiled threat. "If you mean to ask me for a favor, this is the wrong way to go about it."

Saw snorted.

"Why did you reach out?" Bail asked, exasperated. "You've kept me at arm's length for years, and now you insist on meeting on Alderaan, of all places. I thought I was meant to—what was it you said—*stay out of your business*."

"Your operatives were clumsy. Easily revealed. A liability. If you want to know what I'm doing, you should ask."

Annoyance forced a sigh from Bail's lips. "I'm here, am I not?"

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Saw nodded once, a brief acknowledgment that Bail had come when he did not have to. “You’ve seen the news?”

“Inusagi.” It had to be.

Something like pain passed across Saw’s rough features before they hardened again.

“You were there.” It was more a statement than a question. “I saw the woman they captured. Recognized her from—”

“It shouldn’t have happened,” Saw said. “It was a simple mission, to remind the Empire that it can’t operate with impunity. There are consequences. A price owed in blood when you replace a planet’s leadership with some handpicked Imperial governor just because someone doesn’t approve of something someone said or they covet a natural resource the planet possesses. Imagine . . .” He turned to Bail. “Imagine if that happened here. If they reduced your queen to a figurehead and replaced her with a governor because they decided her husband was causing too much trouble in the Senate. It is not impossible. Look what happened on Naboo.”

Bail suppressed a shudder. A brief flash of the Mountain Palace’s corridors overrun with stormtroopers filled his mind, followed by an image of some Imperial bootlicker installed in the sunroom where he’d been chatting with Leia earlier.

“We would fight,” Bail vowed, his voice rough with emotion as he rose and began to pace. There wasn’t much room between the boxes crowding the floor, and he found himself traversing the same small path back and forth as he thought through what he could do to help. Because he *would* help. What Saw had said about Alderaan had disturbed him. If he didn’t want his people living under the thumb of an Imperial governor, he would be a hypocrite to think it was acceptable for Inusagi.

“As did the Inusagi.” Saw paused, looking long and hard at Bail. “They asked us to fight with them, and we did. Common cause.”

Bail did not hide his surprise. Saw had always argued that there was no common cause among the various factions opposing Imperial rule. In the past, he had called Bail delusional for not being ready to give up on the Senate. Hearing him say that he had willingly allied with any

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movement other than his own, even if only briefly, felt like a positive sign. Bail would have preferred a diplomatic solution, but for Saw, this was progress.

“We were willing to lay down our lives to help Inusagi be free,” Saw continued, “and some of us did.”

Again, Bail saw a flash of pain on Saw’s face, and he wondered if Saw had lost someone besides the woman on the news in the attack.

“But Inusagi isn’t free,” Bail countered gently, highlighting the snag in Saw’s declaration. He thought of what the commentator on the news had said. “In fact, you’ve arguably made things worse. They’re raiding neighborhoods looking for subversives. Kicking foreign students out of universities. Banning peaceful protest. They’ve declared martial law in the capital city.”

“Inusagi is lost.” Saw waved Bail’s list of issues away. “We did what we could.”

Bail’s fists flexed in frustration. “It’s so easy for you, isn’t it? Come in, whip the community into a frenzy, and then leave when it gets hot. But most people can’t leave, and they’re left behind to face the consequences of what *you’ve* done.”

Saw stood to loom over Bail, wincing as he put weight on what looked to be an injured leg. “You don’t think I suffer consequences? I have no home, no place of safety. I’m wanted everywhere, considered a pariah and a criminal, even on worlds I’ve never set foot on. I am reduced to this!” He gestured, indicating their ignoble meeting place. “Hiding. Always hiding. No, Bail Organa, my entire life is consequences.” Saw dropped back to lean against the window frame.

Bail swallowed what he’d intended to say next and instead said, “I know.”

Saw laughed. “You don’t know. You don’t know anything!”

Bail had pushed too hard—he could see that. Saw was not as steady as he proclaimed, that much was clear. Bail switched tactics. “The comrades you lost?”

After a deep breath, Saw said, “Maia, dead. Nankry, captured.”

Nankry. That was her name. “What will you do?”

“She knows too much.” Saw’s voice was strained. “Everything about

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Inusagi's resistance movement, most things about the Partisans, more things about others. Supply dumps, safe houses, sympathetic donors." He looked at Bail. "The Library."

"Damn," Bail muttered.

"And now, the Empire will know those things, too."

Some of it they could salvage, but the Free People's Library would be a loss of epic proportions. It had taken years to establish, and it had become the go-to repository for unvarnished archives, a means to launder funds and stash beings who needed a safe house, and a place to exchange information: coordinates of Imperial shipping runs, names of those friendly to their cause that might be willing to help.

Worse yet, Bail's fingerprints were all over it, along with Saw's and a handful of others', if the Empire knew where and how to look. Redirected donations, messages of support to the local arts district, records of travel to Naboo. Losing the Library had the potential to set them all back many months, possibly years. And for some, like Bail, it had the potential to do much worse.

"I see why you came to me."

Saw's eyes went flat, his expression unreadable. "We can't allow the Empire to have her."

"We're past that, Saw."

"We can't allow the Empire *to keep* her." He looked out the window.

Bail flinched. He had not expected that. "You want to . . . You wish her dead?"

"That is all you think of me, Organa? Wishing for death only? What I wish has nothing to do with it. It's the only way."

Saw sounded definitive, but Bail wasn't sure. "Have you tried any other ways?"

"You think I haven't thought this through?" he asked, incredulous, as if Bail had called him a fool. "The windows are all broken, and the alarm screams into the night. I am not asking you. I am warning you of what's coming."

"Then why are we having this meeting?"

"I need someone who can reach her in Imperial custody. You're a senator. You have connections, resources. Access I don't have."

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Bail shook his head, and he was back on his feet. “Well, I won’t be a party to murder.”

“It’s not a murder. It’s a mercy. Nankry’s tough,” Saw said, admiration in his voice. “She’ll hold out under torture as long as she can. Longer than most. But I made a promise.” He scrubbed a hand across his face, his expression briefly contorting in pain.

“What kind of promise?”

“Such things are beyond your ken, Organa.”

“You’re right,” Bail agreed, his temper piqued by Saw’s rebuff. “So explain it to me.”

“Do you think I want to do this?”

“Then don’t! There must be another way.”

Saw opened his mouth to protest and then stopped. He widened his eyes, his mouth twisting in a grin, and this time Bail was sure he was laughing at him. “That look on your face. You think you can save her.”

Bail tore a hand through his hair. Was that what he was thinking? Not exactly.

“What if I can buy some time?” he offered. “Hold off any interrogation, make sure she’s treated humanely.”

“Foolishness.” Saw scoffed. “Whatever you come up with will only delay the inevitable.”

“Maybe a delay is all we need,” Bail said, pacing again, his brain working through various scenarios. “A—a trial! Or she could testify before the Senate! Something public. People still believe the Empire is fair. The Empire relies on that reputation. We will use it against them to ensure there are no more beatings, no torture. She can’t appear on HoloNet News again the way I saw her. There would be an outcry. Public sentiment is fickle, and there will be those with no stomach for her mistreatment while she’s in Imperial custody.”

“People won’t care.”

“They will! Many will be sympathetic to her situation on principle alone. Those who believe in rehabilitation or are wary of abuses of power. In the interim, we work to humanize her, show the galaxy that she can be saved. She will have to show some remo—”

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"She's not sorry." Saw said it with such finality that it pulled Bail up short.

"How do you know that?" he asked softly. "People did die. Innocent people. Don't you ever have regrets?"

Emotions flickered across Saw's face as he made some calculation Bail couldn't discern. "All right, Senator. You buy time. Meanwhile, I'll make sure that anything Nankry has touched exists no more—the storage dumps emptied, the safe houses decommissioned, the credit trail erased."

Bail nodded, relieved. He had expected Saw to argue more but was glad he had quickly seen the wisdom in Bail's idea. He wondered briefly if he should press his point further but decided to accept the victory.

"There's one other thing," Saw added. "To even have a chance at making this work, I need Karama."

Bail remembered her. Another one of Saw's people in the tunnels of Eyo-Dajuritz. Metal teeth. She had been a journalist and, before that, a prisoner of war prior to joining Saw.

"You didn't . . . ?" Bail asked, surprised. For all Saw's talk of eliminating potential leaks, letting one as valuable as Karama go seemed out of character.

"I'm not a monster." He gave Bail a dark look. "I value loyalty. If one of my soldiers doesn't believe anymore, I don't just kill them. Besides, any intel she possessed would be outdated. She's not a threat. But she is an asset. She and Nankry were close. Like sisters, in the end. I need her."

Bail raised his hands in apology. "So why do you need her?"

"Reasons of my own. But if you help me find Karama, maybe this will work."

"It's a big galaxy," Bail said, doubtful.

Saw leaned back to appraise him. "I hear you're a man with resources. Access to census records, professional association rosters, official documentation I can't penetrate."

Bail snorted. "There are limits," he said, but his pride was roused. He had indeed become very good at gathering information. "At least tell me where to begin."

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"Nankry was keeping tabs on her for a few years before she dropped off the map. All I remember is she married some barrister."

"Married to a barrister. There are records of all the practicing barristers, at least those admitted to the Imperial bar. But the rolls must be in the millions."

"Seventy million, most in the Core Worlds," Saw said. "But far fewer in the Mid Rim, which is where she was the last time we checked."

"Do you have a last known location? A sector, at least?"

"Some administrative planet. Can't remember the name now, but it shouldn't be so hard to find."

"Shouldn't be—it's a teardrop in the Cobaltia Sea!"

Saw looked him straight in the eyes. "You wanted another way. Karama is it."

Bail rubbed a hand through his hair. "Fine. I can start with the rolls, and then cross-reference them with administrative planets in the Mid Rim, and then . . ."

Saw's gaze had drifted, as if he wasn't listening anymore.

"You will give this a chance to work?" Bail asked, earnestness coloring his voice. Maybe he was a fool, but he was a fool with principles. "You have to believe it can. I won't be a part of this if you don't."

"A chance," Saw echoed, that same mocking smile playing across his face. "There's always a chance."

A cheer went up outside, the roar of thousands of voices coming from the arena. Sweetsea had scored.

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