

**Childhood Memories**  
**By LCM Mirei Seppen**

**Float. Turn. Leap. Then land with the weight of a wing of a fly.**

**With my second leap I came down upon the keys of Max Rebo's Nalargon and danced along them, not setting a single off till I got a cue from the blue Ortalan. He would play the first seven keys of his number before I would spring from key to key to press them down in tune with him. It was a pleasing display to Jabba which was what we all wanted. Well, not to please him as much as not to be eaten by his pet rancor Pateesa.**

**Toward the end of the number I leaped in the air and let the air vent of the Nalargon blow me forward, my tiny form drifting thru the air as I spun about. Due to my age and veil of sweet innocence Jabba kept me modestly attired, but with bells so that as I drifted here and there I would sing for him with my movements. As I spun, the bells singing to his visible approval I began to drift toward the ground. Melina Carniss, Jabba's dance choreographer, watched from a distance to make notes for how to increase my effectiveness. She had recommended ribbons once to flutter behind me as I floated but it was hard to keep clean due to the grime of the palace.**

**Hutt's were notorious for there grime and slime. It's like faulting a wookiee for getting hair everywhere, it just wasn't done. However Jabba the Hutt had his eccentric moments and one was to make sure I was always pristine and with flowery smells. Maybe it was due to my faerie like nature, he would call me wisty. Endor had wisties which some called faeries that were a fascination of some collectors who met Jabba. I skipped along where I liked and even up onto Jabba giggling as I skipped up his tail to give him a hug now and then. It took the Gamorrean guards a few times of me doing this not to pull their vibro ax's. I was touching the 'boss' after all. I was approaching without asking. He did not mind, he knew I was harmless and without a malicious bone. Also attacking someone would likely hurt me more then it would hurt the one I would be striking. The joys of being a ghostling.**

**I had the joys that a privileged life allowed. Food was never withheld and treats were often. I had a pile of pillows to curl into the dancers quarters that were softer than a cloud. Knowing now what I know it amazed me he wasted such credits on my sleeping area. But it was preferable over hard floors since I bruised so easily. I would flutter and float about guests that came, some were bothered by me or even unsettled. However many seemed put at ease by my playful nature. Jabba found this beneficial, and at ease people were not as on guard mentally and tended to make mistakes.**

**I had a nanny droid, TDL-38. She had to be malfunctioning, later I found out there was some programming in her when I was a bit older. She dotted me like a child younger than my years. This was however effecting in keeping me safe from the unsavory types of the**

palace. Do not touch was the rule for them. Ghostlings could bruise or bleed at a strong strike, a rough brush by another person even could harm them.

I did not get to see the sun much as I tended to sunburn easily. But I was allowed to go once to Mos Eisley with a former associate of Jabba who wanted to show me to their benefactor. Jabba initially refused, insisting that the benefactor could come to his palace instead. I do not know the deal that changed his mind, but before I knew it I was in a cargo hold going to a far away place. I spent over two weeks in a treasure garden of the man's Heptooonian associate. The fruit was nice, the carnivorous plants and spiders bigger than myself were not so nice.

One day when dodging monstrosities while fetching fruit I began to hear blaster fire. Something that was not often heard during the stay. A nice human woman named Ro-San Borokki soon met me in the garden to tell me I was going to be returning home. The former associate and his benefactor were coming with us on the return trip. I later learned that Jabba sent a team to liquidate the estate and check the garden for anything of value. The trip home was rather uneventful save for TDL-38 checking me hide to hair a few dozen times before I could get to sleep in the pile of pillows from my spot in the dancer quarters. Apparently the bounty hunter Ro-San was pre briefed and sent with everything I would need.

I would not see the sun again until the day after that self proclaimed Jedi Knight killed everyone on the sail barge.

I still do not know what Janna did to those two men who orchestrated my capture. But I was back dancing for Jabba and doing my best to be pleasing. He did always order me to never be on the grate, kinda wish Oola had that advice.

So that's all for this history memo, have a nice day.