

Trouble Follows Us

By Morrie Mullins
Former **Living Force** Plot Director and Campaign Designer

The release of their treatise on the nature of death, "[Life's Memories](#)," brought a small level of fame to San Herrera and Nia Reston. Short enough to be consumed easily by holonet readers, the paper has people talking and wondering about the meaning of what occurs after the body has ceased to function. This has led to attention from the media, including an interview with Yara Grugara. San and Nia had one idea about how the interview might go. As is often the case, though, Yara had a completely different idea . . .



[San and Nia sit beside each other on a thickly padded sofa with a very tall back. They are relatively clean and presentable, though both of them look more than a little pale and glance in the direction of the holorecorder a number of times. Yara sits in a chair opposite them, clicking at her datapad, reviewing notes, and "Mm-hmm"-ing every few seconds. She looks up, eventually, and smiles.]

Yara: Good evening, and welcome to "Eye on Cularin." This is Yara Grugara reporting, and tonight I have the distinct pleasure of interviewing two of Cularin's newest intellectual celebrities -- San Herrera and Nia Reston. Wave to the camera, kids!

[San and Nia look somewhat stunned, but turn and wave to the holorecorder.]

Yara: Now, you've caused quite a stir lately with that little ditty on death, right? What's that called?

San: It's, um, called "Life's Memories." It's not really a "ditty," though. It's a scholarly treatment --

Yara: Right. Yara thinks we've all read it. Interesting stuff.

Nia: Thank you. We'd really like to talk about --

Yara: You know, you two have interesting lives. Yara's had her people working on understanding you better so we could get a frame for this interview. You know, why two such normal kids would decide to spend their time thinking and writing about death?

San: We're really not kids. I'm twenty-three, and Nia's twenty-two.

Yara: So young, to be so morbid.

San: I don't think we're morbid at all. There are lots of morbid ways to write about death, but that wasn't one of them.

Nia: It was really hopeful. I mean, it is. Hopeful. The paper. Because we don't argue that death is bad, just that it's something that we really don't think about right. I think the Jedi do, to some extent, but you know how the Jedi are. They preach a lot to their own, but don't preach so much to anyone outside. Aren't you one of the people who said that the Jedi aren't doing enough to protect Cularin? Wouldn't telling us how to cope with death count as helping Cularin?

Yara: You're taking Yara's comments out of context. What Yara said was that the Jedi have been too reactive -- not proactive enough. But as has been reported in other outlets, as well as in a previous "Eye on Cularin" special report, Yara was *not* herself that day. Voluntary drug tests later showed that someone had put something in Yara's drink, and my judgment was impaired. Yara made a spectacle of herself, and has apologized over and over for what was done. Believe it, there was much scraping and pleading to keep the interview Yara has scheduled soon with Master Lanius!

[San and Nia look unconvinced.]

Yara: So, you've pretty much made the rounds of Cularin, haven't you? I understand some of your early efforts involved organizing relief missions to the Tarasin. Was that necessary?

Nia: No, as it turns out. We'd convinced ourselves that they were primitives who needed our assistance --

San: *Anyone's* assistance.

Nia: Right. We thought they needed assistance to live. Turns out they really don't. They've been doing fine here for generations. We just kind of assumed that they had to have our help.

San: We actually developed some of our theory about death based on Mother Dariana's --

Yara: Now, this was about the same time that the Cartel was setting up their secret base on Cularin, right? The one that they themselves ended up blasting out of existence from orbit when it was discovered that the leader on Cularin was a Force-user who had a stolen lightsaber in his possession?

San: That was about the same time, yes.

Yara: So, you were around the jungle while the Cartel was?

Nia: Lots of people were. Are you suggesting we had something to do with them?

Yara: Well, let's face it. You two do seem to turn up in an awful lot of interesting places. Isn't that so? We've got the two of you taking supplies into the jungles of Cularin while the Cartel was establishing their base, correct?

San: We had no idea. Honestly. We were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Yara: Like Uffel?

[San and Nia both blush, then look at one another. Yara waits patiently for a response.]

San: See, here's the thing. We went there when a lot of people were going there, to see the facility and find out what was going on. And, well, we got asked to help out. There were a few groups of people who were helping out. It was us, and a few others -- there was Philinda, and . . . Nia, who else was there?

Nia: Oh, of course. You remember *her*. You know, Yara, for six months he kept calling her "the hot one"?

Yara: Oh?

Nia: Oh, yes. "Let's go see if the hot one wants to do something." "Let's call up the hot one and see if she's heard of any new jobs." Hot one this, hot one that. I mean, she's cute and all, but it's not like she's the ultimate female. She's just got loads of charisma.

Yara: That sounds like jealousy. Are you two an item?

San: No.

Nia: Yes.

[They look at each other.]

San: Yes.

Nia: No.

Yara: Right. So, you're on Uffel with the hot one and a few others who weren't so hot. What happened then?

Nia: Well, *someone* decided that we were going to listen to what every stupid droid in the place told us, so when one of them told us that there was this group of non-droids wandering around committing acts of sabotage, and hey, they're in the next room, well, *someone* decided we should rush in there and take them down. You know, for the good of the system.

Yara: Didn't work, did it?

San: May I?

[He doesn't wait for an answer.]

San: We'd been misled. I think we all felt pretty foolish when we attacked, and it was some of the same people we'd had helping us when we took goods out to the Tarasin. The droid set us up so that we might get killed, or kill some of the people who were actually there to capture the droid.

Yara: Wrong place, wrong time?

Nia: Very much. And listening to the wrong people. Well, droids.

Yara: So, what happens when a droid dies?

[For several seconds, San and Nia say nothing. Then they seem to remember what the interview is supposed to be about.]

San: Well, nothing. They're not really alive, so they can't die.

Nia: I'm not so sure. I mean, they can think and talk, and sometimes you get the impression that they can feel things, too. Not quite the same way we do. They're sentient, after all.

San: But they're machines. There's no Force in them.

Nia: See, Yara, this is something we disagree on. The whole "what is life?" issue. He thinks that if something doesn't have some sort of organic processes going on, if it doesn't breathe or have a heartbeat or whatever, then it's not really alive. And I think he's foolish, because we've seen so many different kinds of life that we can't really say that just because something is different, it's not alive or there's no Force in it.

San: Except that droids aren't born, they're made.

Nia: By that logic, clones aren't alive, since they're made in vats. So there's no Force in clones?

San: I didn't say that.

Nia: You did!

San: Did not.

Nia: Did too!

Yara: Children, that's all very interesting. Why don't you write another paper some time on the possibility of the Force existing in a droid, and we'll have another of these fascinating chats. For now, though, tell me about Tilnes.

San: Um . . . do we really have to?

Yara: Why? Was the hot one there?

[Nia grunts and looks away.]

Yara: I'll take that as a yes. So, you were on Tilnes when the secret Cartel base there was discovered, as well as the secret Thaereian base.

San: When you put it that way, it really doesn't sound too good, does it?

Yara: I don't know what you mean.

San: Look, I think that you've done your homework. Or your staff has. And you're right. One of the reasons we wrote what we did is that we needed to figure it out. I mean, death. Since it seems to show up when we're around.

Yara: Trouble follows you, yes?

San: I suppose it does. We'll let you know if we write that droid piece.

[Yara smiles. The "Eye on Cularin" theme swells in the background, and we fade out.]



If you want to learn more about the **Living Force** campaign and how to take part in the adventure, this [introduction](#) will get you started.