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Han Solo

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Han Solo // Taylyn Hulse

Ewok wasn't my first word, but it could have been. It's just one of those things that sticks for a while, gets lost, and then reveals itself again, all according to some system I may never figure out. For me, it has accumulated to a recycling process of meaning and memory.

It starts with that lucky deck of Star Wars cards I always end up finding. No matter how many times I lose it, it reappears some time after I stop looking. The tiniest shine of C3PO's golden kneecap in the card's corner will catch my eye. The dirty tread of R2D2's tank-inspired feet will stick out from under the queen of spades. Then I know they are home again. I do not consider myself a Star Wars fanatic. There is just something about the story's epic scale that always circles back to me. I haven't seen that hand of favorite character faces for a while now, but I still have my faith they want to play another round.

The theme song found me at the piano bench. I had no clue how to play, but I liked being able to bang on the keys to hear different clusters of pitches. Some were meant for each other and some just made noise. But even the noisy ones made me grin. Then I hit that descending perfect fifth. Three notes bobbed on the top and struck a landing on the bottom F. It was that dramatic space tune all right, and I wanted to learn the rest. After that, there was no stopping me. Even after a decade of lessons, I still had a compulsive habit to play the theme's final chord to end every practice.

My Han Solo action figure sits on the windowsill next to my bed. He's not my favorite character by any means, or at least he didn't used to be. My dad makes a pretty good Chewy impression so I've always been partial to him, but it was his allegiant partner, Han Solo, who I picked up out of the basket. When we were young, my friend John was a certified Star Wars enthusiast, but no one ever really noticed. You might have guessed he would lose himself amongst the alien species and planets far, far away, but it was something else that took him from us.

She was supposed to protect him. Mother characters were never a big focus across the galaxy, so maybe he'll never realize her grave betrayal. A troubling marriage of imbalance and frustration can torment and twist a reality. Motivation of this force was

not untouched by his boyish imagination, but was never fathomed to appear outside the film. Two shots went unheard from drowsy ears. She thought she was saving him from the battles of this world. All she did was erase the light and dark from their saga entirely.

I remember when I found out he was gone. There was no explanation and all sense seemed to vanish. Everything just floated without gravity for a while. I was supposed to be sad. I tried crying, but at the funeral my tears were nowhere. Lost in some space out in that black abyss. His dad brought part of the collection: hundreds of figures of wookies, yodas, and storm troopers. He insisted that we take one to help us remember. And now when I look at my Han Solo sitting alone on that sill, I can. Though he resembles his persona on the screen, we have our own understanding. His plastic figure embodies an essence that I have come to love. His eyes confess his complexity; an honored smuggler in simple disguise. His boots black. His vest, open. His holster, empty.