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## RESOLUTIONS SOLO: Part 6

by [Homer Sapiento](#)

### SETTLING DOWN - AND OTHER GREAT CALAMITIES

#### Part 6

With the Rebel doctor's promise that her confinement would not be longer than absolutely necessary, Leia Organa Solo returned to her rooms with her niece and new daughter. Tandy picked up a few diapers from the floor. "Just how sleepy was he?" she whispered.

"Extremely," Leia tucked the blanket around the baby. She turned to the young girl. "I'm hungry, what about you?"

A noise came from the cot, Han pulled himself up on his elbows, his eyes still closed. "Is she hungry again?"

The Princess sat by him. "It's only me, go back to sleep."

He slowly opened his eyes. "What're you doin' out of bed? You all right?"

Leia touched his arm. "I'm fine. The Major said we're both fine, and that I should be up for a while."

"You sure it's all right?" He yawned broadly and held her hand.

Leia kissed his cheek. "I'm sure. Did you sleep all right? You look terrible."

"I didn't," Han smiled slowly. "I kept havin' the same dream: all Helena did was eat, but she never got any bigger."

She rubbed his chest; her hands made their way down to his sides and she poked him on the other side. "That's isn't funny!"

"You're dangerous, you know that!" he grabbed her wrists. "I can't be held responsible for what I dream, can I?" He pulled her down to him and led her into a kiss.

The baby began to whimper and Leia pushed away from him. "Han! Please! The baby's crying."

"Let Tandy get her," he mumbled against her ear.

The Princess frowned. "She went to get some breakfast."

Han closed his eyes. "Maybe we shoulda called her 3PO." Leia's eyes narrowed and she went to the crib. As she picked up the infant, Han dressed. He moved over to the nursing Helena and stroked her hand. "Keep this up, young lady, and you won't have any brothers and sisters." Leia stepped on his foot. "Ow!"

She walked away from him and stroked the baby's cheek. "Don't you listen to him, sweetheart. You just felt left out, didn't you?" She sat in a comfortable chair and glanced at Han. "Don't you want to get cleaned up before we eat?"

The Corellian rubbed his face; he hadn't even thought about shaving since the party and now he felt a thick growth of stubble. "Maybe now's a good time to grow a beard." He looked sideways at her for a reaction. Instead, she continued to play with the baby. Han frowned and moved his chair closer to her. In silence he watched as the two were engrossed in each other.

Leia looked up at him in surprise. "I thought you went to clean up!"

Han glanced at the ceiling. "I was thinkin' of lettin' it grow --"

"Did you say something?" she asked absently.

The Corellian shook his head and sighed. He rose and tossed the pillow he held onto the bed. "Not a thing." He moved silently to the loo.

Leia frowned at his back. She quickly put the baby into her crib and watched as he shaved.

"Are you all right?" When he didn't reply, she said, "I asked if --"

"I heard you," he muttered. Han wiped his face. "I'm just tired." He took her into his arms and kissed her forehead.

Leia turned. "Did you hear something?" Han shook his head and bent to kiss her. She pushed at him. "I think I heard the baby."

As she walked away from him, he leaned against the doorjam. "Of course," he muttered.

"I guess she was just cold." Leia turned and sat next to the slumped, closed-eyed Han. "What's wrong?" She touched his knee. "Talk to me!"

He slowly opened his eyes and studied her face. "I'm sorry, there's nothin' wrong. I just wish --" The baby kicked and Leia spun to look in her direction. Han patted her hand. "Hey! Remember me!"

She looked back at him. "The baby --"

"Is fine." The Corellian looked at the concern in her eyes. "Oh, go to her!"

He closed his eyes and leaned back in the chair. Leia frowned. "Is that what's bothering you? Are you jealous of the baby?"

"Jealous? Me? No!"

Leia pushed his hands out of the way and sat in his lap. "Why don't I believe you?"

"I'm not jealous of my own daughter. That's dumb." The Princess stared at him. "Okay! Now insult me! You've already ignored me, what's an insult more or less?"

The Princess muzzled against his chest. "I certainly didn't mean to ignore you." She kissed his cheek. "She's just so little, I'm not sure what she needs."

Han rubbed her back. "I don't know what she needs either." He shrugged. "Probably couldn't do it if I knew!"

Leia held him tighter. "I'd like to take Helena to our home, to our trees. I know we wouldn't be able to stay there --" Han drew her closer. "I love you so much," she whispered. The Princess brought her mouth to his in a warm, lingering kiss. In the middle of it, Helena whimpered. Han hesitated, but Leia pulled him back to her. Soon the room was still.

TWO ship-days later Han stared at his plate. Leia leaned over and hugged him. 'You're thinking again.'

The Corellian put an arm around her shoulder. "You and Tandy are fixin' up a lot of stuff for the baby -- I mean -- you two are always busy --"

"I have a feeling you're trying to tell me something."

"I was -- just wonderin' --" he stared beyond her.

"You want to go back to the ship, don't you?"

He avoided her gaze. "It's not that I don't like bein' with you and the baby all the time, I do! I just feel useless."

Leia smiled. "And restless?"

He nodded slightly. "It's just that Chewie and Lando have had to deal with the ship. I should help - she's mine."

Tandy entered carrying the baby. "Oh, Uncle Han, she's getting so big! The Major was just .."

"You call that big?" Leia twisted the fingers on her shoulder. "Okay, okay, she's getting' big!" Han held out his hands. "Can I hold her for a while?"

The young girl hesitated, then handed him the baby. "Watch her head."

"I know, I know!" Han played with the infant's hand. "Don't you look pretty?" He smiled at her. "You might be small, sister, but you're sure a knockout." The Corellian uncomfortably remembered the other females' presence. He handed the baby back to Leia and stood. "I'm gonna go down to the ship and see what's up." He backed out the door. "I'll be back later!"

HAN whistled as he made his way to his ship. The medi-unit had begun to feel like a cell. It confined his very soul. And, now, with the baby in his life, what he had planned for the Falcon couldn't wait.

Chewie was working alongside Lando in welding gear. He yelled and they jumped. "Hey, you old pirate!" Lando gave him a reluctant smile. Not so subtly, Chewie shook his torch at him and growled.

The Corellian held up his hands. "Whoa! Hold it! I just came to check out my ship! What's goin' on?"

Calrissian shrugged. "It was supposed to be a surprise. Let him, Chewbacca." As the furry Wook stepped aside, Han stared in amazement. The corner of the quarters he and Leia shared was in shambles. They had cut through the interior wall and fashioned a door. Inside the small room was the beginnings of storage compartments, a bed, everything the baby would need when she got older. At the side of the outer hull-wall, there was a bathtub of sorts. The Corellian turned n the spigot and felt the warm water. Next to that was a built-in crib, softly padded all around, safety webbing in place. Lando touched his arm. "Chewie's been working on this since the baby was born!"

Han stared at the Wookiee. "Thank you. Thank you very much." Chewie growled in glee and threw his furry paws around his Captain. The Corellian pulled himself out of the lethal hug and ran the back of his hand across his eyes. "Well, what can I do to help?" he asked lightly.

THE Major entered Leia's room as the couple shared a late meal. "Just what I like to see!" He shook his head at the offered chair. "I just wanted to inform you that tomorrow we'll have you to your own quarters. But, no Falcon for a while."

Han ran feverishly back and forth from the ship to Leia's quarters, the room slowly was completed. While their attempts at sewing baby-sized bedding were comical, they did it with deadly seriousness. Lando and the Corellian sucked needle-pricked fingers as the Wookiee deftly fashioned a small stuffed toy from the furs in the hold. Han stared in --. amazement at the mobile Chewie hung above the crib; made from spare parts and odds'n'ends, its practicality was beyond Han's comprehension. Encouraged by their finished project, the three males descended upon Tandy's quarters in a flurry of re-decoration.

WHEN everything was finished, Han changed his clothes and re-entered the bedroom to see Lando setting the small table for two - complete with napkins and a bottle of Mos Eisley's finest on ice. Calrissian whistled softly. "Don't you look spiffy?"

"Spiffy? Yeah, I guess so." Han looked around and smiled nervously. "It's okay, ain't it? Leia'll like it, won't she?"

Lando clapped him on the back. "Hot shot, she loves you and the baby so much, she probably won't even notice it!"

Han frowned. "Where's Chewie?"

"Cooking!" Lando grinned as he shoved Han toward the hatch.

"BELIEVE me, Han, I didn't know about this until now!" the Major grabbed Han's arm.

The Corellian entered Leia's quarters and moved through the mingling crowd. He brushed past them and glanced into the adjoining room. The child's bedroom was airy and large, colourful shapes and figures decorated the walls and ceiling. The Major watched as the Corellian backed off and turned to the main room: piles of brightly wrapped gifts were in the middle, a long buffet table graced the side. Han approached the Princess who was in deep conversation with the Governor and Luke. Even Tandy was laughing with her new-found friends. Breathless, Leia smiled at Han. "Isn't this fabulous? I'm so happy the Major tracked you down!" She led him to the book and handed him a pen. "You have to sign her birth record."

Han stared at the book, as the Governor came over. In regal robes, he waved his arm. "Isn't this a grand way to greet Leia's baby? This party alone can tell you how much she is loved by the Alliance."

The Corellian looked up from the page. "Princess?"

The official interrupted. "Oh, yes, the child of royalty bears a title!"

Han quickly signed his name and turned to leave. Leia grabbed his arm. "Aren't you staying for the party?"

Han kissed her cheek. "Just wanted to make sure you'd be okay. Luke's here, he'll keep an eye on you."

A tall woman in a silk gown called her and Leia glanced at Han. He nodded slightly. "It's okay, go one. I'll see you later."

Han leaned against the corridor wall to take a breath. The Major followed him. "Aren't you going to fight him?"

He pulled himself off the wall and sauntered down toward the ship without a word.

IN his quarters onboard ship, the Corellian picked up the stuffed toy Chewie had made and stroked its furry head. He pulled a bottle of jet juice from a drawer and drew a long swallow from it. He turned as Lando came in behind. "Why'd you bother?"

"What're you talking about?" Calrissian asked.

"Why'd you bother getting' me outta Jabba's?" Han sat on the bunk and leaned back. He blew across the mouth of the bottle. "They got silk sheets for her. Silk." He grinned ruefully.

"Did you bother to ask the Princess?"

Han scowled at him. "That's just it, she is a Princess." He shook his head. "I'm tired. I'm tired of fightin' 'em." He held the toy Chewie made. "They don't need me. Nobody does."

LEIA sipped her punch as she finally had a moment to herself. Luke came over and looked around. "Han take off, again?" She nodded and the Jedi shook his head. "I don't understand him -- he could have at least made an effort."

The Major took her elbow. "Princess, could I see you outside?"

In the corridor, the doctor looked at her. "Did you try to stop him?"

"Han?" she asked. "I, I don't know what you mean?"

The Major shook his head. "Princess, he didn't even know about this party --"

"But, but the Governor -- he told me he sent you to bring him --"

"I didn't even know about this party until I was sent to bring him!" the doctor took her hand.

Lando came up behind her. "Having fun?"

"What'd you mean?" she glared at him.

"I mean," he yelled. His voice lowered. "I mean that I thought you finally figured that pirate out! Guess I was wrong!"

Leia sighed. "Now what's wrong?"

Lando shook his head. "The room really impressed him, Princess. So did the baby's titles."

As Calrissian left, Leia looked at the doctor. "I, I don't know what to do --"

"You have to make a choice, Leia. Where do you want to be?"

"I want to be with Han," her eyes filled with tears.

The Major took her arm. "I'll help you with Helena."

THEY entered the main lounge of the Falcon and Lando leaned forward in his seat. "I'da bet even money you'd come!"

Leia handed the baby to Tandy. "Is there some place for her to sleep?"

Lando nodded. "Chewie got it all fixed up. We were going to surprise you."

As Calrissian led Tandy to her quarters, Leia walked into her own. She raised the lantern slightly and moved toward the infant's bed. Lando came behind her.

"Chewie's idea." He whispered. "There's another bed for her in Tandy's room -- if you and Han want some privacy."

"Is the baby all right?" Leia asked as she fingered the napkin on the table.

"She's sound asleep." Lando smiled.

"Good," she whispered.

The Corellian turned over, shielding his eyes from the light. "The party over?"

"No," she shook her head. "The party's still going on. We just came back. I was worried when I couldn't find you --"

Lando got you, didn't he?" he turned from her. "He's got no right --"

Leia rubbed his back. "I like what you did for Helena --"

Han hugged his pillow. "It was Chewie's idea," he mumbled. "No big thing."

"Han. It's beautiful."

He turned and stared at her. "I can't even give you a decent place to live!"

She placed her fingers on his mouth. "This is the most beautiful home I've ever had."

"You enjoyed the party." He challenged. "I can't give you something like that!"

"You have given me everything I ever wanted." Leia smiled at him and touched his cheek. "Do you feel all right?"



Han rubbed his eyes. "Think I had too much jet juice." He pulled himself to the edge of the bunk. "My stomach's turnin' over."

"Oh, Han! Boots in bed!" Leia pulled off his jacket and smiled maternally. She brought a -- cloth and held it to his face. "You are going to feel so miserable."

"I know." He mumbled. "Where's Helena?"

"In Tandy's room," she replied. "Do you want me to bring her here? You think you can take her crying?"

"Just what do you think you're doing?" she asked as he swung onto the floor.

"Getting' up," Han smiled slowly. "Think maybe I oughta get somethin' to eat." He grabbed a chair.

"Is the room spinning?" she asked as she held his waist.

Han sat slowly in a chair and held his head. "I take it I won't be getting' any sympathy from you?"

Leia giggled. "You ever get any from Chewie?"

Han glared at her. "As a matter of fact, yeah. He was always sympathetic after he threw some water on me."

Leia rubbed his neck. "He really didn't do that, did he?"

Han slowly raised an eyebrow. "Wookiees have no understanding of the human hangover!"

"How do they handle their own hangovers," she kissed his hand. "Or do they even get hangovers?"

"They just stay in bed!" Han rubbed his forehead.

Leia leaned on his shoulder. "Why don't you just throw water on him?"

"I'm allergic to pain!" he moaned as she laughed. "You think I'm kiddin'?"

She kissed his ear. "Chewie would never hurt you."

Han arched his back slowly. "I learned never to push him that far. He'd never hurt me on purpose, he just don't know his own strength!" He noticed her frown.

"Don't worry about Helena. Wookiees don't ever hurt women or children. There was a young boy, though; hell, not that young. A kid. Like Luke, tryin' to make a

name for himself." The Corellian groaned as she rubbed his shoulders. "Oh, that feels good. Anyway, this kid comes up to him with a vibro-shiv. Dumb."

"What's a vibro-shiv?" Leia asked.

Han chuckled. "I almost forgot you were from the 'proper' side of the planet. Leia pulled away from him.

"It's a laser knife. Start up and rip you apart real good."

Leia shook him. "So what happened?"

"He pulled it on me. Like I said, he was stupid -- he wasn't even drunk. Just a smart punk kid tryin' to make a name for himself. Wasn't nothin' I could do. I froze and tried to talk him outta it, but he wasn't havin' none of it. Chewie was behind me -- he threw me outta the way and grabbed the kid by his neck -- threw him through a wall --"

Leia stopped rubbing. "You mean INTO a wall."

"Nope, sister, through! Boy, was he mad!" Han smiled at the memory. "Lost some of his fur to the shiv, and he had to pay for the 'repairs'!"

"What -- what happened to the boy?" Leia stammered.

Han pulled himself upright in the chair and turned to face her. "Chewie broke his neck when he grabbed him, didn't feel a thing when he went through the wall."

The Princess sat down next to him. "Oh, Han."

He took her hand. "I didn't mean to upset you, sister. That's the way it is."

She shook her head. "How can life be so cheap? You don't even seem to care!"

Han smiled. "It was the first time I was in a tight fix!" He shrugged. "You get used to it. Look, would you feel better if he'd cut me up?"

Leia shook her head. "No. I'm sorry. I didn't mean --"

Han put his arm around her. "I know -- but you asked and I told you. My life's been different from yours!" He rubbed her arm.

"Are you trying to shock me?" she pulled away from him, her anger on the rise.

"No, you're the one that wanted to know!" he threw up his hands. Han pulled himself to his feet. "I'm gonna go drown myself for a while, maybe I'll feel better." He looked at her. "Would you get Helena and put her to bed here?"

Leia kissed him lightly. "Gladly. Should I fix you something to eat, you must be hungry."

"Just edible, okay?"

WHEN the Princess returned, the Corellian was vigorously rubbing his still damp hair. "That feels better," he grinned at her as she put the baby into the crib. "No food?"

She stared at him. "Yes, starving one, Chewie's taking care of that. I thought it better to let him handle it."

"That was smart," Han held her waist. "What happened to your hair, it looks kinda lop-sided."

"Chewie," she sighed. "I think he likes me." She held out her hand. "Hand me my brush."

"Where?" he looked around the room.

"I bet it's still on the Transport with the rest of my stuff," Leia ran off down the corridor toward Tandy's room.

Han yelled after her. "What about the -- baby?" He looked back at the crib and heard a faint sound. "Not now --" The Corellian gently rubbed the baby's tummy. "Look, kid, we'll get along just fine if you don't cry." She started to whimper. Nervously he picked her up and jiggled her gently. "You really don't want to do this." As she cried louder he winced. "You wouldn't do this if you had my head." Frantically, Han carried her around the room. "Bet your mother put you up to this," he muttered.

"Did I hear the baby cry?" Leia walked into the room.

The Corellian gratefully handed the screaming infant over to her. "No, I was practisin' my singin'!"

"Han, she's only hungry," Leia sat in a chair.

"There's nothin' I coulda done about that," he muttered as he poured himself a drink.

"I thought you had a headache," the Princess hissed as she noticed his grin.

"It's goin' away real fast," he stood as there was a knock at the door. "Hope that's Chewie!"

A very flustered 3PO entered, barely missing the Corellian's toes as he pushed n an overloaded handcart. "Mistress, uh, Princess Leia, this is all highly irregular! Your disappearance from the party has caused a great deal of commotion. I'm afraid His Honour, the Governor, is extremely upset!"

The Corellian sensed it would be a long night and reached for the bottle. "Didn't say a word!" he grinned as Leia glanced at him.

"I do wish you wouldn't get upset all the time," Leia smiled as she unloaded the cart. "Now, then, did you bring everything?"

"Yes, Mistress -- uh, Princess," he stammered. "Your Highness, the Governor is quite distressed about this. He distinctly told me to summon you at once."

The Princess handed the Corellian a stack of boxes. "You can tell the Governor I won't be 'summoned' at once or any other way! If he wishes to speak to me, he can do it in my home!"

The droid's transistors whirred uncontrollably. He looked to Han for help, but the man shrugged. He turned toward the door, then stopped as Helena kicked in her crib. "Madam, uh, Sir, if I might --. May I see the little human? I've heard it is quite something to see!"

Han laughed. "Not 'it', Professor. She -- a female -- a little version of your Princess here." His voice trailed off as he shook his head.

Leia took the baby from her crib and brought it over to the droid. "May I?" he asked.

The Princess nodded and 3PO gently moved back the blanket. He let out a squeal of delight as the chubby fist grabbed a golden finger. "Oh, my, she is certainly little! She is just like a small human!"

As C3PO turned to leave, the Corellian stopped him. "Come with me a minute."

"Sir?"

"Han." Leia warned.

Han waved her off and motioned to the droid to follow him. "Since you're gonna be around all the time, I thought about givin' you your own room." He led him to a

small room next to his office. "It ain't much, but you can do whatever you want since you're a member of the family, now."

The droid faltered. "Member of the family? That is very generous of you, sir." As Han walked him to the hatch, 3PO looked at him. "Your little human is quite nice. Quite nice." He hesitated, then lowered his voice. "I won't be asked to care for it, shall I? Feed it, or perform a similar function?"

Han shook his head. "I'm not even asked to feed her!"

Relieved and disappointed, 3PO nodded. "Good, good."

"Maybe, if you want you could tell her a story or somethin' before she goes to sleep," the Corellian mumbled.

WHEN he returned to their quarters, Chewie had already handed dishes to the Major, Lando, Leia and Tandy. "Just what I wanted: a nice romantic dinner!" Chewie growled at him, and he moved obediently next to the Princess. With the mass meal finally over, Leia slid the door shut and leaned against it.

Han pulled a bowl of grapes in his lap and began to munch on them as the Princess folded baby clothes. "You can't still be hungry!"

Leia folded a tiny shirt. "You're eating, that's why!"

Han retorted. "Grapes ain't eatin'. Food is eatin'." He shook a bunch of grapes at her. "This ain't food!"

The Princess put the pile of clothes away. "Could've fooled me."

Han looked up. "Can I help it if I'm a growin' boy? Need a hand with that?"

Leia smiled and secured the drawers. "You're a little late." She moved behind him and rubbed his shoulders. "I really like the Major."

Han nodded and pulled her into his lap. "Least I can talk to him, don't find that in too many people."

"Maybe it's you," she replied, pulling off two grapes. Leia slowly fingered one. "Do you remember much about what -- the carbon --"

Han closed his eyes. "Do we have to talk about that right now?" She nodded and he shrugged. "Not much, I guess. Never thought I'd get warm again."

The Princess glanced over at the baby. "She's being offly good."

"She wants a baby brother," Han blew in her ear.

"I hope she's all right."

They watched as the baby kicked her feet straight up and tried to grab them with her hands. "What'd I tell you? She's fine." Han smiled.

Leia sat straight up. "Maybe she's hungry."

"Is she cryin'? C'mere and count your blessings. Anyway, I'm the one who's hungry!" he kissed her neck.

Leia giggled. "You always are -- one way or another!"

Han brought her closer to himself and kissed her firmly. He leaned on her shoulder as there was a knock on the door. "Come in!" he yelled.

The General entered. "Oh, excuse me -- I didn't --"

The Princess moved quickly off the Corellian's lap. "No! Come in -- we were just - - uh, just --" She looked at Han.

"Enjoyin' each other," Han mumbled.

She glared at him as the Rebel Commander smiled. "I understand." He moved toward the crib and watched the baby a while. Finally, he nodded at the couple. "She is really lovely. Congratulations. You named her Helena?"

Leia nodded. "Yes, after Han's sister."

The General hesitated, then moved toward the door. "I should go -- I just wanted to see the baby --"

"And?" Han stiffened.

"And to ask to see you later," the officer sighed.

Han strained to keep calm. "No. Last time I ended up half dead." Leia touched his arm and he shook his head.

"I know -- I know you've been treated less than fairly," the General said. "But this goes beyond the Governor. We need you."

Han smirked. "You always need me! If I agree, my wife and daughter are comin' with me --"

The officer stuttered. 'I don't know if that's wise. They'd be much safer here at the Transport --"

Han rose and slammed his fist against the wall. "Of course they would! Isn't that what this is all about? Get outta here, General - I'll see you after I get some sleep!" Helena screamed at the noise.

"Oh, Han!" the Princess sighed as she picked up the crying baby and held her close.

"Oh, Han!" he yelled. "Don't you see what he's tryin' to do!" Han glanced at the baby. She's cryin', why don't you feed her!" He strode through the door and down the corridor.

IN the semi darkness of the emergency lights on the Falcon, Leia moved toward the cockpit. Han sat and stared at the void beyond and chewed on a nail. He felt her presence in the darkness. "Is she all right? I'm sorry I scared her." He never moved to look at her.

Leia touched his hair. "She's fed, dry and sound asleep. Won't you come back now?"

He moved from her touch. "For what? We'll make love and you'll talk me into doin' whatever it is they want."

She tugged his arm. "No, I won't. We'll never be apart again."

Reluctantly, Han walked with her to their room. She closed and locked the door as he stood over the crib. Leia stood beside him, her arms around his waist. She watched as love filled his eyes. "You got a pretty kid there, Princess."

Leia rubbed his arm. "WE have!"

Han shook his head and turned from the crib. "They'll never let her be ours."

The Princess grabbed his arm and pulled him to the bunk. "Let's go to bed."

As she leaned against his chest, he stroked her hair. "I'm not a coward, sister. I just don't want to leave you. If I leave you, I won't be comin' back --"

"We'll go with you, hot shot," she whispered in the darkness. "Wherever you go --"  
Han gave into her kisses with a soft moan and allowed himself to be pulled into her warmth.

THE sleepless Corellian disengaged himself from Leia as Helena whimpered in the darkness. He gingerly picked her up. "Suppose you're hungry, huh? Wouldn't care for a bowl of Chewie's stew, would ya?" The baby cried louder and Han jiggled her. "Okay, okay, got your momma's sense of humour."

As Leia nursed the baby, Han touched her cheek. "I love you."

Helena kicked between them. Leia tickled her foot and looked at Han. "Aren't you going to say anything?"

"What about?" he asked. "Oh, you want me to put her back?"

The Princess touched his hand. "No, laser brain, look at her eyes."

Han bent over and smiled. "Hey, they're brown." Helena reached up and grabbed a tiny handful of hair. He pulled her hand off and kissed it; she kicked him.

Leia giggled. "I taught her all my habits."

"Very funny." Han glared at her. "Shouldn't she be asleep? She's wide awake."

"She wants you to play with her," Leia laughed.

The baby waved her hands and grabbed his nose. "Ah, females, can't keep their hands off me!"

"Wait 'til she knows you better!" the Princess laughed. "Just which females can't keep their hands off you?"

"Somewhere in the back of my mind -- I recall a couple --"

Leia stared at him. "Somebody called Zuanne?"

"What about her?" Han glared at her. "What brought all this on?"

"She's very pretty," Leia said softly as she played with the baby's hand. She glanced at him. "Well?"

"What do you expect me to say? No, she ain't?" He sighed, "Look, it was a long time ago -- I told you that. I haven't even seen her since way before --"



"And that's supposed to make me feel better about it?" Leia scowled.

Han stared at her. "I don't believe this is happenin'. In the first place, I couldn't care less about her. In the second place, she's trained to act that way. It's her job. This is ridiculous!"

Leia crawled over him and placed Helena in her crib. "You enjoyed it!"

Han sat up. "Just a minute, sister! What's not to enjoy! It's not as if I hopped into the sack with any of them!"

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me!" she hissed. "We loved each other, that should've been enough!"

Han glared at her. "What about your precious Rebellion? Your General wanted those supplies, remember? I suppose you wanted me to be rude!"

"You're rude enough around here!" Leia whispered back.

"Maybe it's because I don't want anythin' from these people!" Han came closer to her.

Leia stared at him a while, then glanced quickly at the floor. Han continued to stare at her when realisation hit him. "Wait a minute! You're jealous! That's it, isn't it?" He laughed. "You are jealous!"

Leia spun away from him. "You're crazy!"

He walked around her and faced her. "No, that's it, you were jealous when we ate there."

"OH!"

"I saw you ... you looked like you were gonna scratch her eyes out - after you killed me!" he laughed.

"Don't you laugh at me!" she yelled as she swung at him.

Han caught her fist in mid-swing and held her against himself. "Will you calm down?"

The Princess pushed at him with all her strength as she fought to free herself. "Let me go!"

"We're gonna have this out, without any temper tantrums!" he hissed in her ear. Han dumped her in the bunk.

Leia sat up and pushed at him. "Let me out of here!" She tried to move around him. "How dare you! How dare you think you can --" she raised her hand to slap him.

"Slap me, your Highness, and it'll be the last chance you'll ever have." Han said quietly. He moved away from the bunk. "Do whatever you want."

The Princess sat still and caught her breath. She watched as he searched deliberately for a full bottle and poured himself a drink. He sat at the table and sipped it silently., she crawled off the bunk and sat next to him. Nervously, the Princess reached out to touch his leg.

"Don't," he whispered. "Just leave it be."

"Han, please come to bed."

"Why?" He searched her face. "Just once I'd like to know why you get mad at me."

"I, I shouldn't have tried to slap you," she said quietly.

"You got that right, Princess," Han drained his mug. "In my whole life no woman, not even a barmaid, had any reason to even try that -- I had to get married for that big first! And the funny part is that I don't even know why you wanted to."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to." Leia touched his arm.

"Think you can explain why in simple enough terms that even I can understand it?"

Leia shook her head. "I don't know why --"

"All I did was make a remark about all you women not bein' able to keep your hands off me! I expected a smart remark, I didn't expect an interrogation about my past life! You want a list of every female I've known? You want me to describe everything I've done!"

She glanced up at him. "She's very pretty -- elegant -- I never expected --"

Han raised an eyebrow. "Never expected? Oh, I get it -- you never thought her 'type' could be elegant."

"I didn't say that!"

"You didn't have to," he touched her arm. "How did you get around to thinkin' that only those from the 'proper' side of the planet have elegance? Zuanne was good to me --"

Leia touched his mouth. "I don't want to hear this --"

He pulled her hand down. "She was good to me when I needed it most. She helped me get my head together after Corellia. Look, sister, I never thought they could be elegant before I met her, either."

"You were right," Leia whispered hoarsely. Han stared at her in confusion. She averted her eyes. "I was jealous. She was just so pretty -- so, so sure of what she was doing. It scared me."

"Why?"

Slowly, she looked at him. "When I saw her -- and the other one. On Corellia."

He looked at her. "Pilar?" Leia nodded. "When did you see her?" he asked.

Leia glanced at him with tears in her eyes. "You were holding her after, after Deall and Lido were killed. You loved her very much, didn't you?" Han nodded and the Princess touched his chest with a shaking hand. "I wanted you -- I loved you so much -- and when I saw Zuanne and Pilar --" She took a deep breath. "I knew you had a past .. I mean you -- I just never did before. They were so, so -- and I didn't know anything -- I never thought I could -- please you."

"Please me?" he stared at her.

Leia nodded. "They were so beautiful -- so -- so. I didn't think I could be as good as -- as.."

Han pulled her into his lap and held her tightly. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me, sister. What happened before is over."

"You're right," Leia frowned.

"I'm glad you admit it, but what am I right about now?" he grinned.

"I do have temper tantrums. I get angry with you when I shouldn't -- you just make me so, so angry at times!" she hit his shoulder with her fist.

"How did I go from bein' right, to getting' hit?" he asked.

"I don't know," she sighed. "Everything has happened so fast for us, to me." She leaned against him. "Sometimes I think I know you so well, and then I think I don't know you at all."

Han hugged her. "I know the feelin'." He kissed her hair. "Maybe in 75 years or so, we'll have each other pretty well figured out!"

"My parents -- were married a very long time." She rested her head on his shoulder.

He rubbed her arm. "You have any brothers or sisters? 'Sides Luke, I mean." Leia shook her head. "No wonder you're so spoiled." He laughed.

"OH!" Leia sat up straight, her fist clenched.

Han grabbed her wrist. "Uh, uh. Now what did I do?" he asked.

Leia glared at him. "Was Helena your only sibling?" Han nodded. "Well, hot shot," she smiled. "You were pretty spoiled, too, weren't you? From what I heard, your sister babied you quite a bit!"

"She didn't 'baby' me!" he scoffed.

"No?" Leia touched his cheek. "Then why did she always stick up for you? You never could do anything wrong!"

Han grinned. "Only because I'm perfect."

Leia stared at him. "Tandy --"

"Tandy," he kissed her briefly. "I suppose she told you about the time I got drunk and Helena put me to bed." Leia nodded and the Corellian played with her ear. "Well, sister, Tandy -- and Dell were gone the next day. You never heard such yellin'. And punchin'! You tickled compared to her. Don't get me wrong, Helena stood up for me -- she just never let me get too cocky about the whole thing.! Leia laughed as he frowned. "Oh, you think it's funny? Glad you find it so amusin'." Han kissed her nose. "She was a good part of my life, even if she thought I was a maniac."

"Your sister?" Leia laughed. "I don't believe it -- I can't!"

He looked at her. "I think you two woulda got along great. You coulda took turns!"

The Princess studied his face. "What about your parents?"

Han shrugged. "My mother died -- our home was hit --"

"I'm sorry."

The Corellian shook his head. "In a way I'm almost glad it happened that way. I don't think she coulda took me bein' kicked out. She never woulda understood."

Leia changed the subject. "What about your father?"

"I never saw my father again -- after my mother was -- uh, died. Hell, I don't know." He smiled ruefully. "I just don't know any more. He might still be alive."

"Don't you want to know?" she asked.

"Not right now." He said quietly.

Leia played with his hand. "Are we going to make it, Han?"

"I might be able to live with you -- and her, and diapers --"

"And diaper rash -- and teething -- and having this precious ship of yours turned into a nursery --" Leia grinned at him. "And don't forget all those childhood illnesses!"

Han looked at the ceiling. "Wonderful!"

She kissed him and asked, "You do love her, don't you?"

The Corellian looked at her and slowly smiled. "Does the baby of a Princess really get all those childhood illnesses?"

Leia took his face in her hands. "Are you going to give me a hard time?" He grinned at her. "Not funny!" she yelled.

Helena cried in her sleep. "Now you did it!" he laughed. Han slipped out from under Leia and moved to the crib. The baby screamed louder. "Cut it out!" he whispered. Slowly the infant stared at him, yawned and fell asleep.

"I don't believe it." Leia looked at him.

"All in the master's hand!" he smiled. Finally he turned down the light and led Leia to the bed. "If you want I'll go to that meeting with the General."

She looked at him with concern. "Are you sure?"

Han shrugged. "Won't hurt to listen!"

THE Corellian awoke slowly and turned to face the soft glow of the carbon lantern. Leia had gone and the baby wasn't in her crib. Han rubbed his eyes; his head hurt. He leaned back, pulled the blanket under his chin and hugged Leia's pillow. "Get up, Solo," he whispered as he fell back asleep.

As he slept, Leia came in with more boxes. She frowned slightly, then covered him with another blanket. She slipped out quietly and shut the door. Tandy met her in the corridor. "What happened to the heat?" she asked as she pulled the blanket tighter around the baby.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Leia frowned. "I was just going to find Chewbacca. If something else is wrong around here, your Uncle is going to have a fit!"

"Maybe he won't notice until -- I did want him in a good mood this morning."

CHEWIE and Lando argued near the hold where the central heating unit was located. The cover was up and Lando, in cold weather gear, stamped his feet trying to keep warm. What cold? What cold! Are you crazy? It's freezing in here! What did you do to that thing?" he yelled.

Leia stormed up behind them. "Will you keep your voices down!" She stared at the pair. "Han's still asleep and I don't want him to wake up yet!"

Lando threw up his hands. "I beg your pardon! But I think somebody ought to wake him before we all freeze to death!"

On his bunk, Han turned over and rubbed his nose. His eyes flew open. "That damn heating unit!" He got dressed quickly and grabbed an old parka. He ran down the corridor toward the sounds of the argument. Chewie bellowed so loudly that no one heard him approach. "Hey!" he yelled. "Mind tellin' me why this tub is turnin' into a cold storage unit!" Leia put an arm around his waist. "You all right?" he asked. She nodded as the Wookiee roared. "What d'ya mean you turned it up because of the baby? No, fuzzy, it's not any warmer in there!"

Han grabbed a tool belt and climbed into the hold with Lando following. Leia and Chewie waited in silence. They turned as C3PO hurried toward them. "Princess Leia, I have been looking for you! According to my calculations, the temperature is dropping most rapidly!"

"3PO, tell us something we don't know!"

The Corellian stuck his head up and glared at the Wookiee. "Just what did you do besides turning it on? I can't budge it!" He turned toward Leia. "I think you better

take the baby onto the Transport, it's gonna get a lot colder around here." He forced a smile and ducked down again.

Lando strained at the valve as Han crawled toward him. "Leia taking the baby off?"

Han pulled with him. "I hope so." He jerked back and kicked the unit. "Just hope the Governor doesn't see her, I'll never hear the end of it!" Han swore and kicked the unit harder.

Lando tapped his back. "You'll break your leg before it gets fixed that way!"

The Corellian looked at him. "You got any better ideas? Explosives maybe? Get me a torch!"

"Are you crazy?" Lando asked. "You want to torch it?"

"I can't tell you what I want to do to this thing!" he muttered. The Corellian took the torch and goggles from Lando. "I just want to heat it up a little -- come on, you moth --" Leia called for them to come up.

The pair crawled out. "I don't believe it," Lando looked around in amazement. From the ventilation screens high in the Falcon walls, it was snowing. Tiny, white particles floated down on them.

Han nodded. "I believe it! It's snowing, right? I believe it. Yeah --"

Calrissian stared at him. "You all right?"

Han held up his hand to catch the white flakes. "Am I all right?" he smiled at him. "Why shouldn't I be all right?" he laughed. "It's only snowin' -- inside! Why the hell shouldn't I be all right!" he climbed back down into the hold.

The droid called down to him. "Sir, if my information is correct, the two systems are reversed! If you can turn on the cooling system, the heat will go on!"

"What else can make more sense on this tub," Han mumbled.

AS Chewie and Lando worked on the control panels, Han battled the valve. He stopped only to breathe on his freezing hands. Leia climbed in beside. "Here, thought you could use this." She handed him a steaming mug. "Also brought you these." She said as she wrapped a scarf around his neck and gave him a pair of gloves. Leia giggled slightly, "Isn't this fantastic? I wish Helena was old enough to enjoy it."

"Me too. But she'll grow too fast, so best not wish for it."

"I know," Leia filled his mug again. "But I still think it's pretty." She nodded toward the valve. "Is that the little gizmo?"

The Corellian closed his eyes. "Yeah, that's the little 'gizmo'. Did you take Helena over?"

Leia played with the valve. "No, Tandy did -- she's uh, visiting the Major. I thought it was wise. Is it all right?"

He kissed her cheek. "Thank you. I don't think I could've taken any remarks, no matter how true!" He switched places with her. "Let me take over."

The Princess shook her head and gave the valve a final tug. The valve, at last, gave. She smiled at him. "All in the touch?"

Not taking any chances, Han leaned over and slowly tightened it to an off position. Soon the blowing, cold air halted and they smiled at each other. "So much for snow. Let's go see what damage has been done!" he sighed.

THEY climbed out of the hold and looked around; it was as if they had just stepped onto a clear day on Hoth. The snow in the corridor and the main lounge was over ankle deep in some spots. In other places there was none, and others were as deep as Leia's hip. Together they made their way toward the sound of Chewie's bellow. C3PO saw them approach. "Captain Solo, sir -- I, I am so glad to see you. I have been trying to explain to Chewbacca that he simply must not turn on the cooler -- or the heater -- at this time --"

Han kicked the snow in disgust. "He's right, Chewie. Turn the heat on and we gotta lake. What are we gonna do with this stuff?"

"If I might, sir --" C3PO began and hesitated and Chewie growled.

Han waved the Wookiee off. "Slow down! Maybe he has an idea. I sure don't." The Corellian looked at the droid. "Give."

Cautiously, the droid began. "It seems to me that if we could somehow get this snow to the converter, it would quite adequately fill the falling water reserve."

Han had paid little attention until 3PO mentioned the water supply. "We gotta water problem now?"



C3PO backed up slightly. "Sir, there are now six people who use the water as opposed to just you and Chewbacca before -- I'm afraid that has cut into your emergency supply."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" Han glared at him.

"I, I thought perhaps I could handle it with the supply officer on the Transport, sir ."

"No!" Han yelled. The droid jumped. The Corellian looked at him. "You mean if we melt this stuff down, we won't have to ask the Transport for any help?" The droid nodded. Han grinned. "I kinda like that idea." He turned and put a hand on the droid's shoulder. "Okay, Professor, you take care of the technical end. Lando, show him where the converter is. Chewie, get some containers -- lots of containers."

Leia looked at him. "Now will you admit it's pretty?"

He put down the four shovels he had taken from storage. "Wrong again." Han put an arm around her. "You have snow on Alderaan?"

Leia brushed the white flakes off the chair. "Sometimes. Had a pretty good time in it, too." She grinned as he watched the clumps through his fingers. "It's not that cold in here any more."

Leia smiled at him. "I'll go get Helena!"

CHEWIE and Lando began the massive clean-up in the cockpit. Meanwhile, Han moved the snow in the lounge into piles. As Leia, Tandy and the Major entered, the Rebel officer waved hello.

Han smiled. "We were runnin' outta water, so -- we've had to improvise."

The doctor nodded. "Whatever you say!"

Tandy walked around in the white drifts. "Would it be all right for her to touch it?" The Major nodded and the young girl knelt down and scooped up a handful of snow. This she held to Helena's hand. "Here you go, baby --" Helen's eyes focused on the pile. Awkwardly, a chubby hand reached out and grabbed some of the white flakes. She clenched her fist and brought it to her mouth but the snow had disappeared. Helena tried it again and finally whimpered in frustration and hit the pile repeatedly.

Han held up a compressed ball of snow before her eyes. "Here, sister, try this." Helena grasped the tiny ball. She brought it to her mouth and gnawed on it.

Leia laughed. "She likes it."

"She'll probably start teething soon," the Major offered.

Han watched his daughter and grinned. "Pretty good, huh, kid?"

Helena heard his voice and turned toward him. She laughed and reached for his mouth. She grabbed his lower lip, then noticed she had dropped the snowball. Leia quickly made her another one. Han smiled at the baby. "Better?" she turned toward him and caught him in the nose.

Leia giggled as Helena caught Han in the eye. "Better move or she'll keep it up!"

"Nice," the Corellian frowned.

Helena turned toward the sound of his voice and grabbed at his parka. She held a tiny handful of fur and pulled herself toward him. "Just think, she'll be sitting up and walking all by herself soon." Leia smiled.

Tandy turned the baby over to the reluctant Han. The infant had two handfuls of fur and showed no signs of releasing him. Han looked at Helena and then at Leia. "Now what? I gotta get this tub cleaned up!"

The Princess rubbed the baby's back. "It can wait for a while. Just hold her."

Han held her tighter. "Is that long enough?"

"Han, she's a baby -- not a Taun-Taun. You don't have to hold her that tight!" Leia took the protesting baby from him and frowned. "I thought you liked holding her!"

He shrugged. "I do -- lyin' down. You didn't tell me she could be held like that."

Tandy scowled at him. "Uncle Han, you used to hold me when I was this small."

Han shrugged and kicked the snow. "Yeah -- well --"

The Princess gave Helena to Tandy. "C'mon, hot shot, let's clean up this tub." She turned and grabbed a shovel.

As Tandy took Helena to her room, the Major held Han's arm. "Don't let it get to you, Han. Females always think we don't know what we're doing with babies."

Han stared at him. "I don't!"

"Confidentially," the Rebel doctor whispered. "Neither does Her Highness." Han looked at him in confusion. "She's only guessing, Han. Just do what you feel comfortable with and Helena will take care of the rest." He smiled at the Corellian. "Looks like she already likes you."

Han looked around the lounge. "You wanta help? We gotta move this stuff over to the converter. I wasn't half kiddin' about the water --"

The Major took a shovel. "Sure, why not!"

AS the trio started to work with Leia and the doctor at one end and Han at the other, the Corellian stopped and turned to look at the Princess bent over her shovel. He stared at her and a small grin slowly spread across his face as he bent to pick up a handful of snow. He firmed it into a ball, then took aim and threw it at her.. His laughter was barely drowned out by her scream. Leia raised her shovel and stormed toward Han who hadn't heard her tirade. 'you are really going to get it now!" The Corellian knelt in the snow and laughed. He looked up briefly at Leia, pointed at her and burst into louder laughter as he rolled on his side. Leia screamed again and dumped a handful of snow on his face.

The Corellian sputtered and choked. He sat up and glared at her, "Why you little -" Frantically, Han scooped up snow and fashioned a ball as he got to his knees. Leia backed up to take cover behind a chair.

The Major stopped his own laughter and waved his hands. "Children! Don't you think --" He never finished as Leia ducked in front of him and Han's snowball hit him in the chin. Leia picked herself up and made a face at him.

The Corellian stared at the Rebel doctor. "Sorry?" he said as he scooped more snow into a pile for himself. This done, he flung an off-centre shot which glazed Leia's hair. The Major sensed a final confrontation in the works he quickly crawled behind another chair and began to build his own supply.

The Lounge was silent until the Princess threw a wild barrage of balls, none of which did much damage but all of which hit their mark. Han chanced a look at the back of his chair as Leia flung one: snow filled his eyes and forehead. The Princess laughed as he uttered a low Corellian curse. "Had enough, hot shot?" she called. "Give it up, Solo!" As Leia enjoyed her taunts, she didn't notice the softly lobbed snowball which landed on her head.

The Major stuck his head out from behind the chair and called softly. "Can't you two talk this out? We really should --" Two snowballs hit the chair in front of him. "That was totally uncalled for!"

LANDO closed the door of his quarters and heard the screams from the Lounge. He raced to it and slid to a halt: snow was flying in all directions. He stared at Han, then at Leia. That situation he could understand. What he couldn't understand was the Major. As he yelled, the room grew still. Han sat behind his chair. "What's wrong now!"

Calrissian stepped into the middle of the room. "Nothin' with me, but have you all gone nuts? Chewbacca and I are all done -- you haven't done anything in here yet!"

Han crawled around the chair and looked at him. "Yeah? Well, TELL HER that!"

Her back to Calrissian, Leia busied herself producing a fresh pile of ammunition. "Is that so? You can tell him I'm not a quitter! He started it. And I intend to finish it!"

"Started it!" Han yelled. "I started it! I threw a friendly snowball at her and --"

Leia yelled back. "It hit me pretty darn hard where I sit!"

"I had a good target!" he yelled back. "You got me good enough!"

"Serves you right!"

Lando looked at the Major. The Rebel doctor shrugged. "Don't ask me. I was an innocent bystander until they both attacked me. Now, I'm just defending myself!"

Lando moved between the two combatants. "Will you two quit acting like children? We got a tub to clean up. Look, you got a baby now -- you're not sup--." His words were lost in a flurry of repeated hits. Lando stood there and took their fire, perfectly calm. When it finished, he wiped his face as Leia giggled. "If that's the way you both want it!" he stooped to the floor and swept up some snow for himself.

Lando fired a shot at Han. It hit the chair and Han yelled. "You need more practice!" Soon snow was flying in four directions. Tandy walked in unknowingly and Han quickly pulled her down by himself. "How's Helena?"

The young girl brushed snow off her hair. "Sound asleep. Are you having a snowball fight?"

The Corellian assembled more ammunition. "Sure looks that way." He glanced at her. "You sure Helena's all right?"

"Fine."

Han let out a relieved breath.

"We'll be all right," she smiled at him. "I'm so glad to be with you and Leia -- and now the baby!"

"I'm glad you're here, too," he smiled back. "You on my side?" Tandy nodded and grabbed from the pile.

The young girl flung a snowball in the Major's direction just as he was changing position; it landed squarely on the top of his head. Surprised, he spun around. Han stood and threw a hard one, the Major ducked and it hit Lando in the back of the head. Lando swore as he wiped it off and looked at Han who could barely contain his glee. The two men continued to fire at each other, oblivious to the others. Leia and Tandy waved at each other and at the Major, then sat back to enjoy the respite.

Fatigue set in and Han and Lando's furious pace slowed. It was now a battle of finesse. Like highly-trained pugilists, they circled each other; each wore a sly grin and slowly packed their own snowballs as tightly as possible. Han twisted out of the way as Lando speared a hard ball at him; out of the corner of his eye he saw it bounce off the wall. He spun, a smiling and caught Lando in the arm. "Not so hard, buddy!" Calrissian yelled.

The Corellian grinned. "That one you threw at me is still in one piece!"

Lando returned his grin and slowly turned away from him. As Han reached to his pile, Lando spun and fired a shot at him. "Han!" Leia yelled. He spun and raised his leg in a jerk as the snowball glanced off his hip.

Calrissian spun on the Princess. "Hey! No helps!"

"Sorry, pal," Han snickered.

Leia flung one in his direction. "Ha!" she chortled as it hit him in the stomach.

Han brushed the snow off his parka and finally slipped the coat off. He started to storm toward the Princess when Lando grabbed his arm and moved him back slightly. Together the two men filled an empty container with loosely packed snow and, as quietly as possible, carried it to the chair Leia hid behind. They dumped the container's contents on her head in one motion. As the Princess screamed, the two ran.

Lando slipped behind the Major's chair. "Guess it's you and me," he panted.

Han slid behind the chair next to Tandy. "That was great!" he laughed.

The young girl pushed a handful of snow in his face. "THAT was from your daughter!" she grinned. She stood slightly. "I'm going to see how the real baby is doing!"

JUST as the attack was in its most massive form, Luke approached the ship. His mind was on a meeting he had had with the General and other Alliance leaders. An overwhelming majority had voted for the necessity of once again asking Han's aid. The Governor had abstained. The General's argument had been that they needed Solo and the Falcon. Han's expertise was well known, if not well-respected. The Rebel Commander had made his position clear: someone had to ask the Corellian, someone who was close to him and the Princess, someone like Luke. Now that he was close to the ship, Luke wasn't sure how he'd ask the Princess, his sister, let alone Han. The Jedi knew that the problem was his own feelings, even though he knew they loved each other. All he had to do was accept it. Somehow.

He was still deep in his own thoughts as he walked into the main lounge. Snowballs were flying in all directions. "Hey!" he called, barely able to hear himself over the din.

Han glanced over and stood. Leia took advantage of it and hit him in the neck. He glared at her, wiped the snow off, and moved toward Luke. "Hi, kid, what's up?"

Luke looked around him and bent to pick up some of the white stuff. "Uh, yeah -- it's real."

"Why?"

"We were getting' -- uh, low on -- uh, water, and uh -- had to --" Han waved his hand and behind him Leia took aim and hit him in the middle of his back.

"Ha! Solo!" Leia yelled. The Corellian closed his eyes. "You give up or what? You give up I win! Fair and square!" She threw another one which hit him in the arm.

Luke stared at him. "I -- uh, I could come back later --"

Han shook his head. "No. I just got some unfinished business to -- uh, take care --" Another snowball hit him, this one harder. Han glanced over his shoulder and glared at Leia, then turned back to the Jedi. "I'll be right back," he muttered.

With that, the Corellian spun and strode toward Leia. She looked at him a minute, her face clouded in concern. She smiled weakly. "Han?" Leia started to back up. "You wouldn't. Han --" She held up her hand. "I give --up." Leia backed to the edge of the corridor, turned and ran. The Corellian was at her heels.

Luke looked at Lando and the Major, who had finally come out from behind his chair. "This go on often?"

Lando clapped his back. "Good to see you, Luke!"

"I came by for a reason, I, I really don't have any right to be here --"

The Major shook his head. "Friends are always welcome, Commander; especially here."

As they spoke Leia ran into the lounge. She grabbed onto a chair and laughed. "Is he ever mad!" The Princess raced through the group of men and hung on to Luke's waist. "Help me, brother!"

Luke glanced at Lando and the Major. They both shook their heads. The Rebel doctor nodded toward Han as he approached. "Never interfere with a man and his wife." The officer smiled as he backed away. "Personally, I think she's got it coming!"

Leia hid behind Luke as Han came up to them. "'Scuse me, kid." He grabbed her wrist.

She held on to the Jedi's side with her free hand. "Luke! Help!"

Han pulled her harder as Luke grabbed his wrist. "I don't think --"

The Corellian glared at him. "Stay out of this, kid." He shook off his hold and pulled Leia to himself.

Pressed against his body, the Princess looked up at him. "You wouldn't dare!"

Han smiled slowly. "You don't think so?" He held an arm around her waist and walked slowly to a pile of snow.

Leia pushed away from him. "You wouldn't --" Han held onto her and knelt in the snow. "You wouldn't!" she yelled.

The Corellian smiled slowly and nodded. He kissed her forehead before he slowly rubbed the snow into her face. When he was done, he released her quickly; she fell seat first into the damp pile. Han walked back to the wide-eyed Jedi. He brushed the snow off his hands. "Okay, kid, what's up?"

As he waited for a reply, Leia picked herself up and grabbed some snow. She just released it towards Han's back when Luke yelled. "Duck!" Instinctively, the Corellian dropped and spun. He saw the snowball leave Leia's hand and watched as it passed over him and struck Luke's face.

Han roared in laughter. "Oh, I'm sorry!" Leia yelled.

Luke bent to the floor and picked up some snow, shaping it into a ball. Han started his own as Leia ducked behind her chair. "Here we go again!" Lando whispered to the General as they ducked behind their mutual protection.

The battle continued with Luke as an active participant. Alongside the Corellian, the Jedi grinned. "Thought you didn't like snow -- after Hoth!"

Han nodded. "Boy, I'd like to get her good!"

Luke glanced over the chair. "Leia? Why?"

He threw a lob in her direction and shrugged. "Just seems like a good idea. 'Sides, she's earned it."

Grinning, Luke bent and picked up some snow and firmed it into a snowball. Chewbacca came in and growled as he turned toward Han. The room suddenly became silent.

Han looked at his friend. "What d'ya mean, I'm goofin' off! Okay, so this is still a mess! So what! It's my ship, aint' it? Okay, Okay! I'll clean it up already!" Han grabbed a shovel and began to move the snow away from the wall.

Lando and the Major took their own shovels in silence. Luke took the fourth. Leia brushed the snow from her clothing and pushed past the Wookiee. "Spoil sport!" she muttered.

end

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