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Luke ' s Aunt Beru was filling a pitcher with blue liquid from a refrigerated container. Behind her, in the dining area, a steady buzz of conversation reached to the kitchen. She sighed sadly. The mealtime discussions between her husband and Luke had grown steadily more acrimonious as the boy ' s restlessness pulled him in directions other than farming.

Directions for which Owen, a stolid man of the soil if there ever was one, had absolutely no sympathy. Returning the bulk container to the refrigerator unit, she placed the pitcher on a tray and hurried back to the dining room. Beru was not a brilliant woman, but she possessed an instinctive understanding of her important position in this household. She functioned like the damping rods in a nuclear reactor. As long as she was present, Owen and Luke would continue to generate a lot of heat, but if she was out of their presence for too longboom! Condenser units built into the bottom of each plate kept the food on the dining- room table hot as she hurried in.

immediately, both men lowered their voices to something civilized and shifted the subject. Beru pretended not to notice the change. "I think that Artoo unit might have been stolen, Uncle Owen," Luke was saying, as if that had been the topic of conversation all along.

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