Atyiru Araave

Dossier # 13486

Pic: <http://mecum.com/auctions/lot_detail.cfm?LOT_ID=SC0511-106730>

“Well? Isn’t it perfect? Tell me it’s perfect. It’s perfect, isn’t it?”

“My eyes are bleeding.”

“That’s a yes.” The words were accompanied by a happy sigh. “And it’s yellow like Daisy was?”

“Yes.”

“You don’t have to be all short, you know. You *say* ‘yes’ but I *hear* ‘Yes, Atty, it’s the same shade of yellow as your old Bug. Congratulations: you’ve vomited happiness all over a beautiful piece of classic muscle.’”

Her companion simply sighed in response, which was essentially a passive-aggressive agreement in Nath-speak.

“My car is amazing and you just have to accept that.”

“Me and yellow don’t play well, Atty.”

“You can’t have black all the time. Honestly, when the *blind girl* has better color sense…”

“Black is practical.” Nath responded tonelessly, and Atyiru interpreted it deftly as something more along the lines of, *‘Black is the color of my soul’.*

“Yellow is the color of the sun—and yes, I do know, enough people have told me so—and the sun is cheery and warm and nice. Therefore, yellow is cheery, warm, and nice. I’m spreading joy *and* badassness here.”

“No.”

“Yes. And it’s still badass, even if it’s yellow. A ’69 Camaro can’t *not* be badass. Especially a convertible. Really, any Camaro is pure badassery and that basically means fuck everything else.”

Again, no response, although this time the silence was distinctly exasperated. Atyiru just smiled hugely at her reticent friend and ran around her new baby to the driver’s side.

She slid her hand over the door with reverence, ecstatic beyond the ability of her normal vocabulary or her common sense. She felt like a child again, properly awed into eternal respect by such a brilliant piece of machinery and absolutely giddy over the prospect of *having* it.

Atyiru opened the door and slid onto the sunbaked leather seats. The material was burning from exposure to the summer’s noonday sun, but she hardly minded the sting on the back of her thighs at all. She was too busy running her fingers over every knob, lever, and surface she could reach.

She heard Nath’s footsteps crunch through the gravel of her driveway and the other door open as her friend plopped down beside her.

“Remind me again how you’re even legal to drive?”

“Sweetie, the keyword there is ‘legal’.”

“Then how about how you can drive at all?”

“I’m amazingly intuitive like that.”

“Bullshit.”

“A girl’s got to have her secrets, Nath dear.” Atty sang with a grin, listening to Nath grunt in reply. “Oh, c’mon. I’m a good driver.”

“I’m going to die today.” The statement was flat and completely serious, but Atty knew Nath’s teasing when she heard it. She made a face at the Zabrak.

“Optimism!” Atyiru chided brightly, inserting the keys into the ignition.

“I’m going to die *painfully*, bleeding out on the road after I strangle you with your seatbelt.” Nath drawled. Atty grinned.

“See? Was that so hard? A little optimism won’t hurt you.”

She fired up the engine, listening to the ferocious, smooth roar as it turned over. The car purred around them.

“Oh, this is so awesome. My life is awesome.” Atty squealed, clapping her hands. Her usual calm decorum had been blithely crushed into the dirt the second the car’s former owner had dropped it off. She was now the proud owner of a restored Chevy 1969 Camaro. A convertible, Daytona yellow, white-trimmed, 350/290 HP Camaro.

Proud almost didn’t cover it. And Nath thought she was going to *crash* this beauty? Oh, fuck no. That would be an unforgiveable atrocity.

“She’s almost too wonderful to even name. Just speaks for herself…” Atyiru murmured dreamily, running her hands over the steering wheel. “Let’s see…what do we call you, girl?”

She tapped the dash thoughtfully, all sorts of names running through her mind. Reaching for the radio, Atty fiddled with the dial until the static cleared up and she heard a voice she recognized from her usual station.

Atty had just about abandoned her current litany of names—Greek mythology, always a good place to start, even if the ladies usually didn’t have very respectable roles—when she remembered one she liked in particular that was quite fitting.

“Euryphaessa…” She murmured, snapping her fingers. “Yea, I like that. Euryphaessa it is.”

“Eur—what?” Nath asked as Atty experimented with the gearshift until she felt the car begin rolling backwards.

“Euryphaessa.” Atyiru repeated, swinging the car around in reverse. “It’s another name for Theia, the Titan—or Titaness if you prefer—of the Sun and generally thought of as the Goddess of Light. I like Euryphaessa better.”

 Nath was silent, likely nodding, and Atyiru just grinned. Rolling down the slope of her driveway, she listened intently for other cars before pulling out into the road. Nath hissed out a breath that was likely the closest thing to an exclamation of “Oh shit” the woman would ever get.

Atyiru carefully began to accelerate, delighted by the sparse two o’clock traffic, and turned up the radio. They were just getting onto the highway successfully as Q 1.04’s Kelly announced Bon Jovi’s *It’s My Life.* Atty let out a shrieking whoop and turned the volume up so loud she couldn’t hear the rumble of the engine.

Belting out the lyrics at the top of her lungs, she pressed hard on the accelerator and felt the car jerk forward with a growl. The wind screaming around them actually ripped her ponytail clean out, sending her hair streaming out behind her and whipping around her face.

A cacophony of angry honking added an interesting riff to the guitar solo. Atyiru happily ignored them all, reaching for her bag and keeping one hand haphazardly on the wheel. She dug around, swerving precariously, until she found what she was looking for.

Sticking the device to the dash, she turned on the siren and listened to the wail she knew would accompany the flashing light. Smirking almost evilly, the little Miraluka pushed the petal to the floor and zoomed forward, fully expecting everyone else to get out of her way.

“How do you even *have* one of those?” She heard Nath raise her voice over the thunder of the engine, the wind, the radio, and now the siren. Atyiru laughed.

“Cop-buddy!” She shouted back. “Treated him for a GSW last April. Been friends since. He gives me goodies like this…and my license.”

The revelation that Atyiru hadn’t, in fact, ever passed a driving test—being completely physically blind really didn’t get you far at the DMV—and was only on the road by the grace of a *slightly* crooked cop didn’t seem to perturb Nath much. Then again, the Zabrak had probably already deduced that some similar circumstances were responsible for her current near-death experience.

“Don’t worry! We’re going to the hospital anyways! If we barrel-roll into the barricade or T-bone a semi, we’ll already be set!”

“The damn siren is because you’re late for *work?*”

“I had to be there when he dropped off Euryphassea! It’s a legitimate reason to be late!”

“Screw you, Atty!”

“Love you too, babes!” Atyiru laughed, putting on her blinker and cutting across a couple lanes so she could reach her exit.

There was no way she was going to be anything but on-time. Besides, she had a trauma rotation in the ambulance today. Now *that* was her kind of car. Lifesaving *and* bound by no traffic regulations. The perfect combination.

A Justin Timberlake song that she wasn’t too fond of came on and Atty switched off the radio in favor of simply singing *Ace of Spades* and miming an air guitar one-handed, much to Nath’s consternation. The Miraluka just giggled and made a hard right into the hospital parking lot.

Nath was escaping the car before she’d even put it in park. Atyiru chuckled, brought the convertible roof up in case their bipolar weather decided to have another fit, and hopped out of the car. She grabbed her purse, got her bag and laptop out of the trunk, and locked the car up with an appreciative pat.

“You want a ride home?” Atty asked her friend, knowing Nath’d be secluded in the nearby library until her shift ended. The Zabrak snorted derisively in reply.

“I’ll take the bus.” She muttered, and Atyiru laughed again.

“Alright then. See you later. And see *you* later, beautiful.” She said to her Camaro. Nath was quiet, likely waving her off, and Atyiru tottered merrily over to the main doors with her arms full.

Her two vehicles of choice were very different—an obnoxiously cheery vintage ’69 Camaro versus the boxy, EMS-toting ambulance—but both were well suited for her. Atyiru smiled as she greeted her coworkers, punching in a good few minutes early.

*Ahhh, the beauty of speeding.*

Stowing her things in her locker and changing into her scrubs and jacket, Atyiru made her way out to the ambulance bay, a slight smile on her lips.