

Throughout the halls of the Imperial-II Class Star Destroyer, an old-fashioned tune played,. The audio systems normally given over to conveying ship-wide alerts or orders to Warhost had been repurposed. Instead, the simple tones of ages old music were played in plain, systematic orchestral notes. It was a sweet old practice. The music, an old traditional suite for the season, drew many into reverie, and even tears to the eye of more than a few individuals across the ship's levels. The music was piped through the audio systems which were normally used to convey ship-wide alerts or orders.

Her former Master had never been one of those people. Many took some joy in the season, but the Overlord of the Clan had never shown the joy that permeated so many beings at this time of year. While others had joy, her Master had chosen to become a recluse. It brought the girl some sorrow if she allowed herself to dwell on it. She could not spend much time on the sentiment, however. There was too much work to do.

Lav'anre fiddled with the hyperspanner as she considered the beaten old speeder bike before her. One of the loyalists, a Shistavanen at least ten years her senior, had kept the older model hidden away in a far corner of the capital ship's docking bay. She had fallen in love almost immediately as she had laid eyes upon it. It had taken a great deal of chatting up and plying the pilot. She had bought many a drink and endured many a boastful tall tale before the man had finally relented. And now, it was hers, if she could fix it.

The ship was a surprisingly small community despite its size. The Rollmaster, that nice blue Twi'lek married to her surly Clan leader, stopped by her quarters at regular intervals to ensure that Lav'anre had been eating properly. It made the young woman wonder if the Rollmaster forgot that she had been Knighted some time ago. It meant that she knew that someone close to her cared for her. It meant that she could feel like she had a mother again, something she had not experienced in many painful years. It also meant that she sometimes had to brush shoulders with the most egotistical Corellian she had been given the displeasure to deal with.

"What a piece of junk." She grumbled to herself. Hayato had far oversold the value of the speeder bike.

"She may not look like much, but it'll do." The familiar voice caused Lav'anre to turn around, with a scowl already tightening into a grimace. "I should know. I made a few modifications to the bike myself." Bentre Sadow, stood before the Twi'lek, his head tilted to the side, an unusual expression on his face. It was almost, but not quite like, a smile.

"What would you know about it, *Master*?" She spoke the honorific like one would mention a rodent found in bedding.

"I should really know a lot. That bike has seen more than a few owners. In fact, it was a day near a Life Day, much like this when I got this speeder myself." His eyes narrowed slightly before that subtle not smile returned. "It looks like that soldier didn't take as great of care as he had promised. A real shame."

Lav'anre felt a twitch in her lekku. "Why do you care about an older bike like this? After all the hell you put me through, you really want me to believe that you give a damn about something like this?" Her fingers squeezed the handle of the hyperspanner. "What makes this different from any other day?" She used it to help push herself up into a squat. From that squat, she stood as squarely as she could with the Corellian. "Where is this sudden kindness coming from?"

"Well, first seeing this old ride," he motioned to the rusted speeder bike, "made me a little nostalgic. Secondly, it is the spirit of Life Day, my child. All should have a moment of home on Life Day." The smile faltered as a flash of anger crossed Bentre's features. "If I had my way we would have a large, almost comically large dinner for all of you during Life Day. However, our current operation in Orian is keeping us all away from home."

The woman spat. "I have no home."

The Overlord gave that odd smile again. "I understand your feelings. I cannot take that from you. However, I wanted to bring a little taste of home to everyone, and yet here we are. This cold ship is a poor substitute for the jungles of Sepros. With my child hidden away, and my wife off on Tarthos this time of year, I figured I could honor at least one thing. If you are going to be stuck here with me, maybe we can at least get this hunk of junk working properly. Maybe, in this small way, we can embrace that old spirit of Life Day."

The sand-colored Twi'lek studied her former Master. She was not sure how much she bought the man's offer. It all seemed too good to be true on a level.

Yet a small part of her wanted it to be true. She yearned for the kind of warmth that families had. She had spent so much time away from the Clan, always keeping a distance. "Fine, Master." She forced a smile she did not quite feel. "I would love to see this beaten old bike roar to life."

Together, the two got to work. The master and the former apprentice were overcome by a spirit of peace. Neither was sure how long it would last, but at least for this evening, it would be fine. For a moment, Lav'anre was reminded of the affections of her father. Perhaps she had not given the Clan and its members enough of a chance. Perhaps these people, this Clan could be a new place for her. Perhaps, she mused, she could even be home for the holidays.

