

[Reluctantly idling, at the starting line...](#)

[Twin repulsor engines thrumming, and humming in time...](#)

Zig Kaliska had been waiting months for the race. More so than the race itself, she seemed to be most excited about all the different kinds of podracers that had shown up.

The Zygerrian wore her Shroud Syndicate attire, which covered all exposed areas of her skin with smart layers of cloth. She still had a bit of grease smudge on her cheek, but did not seem to mind. Her almond shaped, goldenrod eyes glistened behind a pair of large translucent goggles. Her hair was tied back into a high bun, with one stray strand threatening to cross her vision. She blew at the rogue flyaway, and tried to focus, but her head moved on a swivel as she kept noticing a new podracer design.

While she had been growing slowly into her role as Captain, the lifelong Scavenger was practically buzzing.

That's a Corellian model-three...how did they even get one up and running? And that!? Is that a modified Ord Pedrovial? I wonder how much they paid for it...and the couplers on it look new despite the design being pretty much archaic in 38 ABY...and in this economy...

Her thoughts tumbled over one another as she kept looking around until she heard the announcer signal for the racers to get ready. Zig had a miniature moment of panic as she looked down at her own vehicle.

She could have used some of her Clan-provided assets and resources, sure. But what fun would that have been?

Zig, of course, had decided to build her own from scratch. She had taken the discarded husk of an M-68 Landspeeder and completely refitted the internals herself. She had worked for weeks in the Voidbreakers hangar bay, at nights, even when fatigued from a full day of Captain-ing. She had been blessed by having Zuza sit with her on those long nights, the cheery and bubbly Human seemingly undisturbed by the late hours. She had been giggling and laughing at Zig's bad jokes she made when clearly fatigued, and it had definitely helped her push through and not give up on her goal.

The finished vehicle actually looked to be a bit post-apocalyptic for Zig's usual taste. The hood, for one, had long vibro pikes sticking out from it. The paint job, instead of the bright playful colors of her usual designs, had been purposely welded and faded to look like "rust". Any casual onlooker probably thought that the custom pod-racer was dilapidated or simply a pile of scrap metal. While the later was true, it was a pile of scrap metal that had been forged under the Zygerrians will and wit.

What stood out most, of course, was the hubcaps over the floating repulsors on either end. They were painted with a bright chromatic paint, shiny and chrome. Finally, the windshield was framed with custom handwriting that made up a barrier with the symbols: **uwu** repeated.

Zig was ready. She would have all the gathered pod racers witness her. It was her time to shine.

The announcer counted down. Zig adjusted her goggles, leaned forward, revved her engine, and flashed her fanged teeth with grit and determination.

“Witness me!” Zig shouted over the roaring of racer engines and the rush of repulsors flaring as every gathered pilot pushed their pedals to the metal and took off along the track...