

Wyndell Tyris scooted a stool out into the middle of his brothers ship—the *Encanis*. The rest of the crew milled about their respective tasks. Zig sat at the controls making a few adjustments to the calibration tools. Marick was finishing preparing a cup of tea for the upcoming flight in an insulated mug. Fela yawned, stretched, and was busy pacing around the ship on her unique patrol that she did. The Cythraul had previously gotten into a fight with a stray power coupler that had rolled into her domain.

That was why Zig was working on the calibrators, you see. Which meant she was grumpier than usual. Probably also because she hadn't gotten a chance to see Alaisy in a while, but, who was Wyn to judge such things?

Marick, of course, was always grumpy. He was upset to be away from his daughter, Wyn's niece. That made sense, honestly. The kid was cute as hell. Definitely got that part from her mother, but there was no doubt that the child also inherited his brother's sharp mind. At barely a year old she was memorizing patterns of the adults around her and had started to work them to get whatever it was she wanted. Fortunately, that just seemed to be more things to chew on, or throw at Fela, who nimbly dodged and was a good sport about the whole thing.

Clearly, though, the ship needed their spirits lifted. That meant it was up to Wyndell to cheer everyone up.

Wyn climbed up onto the stool and struck a gallant pose, one hand on his hip, the other outstretched and pointing off somewhere in the distance. He started to inhale a large lungfull of breath.

"Please no," Marick murmured over the steaming wisps of his tea.

"—Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Wyn proceeded, undeterred, with an introductory key to his song.

"We are...the Tyris Brothers!"

Wyn tapped the recorder on his belt, and a recorded response of his own voice two octaves lower sounded: *We are, we are!*

"If you're looking for adventure,"

Then we are your men!

"If you want to fly,
On the hyperlanes of space,
Through perilous paths,"

Then we got you!

“Some say we’re heros,”

They’re more than men!

“We travel the galaxy writing wrongs,
We fight the evils and...dark things,
Tenixir Pirates,
Crazy Crystals!
What I know for sure is
We are the Tyris Brothers,

We are, we are!

“OFF TOWARDS....Adventure!” Wyn bellowed and finished with a flourish. He doffed an imaginary hat that he was not wearing and bowed.

From the cockpit, Zig groaned and started to loudly clang against the metal hull plating with her hydrospanner.

Marick, meanwhile, simply stared at his brother. His face was completely devoid of emotion, but his eyes showed heavy strains of fatigue and indifference.

“I hate you,” the Arcanist

“You don’t,” Wyndell corrected.

The only one who seemed to enjoy the ballad was Fela, Marick’s three-legged, fluffy Cythraul. Fela yipped excitedly and added a tiny little howl of approval.

Awooooo!

“See? At least someone appreciates me,” Wyn grumbled.