

## The VSD Vel Severan Principate Space

“Alright, which of you bantha herders filled my locker with Anselm weed?”

The small mess hall erupted with laughter as several off-duty pilots turned their heads to see the youngest member of their unit covered in bits of seaweed. The most guttural chuckle came from the grey-skinned Mon Calamari seated amongst the assorted near-humans.

“Come now, boy,” he spoke with a chuffed tone. “Puts a bit of iron in the blood.”

The Private narrowed his eyes in a mixture of annoyance and embarrassment, getting tired of the pranks from the others. “Kark you, Jorde’ya!”

More snickers followed, subsiding to quiet sighs as the crew leaned against the table. Major Marwar, with mirth still in his bulbous eyes, gestured with his flipper-like fingers to an empty stool, a fresh and frothing over Lyra beer waiting there.

“I made sure this lot didn’t drink all the good stuff, now get your rear over here.”

Sighing exasperated, the young Human quickly wiped off the bits of plant and took his seat. The beverage helped relieve some of his gripes. The casual banter of old tales and fresh news they shared afterwards had the moment a mere afterthought.

“A buddy of mine in the Hrem-2B sector said songs about them Tenixer Revs were being sung in a cantina she was at last week,” muttered a Umbaran woman into her cup.

“Ha! Fitting ‘cus their pirates!” boomed another pilot, fist hitting the table and nearly knocking over his mostly empty cup. “What? They singing about *lootin’ booty* and *over in yonder stars*?”

“Hey, Jorde’ya,” the Private turned to the Mon Calamari with a hiccup, several drinks in to ‘catch up’. “Ya know how their shanties go, cus ya a fishhh— travelin’ man?”

Major Marwar stared at the lad with his large, attentive amber eyes for a moment. The Private swallowed, wondering if he had managed to pull the ire from the easy going man. The blubbery lips of the Mon Cal curled up and wide as he laughed.

“By the Triumvirate, no!” He leaned in onto the table, his fatigues’ sleeves rolled up to his elbows. “But I can tell you what it probably sounds like. Let’s get a tune, boys!”

Jorde’ya jumped to his feet and leaned against his leg propped up upon his stool. His flipper-like hands gave a slick clap as he set the rhythm. The lads at the table joined in with spoons, their fists against the table, and their own hums.

“We’re making credit with this sound...”

Marwar started, leading them into their improved line with a flourish of his hand.

*“Fire them Lasers yo!”*

“Soon we’ll all be Tipool bound.”

“Booound—” the Private repeated, his drunken yell washed over by the group as they built the chorus together.

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

*Fire them lazars an stamp & go,*

*Fire them lazars yo!*

*Firing down an stamp & go,*

*Fire them lazars yo!”*

The Umbaran woman pounded her fist upon the table and stood, taking the lead with a sneering tone.

“In the hold this loot must go!”

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

“For Ms Hawee told me so”

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

*Fire them lazars an stamp & go,*

*Fire them lazars yo!*

*Firing down an stamp & go,*

*Fire them lasers yo!"*

Alcohol spills as glasses rattle and clank to the hefty beat. The Private wobbly rises, adjusting his balances before belting out his clever lines.

"Well those Sevies are badies!"

*"Fire them lazars yo!"*

"Them Schuttas, *hic*, a bunch of impies!"

Chuckles escaped the pilots interrupting the first couple lines of the chorus as they started its repetition. As the lad flopped back to his seat, another took his place.

"Tenixer downed with fire and grime!"

*"Fire them lazars yo!"*

"Free to go do our filthy crime!"

Grinning and swaying, they continued on and post the hook passed the metaphorical lead baton.

"Now Princies be coming this way!"

*"Fire them lazars yo!"*

"So we prep our blasters and ray!"

Major Jorde'ya clapped his flippers and gave a rancious call as the group finished the refrain. His watery baritone drove the makeshift song home.

"Just one more battle and then we lay!"

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

“And the Principate will end today!”

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

*“Fire them lazars an stamp & go,”*

*“Fire them lazars yo!”*

*“Firing down an stamp & go”*

*“Fire them— “*

Klaxons drowned their last cry, startling the group as their liquor soaked table shone with red flashing lights. Bodies scrambled for their boots and slipped, slid toward the doors as an announcement blared upon the intercoms.

**“All units to battle stations. I repeat. All units to battle stations. Dandoran space ETA five minutes.”**