

Principate blaster fire choked the air so tight Nervitt could barely draw breath without tasting plasma. The advancing troopers had the advantage in heavy guns and a quick glance at her fellow Revenants told her their cover would not last long against such firepower.

The situation was dire, and they had no place left to go. The casino hall was a dead end—and soon looked to be even deader still. She closed her eyes and breathed deep, resting her furry head against a shot-up marble pillar, her blaster pistol in her lap. The damn bastards were advancing, she could hear the shuffling of their boots on the plush carpet.

This wasn't how she'd imagined to die. Not at all. And as she reflected upon the ludicrous set of circumstance that had gotten her into this exact situation, she could not help but chuckle at the absurdity of it all. Just hours earlier, she had been singing and drinking with her mates, and now, they would all be gunned down by overzealous bucketheads.

Well, if she was to go down, she would go down singing—and take at least a few of those bastards with her. Clearing her throat, she cried out in a clear melody. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ltFqjjLPjCA&ab_channel=SeaShanties)

“Come on ye young scoundrel and listen to me!”

There was no reprise, only confused looks.

“I'll sing you the song of Rasha Hawee!” she carried on, dauntless.

“*Way aye blow the man down?*” a young Zabrak joined in.

Nervitt met his gaze and nodded, finding courage renewed. She began the second verse as more voices joined in.

“As they had me walking down to death row.”

“*Way aye blow the man down!*”

“A pretty Togruta took me in her tow.”

“*Give us some time to blow the man down!*”

The Principate assault faltered, confusion reigning in their ranks as the boisterous song echoed around the peculiar acoustics of the gambling den. She saw an opening and began the third verse.

“We stole us a ship and set off to the stars,” she sang, popping up from cover and firing a bolt at the closest, stunned trooper. The ruby dart connected, punching him off his feet in a flash of sparks.

“Way aye blow the man down!” the Revenants sang.

“Our goal was to plunder and hop all the bars!” Nervitt chanted, another Revenant taking his opportunity to do the same and deck a Principate soldier with a sudden bolt to his back.

“Give us some time to blow the man down!”

The effect of the song, and the sudden losses was immediate, the Principate morale crumbling and their advance turned into a retreat, but the fourth verse had already begun.

“With Principate lawmen now hot on our tails!”

“Way aye blow the man down!”

“We ply them with blasters and write our own tales“

“Give us some time to blow the man down!”

With each line sung, a Revenant would pop up and take a shot, before ducking back down again, providing only a moment’s window for the foes to react. By now, they were dropping like flies.

“Revenants all and one now are we!”

“Way aye blow the man down!”

“Fighting for our Captain, Rasha Hawee“

“Give us some time to blow the man down!”

“So I give you fair warning, do not cross our path”

“Way aye blow the man down”

“For next you be facing a Revenant’s wrath!”

“Give me some time to blow the man down!”

The last note rang out with a boisterous crescendo, punctuated by the thump of the last Principate soldier slumping on the plush rug.