

Hyperdrive's Glow

To the tune of 'Santiana' in the embedded link

Aboard the recently-stolen CR70, there was a certain level of silence in the wake of so much action against first the Guavians and then the Tenixir's Ravager flotilla. The ship, which Qyreia was calling the *Ysalimir* in honor of Ysal, the shortened version that was their strike team's cognomen, was still mostly intact despite taking so many shots in the flight from Dandoran. Now, with all but the Severian troops who were manning the gunnery stations further into the belly of the ship, the languid air among those on the bridge felt just out of place enough to be noticeable, but not uncomfortable.

Ruka's good ear picked up on a hum that wasn't the ship, and he turned his gaze to the Zeltron at the helm as she fiddled with the controls, her throat flexing with the quiet, unspoken tune.

"What's that you're *hmming* there, *crovja*?"

She flinched as if realizing there were people around and looked to the Mirialan with a faintly sheepish expression. "Just... a thing we used to sing. Back when I was a deckhand on trading ships."

Sera's ears perked and she sat up in her seat with an expression that was far too excited for the mundaneness of the thing. To her credit, the Arconan Quaestor was usually so surly around her Zabradi Aedile that the red woman was starting to get a reputation. "You can sing?"

"*Yeah* she can," Leeadra said with a lightly smug air from her seat across the bridge. She was one of the few people in the Brotherhood that had likely ever heard it. Something about it being a private thing.

That only made the Zabrad fidget more in her seat. "Can we hear it?"

"*You* are dead to me," Qyreia chided lazily at the small Pantoran, who merely replied with a blown kiss and a wink. "And... I guess? It's more of a... a group song."

Sera's eyes lit up even more. "Ooh! We did that in the..." She paused, prompting Qyreia to roll her eyes.

"You can say it: '*in the tribe*'. I'm used to it by now." *Even if it irritates the everloving frack out of me.* "Buuut. If you want to *participate*... I guess I could teach it to you guys."

Her Aedile's answer was an obvious one, and Leeadra's quiet smile was broad enough to do likewise even before she said, "Sure."

"I'm in," Ruka added, oddly appreciative of how the usually closed-off Zeltron was opening up. He'd heard her singing before, and especially on their ill-fated camping trip some months ago. This would be interesting.

"Okay, so this one is a... How do I put this? A working song? So I'll sing the main lyrics and you guys call back with a... call back line? I honestly don't know the proper terms. Just remember: every other verse is going to be '*away out the atmo*' and '*and see the blue hyperdrive glow*'."

"*Atmo* as in *atmosphere*?" Sera asked.

"Yep."

"Got it! Sing on, captain!"

Qyreia looked at the controls of the ship and grinned subtly. *I guess she's not too far off.* "Okay. Just try to do your lines and we'll tackle the chorus next." The Zeltron sat back in her seat, spinning it around to face the majority of the group. Her chest rose in a long, steady inhale before coming out in a rich voice, almost gravelly for the roughness she put into the lyric.

"Struts are up and the engines on..." She pointed at the others.

"*Away out the atmo*," they called back, a little quiet save for Sera.

"We checked the seals and charged the guns..."

"*And see the blue hyperdrive glow*," the trio returned, a little louder and more confident.

"And now the chorus..."

Well bank her hard and pitch her up

Away out the atmo

Bank her hard and pitch her up

And see the blue hyperdrive glow."

Ruka, Sera, and Leeadra all chewed on that a moment, repeating it to themselves, with their pilot quietly rounding back to the first stanza so they could do the chorus again and get the practice. Still, as they say, the song must go on, and she didn't want to wait forever. *They'll figure it out.*

"She's a good ol' freighter on the 'lanes

Away out the atmo

With a cap' so old you can see his veins

And see the blue hyperdrive glow."

They all joined in this time, "*Well bank her hard and pitch her up*

Away out the atmo

Bank her hard and pitch her up

And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

The more they sang, the more into it they got. Leeadra was halfway to clapping along, and after every bombastic ‘*Well*’, Sera would slap her hands on the metal panels of her seat’s terminal. Ruka remained a little more stoic by comparison, but his hand tapped rhythmically on his station as well, gradually getting a little louder with each drop of his hand.

“The hold is loaded full’s we could
Away out the atmo
With Corellian ale and Kashyyyk wood
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

“*Well* bank her hard and pitch her up
Away out the atmo
Bank her hard and pitch her up
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.

“From Perlemian to the Hydian Way
Away out the atmo
We’ll drop our load and collect our pay
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

“*Well!*” Ruka’s hand came slamming down on the panel with the same enthusiasm as the others now, garnering smiles from the others as they continued, “bank her hard and pitch her up
Away out the atmo
Bank her hard and pitch her up
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.

“Well credits set the crew ta’ work
Away out the atmo
In a pazaak game they’ll lose their shirt
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

“*Well* bank her hard and pitch her up
Away out the atmo
Bank her hard and pitch her up
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.

“And when it snows on Tattooine
Away out the atmo
We’ll fin’lly get this damn deck clean
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

“*Well* bank her hard and pitch her up

Away out the atmo
Bank her hard and pitch her up
And see the blue hyperdrive glow.”

Qyreia’s hands shot up to pause the singing, weaving in slow, steady dips like a conductor. It was the end of the song, and they’d done so well, she wanted to give them a nice finish to really break out their showmanship.

“The stars are shining in the blaaack
Awaaay out the a~tmooo
And no’ne knows when we’re comin’ back
And see the blue hyper-dri~ve glooow.”

The Zeltron’s hands came up in a wide arc on the last note, moving nice and slow, then swooping down and apart to signal the end. Silence briefly overtook them again as they looked at each other, smiling, happy, until they heard some loud, if limited applause from the handful of Severians at the door. Apparently they’d heard the noise and came to see what the commotion was about; and they liked what they heard, too.

“Who knew there’d be entertainment on this cruise huh?”

“Do you know *The Hutterman*?”

“Another!”

Qyreia just looked at Sera with a tired, but somewhat pleased look. “See what you started?”

The Zabrak beamed back as she swiveled her seat back into proper position. “Just following orders, milady Quaestor.”

“Uh huh.” She looked around at the others who seemed about as intent at feigning innocence as her Aedile, and she couldn’t help but sigh, smiling as she looked at the navigation screen. “Well... I guess there’s time for one more.”