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With all the planets in the Republic/Empire, each with their own rotation and orbit, we figured that they'd need at least 10 days at the new galactic year's turning to allow those folks operating on standard galactic time — like traders and space pirates —to coordinate their calendars.

Hey, any excuse to party....

Published: "Counterpoint", Skywalker 5 (1983)
ed., Beverly Clark

Tune:"Lannigan's Ball" (Traditional)
Standard version recorded on many, many Irish folk records
(Midi availble [here](#))

CORELLIAN RENDEZVOUS

by [Maggie Nowakowska](#)

Lin D Lagan was a Corellian, lost all her credits to lovers and dice.

Till her Cap was caught short and went on the lam again,

Left her the ship and a hold full of spice.

With New Year approaching she planned such a party

to pay off the debts now quickly come due.

She asked all her friends to share her prosperity

out on the Rim for the big Rendezvous.

CHORUS:

Ten long days to haggle and gamble and

Ten long days to barter and brawl!

Come to the Corellian Rendezvous:

Spacers' reward for a year's bloody haul!

There were barrels of booze and beer for the taking, hot soup and steak and mugs of spiced wine.

There was sabbac and dice and betting on anything,

Making each day a marvelous time.

Music there was, as loud as you wanted for

singing and dancing all the night through.

Lin D Lagan's bash was the biggest and best
on the Rim at the year's Rendezvous!

CHORUS:

Ten long days with nothing but booze to drink;
Ten long days to fight and to fuck.
Come to the Corellian Rendezvous;
bring a friend, a blaster, and luck!

The spacers were high, the spacers were hearty, dancing around in quads and
array,

Till the accident happened: the Mate from the LIBERTY
tripped and fell into a tight sabbac play.
Markers and dice flew half 'cross the barroom;
the guy who was winning was old Dan E Hue.
He roared for his friends and swore he'd get payment
for losing his wad at the big Rendezvous.

CHORUS:

Ten long days to haggle and gamble and
Ten long days to barter and brawl!
Come to the Corellian Rendezvous:
Spacers' reward for a year's bloody haul!

In the midst of the row, Boha Mali fainted, drinking down glasses of klevas by
rows.

Some of the folk said the wine must be tainted;
a bit too high on spice, I suppose.
His captain was drunk; she took it quite badly
to see her ship's engineer stretched in a stew.
She swore and she reached for the first blaster handy
and blew out the lights at the year's Rendezvous.

CHORUS:

Ten long days with nothing but booze to drink;
Ten long days to fight and to fuck.
Come to the Corellian Rendezvous;
bring a friend, a blaster, and luck!

Oh, folks, there was a ruction! Myself got a lick from a Duggian crew,
But I soon replied to their kind introduction
and kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Spacers were flailing, spacers were flinging
themselves 'cross the bar like in hyperspace drive;
blaster bolts bounced from the floor to the ceiling —
's a miracle anyone left there alive!

CHORUS:

Ten long days to forget all your troubles, and

Ten long days with nary a care.

Come to the Corellian Rendezvous...

Out on the Rim for the spacers' New Year!

Just after dawn, the last day of New Year's, somebody noticed D Lagan had split
leaving the tab for the last person standing

and that put an end to the brawling right quick!

The bartender's feelers were stiff as he locked all the doors

and demanded the money now due.

We all left the party, bruised and flat busted--

I'm happy to say 'twas a grand Rendezvous!

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