

“Outside Looking In”  
Deleted Scenes

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Disclaimer: *Star Wars* is not mine. All characters in this story are original.

### 1. Extended Fleet Introduction Scene

Author’s Note: Originally this story was going to be the rest of the “big introduction information dump” that was begun in “Commencement,” and the full fleet introduction was slated for that patrol in the beginning of OLI with Quiver and Darin. However, including this full-blown descriptive scene contributed to turning almost the entire first third of the story into nothing but talk, most of which (including this part) did absolutely nothing to move the already-tenuous plot along (I tried to tie it in, but that connection was weak and flimsy at best). Since I had already managed to make this scene kind of self-contained, I figured it would be best to go with a quick summary of the ships and keep the extended version by itself at the link [here](#) for those who may be interested in it. The extended version is still “Corona Squadron canon”, so it’s not really fair to call it a “deleted scene” because it wasn’t really “deleted,” just...moved to a more appropriate location for storytelling sanity purposes.

### 2. Full Dance Flashback

Author’s Note: This one made more sense to take out, and was therefore easier to convince myself to do than the one above. I like the scene, but there were two things wrong with having it in the story as-is (it was inserted in the dance scene in Chapter Three, where the couple-paragraph summary of it now resides). First, its length really threw off the pacing of the rest of the scene. Second, it was way too detailed for a memory of an event like this that happened a couple years ago to Darin.

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...The memory of one evening in particular always stuck out whenever he thought about that time.

*“If school would teach us anything useful in the real world, I’d know how to do this already!” Darin said over the soft music.*

*His mother, Ginala, laughed easily. “Relax, sweetie. By the time we’re done, you’ll know how to dance.”*

*“I can’t mess this up, Mom.”*

*“You won’t. Now, pretend I’m Tarrah. At the beginning of the first dance, you need to do things a little differently to start the whole evening off. Take both of my hands...”*

*No matter how many ways his mother patiently tried to explain the fundamental dance steps to him, though, after half an hour of failures Darin was just getting more stressed. “Mom, I just don’t get it!”*

*“We’ll get there sooner or later,” she reassured him. “You’re certainly not clumsy, so that’s not the problem, but it doesn’t seem to be clicking for some reason. You just seem very mechanical about the whole thing, and that’s making it harder for you.”*

*“Trying to memorize dance steps isn’t working when I don’t know what it’s ultimately supposed to look like. Maybe then it’ll make more sense about what I’m trying to make my feet do.”*

*Ginala thought for a minute and then called into the other room, “Jo’co, come here.” To Darin she said, “Have a seat. We can show you the finished product.”*

*After the teenager sat down in a chair, Darin’s father, Jodeco, came into the room. “How goes the dance lessons?” he asked.*

*Ginala beckoned him over. “He needs to see how it’s done, so come over here and dance with me, you big glubber.”*

*A sly smile crept over Jodeco’s face. “Only if we do it right.” He stepped to the music player and put on their song before turning to his wife and giving a small, formal bow.*

*Smiling warmly and keeping her eyes on her husband, Ginala said over her shoulder to Darin, “That’s the old-fashioned way of starting the evening. Now he’ll come up and take my hands—” She paused while Jodeco demonstrated. “—And after two counts, you start the steps. Forward, side, side...”*

*By the end of the first verse to the song, Ginala’s explanations had faded into silence. Darin watched as his parents gradually drew each other closer, rested their heads against the other and closed their eyes. They moved with a single fluid grace that Darin knew had to be attributed to more than just knowing the dance steps well. There was some intangible understanding there allowing them to make a series of clinical choreographed motions into the dance before him. It was fascinating, and everything made so much more sense now.*

*The song ended, and his parents slowed to a stop and parted reluctantly. Jodeco bowed again, formally ending the dance, and gently kissed Ginala’s forehead. Then he walked over to Darin and patted his shoulder. “And that, son, is how you win over the woman of your dreams and make her your dance partner forever.” He lightened the statement with a wink, but Darin could tell he was dead serious.*

*“You big glubber,” said Ginala, playfully smacking Jodeco’s arm while smiling coyly and blushing. She then asked Darin, “Did you see how it’s done? Does it make more sense now?”*

*Darin nodded, though suddenly it all seemed a whole lot more complicated.*

*Ginala offered a hand to pull him to his feet. “Then let’s try this again. You’ll be dancing in no time.”*

*Darin shook himself out of it, overwhelmed with the memories of his parents and his home.*

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### **3. Sounds on the Ship**

Author’s Note: This was the first part written for an idea that was supposed to have a much larger presence in the whole story, namely Darin’s difficulty in getting used to the various sounds

*Crescent Star's* systems make, especially at night (when Quiver's asleep and the room is actually quiet). After traveling and spending time in different hotels and buildings, I still like this idea, plus it ties in the difficulties Quiver's having in getting used to his new roommate after having the room to himself for a while, and there's also a throwaway mention from "Commencement" about how Quiver gets the bottom bunk when he's drunk. But after all the scope problems I've had with this story it was one of the first things to go just because of the difficulty involved in tying it all in, so I never wrote more than this one part. And besides, Darin had enough things to deal with in this story—adding this was too much. So this whole idea got reduced to one single phrase in Chapter Three when Darin's complaining to himself about being tired. This scene takes place at the very end of Chapter Three, after Darin leaves the dance. Writing "Drunken Quiver" is hard.

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Darin's already-restless sleep was interrupted around 0130. His closed eyelids couldn't completely keep out the bright light suddenly washing over him, and his ears picked up some loud laughter. He groggily forced his eyes open enough to squint out into the light. "What?"

"Huh?" came the slow response after the laughter stopped. "Oh! Hey, 'syou! Sorry, new guy. Fer-got I gotta roomie."

The light remained at the same intensity, and Darin finally was able to see well enough to see Quiver stumble from the door over to his desk chair and sit down. Quiver looked at him with a big, lopsided grin. "Hi, new guy."

"Um, hi," Darin replied. He wondered if his pillow could block the room's light if he covered his head with it.

"Hey, where'd ya go? We couldn't find ya af'er da dance when we wentta get drinks."

"I left early," said Darin. "I had a lot to do and was tired. Can you get the light?" He decided to see if the pillow would be enough.

It took another few seconds for the slurred response from his wingman. "I would, but yer in my bunk."

"No, I'm not," Darin said in a voice muffled by the pillow on top of his head. It wasn't a perfect solution, but it helped with the light and not only that, but it also helped Darin hide his growing irritation. Blast, but he was tired. "Yours is the top bunk. I'm on the bottom."

"But da boddum one's mine when I'm too drunk ta climb ta mine. Like now."

"I don't want you getting sick in my bunk."

"I won't. And whad'ya think'll happen if I'm on top 'n' get sick 'n' can't make it ta da 'fresher in time 'cause I'm on top?"

Darin had to admit that would potentially be worse. Grumbling inaudibly to himself, Darin got out of bed, turned off the lights and climbed up to Quiver's bunk. Maybe now he'd be able to get some sleep. He had to get up in—he didn't even want to calculate it.

"There. You can have the bottom bunk now. Just take your boots off before you lie down."

"Aww, thanks, rookie!" Quiver drawled. "Nice of ya. I-ow!" The last word coincided with a small thud and an impact against the set of bunk beds. "Dat hurt! Stupid bunks in da stupid dark."

Darin stifled a bit of laughter fueled more by his own aggravation at the moment than anything else. A few moments later the bunks rocked a bit, and then all was still and silent from Quiver.

*Finally*, Darin thought. He tried to welcome sleep with open arms, but before sleep came, a few other things did: the creaking of metal on the other side of the wall; some sort of chugging sound from above the room, louder now that he was on the top bunk; a soft whistling coming from somewhere; more creaks and groans and whirrings that he couldn't identify.

He wanted to scream.

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