Come Fly with Me

by

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It had been centuries since anyone played golf. The last time anyone went to the beach was a few months after that. And just a couple of days after that final outing was the last time anyone came to hear Dean sing. He'd been waiting all the while, microphone in hand, smile on his face, ready to take the stage.

He never got tired, not really. But Dean had been waiting in the wings for near four hundred years and it was starting to take its toll.

The club went slowly, disappearing in pieces. Dean tried to hold it in his mind, but he had to prioritize remembering himself, and after so long, things started to slip. First, the details: a corner lamp, unremembered; the fold of the satin napkins, forgotten; the tired ring-stains on the mahogany bar, lost to time and entropy. One by one, the bottles of wine and spirits on the wall ceased to be, followed by chairs, then even the tables faded away.

Dean stepped out onto the darkened stage (for all the lights had gone) to survey the ruins of his kingdom. He couldn't see past the edge of the stage, for indeed, there was nothing to see. The rich red curtains, which had waited with him for so long, sagged and said their goodbyes, leaving Dean alone in darkness.

He snapped his fingers and the illusion shattered. The darkness receded, revealing dull metal walls fitted with aging holoprojectors. He wasn't supposed to be able to do that, but his program had been running such a long time, and age brought with it new tricks. Even before, Dean had always been smarter, less predictable than his contemporaries, it was one of the

reasons people liked him so much. He was not your average hologram.

Dean wiped dust from the access panel, singing to himself as he punched in the door code.

You just say the words and we'll beat the birds down to Acapulco Bay…

There was a clicking and a whirring, as if the door was stretching after a long summer nap, and then the neglected bulkhead dutifully opened itself. Dean smiled and stepped forward, but stopped short in the doorway. He'd never left the holochamber before, he wasn't even sure if he could. It was certainly not in his programming, but he'd already proven such things could be overcome. He knew the hallways were equipped with holoprojectors, but were they sophisticated enough? Would they follow his signal? Dean shrugged, flashing his perfect teeth in an irresistible grin and stepping into the unknown.

It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say…

Dean entered into a place of utter silence, punctuated neatly by his snapping every other step. The hallways were dim, illuminated only by blinking red and yellow warning lights, somewhat subdued with age. Though it was his first time, Dean walked the halls and access tunnels with the confidence of an officer. He knew the place by heart: he was a part of it.

He made it to the bridge before his song was even through, passing scenes that were once grisly, but had been pacified by antiquity. The bridge itself was like a museum: skeletons posed all around, telling their own stories of strife and struggle. Exactly what had happened, Dean didn't know, and perhaps, he thought, it didn't really matter. In a way, it was ancient history, but Dean could still remember their faces. He'd forgotten his club, his stage, and all but a handful of songs, but through it all, Dean remembered their faces. He'd sooner forget himself than them; they were his audience, and more than that, his crew.

Dean sauntered over to the main command console, still snapping on the downbeat. It was unbecoming of an entertainment hologram to be sad, so instead he beamed with pride. Here was

his crew, his friends, his lovers, never to move again. And how beautiful they were.

"This is the last survivor of the Terran Starship Belisarius," he said into the recorder. "Correction, there are no survivors of the Terran Starship Belisarius. Our coordinates are two-hundred and nine by ninety-nine by six-hundred and twelve."

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away. Come fly with me, blast off, let's fly away!