

Jamming to music, Sagitta was bouncing around in her room at the STC. She loved the freedom. No one told her what to do, and she took up many missions. Not to mention she had met some interesting people. Course, it came with dangers. If she wasn't careful, she could be harmed. Which was noted when she was taken away a few weeks ago.

No biggie. She had time to process it since then. She had time to get it out as well. Thanks to a special someone. The music ended as Sagitta was panting from the dancing. Smiling, she opened up her hammock and plopped into it. Sagitta always loved sleeping in hammocks so she never really had a bed. She started to swing it and reached over for her datapad and was scrolling through, humming to herself. One leg over the hammock was bouncing to the beats.

Then her foot stopped bouncing to the rhythm.

She froze. Her eyes stared at the screen as if she was looking at something and was having trouble processing it. On the datapad was a picture of Sagitta, much much younger than her. Declared missing and that her *father* was paying the reward to get her back. Alive or dead.

"No... no..." She couldn't breathe. Her heart was pounding. The music faded as the sound of her blood rushing through her ears was louder. "It can't be." She trembled while struggling to get out of the hammock. She started pacing back and forth in the room. Her breathing was increasing erratically. She frantically messed with the datapad. This can't be her. Same facial structure, and same eye colors. And her biological name that was in big bold letters over the datapad. The name she had forgotten that once belonged to her. This was her when she was six years old.

"No." Sagitta whimpered as she reached for her comm. She wanted to reach out to both of her Buirs. She needed them. Asani too. Erin. Arden. She needed her family. "No." She found herself in the corner of the room with the datapad on her legs. Her hands were shaking. Should she contact them? She didn't want to upset them? What are the odds he can find her anyways?

"I'm not her. I'm not her. I'm Sagitta. Gitta. Clan Armis... I'm not her." She repeated over and over. Trembling hands frantically looked over the datapad to find something. More information. She needed to move. If she was going to be huddled in a frakkin' corner, it was going to be hard for her to focus. She got up and started pacing around the room again. Her grip on the datapad was tight. Her knuckles almost turned white. Any harder, she may have ended up breaking the datapad.

Then she dropped the datapad. While falling, there was a picture of a Mirilan man. He would be considered handsome if half of his face wasn't burnt. Even his eyelid was melted over. Slick black hair with one pink iris.

"He's still alive."