

The sound of mechanical whirring and shredding metal mixed with the hollers between units, issuing commands and beckoning hands or machines. In the wake of a disaster and time ticking to handle it, the various crews brought in on the Nighthawk had fallen into some semblance of a well oiled machine, each gear following the training, policies, and guidance of senior members or trained professionals. Between containment, salvage, investigation, rescue and triage.

Assisting Sivall and fellow medics, Vai and Ronpa cared for the injured, applying bacta and setting bones. Paumgun Lfin had gotten over his annoyance of the hazmat suit and moved on to work on tandem with Vreva, the Zabrak cutting into metal with her saber while the old Herglic peeled it back like a can of food with the assistance of magnetic handles. Behind the control of a heavy wrecker tow tug, Kobign Settgré tapped into old skills, assisting in the moving of materials and lifting chunks of the wreckage up for clearance. Him and Jax Erinós managed to even pull a couple of the escape pods free from the cruise liner.

Those were only some of the scenes playing out on this multitasked recovery. In one corner of it all, another unfolded...

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“Baa! No, no! Quickly! Get the boom spread over there! You lot, the sorbents, layer them out thick and heavy! Let's goooo!”

A pale furred gotal bleated out orders and gestured between hazmat suited groups rushing about this sector of the wreck from up on the small bank her and her colleagues had situated themselves. The position gave them a good view of the wreckage and a decent launch point for the surveillance drone they used to analyze and capture the complete overview of it all. Shaking her head and pinching the bridge of her broad nose with two cloven nailed fingers under her spectacles, Jus returned to the trio gathered about a hover-table.

“As stern with orders as ever, Jus,” came the melodic greeting of Binu Vitrald.

An environmental scientist and chemist technician, the khil male had been working with Selen's environmental protection agency for some years now. Yet, his and her history spanned long before that, having met on an internship and been partnered with a few jobs since then. It wasn't an entire surprise to receive a comm call from the man asking for assistance in her expertise with this emergency, and it helps that the gotal has a bigger and louder voice to move things along. She gave a huff and crossed her arms as she halted at the table, gaze flicking up to meet the dark orbs of the pink haired Selenian standing next to him. The presence of which softened the lines at her own blue eyes — perhaps because her huff was met with a bemused uptick of Inpa's lips in a small half-grin. Jus cleared her throat and fixed her glasses before addressing the Khil.

“How is it looking? Projected contamination? Plans for remediation? Any word on the gelling agents’ shipment?”

“One question at a time. Panite,” a thin scaled hand gestured to the ash-brown haired Selenian technician assisting Binu. The lad had just set down a datapad and was grabbing the droid out of the air gently, “had been methodically scanning the wreckage and we have just finished compiling the footage and data...”

Binu leaned over the table and thumbed the embedded terminal screen on. A few taps and a holo projected recreation flickered between them. He manipulated it easily and gestured out several locations he suspected will take the greatest hit, effects of such, his hypothetical expected remediation timeline and techniques. They debated back and forth on some semantics, passed the scientific proverbial speaking stick between their different knowledge and expertise. Inpa shared what she found of the rock and soil make up of the region and Jus directed attention to the likely limestone caves and what beds the groundwater pockets are suspected to be. Panite seemed to be well versed with the current remedial gadgets and technology, proposing newer techniques that Binu was open to, if a bit skeptical.

So enveloped in their discussion, it wasn't until striped dark tan hands rapped on the table and a jut of Inpa's chin pointed out the approach of the Neti overseeing this all that the other three noticed. The corded wood composing the man's face shifted as he nodded to them all and looked between Jus and Binu. A hand gestured at the Khil.

“Status report.”

A pause.

“Oh, and did you recover any trace signatures of the meteorites? If I can not watch them, well, I rather have them.”