

Looking out towards the Markosian City of Tarthos, Tasha sighed. With the recent attacks from the Dominion, many of the Warhost and Battleteam crews had taken severe losses. A recent report had come in from the Summit and currently sat on her desk in the office. "Always fighting wars it seems like, is there no rest for the battle wearied?"

Pondering the thought, the Aedile meandered back from the overhanging balcony and into her new office. Picking up the file, she began to read. "From the Consul, Pro-Consul, and Qaestors of the Summit, to everyone in Naga Sadow, we are in a dire situation. Due to the recent attacks on our forces, we are in need of more recruits. We request that all members should make their way to Cobalt immediately and search out for any force sensitive locals to recruit to our cause. You have our permission to use force if need be to help persuade the locals. Good luck and happy hunting."

"So I get to go on another wild goose chase and persuade people using force. My kind of fun!" She laughed. "Well I better get going then."

After placing the file back on the desk, Tasha strapped Vishra'Reyal to her side and equipped her lightsaber to the right side of her belt. Leaving the room, she made her way towards the docking bays for a shuttle ride to Cobalt.

Several hours later and long ride in a small shuttle, Tasha had arrived on Cobalt. There were various people getting off the ship along with some security in the area checking papers. "Well as far as I know, I should be clear." Walking slowly, she blended in with the current crowd as she made her way past the docking bay and into the main hall. Thankfully, due to the numerous amounts of people, Tasha managed to barely dodge a random security check. "That was close." She mused. "A little too close, I need to be careful around here. I'd rather not bump into the wrong person if I can help it." Taking care to keep her weapons hidden within her cloak, Tasha pulled it closer to hide her face and began to concentrate her thoughts around the people close by. A sudden wave of emotions hit her like a sack of bricks. There was anger, envy, sadness, pain, and some happiness. All of these were in varying degrees and very difficult to just pinpoint one person. "Well this isn't helping me much, and man it's giving me a headache." She stopped at a nearby bench for a moment to collect herself. *"I guess I'll have to just do this the fun way."*

Standing up, Tasha walked towards the middle of large group of people. "Listen up people, I am here to give you all a chance to do something worthwhile that also pays, should you choose to accept." The crowd began murmuring at Tasha's words before a middle aged man spoke up. "What sort of work would we do?"

"Your job would be to help fight against the Dominion. I am looking for people who are willing to fight for our cause and to keep this planet and others like it free from their tyranny."

"And if we refuse to help?" Smiling, the Twi'lek pulled Vishra'Reyal from her side and whirled the deadly blade in her hands. The crowd seemed surprised and shocked at seeing the ancient Echani weapon. "Then you will have to face the wrath of not only the dominion, but of who I work for as well. I think you will find that we are not just some pathetic group of individuals. So I

will ask you again, will you work for us or will you all perish? The choice is yours.”

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