

Dark Jedi Brotherhood

Returning Home

A Nighthawk Open Prompt



Arcia Cortel, 3463
3/4/2016

Location Data Unknown...

The quiet vibrations of the deck were comforting under her feet while she sat back in her chair, gazing out into the black, starry abyss. It had only been a week since her formal resignation from the forefront of the Dajorra Defense Force, but she was already hard at work on her next project.

Hours after the details of her resignation were announced to the Clan proper, she was approached by Timeros Arconae, the Director of the Dajorra Intelligence Agency. They spoke at length regarding her future plans as to how she could continue to benefit the Clan in light of her resignation, as well as their Consul's declination of allowing her to resign as an Admiral. It was then that Arcia was formally invited into the ranks of the DIA, and promptly assigned to oversee the Analytics sub-branch as Chief.

Her first orders were to set up a forward command structure onboard the AGV *Nighthawk*, and begin work on analyzing the data that the Pickett had collected through its travels under the guise of Galeres and the DIA. She was to have slightly more pull onboard the ship than a standard crewman; having the ability to alter orders, and issue some of her own, while working with the Captain of the ship. The DIA was to have a more "hands on" approach when it came to the *Nighthawk* moving forward; ensuring that its technology and highly trained crew were being utilized to the best of their abilities to benefit the Agency, as well as the House and Clan.

"Admiral, we're approaching last known coordinates of the *Hawk*. Requesting your presence to transmit authorization codes," the pilot announced back to her in the passenger compartment.

With a slight groan, she pushed herself up and made her way to the fore of the ship. As she entered the cockpit proper, she glanced at the readings of their location herself, nodded, and keyed in several commands on the communications panel. After a short wait, a sharp series of pings and beeps rang out, signifying an affirmative response.

"Looks like they are expecting us, Lieutenant," the Admiral spoke coolly and looked out the starboard viewport as the AGV *Nighthawk* shimmered into view. Her silhouette blocked out the nearby star and made the two shuttle occupants squint. "Let's not keep them waiting, hmm?"

AGV *Nighthawk* **Location Classified**

"Arcia, a pleasure to see you again and welcome back to the *Nighthawk*," Captain Qurroc spoke clearly, offering a respectful salute.

"Thank you, *Captain*. Have some of the crew retrieve my cargo from the shuttle, please. Quickly, the Lieutenant is on loan from the *Abyss*," Cortel responded placing a subtle emphasis on the use of rank, and moved swiftly past the Captain and his command staff.

The crew regrouped with the Admiral as she waited impatiently for the lift to reach them, her hands clasped firmly behind her back. Everyone stood in silence, not wishing to begin with idle chit-chat in the presence of their former Proconsul and, to some, former Captain. The lift doors quickly hissed open, allowing Cortel to half storm through them and position herself at the front of the lift, forcing the rest to awkwardly push past her, doing their best to not touch the Admiral.

"Command," Captain Qurroc stated and the lift began to move upwards.

The three-deck trip felt longer than usual, given the atmosphere weighed heavily on everyone with the Admiral's judging stare piercing everything her eyes lay upon. After what had actually only been a minute long trip, the doors hissed open and Admiral Cortel erupted onto the Command deck. Her eyes darted from console to console, and took everything in. The Captain and his bridge crew followed, most of them quickly going to their assigned stations, while Qurroc halted next to his mentor.

"Anything I can help you with, Ma'am?"

After a moment of chilling silence, Cortel turned to look at the Sephi. Her mouth slightly twitched at the sight of his pointed ears, but she quickly composed herself and cleared her throat.

"I assume the Director has forwarded you a standard copy of orders?" Her words were sharp and demanding.

"Yes, Ma'am. The *Hawk* is prepared to facilitate you in whatever manner you require. I've already selected a location for you to be housed in on deck three, port Observation. It's the closest to the transceiver hub and we've already completed the required alterations to the ship's systems to allow you access to the hub as well as the encryption department's resources. Crewmen are currently transporting your cargo there to be set up in accordance to the specifications you have provided," the Captain didn't miss a beat.

"Excellent, Qurroc. Your efforts are appreciated. I hope to have this transition completed smoothly so that I won't be in your hair longer than I need to be."

"Understood, Ma'am. You're welcome here as long as you need."

Without a response from the Admiral, she turned and entered the lift, commanding it to drop one deck even before the doors fully closed. When she exited, she was nearly trampled by a sprinting Yeoman carrying one of the boxes of cargo that arrived with her. Eyes narrowing, the Admiral followed her to the port Observation to see a mess of cables, boxes and electronic equipment. Some of the crewmen she recognized from her previous ventures aboard the ship as being part of the encryption and analysis department on the *Hawk*: people who should know how to erect cyber warfare and analytical equipment in their sleep.

"What exactly is going on in here?" Cortel stated calmly.

Everyone froze and slowly turned towards the doorway.

"I am not going to repeat myself..."

"Admiral! Apologies for the mess, we're working on getting everything set up to your specifications. Some of the tech we haven't worked with yet, so we're having some trouble determining the placements," one of the senior techs stated immediately.

Pinching the bridge of her nose, Cortel took a deep breath. "I have a set of instructions that explicitly state how everything is to be assembled. Follow the instructions, and you will have everything appropriately set up within two hours. I will be back in three. Do not dally."

"Understood, Ma'am!" the tech crew bellowed in unison.

With an exasperated sigh, Cortel turned and exited the port observation to tour the ship alone and in silence. It had been some time since she had been aboard the ship and many of the memories still rang fresh in her mind. The Nighthawk was her first station that she truly cared about. The ship and crew

were fine, they always would be, but they needed more direction. This is why she had returned; the crew needed more purpose. Qurroc was doing a fine job, but even a man as steadfast as he needed guidance and someone to look up to. This is why she had returned.

Before she realized it, the Admiral had been pacing the ship for nearly two and a half hours, reminiscing. Collecting herself once again, she made her way back to port Observation to see all of her equipment in neat order and powered up. Placing herself in front of the primary terminal proved fruitful already; information and telemetry from all across Dajorra space began to populate her many screens. After a quick review, Cortel keyed her communications array.

"Captain Qurroc. We have new orders."

"Understood, Ma'am. Awaiting you on the bridge."

Turning to face the large viewport looking into space behind her, Arcia Cortel allowed a smile to perch upon her lips. "I'm home."

