**A Prophet Lost**

(<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/11420>)

**By: Halcyon Rokir Taldrya - 43**

“GO!”

Halcyon stood frozen in indecision, looking at the bearded figure in front of him who motioned for him to flee.

“Halcyon, we need to leave!”

That was Howlader behind him, another grizzled veteran pulling at him as Keirdagh pushed. The Cantor had already turned his back on him, a golden beam of light . He felt a strong hand grip his shoulder, physically pulling him around.

“He knows what he’s doing, Halc. Now let’s go!” Howlader yelled over the sounds of battle. Halcyon made no response and instead followed the other man’s lead, running from their friend and the battle that continued to rage behind him. He could feel the entire complex shake as it was bombarded from space. A man once trusted beyond all doubt had come home to rain destruction on them all, and now Halcyon ran from it.

They both ran up the already opened gangway of the *Senility*, the freighter once used by those in the Old Folk’s Home, and now used by the last two members to flee their home. Howlader was already in the pilot’s seat, his hands a blur as he threw switches and turned knobs without every looking down. The hangar bay doors began to open as the gangway came up and sealed them both in the craft.

“Buckle in,” Howlader called out, but Halcyon had already come into the cockpit, taking the co-pilot’s seat. Without another word Howlader threw the ships throttle into full power, the old freighter groaning to life as it leapt out of the hanger and flew into the path of criss-crossing death.

Halcyon was one of the best pilots the Brotherhood had, but this ship was Howlader’s and he let the old man have complete control, coaxing the freighter into turns and dips that loosed groans of pain from the plating beneath their feet. X-Wings, TIE Advanced and a multitude of other craft whizzed through the air, some escaping while others reigning fire down onto the cities below. Howlader never looked back as the freighter burst out of the atmosphere. Ahead of them their view was covered by that of massive starships slugging at one another with power that could level worlds.

“Preparing for hyperspace,” Howlader calmly called out, his hands resting on the hyperspace levers.

“You actually have the calculations to get out of that,” Halcyon asked, pointing to the raging battle outside.

“Uh...sorta,” Howlader answered back, giving Halcyon a sheepish look as his hands pulled the levers down.

As the freighter shot into hyperspace, both Elders of the Brotherhood gasped in pain. The searing pain of loss cut through them for an instant, taking their breaths away. It was only for an instant, but blood had drained from both their faces. Howlader shakily grabbed hold of the levers once more, bringing the shaking ship out of hyperspace and into a calmer sea of space once more.

“Yacks…” was all the old man could say as he looked at Halcyon.

“He’s not dead,” was the green-haired man’s response as he looked straight out the viewport.

“You sure?”

“No,” he answered truthfully, “but he is a stubborn bastard. If he’s dead, so is Jac.”

Halcyon turned to Howlader with that final statement, receiving a nod in reply.

“Where to next, Halc?”

“To find a few friends to plan some retribution.”